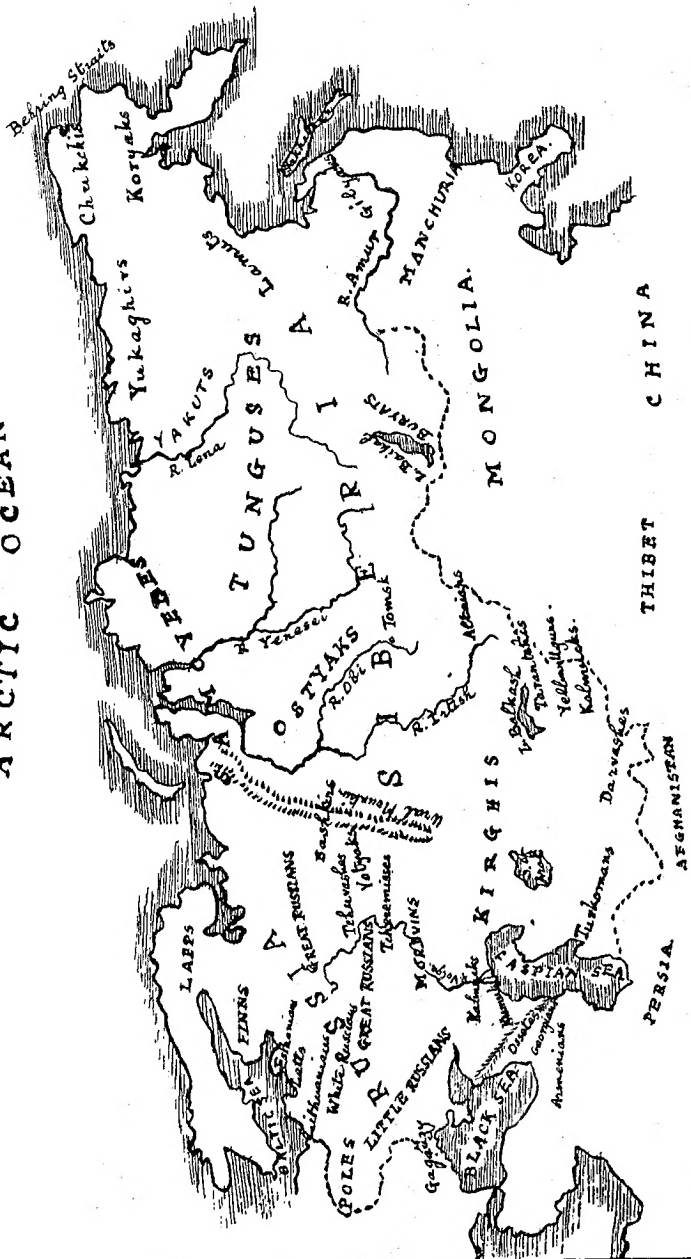


SIBERIAN AND
OTHER FOLK-TALES

ARCTIC OCEAN



DISTRIBUTION OF CERTAIN RACES IN THE EMPIRE OF THE TSARS

SIBERIAN AND OTHER FOLK-TALES

Primitive Literature of the Empire of the
Tsars, Collected and Translated, with an
Introduction and Notes

Charles BY *1856-*
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LONDON: THE C. W. DANIEL COMPANY
Forty-six Bernard Street, W.C.1



MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

GR34
C87

PREFACE

A few years ago I chanced to come upon some Yakut tales in Russian and, my interest being aroused, I searched successfully for other similar material in our great National Library. A spirit of enquiry then took me further afield, and not in vain, to Berlin, Leipsic, Warsaw and Vilna. It had occurred to me that I might prepare a work which should enable the reader to compare, with one another, specimens of the unwritten literature of such savages as the Chukchis, Yukaghirs, Tunguses and Gilyaks, as well as of the semi-barbarous Mongolians and Tatars, of the Finno-Ugrian tribes in Russia, of the Finns and even the Russians and some other Aryan peoples.

The races, supplying the primitive stories represented in the following pages have more or less been subject to a unifying influence, namely, that of a central government supported by military service, as well as to that of commercial intercourse. Thus, for centuries, there have existed conditions aiding the dissemination of folk-tales among the different branches of the population, the Ural-Altaiic, the Finno-Ugrian and the Aryan or Indo-Germanic, which occupies the vast territory till lately ruled by the Tsars.

A reader who finds stories side by side before him should be in a favourable position to gauge their respective qualities. For general convenience, I have added Notes to nearly all the tales, since not every one has time or opportunity to examine various collections and works of referencé.

These simple narratives, which conduct us to wild and remote places, seem truthfully to reveal prevalent customs beliefs and stages of civilisation, and, since early man everywhere possesses common attributes, the tales tell us something of even our own past. The travellers and ethnologists to whom I am indebted for the texts which I have translated were in a position to record stories only because they had undertaken

remarkable journeys, or had dwelt for years in rude and inhospitable regions. I humbly express to them all, or to their memories, my deep gratitude, since I feel it is no mean privilege thus to have come into contact with such writers as Castren, Radlov, Verbitsky, Patkanov, Jülg, Bogoraz, Iochelson, Sternberg, V. F. Miller and Zelenin.

During visits to outlying parts of Russia I have gained glimpses in their homes of Kalmucks, Kirghiz, Tatars, Georgians, Lapps, Finns and Lithuanians. The source of my account of the Koryak myths is a work written in English, two Polish tales are from the French, thirty-nine stories come through the German, and the remainder, numbering two hundred and fifty-three, have been rendered by me directly from the Russian. I found the texts as a whole admirable, but I have not adhered slavishly to the short and abrupt sentences of a few of the originals, nor have I reproduced occasional redundancies. I have sought to keep closely and faithfully to the meaning of the texts and have endeavoured to avoid obscurities.

C.F.C.

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INTRODUCTION

FOLK-TALES can impart various kinds of pleasure. If a reader likes lively and astonishing but unadorned and unsophisticated narrative, if his interest is aroused by unaffected revelation of human traits, or if he wishes to be transported to past, strange and often distant scenes, he will find his reward in studying unwritten primitive literature. He will be sure of momentary diversion ; he may be thrilled or even come under the sway of an abiding fascination. But the mysterious charm of the folk-tale is associated with such directness and simplicity in the telling that a writer who deals with the subject should endeavour to write with corresponding clearness.

In this book folk-tales of certain races are arranged in the following order : Sub-Arctic or Palæasiatic ; Mongol-Turkish ; Finno-Ugrian and, lastly, tales of peoples speaking Aryan, otherwise Indo-Germanic or Indo-European, languages. The specimens represent primitive literature transmitted orally in the chief regions lately comprising the vast Russian Empire. Each set of tales is preceded by a brief sketch of the race and followed by notes or informal commentaries.

Though Siberian stories possess remarkable qualities and have influenced Russian and other popular stories, they remain as a whole little known. Those here included have been chosen for reasons of general interest and because, coming from a good many sources, they are due to the energy of various recorders. Sometimes the supply is limited, only a single story being available for translation.

It has been said by one writer that fifty, and by another, that a hundred languages are spoken by the different races dwelling in the immense area which lies between Behring Straits and the mouth of Amur on the east, and Finland and the shores of the Black Sea on the west, an area amounting to perhaps half all Asia and Europe. In the wildest and most remote regions stories of cannibalism, and visits to the heavenly bodies, and surprising legends of the Creation and evidences of a lively faith in Shamanism are to be found ; while among the merely barbaric or semi-civilised races, we come on a plethora of magicians, witches, devils, wood-spirits and many-headed serpents,

each and all of them actively influencing human lives. While this, for the most part, unwritten literature has its own distinguishing traits, it possesses links connecting it with Indian, Russian and Western European stories. Pleasant surprises are sometimes in store for the reader, since even rude and ignorant races prone to barbarous actions occasionally exhibit poetical qualities, laud magnanimity and sing the deeds of heroes.

Several well-known works on comparative folk-lore have dealt with popular tales and fictions, irrespectively of ethnologic and linguistic considerations, and it appears sound to bring under one cover tales of different countries once constituting the Russian Empire, because there has been tolerably close intercourse between Asiatic and European Russia for several centuries. Moreover, Russia proper contains, on the western side of the Ural mountains, several millions of Tatars and Finno-Ugrians, so that an easy way has long been open to the diffusion of folk-lore between the two continents. The present writer has observed Tatars and Russians working side by side in the Crimea, seen Kirghiz officers wearing the Russian uniform in the streets of Uralsk, and satisfied himself that it is not unusual for persons, on such a frontier as the Lithuanian, to speak several languages.

A continuous policy of russification of non-Russian children in outlying and distant schools, together with military occupation and commercial intercourse in an empire lacking strong internal physical barriers (for the Ural mountains are easily crossed), has aided the diffusion of tales. While certain artless stories such as the Buryat incident of human souls which became stars, or the Lappish story of a man-bear, or the Russian tale of the enchanted lime-tree, or that of the peasant and the hare, or the method of destroying a gang of enemies one by one, may well have arisen independently in different lands, it is indubitable that certain episodes and tales have been widely disseminated. Even an irrational incident may live long, if it be sufficiently striking, and a dramatic tale may exert such an influence on illiterate hearers that it is carried far.

Folk-tales have arisen from various causes; among others from an inherent trait which prompts us to communicate and relate. Something has happened, or been imagined, and it must be imparted, since satisfaction is gained by giving utterance to our ideas. Next, it may be pointed out that illiterate persons

highly appreciate the faculty of narration in a neighbour, for it may supply their chief diversion and relief from a life of monotony. So there is advantage to him that tells and to him that listens.

It may be remarked that stories so brief and crude that they seem scarcely to deserve notice form a link between the occasional remarks of the morose savage and the brilliant productions of the professional story-teller. Lovers of folk-tales have pondered over their growth and development, and would probably agree that the earliest narratives must have been short and simple. The Lapps, who have a wonderful story called "The Northern Lights," have also a tale of a man-bear, which might be taken as a specimen of crude story-making. Clearly every one in a tribe is not on the same level in the art of whiling away time for his fellows; thus a stroke of that imagination which is so abundant in "The Northern Lights" would have changed "The Man-Bear" for the better. There is hardly any plot in this simple Lappish production, and the incidents are such as would suggest themselves to dull minds. But a touch of fancy, a suggestion that a man has been transformed into a bear by an enemy's magic, with possibly the addition of love interest, would alter this fiction, or tradition, into an episode of the sort to be found in one of Grimm's best tales.

When a story has arisen from an event of interest common to both narrator and listener, probably it is improved, enlarged and adapted to a general audience; if it travels far, it may carry some signs of its place of birth. Finally it may blossom forth in a distant land, there to give no indication of the seed from which it sprang and the soil on which it was first nourished. Every Englishman knows how Whittington, on his arrival in London, rescued, by purchase with scanty earnings, a tortured cat and lent it to the captain of a ship bound on a long voyage. The cat's skill in catching mice brought the lad a recompense which was the beginning of fortune and honour. We are told that a story¹ was current in parts of Europe in the 13th century of a rich traveller who received a commission from a poor man to sell two cats which brought great price.

Let us ask how this tale could have arisen? In the ancient Kalmuck, "Siddhi-kur," there is a tale called "The Adventure of the Brahmin's Son," in which some grateful animals recover a stolen jewel. The Kirghiz have a narrative of a poor and lonely

¹ Clouston, II, p. 65.

boy who was given a jewel possessing talismanic powers. The precious stone was taken from him, but was recovered by the aid of a cat and a dog whom the boy had generously saved from starvation ; that is, the cat and dog were "grateful animals."

This story also exists among the Gagauzy, a Tatar tribe which has been settled for centuries on the Black Sea littoral ; moreover, it occurs in Finland. The cat is active and sagacious, now bringing into play one faculty and now another, and on occasion frightening away mice. Nevertheless, success in regaining the jewel would have been impossible without the dog's assistance, for the talisman had to be carried across a river by the pair's united efforts. The story is still scarcely like that of Whittington and his cat.

But in a tale of the Ostyaks, a wild people whose country was invaded by the Russians some four centuries ago, there is a connecting link. Some traders, while visiting a not very remote shore, receive on their vessel a dog sent forth by his master as a commercial venture. The dog makes several advantageous voyages and always returns to his owner. These two tales, if welded together, seem to possess the elements of the Whittington story. The voyage-making cat and dog of the Kirghiz tale and the voyage-making dog of the Ostyak tale, together become the voyage-making cat of the Russian tale, "The Three Kopecks,"¹ in which a poor boy who has received from a rich man a kopeck a year for three years buys a tortured cat from some boys and sends her on a voyage with a merchant. The cat, by killing rats and mice at the inn where the merchant stays, earns a sackful of gold, which the orphan boy receives as well as later benefits. Communication between northern and central Asia and Russia has been close, and it only remains to suppose that merchants or mariners brought the tale from Russia to England.

A folk-tale reflects the character of an audience : for instance, an illiterate group must be addressed in terms which it will appreciate. The ruder and more primitive races will expect astounding incidents, sordid motives, cruelty, violence, magical transformations, devils, evil or ancestral spirits, even cannibalism. The semi-civilised, while scarcely averse from murder and cannibalism and insisting on magic, demand a greater complexity of narrative, more cunning behaviour or successful emergence from situations of difficulty ; they welcome intrigue,

¹ Afanasief, *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 124.

every form of witchcraft and imposture, but are also prepared to admire stories of heroes.

If the audience is still higher in the scale of civilisation, a succession of marvels, woven into a fairy-tale with a happy ending, will often satisfy it. A savage and primitive tribe could neither produce nor appreciate an intricate plot, an elaborate story. But a higher race, so long as it remains backward and superstitious, often includes among its primitive fiction some of the most characteristic of savage tales. Thus the Chukchis could not conceivably arrive at an epic tale like the Russian, "Prince Ivan, the Fiery Bird and the Grey Wolf," nor could the Samoyedes construct the Buryat legend of the Creation. But the Russians and Buryats, like the Chukchis and Samoyedes, have tales of savagery and of visits to the sun or moon; so that, speaking generally, the greater embraces the less; the higher includes the lower; ancient tales of credulity and barbarism, which have been rife among the most backward, survive side by side with the various folk-tale forms of more advanced peoples.

Moreover, various racial traits influence tales. The Tunguses, possessors of admirable qualities such as courage, patience, kindness and courtesy, lack mental ability and energy. Consequently it is not astonishing that the account of the Creation, called the "Beginning," which is ascribed to them, is puerile. The Lapps are simple and gentle, and so, while they have wonderful myths, they would scarcely produce a cruel story like the Yakut "Dyoudus." Certain elementary Lappish stories, without a spark of fancy, imply a low mentality. It is true that the Lapps have some highly imaginative stories. But races such as the Kalmucks or Russians apparently seldom produce poor stories. The Russian tales are extraordinarily varied. Their polished drolls and personified abstractions and devout legends are quite beyond Siberian savages and barbarians, though the Kirghiz, Altaians and Yakuts have some fine heroic narratives comparable with the Russian epics.

Attitude toward nature and the supernatural varies. The Koryaks, Gilyaks, Chukchis and Samoyedes see evil spirits of awful shapes around them and sacrifice to them largely and frequently. The Altaians and Kirghiz on special occasions offer sacrifices to mountains which once were men. The Armenians and the Bashkirs believe in wood-spirits. Many Russian peasants think that the dead walk and that the fiend visits the

earth and that a house-goblin lives behind the stove. These and allied beliefs, which colour folk-tales, afford means of differentiation. A Chukchi could scarcely conceive a semi-face-tious story of the Russian Devil who, if compared with the hideous and ever lurking evil spirits threatening the existence of the remote Siberian savage, seems a being polite, genial and amiable. A son of a god visits the earth in a Kalmuck, a Yakut and an Ostyak story.

In the behaviour of the Lett deity, Perkun, there is some slight earthly activity, but the weight of the Orthodox Church has driven such pagan notions altogether out of Russian tales. As might be expected, the popular fictions of a Christian-Turkish race like the Gagauzy are characterised by inferior ethics, for these people are said to be still in a state of transition from paganism. The Buryat and Kalmuck stories show definite Buddhistic influences. Their Shamanism has far less intensity and prominence than it attains in Yukaghir and Chukchi stories. Again, tales of mating with animals appear more frequently among savage and barbarians, and repulsive details of cannibalism seldom occur among the Aryan races.

But on the other hand, many likenesses and common attributes connect East and West. Human nature is not so different but that Eastern has influenced Western folk-lore. Siberia might indeed truly be called a home of folk-tale. There, accounts of swan-maidens, magic journeys, talismans, terrible witches and many other regular elements of folk-lore jostle each other continually. In the Notes resemblances are pointed out, not only when they occur between one specimen and another of the primitive fiction presented in this collection of tales, but when they are found between those tales and folk-tale products of various other lands, such as North America and Western Europe.

The interest, then, of the stories is manifold. Many of them embody or revolve about well-known and widely diffused incidents, such as the dragon-tribute, or the life-token, or the behaviour of supremely foolish persons, or knowledge of animals' language, or mating with animals, or journeys to the sun or moon or stars. But there will also be found fresh, well constructed tales, of concentrated interest, depending on local conditions; for instance, such a story as the Chukchi, "The Young Shaman and his Bride," or the Yellow Ugur, "The Youth who Married a Witch."

On the whole, however, it can fairly be said that among these two hundred and ninety-four stories, etc., distributed among thirty-five races, there is apt to be a recurrence of subjects, episodes and incidents re-arranged or clothed in different garments. Unity and variety go hand in hand in the limitless land of primitive literature. Thus, tales relating an astonishing career of undeserved success are found in various shapes among Buryats, Kalmucks and Finns. The idea of the separable heart, separable soul, and separable strength, occurs again and again in tales which exhibit little resemblance to one another. With comparative frequency a woman takes a bird's form as part of that swan-maiden episode which occurs time after time among widely separate races. Magical methods of healing seem universal, and vary from wrapping a sick person in the skin of a piebald, or striking the dead a blow with an iron staff or with birch twigs, to the application of the waters of life and death to lifeless remains. As for the magic flight, or magic journey, its forms are numerous and widespread.

Primitive tales are apt to mention a certain physical peculiarity: thus an additional eye may be situated at the back of the neck, or a solitary eye may be present, either in the middle of the forehead or on the top of the head, or there may be four eyes. Such idiosyncrasies of one kind or another characterise the early fiction of races so far removed as the Yakut, the Kalmuck, the Samoyede, the Lapp, the Russian and the White-Russian. Or the story-teller sees a magic virtue in the use of spittle, whether he be a Gilyak, a Kalmuck, a Bashkir, a Votyak or a Pole. Marriage plays such an important part in life that it would be strange if there were not a wide recurrence of the incident of the substituted bride. Likewise, malign jealousy is a trait so powerful that it is not surprising that the episodes of substituted animal offspring (as when a new-born infant is replaced it may be by a puppy) should be found repeatedly, as among the Ostyaks, the Gagauzy and the Little-Russians.

The last-named incident occurs among primitive tales of the Germans and the French and doubtless of other races, a coincidence which leads to a further consideration. If we examine the tales of races other than those dealt with in the body of this book, we shall have no difficulty in finding resemblances to many of the incidents, episodes and stories with which we have been already dealing. *Grimm's Household Tales* and *Cosquin's Contes de Lorraine* together provide scores of such parallels.

But if we go to the Norse stories and to the modern Greek, and especially if we travel eastward to India, we encounter numerous resemblances. Whether we turn our eyes to our own Island or to North America, to the Indians, the Eskimo, the Ainos, the Chinese, the Philipinos, the Australian blacks or the Hottentots, whether we strike east or west, north or south, the folk-tale will be found to bridge over all distances, all racial differences. The material for comparison is in excess ; to limit our choice of it is the difficulty.

If the tales of the races included in the body of this book be compared, it will be found that there are connecting links between the primitive fiction of the Sub-Arctic, the Mongol-Turkish, the Finnish, and the Indo-European races. For instance, tales of the Moon's amours are found among the Chukchis, the Tunguses, the Yakuts, the Buryats, the Letts and the Ostyaks, though the story among the last mentioned touches the Moon-king's daughter. Or let us consider Creation legends. From the crudest possible Tungusian account we can ascend gradually to the Chukchi, to the Buryat, to the Altaian, and next to the beautiful and dignified version of the Bashkirs. In the first story no Creator is mentioned ; in that of the next three races creation is in the hands of subsidiary deities and only in the last race is it due to one Being, Alla.

Sometimes a tale seems to have been lifted bodily from India to Europe—or who can tell?—it may have been the reverse. Such a doubt exists concerning the story of the Peasant and the Snake.

Another narrative, such as the Kalmuck, "The Khan of Childish Intellect," has a central episode suggesting comparison with the two thousand five hundred years-old Egyptian, "Robbery of the King's Treasury."

Now we have a Finnish tale, "Who did it?" which is reminiscent of the Homeric tale of Polyphemus. As for the ancient Greek dramatist's terrible "Œdipus," it has a simple counterpart in the Gagauzy story, "Destiny Foretold." Similarly, Æsop's "Fox and the Crow" is almost duplicated in the Russian tale of the "The Crow and the Crayfish."

Some of the most famous European stories have resemblances in Mongolian fiction : thus "The Quest of the Holy Grail" has a considerable likeness to a Buryat tale in this collection, and the accused maiden's oath in the trial scene of "Tristan and Isolde" is, almost word for word, that which is employed

by the princess in the Kalmuck, "A Tale from Ardschi Bordschi."

Several means of folk-tale dissemination have already been mentioned, but there are others, such as the usual intercourse between contiguous peoples, the intermarriage of different races, visits of foreign sailors, and last, but not least, the occasional interchange of tales between cultured men and simple folk around the evening fireside. In some way or other, stories endowed with special qualities have survived for many centuries and travelled thousands of miles.

For instance, there is a group of tales among the Mordvins, Letts and Russians in which occurs the incomprehensible incident of a girl passing through a horse's head from one ear to the other. In a variant the place of the horse's head is taken by a bear's head. Now, there is an ancient Kalmuck tale of a fugitive mouse holding a jewel and escaping in the ear of an ape which was carried by a bear. It might be hazarded that the mouse in the ape's ear became a mouse in the bear's, and next in a horse's ear, and gave rise to the well-known cycle of "Little Finger" allied to "Tom Thumb" stories, in which a tiny boy takes up his position in the ear of a plough-horse. The passage of a diminutive child from one ear to the other would be a not unnatural later fiction, and its striking character would ensure its vitality.

Before attempting any further analysis of these Siberian and other tales, it is necessary to say that any conclusions which are here drawn refer solely to this collection. Such a proviso will prevent misconception and make comparison feasible. The factors influencing the stories of any race are numerous. Environment, climate, propinquity to, and intercourse with other peoples, religion, racial antecedents and tendencies, language, degree of civilization and mental development play their part in the nature or quality of the tales. The complexity of the above influences makes it unlikely that a line of demarcation could be drawn between one set of stories and another, the unlikelihood being strengthened by that essential uniformity of primitive human traits which tends to produce a general similarity in unwritten literature.

An instance will show the difficulty in the way of separately or rigidly classifying peoples according to their tales. Among Sub-Arctic races subject to peculiar conditions of temperature, soil, and sunless winter period, three races, the Samoyedes,

Ostyaks and Lapps, are allied to the Finns in language, while three other and more remote Sub-Arctic races, the Yukaghirs, the Chukchis and the Koryaks, stand apart, speaking peculiar tongues. Naturally, the tales of the former group have the more definite links with the Finnish and Russian tales. Greater remoteness and peculiarity of language, and a more enduring cult of Shamanism, have kept the Yukaghirs, Chukchis, Koryaks and Gilyaks apart. Nevertheless, there exist themes, episodes and incidents in the various tales of the latter four tribes which connect them with many races; that is to say, with the Buryats, Kalmucks, and Kirghiz and with the Samoeyedes, the Lapps and the Russians.

Once more, the gentle nature of the Lapps prepares us for finding in their fiction weaker traces of cannibalism and less violence than in the Sub-Arctic races of Eastern Siberia. But the primitive nature of the Lapps' ideas is shown by their views concerning Nature and by their stories of man mating with animals, and of visits to the heavenly bodies.

It is of importance that travellers who have lived with Sub-Arctic races describe them as being even now primitive savages of a kind depicted in their folk-tales. We learn that the Koryaks and Chukchis sacrifice dogs wholesale to propitiate evil spirits; that both Chukchis and Koryaks kill the old people; and that both races believe completely in the Shaman's ability to communicate with the dead. The tales of these races do not reproduce past so much as they adumbrate present beliefs. But as we proceed gradually to the tales of less ignorant and barbaric races we find portrayed a less thorough belief in the existence of supernatural beings. Thus the necessity of throwing a portion of food to the Spirit of Fire, among the Yakuts, or to the house-spirit, among the Letts, is depicted as far from universal and as less compelling than is the necessity of sacrificing to the evil powers among the above mentioned Sub-Arctic races. Among such a scarcely civilized people as the Gagauzy, who are reported to make certain pagan offerings, we have a tale concerning a human being offered at the founding of a bridge; but the superstitious and illiterate Russian peasantry, having been under the influence of the Church for hundreds of years, would hardly tell such a tale. Religious cults have substantially influenced folk-lore.

The frequent graphic narratives describing scenes of shamanism among eastern Sub-Arctic races, such as the Chukchis

and Yukaghirs, are balanced by a less vivid story of shamanism among the Buryats, who are at least nominally Buddhists. The Kalmucks and Yellow Ugurs do not lack stories dealing with monasteries and temples. The Kirghiz, who are crudely Mahomedans, mention a mollah in a tale; while, if we travel still further westward, we come to the Russians, among whose primitive fiction, at least in the portion which deals with real life, one of the most frequent figures is the "pope," or parish priest. A mere veneer of Christianity does not prevent a wild mountain race, such as the Ossetes, from cherishing barbaric narratives, nor does the more militant Moslemism hinder the Kumüks, who are described by the traveller Vambéry as a superior people, from possessing tales which are mild and poetical. These several arguments serve to indicate that the factors which influence tales are various and complex.

If an instance were needed to show that the primitive literature of two races can reach very different levels, a comparison might be made between those restless nomads, the Kalmucks, who dwell on the slopes of the Thian Shan mountains, and the Mordvins, a Finnish people, long settled in Eastern Russia. The Kalmucks possess in "Siddhi-kur" a collection of tales which it would be difficult to match for general interest, literary quality and fulness of incident. Their race is distinguished by a special gift for story telling. How different are the Mordvins, whose tales reveal a somewhat dull nature, appreciative of coarse effects in stories which are as uninspired as the lot of the people has been unhappy.

But to what height the folk-tale can rise is best shown by the (Great) Russians, who have all kinds of stories, except such as centre round shamanism and the more pronounced forms of animism and paganism.

Spirit and variety characterise their epic tales. In them the youthful hero sets out with a clear and often lofty purpose, which he attains after many surprising adventures. He is endowed with great endurance and sagacity, and sometimes supernatural strength. Aided by a strange being—it may be a grey wolf, or Baba Yaga, or a magic horse—he overcomes all obstacles, including perhaps the machinations of two elder brothers who seem incarnations of evil, while he personifies good. His task varies, it being to overcome Koschei, the deathless skeleton; or to obtain the waters of life and death for his sick father; or to seek a bride for himself. The un-

expected, astounding, and incredible are prominent in the story, which is related with a delightful expansiveness and simplicity that disarm criticism and compel the listener's attention. There is circumstantiality in the narrative which is often subject to a set plan, for an episode is apt to be repeated three times in slightly varied form, a method probably employed to assist the memory of hearers as well as to impress them.

In the fairy tale the hero does not set forth with a definite laudable object, especially for another's benefit, but is likely to win happiness for himself after wondrous experiences. Extravagant fancies, magic and the impossible are of the very essence of the story, of which "Helen the Wise," "The Spell-bound Princess" and "Golden Mountain" may be taken as examples. Other fairy tales, such as "Vasilissa the Fair" and "Baba Yaga," deal with the misfortunes of a child, while "The Frog Princess" begins as a fairy tale, but merges into a little epic in which a youthful hero has to overcome a terrible adversary. "The Fiend," on the other hand, starts as a story of real life and develops into a fairy tale. Simple fairy tales, such as "Jack Frost" and "The Horse's Head," deal with the favourite theme of the stepmother, which as old as that of the mother-in-law.

In contradistinction to all the above, come animal stories: for instance, "The Fox, the Sheep and the Wolf" and "The Vixen Nurse," which are exceptionally well told. There are also short and mostly humorous sketches, admirable in their way, but devoid of great wonders and enchantment. Yet these narratives sometimes deal with witches and sorceresses, vampires and phantoms, and thus form a link between the natural and supernatural, between our world of real life and fairyland.

"Fool" stories play a considerable part in Russian primitive literature. The fool is a younger son, whose conduct is marked by long continued imbecility. Nevertheless, he may without warning develop qualities of the epic sort; or, after a course of folly, he may turn the tables on his enemies and thoroughly discomfit them. Thus, "John the Fool" caps his senselessness by a callous deed of extraordinary craftiness, but possessing a humorous side. The contrast between his behaviour early and late is extreme, for, suddenly becoming a hero, he sagaciously overcomes those who hitherto have been immeasurably wiser than himself. The amusing tale of "The Arrant Fool" more than holds its own with a narrative of like sort in

Grimm. In the "Bear and the Cock," the foolish youth gains a wife by his headstrong persistence and the fortuitous help of a valorous cock.

Another noticeable feature of the Russian tales is that in them, occasionally, mental abstractions behave as human beings. It is easier for a sensitive and fanciful or whimsical Russian to personify metaphysical abstractions than it is for an individual of a more phlegmatic sort. Most races of mankind have made animals speak, but in "Grief and Merriment" three material objects hold a conversation. "Need," a story personifying an abstraction, gives vivid life to a common condition which is personified even by us when we use the expression, "Want fell upon him." But the Russian in such a tale goes much further than ourselves, for he makes "Want," or "Need," talk rationally and assume in a tale the part of a Nemesis to an undeserving brother. This personification of metaphysical abstractions is more subtle than is that of such manifestations of Nature as the Sun, Frost, or Wind, a process employed by many primitive peoples.

From various Siberian tales we obtain a vivid impression of the nomad's life with his reindeer, or horses, or sheep, or cows, or of his occupation as a fisherman. We see him tramping, or drawn in a sleigh by dogs or by reindeer, over snow-covered expanses. Or he visits the tents of his friends. The shaman acts as an intermediary between him and evil spirits which inflict misfortune and disease and death.

There are Siberian tales of real life which are altogether devoid of the marvellous or supernatural, such as the Chukchi, "The Two Cousins," or the Kirghiz, "The Blind Man," the Buryat, "Old Man Ookhany," the Votyak, "The Unlucky Corpse," and the Ugur, "The Clever Youth who exchanged the Mouse"; the general theme of such tales being devious ways or sharp practice in some form or other.

In Russia's primitive literature we obtain glimpses of that important person, the village priest, and rarely an allusion to the lord and the village council. The peasant's simple directness, that is not devoid of shrewdness, his humour and liking for strong drink may be shown in stories which have no suggestion of magic or sorcery or witchcraft. They are tales of real life.

But there is always something in such narratives to arrest a hearer's attention. The Siberian will exhibit remarkable cunning, or callousness, or blood-thirstiness, and the Russian story

will have a hero who is endowed with extraordinary physical strength, or who displays a woeful lack of spiritual feeling; the story will have a hero or a heroine who exhibits phenomenal stupidity and credulity, while, if he or she is swayed by a foible, it is so extreme as to cause the hearer's diversion. Occasionally an ancient tale may have a hidden meaning. Thus the poverty and misery of the serfs may be portrayed symbolically, or by skilful touches. But all is done so naturally and pleasantly that no offence could be caused, while the sympathetic quality of the story has possibly brought comfort to its hearers, and even now aids the illiterate and miserable.

The existence of tales of real life among various races leads us to ask if the various folk-tales, as a whole, depict man's nature. Do they help us to form an estimate of human traits and to gain a correct view of prehistoric man's mental and moral qualities?

To examine vigorous and dramatic narratives which, but recently written, were long ago spoken and have since been handed down from mouth to mouth, and often to peer as through a microscope into the recesses of the human mind among strange peoples in various stages of development, is the privilege of the reader of folk-tales. Is any other form of literature so freighted with scientific interest?

The study of man is materially aided by folk-lore. That numerous tales reported by different observers who have visited many races should agree in revealing certain human traits, beliefs and customs must please the earnest student. Unanimity of outlook may be evident; thus a seemingly irrational conception of the heavenly bodies characterises alike stories of the Chukchis, the Koryaks, the Ostyaks, the Samoyedes, the Lapps, the Gagaüzy, the Armenians, and the Russians. The stories all seem to us extraordinary. The sun can be swallowed among the Koryaks, or played with by the Lappish maiden, or hidden in the mouth of the Chukchi Creator, or, among the Armenians, can leave his mother's house to go on his daily round. Visits are paid by human beings to the sun, moon, or stars in fourteen tales of the following ten races in the present collection: Chukchis (2), Tunguses, Yakuts, Ostyaks, Lapps (2), Buryats (2), Russians, Little-Russians, Armenians, Gagaüzy (2).

Primitive man's intense inquisitiveness, his myth-making capacity and his inability to conceive of a sole Creator are visible in the Altaian, the Buryat, the Chukchi and the Lithuanian legends dealing with creation. So inherent in early literature is the notion of cannibalism, that the trait is mentioned, or forms a definite episode in seventeen stories of the following thirteen races: the Koryak, Yukaghir, Ostyak, Samoyede (2), Yakut (2), Lappish (2), Kalmuck, Bashkir (2), Mordvinian, Russian, Little-Russian, Lettish and the Ossetian. Magic is the foundation of a large number of folk-tales, and strange manifestations of power, which we consider imaginary and know to be contrary to normal experience, are the very essence of the fairy tale.

Among the Chukchis, a magical transformation, as of a girl into a lamp, or, among the Yukaghirs, of a youth into a pair of boots, is brought about without any formal means, and by persons who are not specially designated as sorcerers or wizards. But, in the Buryat tale, "The Orphan Lad," we come upon a character who is a sorceress, and in the Kalmuck, "Siddhi-kur," we meet magicians. Sometimes special means are employed to restore the dead to life, as in the Kirghiz, "How Good and Evil were Companions," when a black dog's bones possess miraculous power. Magic articles, such as coins, a cudgel and a cup, occur in a story from the Pamirs, and an Ugur tale has a magic fan. Certain objects may act as special safeguards, or life talismans, as the jewel in the Kalmuck, "The Khan of Childish Intellect," and again a certain object may become a life-index, as the arrow in the Ostyak, "The Wise Maiden." Even an angry word may have a magical effect, as in the Buryat, "The Spots on the Moon."

Instances of changes due to formal sympathetic magic are less common than transmutations brought about by a blow or a violent movement, but, nevertheless, they occur. Thus a Buryat, by stirring a small sapling, muddles the brains of his enemy, a shaman. So in the Buryat, "The Old Water Sprite," a wild boar tells his human rider to break in pieces a knife which had been in possession of the cannibal witch now pursuing the fugitives. As the knife breaks the witch falls asunder. Again, in the Ostyak, "Three Brothers and their Sister," a neglected wife by throwing her supplanter's ring upon the ground causes the latter's death. Magical incantations are frequent among the Yukaghirs and occur in Buryat, Bashkir and Russian tales.

As to the magic journey, in which extraordinary help is obtained by throwing down a pebble or a towel, a comb, seeds, etc., instances occur to the number of seventeen distributed among the following eleven races: the Koryak, Yukaghir, Ostyak, Samoyede, Lapp, Buryat, Bashkir (3), Gagauzy, Russian (5), Little-Russian, Polish.

While the view may well be held that tales of mating with animals have often originated as fiction, the very wide existence of such tales points to a feeling of kinship with animals that reveals a mental and moral development far inferior to our own. So among the Kalmuck, the Lappish, the Samoyede, the Esthonian, the Gilyak, the Russian and other tales, there are definite indications of a belief in the possibility of animal parentage of human beings. In the tales of various races, the following animals are represented as mating with human beings:

Gull (Chuk.)	Chicken (Esth.)	Bird (Vot.)
Dog (Kor.)	Deer (2) (Lapp.)	Wild Beast (Vot.)
Bear (Gil.)	Half-dog (Lapp.)	Frog (Russ.)
Tigress (Gil.)	Frog (2) (Lapp.)	Goat (Russ.)
Fish (Gil.)	Tortoise (Gag.)	Crow (Russ.)
Wolf (Sam.)	Bear (Gag.)	Snake (Armen.)
Cow (Kal.)	Snake (Gag.)	Hedgehog (Pol.)
Bird (Kal.)		

Such a trait as barbarity or cruelty is still so common among mankind that it would be remarkable if it did not here figure undisguised. But the callous narration of torture or of mutilation, which distinguishes certain stories among the Chukchis, the Ossetes and the Yakuts, differentiates them from anything which could occur among civilised races. Cruelty occurs among ourselves, but is only described with reprehension. Again repulsive details, to be noted not infrequently in tales of cannibalism, must be considered a mark of deficient moral sensitiveness in narrator and audience.

A belief in the efficacy of sacrifices to spirits is clearly revealed by the tales of the Gilyaks, Koryaks, Chukchis, Yakuts and Letts. That trees have been supposed to speak and act is implied in Tungusian, Lappish, Chukchi, and even Russian stories. The belief that spirits in monstrous forms attack men is indicated by simple and earnest narratives of the lowest Siberian races and even of the Yakuts. Though a story is not

necessarily a proof of a belief, it is probably true that the wide existence of a story points to a degree of acceptance, not far removed from a belief, in races whose powers of discrimination between the gradations of make believe are small. Do not our children crave to be told that a tale is true?

Stories may be a reliable indication of a belief, or of a former belief, if they have been widely disseminated, and contain no manifest absurdity of the kind found in many of the stories of mating with animals, or in the glut and succession of marvels in fairy-tales. Thus, folk-tales reveal primitive men's belief that human beings could be turned to stone, that men could become animals, that animals could become men, that by eating the heart a certain advantage is to be acquired, that magical horses and magical arrows and talking animals exist or have existed or that divination can be practised successfully.

What do these stories tell of the softer side of man's nature? They deserve to be examined as possible storehouses of not merely the strange, the harsh and the dark, but of love, magnanimity, and heroism.

Poetical and romantic ideas are by no means absent from Siberian and Central Asian tales, as indeed is evident from the names of heroes and heroines. A maiden is called "Tender-as-milk," a hero is "Active and restless as an aspen-leaf"; while a child, known to his parents as "Sun," is greeted by a giant as "Bird of the Mountains."

Courtship and wooing form, not infrequently, the subject of stories; rival suitors engage in prolonged and violent contests, with intervals for rest; and, though a heroine is sometimes depicted as more than able to defend herself against the strongest antagonist, yet, so soon as she has been conquered by her lover or his friend, she surrenders completely, as did doughty Brunhild when the invisible Siegfried assisted her husband Hagen. A Chukchi girl, after a display of much agility, gets the better of a persistent admirer, the Moon, and another maiden of the same race, who is strangely courted by a bear, follows him to his lair and encounters a terrible fate, from which she is delivered by employment of magic. A Gilyak falls in love with a tigress, lavishes gifts upon her and finally lives with her across the waters.

How delightful an Amazon was the Altaian, Altyn-Aryg, the brave and generous! She happily lacked the immensity of Daryga, who, according to a Kirghiz narrative, reached a height

of a hundred and eighty feet. Again, we read of a young Yakut khan, who, wandering in the forest, is overwhelmed by the beauty of a poor girl and agrees to recompense her mother lavishly for the coveted treasure. Away the youthful pair ride through the forest, but, alas, the maiden forgets to follow her lover's explicit directions, and, taking the wrong path when she has to proceed alone, is maltreated by a devil's daughter, who nearly succeeds in marrying the bridegroom.

Among the Ostyaks there is an even more thrilling tale. A girl, driven from her home by brutal brothers, marries, but is forsaken by her husband. With the utmost spirit she follows, and, after undergoing dangers and mutilation, detaches her erring mate first from the influence of the daughter of the Sun-king, and then from that of the daughter of the Moon-king, and is happily re-united to him. The maiden Kara Kos Sulu, a Kirghiz, engages in a deep intrigue; and in the story from Ardschi Bordschi, a young Kalmuck princess, indulging her passion, is only rescued from disastrous detection by a skilful stratagem. It would be difficult to find a more pathetic story than that of the devoted Kalmuck "Wife who Stole the Heart."

As regards marriage, a gulf separates East from West in folklore. In Russian primitive literature, monogamy is apparently universal, though a short Mordvin story tells of a man who takes two wives. In a Bashkir story, a man marries two sisters. The Ossetian "One-eyed Giant" has murderous encounters with his two wives, who almost take his life. In a Kalmuck tale a girl is given by her father to two brothers and in another a maiden is apparently the property of seven brothers (a state of things comparable to a custom in Ceylon at the present day). A Kalmuck khan honours a magician by taking a permanent interest in the latter's wife. There is a Kirghiz story in which a youth offers his bride to her friend immediately after her marriage, and a khan of the same race, in a tale, treats a youth's bride as his own. Travelling further east, we come upon the Buryat Old Man Ookhany, the possessor of two wives, who kill him. So two wives murder their husband in the Buryat, "The Old Water-Sprite." The Yakut prince, Dyou-dus, was not satisfied with four wives. An Altaian khan possessing a hundred, slew them all because of his covetous desire for his son's bride, whom he obtained. In a Chukchi story, a man with two wives was marooned on a small island by his cousin,

and eventually revenged himself by meting out a like fate and a terrible death to his would-be murderer. The survivor then had four, that is all the wives. Polygamy is thus not unusual in Siberian folk-lore.

Among some races, as the Altaians and Yakuts, we read of wedding festivities of many days duration and of accompanying sports. The Samoyede and Gilyak stories proceed as if there were small, if any, marriage ceremony, but among the Chukchis (who allow much latitude to the young of both sexes before marriage) there is a definite ceremony in which sacrifice of a reindeer and smearing the joints of the newly married with its blood, are practised. Mention is sometimes made in the tales of payment for the wife, as in the Bashkir story, "The Deceiver," and in the Yakut stories, "The Little Old Woman" and "Black Hawk."

Folk-tales, indeed, reflect various sides of human nature in daily life. The Siberian nomad is not devoid of humour, as is shown by the account of the Buryat, Old Man Ookhany's nefarious schemes. "Charchakan," the Yakut story of gluttony is boisterously mirthful; and the Tarantchi-Tatar tale, "The Fools," is well calculated to amuse. So again the Turkoman story of a youth, who found fortune, and won the Khan's daughter as his wife, by stringing together forty fictions, not one of which contained a particle of truth, is lively and diverting. But none of these Siberian and Central Asia stories reaches in concentrated effect and dry fun and narrative faculty, the Russian account of a peasant, who married his three daughters to the Sun; the Moon and a Crow, respectively. So the Russian, "The Vixen Nurse," is superior to its Kirghiz parallel.

Folk-tales are generally considered a treasury of irrational conduct and wickedness, and it must be acknowledged that the ethics of primitive literature are low. Murder is common in the tales of savages and barbarians in Siberia as elsewhere, and may be due to sudden anger aroused by another's ill behaviour or to a desire for revenge, or to an impulse suggested, as in one instance, by the imaginary words of a bird, or to a deliberate scheme to remove a rival or a dangerous witness, or to a craving for gain, or to lust, or merely to cold-bloodedness and a desire for sport. One who is, apparently, a congenital murderer, passes from crime to crime to the fifth Samoyede tale, while in the Ossetian story, "The One-Eyed Giant," a man calmly allows his wife to be boiled to death before him.

In Russian tales, falsehood often repeated is sometimes unnoticed and unrebuked by subsequent events, but occasionally it brings down retribution on the offender. Treachery toward a suspected witch is usual, and toward a predatory animal, such as a fox, who has saved a man's life, is invariable.

Stories of cruelty are not uncommon; thus, in a Koryak myth, a seal reduces his wife to silence by fastening a string round her tongue, and in a Tungusian story, two men, from mere wantonness, burn a comrade alive. The Yakut, Dyoudus, flays animals, as Apollo flayed Marsyas, and in tales of both the Ost-yaks and the Russians, malignant witches are beaten with metal rods.

It would be a mistake to suppose that wrong-doing is never accompanied by an expression of disapproval. Some Yukaghir parents, who have eaten their little son, soon die; and inevitable death is foretold to a Chukchi woman after an escapade of which she has been guilty with a bear. Once in a way a definite lesson is given, as when in the Russian, "The Lime Tree," a man's ingratitude and discontent are severely punished. But, on the whole, the moral tone is decidedly low, as in the Russian, "Good and Bad," where a successful issue follows unprincipled craftiness. Stories of imposture and chicanery are frequent.

Man, whether primitive or partly civilised, does not neglect animals in his fiction, much as among ourselves children cannot do without them. The Chukchis have a tale establishing the dog's superiority to the fox and his consecration to the service of man. The Yellow Ugurs proclaim in a tale the sagacity of the wolf. The Yakuts, a virile race, have a dramatic account of the selection of a ruler by the birds. The Kirghiz represent the tiger, the wolf and fox as engaged in intelligent conversation; and the Buryats, possibly influenced by Buddhistic philosophy, imply in a story that even the predatory wolf has, as regards his nourishment, a claim which should be recognised by man.

The Lapps depict a fox in a manner consonant with their own gentle character. They also tell of a man who became a bear, somewhat as the Gilyaks have a good story of a brave youth who conquered a tiger in single combat and found that his foe was a man. In these tales animals sometimes talk with each other, sometimes with a man, and once a wolf addresses God. Almost every kind of bird and beast seems to speak, and many

animals are understood by man. In twenty-six tales among fifteen races, animals talk; namely: Chukchi (3), Yukaghir, Yakut, Samoyede, Gilyak (2), Kalmuck (3), Tarantchi-Tatar, Ugur, Kirghiz (3), Mordvinian (2), Esthonian, Finnish, Russian (4), Lithuanian, Ossetian.

The Altaians and Buryats describe the evolution of certain animals from human beings. The Russians, who shine as portrayers of animals' qualities, have a pathetic tale of a werewolf, and, not infrequently, concern themselves with their enemy Bruin, or with the fox and, occasionally, with the humblest insects, for the Russian peasant shows a general sympathy and fellow feeling in his stories, with all brute creation, although, like the peasants of many races, he is represented as treacherous towards the fox who has aided him.

Stories of a man or woman who mates with an animal are, as has been mentioned, widely distributed, and may assume a grotesque form, as when a Laplander marries a frog. They may be taken as evidence of primitive man's love of the marvellous and his liberal attitude towards dumb creatures, and not necessarily of depravity. Story-tellers have, as their first duty, to divert and astonish their listeners.

Primitive man's attitude toward the beasts stands forth clearly. Animals help him by giving him spontaneous advice or by laying down their lives for him without reward, or they extend their assistance in return for his generosity in sparing their lives. In this collection, twenty-eight races have, in all, forty-six tales of helpful or grateful animals, or, at least, of tales in which such animals figure. Horses, mice, hares, cats, eagles, bullocks and dogs are man's more frequent helpers; the rarest are a sturgeon, an otter, a wild boar, a lobster, a crane and a tiger. Beginning with the savage peoples of the extreme east, and passing westward, we have the following races which have stories of helpful or grateful animals:—

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Chukchi (ox) | 9 Buryat (boar) |
| 2 Yukaghir (hawk, etc.) | 10 Kalmuck (ape, etc.) |
| 3 Koryak (spider, etc.) | 11 Altaian (horse) |
| 4 Gilyak (tiger) | 12 Kirghiz (2) (fish, etc.) |
| 5 Samoyede (sturgeon) | 13 Votyak (ants, etc.) |
| 6 Tungus (wolf, etc.) | 14 Mordvin (eagle, etc.) |
| 7 Yakut (horse) | 15 Tchuvash (bees) |
| 8 Ostyak (2) (otter, etc.) | 16 Bashkir (sparrows, etc.) |

17 Lapp (deer, etc.)	23 Lithuanian (dog)
18 Finn (snake, etc.)	24 Polish (hedgehog) [etc.]
19 Esthonian (birds)	25 Little Russian (2) (she-wolf,
20 Gagaüzy (2) (serpent, etc.)	27 White Russian (2) (ox, etc.)
21 Russian (14) (wolf, etc.)	26 Armenian (lion's cubs)
22 Lettish (bears)	28 Ossetes (stag, etc.)

But occasionally, as in the Buryat, "The Man and the Wolf," and the Russian tales, "The Peasant and the Snake," and "The Peasant, the Bear and the Fox," a beast is man's enemy. In "The Fox-Mourner" the fox is first a friend and then an enemy. In a Gilyak tale, a tiger is first an enemy and then a friend. The Russians have a special liking for animal tales.

But the space surrounding mankind may be peopled by creatures more unpleasant than most beasts of the field. Evil spirits in Siberian primitive literature may have the shape of men, as in the first Lamut (Tungusian) tale, or possess merely a "monstrous shape," or a human face and dog's body, or five heads, as in different Koryak myths. A one-eyed, one-armed, one-legged devil's daughter, in the Yakut story, "The Little Old Woman with Five Cows," possesses an iron tongue fifty feet long. In a Kalmuck story, "The Pig's-Head Magician," a demon has the form of a buffalo, while, in a Kumyk narrative certain hostile women, by no means fiends, have a physical peculiarity as revolting as anything in the description of Indian rakshasis.

In Russian stories the physical appearance of fiends is, so far as the present collection goes, undescribed; but evil spirits of one kind or another, from the disagreeable imp in "The Wicked Wife," and the amatory fiend in the story, "The Young Widow," up to the almost Satanic fiend in "Helen the Wise," occur not infrequently, and thereby reveal a superstition of a type known to Western Europe in the Middle Ages. In the Russian story called "The Fiend," the unclean spirit assumes the shape of a fascinating young lover endowed with the powers of inflicting death. In "Right and Wrong" the fiends are merely malevolent spirits, able to cause illness and disaster. In the "Spell-bound Princess" they are evil-minded magicians, incapable of self-protection, a defect distinguishing many huge or malevolent folk-tale characters. If, indeed, the representatives of evil were strong, they would prove too formidable for the virtuous to possess a chance of success against them.

As the attitude of savages toward Nature, and toward the spirits which are supposed to people it, is of much interest, a few particulars from a comprehensive work on *Aboriginal Siberia* are here presented: Among the Chukchis, there are benevolent spirits to whom sacrifices are made. The chief of them is called "Middle-crown"; and with him, midday, the sun and the Polar star are often identified. The dawn and twilight are described, in several tales, as married to one wife.¹ The winds are classified as beings, whose names are mentioned in incantations. There are spirits of tents and houses, called house-beings, which, if the house be abandoned, may turn into very dangerous earth-spirits. All the forests, rivers, lakes and different classes of animals are animated by "masters" or owners. Wild animals are supposed to have households similar in kind to those of the Chukchis. Animals and spirits can assume human form. Lifeless objects may walk about.² The Kelet, or evil spirits, wander from their homes and seek victims; they have monstrous forms. There are also shamanistic spirits or voices which can take various shapes.

Among the Koryaks, evil spirits are called Kalau. They possess certain human attributes, but can change their size, may appear as cannibals, or as dogs with human heads, or as human beings with pointed heads.³ Big Raven and his children appear to be opponents of the Kalau. The wooden images of spirits have human faces, while wind and fog, the sun and the moon have souls of human form. Only shamans, that is persons inspired by spirits, can see the Kalau.⁴ The Koryaks have certain protective guardians and charms, one of which is a sacred implement for fire-making, called the fire-board. Shaped roughly like a human being, it is made of easily ignitable wood, and is the subject of an incantation when a reindeer is sacrificed to the Master-on-high.⁵

Among the Gilyaks, all natural objects have a life of their own; and sacrifice must be made to the "owners," if violence has been done. Animals are, in reality, human beings, and the bear is superior to man in both mind and body. Sacrifices are offered to the "owners" of the forest, the mountains, the sea, and fire.⁶ The Gilyak carries with him certain leaves and roots

¹Czaplicka, quoting Bogoraz, p. 256.

²Idem., p. 258.

³Idem., quoting Iochelson, p. 266.

⁴Idem., p. 268.

⁵Idem., p. 265.

⁶Idem., quoting Sternberg, p. 271.

intended for a sacrifice, and, moved by a similar purpose, he makes the dog a victim. Periodical offerings are made to the bear and to the spirits of clansmen who have been killed by bears.¹

Among the Yakuts, there are formidable gods of the underworld, whose secrets are known only to the shamans. "Omnipotent Lord" is the name of the chief of the dark spirits. An "owner" controls every river, lake and stone, and misfortunes in travelling are attributed to local "owners," to whom sacrifice must be made.² The great evil spirit, "Underground-Old Man," lives in the far north. The chief benevolent god of the Yakuts is the white lord and creator of the earth and of man, and he was probably, first of all, the Yakut god of the Sun.³

According to the Altaians, the bad spirits are subject to the evil god, Erlik, to whom a sacrifice, usually of an animal, must be made, when anyone is attacked by evil spirits. Propitiatory sacrifices are offered to Yulgen (a good god) and to secondary good spirits, as well as to the "owners" of the mountains, the rivers and the forest. A horse of light colour must be sacrificed to Yulgen, by every bridegroom after his marriage.

Images of gods are made often of skin and wood. The kam or shaman, is the intermediary at all sacrifices. The bad spirits live in seven or nine floors below the earth, and the good spirits in seventeen floors above it.⁴

Among the Buryats there are ninety-nine highest spirits in the sky, and they are divided into forty-four mischievous eastern spirits, and fifty-five amiable western spirits.⁵ These ninety-nine spirits are explained as the personifications of some atmospheric state, as dull, bright, cold, stormy, etc. There is an owner of almost every feature of the landscape; thus there are spirits in the lakes and rivers, and the "owner" of the forest is harmful to men.⁶ There are two dungeons in the regions of the evil spirits, and the greatest black shamans go to the larger one of the two after death. The souls of the greatest shamans who have died become protectors of men.⁷

The Samoyedes believe that spirits are the means by which

¹Idem., p. 272.

²Idem., quoting Sieroszewski, p. 278.

³Idem., quoting Troshchanski, p. 277.

⁴Idem., quoting Verbitsky, pp. 280-281.

⁵Idem., quoting Khangalov, p. 283.

⁶Idem., quoting Shashkov, p. 284.

⁷Idem., p. 286.

the chief god, Num, communicates with men and that the spirits choose shamans as intermediaries.¹

Another authority says the spirits are everywhere, and that they can harm or help men; and yet another, that the "great god Num" regards men with indifference, and that storms, rain and snow are his "direct expressions."²

Legends or traditional narratives concerning the actions of the gods are possessed by the Sub-Arctic races; thus Big Raven of the Koryaks behaves as an abnormally powerful man and creator, while, among the Chukchis, Buryats and Altaians, creation is the work of a being, or of beings, inferior to the chief deity. Creator is on one occasion cut to pieces, but is made whole again. At the beginning of the Ostyak story, "Aspen-leaf," we are told of a deity who sent his son down to earth to listen to human complaints. Creation may be the work of an evil personage, such as the Lithuanian "Devil," who created the sun and moon.

Another sort of legend, such as the Kumük, "Brother and Sister," merely embodies a lofty or poetical feeling, or gives a sacred flavour to noble actions, as in the Kumük, "The Healing Pitcher." The Tchuvash, "Origin of Agriculture," a beautiful narrative, sets forth a high moral idea, and the Russian, "The Volga and the Kama," affirms a pagan tradition descriptive of a contest between two natural forces; similarly there is no trace of revealed religion in the Russian legend entitled "Friday." But the Russians, a pious people, possess many legends of an austere character dealing with various offenders against the Deity. A partly Christian race, the Gagäzy, show in their legends a semi-pagan tone, which is also present in the Russian, "The Prophet Ilya and the Archer," while the Georgian, "The Prophet Ilya and the Shoemaker," has an atmosphere which is distinctly secular.

Traces of totem ancestry exist among the tales of the Kalmucks, the Kirghiz and the Gagäzy, in the shape of descent from inanimate objects or animals, a crystal, or turf, a sow, or animals' bones. But these tales do not reveal the totem as it exists among the North American Indians and the Australians.

Nor do the tales provide instances of tribal tabu; that is the maintenance of tribal custom under threat of the severest penalties for its infraction. Nevertheless, peremptory orders are sometimes given to an individual that he shall not pursue a

¹Idem., quoting Islavin, p. 289.

²Idem., quoting Jackson, p. 289.

particular course, and possess the force of a tabu. Thus, in numerous tales, when a command is given with great impressiveness, disobedience is followed by disproportionately severe punishment or disaster.

1. A Chucki shaman says to his young bride, "Let nothing more than your hand be seen by your visitors." The order is obeyed and all goes well. But a custom is implied. Similarly, in a Yakut story, a newly-made bride is kept behind a partition in a tent.

2. A Yakut bride, as previously mentioned, is peremptorily directed by her husband to take the left-hand road. But she goes to the right, and suffers fearfully in consequence.

3. A Kalmuck is told on no account to ride in the direction of certain magicians. Great evils befall him, as related in the story, because he disobeys the injunction.

4. A Polish youth, disregarding a command, kisses a boy. He is punished by forgetting his bride utterly.

5. A Lappish woman is forbidden to look at the preparation of supper. She disobeys, and is turned to stone. Her sister is then put to the same test, with like penalty.

6. A Tcheremissian visitor is solemnly adjured not to mention the name of the god Keremet. He obeys, and escapes ill treatment and probable death.

7. In a Tatar story a man is warned not to impart certain harmless knowledge. His disobedience is punished by death.

8. A Lappish woman receives strict injunctions not to allow her infant to wet its bed. Her husband leaves her for ever as soon as she transgresses.

9. A Lapp, who is proceeding on an underground journey, is impressively directed by a witch not to take a certain horse. He flouts her order, and soon loses his life.

10. An Esthonian is implored by underground imps and by birds and plants not to remove a certain stone. He scorns all their entreaties and, by his action, brings about the tragic death of his son.

11. A Gilyak youth frequently boasted that he was as strong as a tiger, although his father had forbidden him to make such a boast. Learning of his son's behaviour, the father forced him to engage in single combat with a tiger.

12. In a curious Gagauzy tale, which has its counterpart in the folk-lore of several countries, a positive command is given

that when a horse is sold, the bridle must be retained. Annihilation is narrowly escaped after disobedience.

13. In an Armenian story, a girl is told that she will be turned to stone, if she should at any time impart certain information. Disobedience brings upon her the predicted calamity.

14. In the Russian, "The Deathly Skeleton Man," Bulat-the-Brave is transformed to stone for disobedience in similar circumstances. Clearly the principle of a command, which has the force of a law, is widespread. Infractions of what might be considered almost arbitrary directions, or, at least, of not overpoweringly important directions, are apt to call down grievous results on the offender. They may be relics of the principle of tribal tabu, or may represent in extreme form that insistence on conformity (under penalty of ostracism) which exists everywhere in some shape or other in societies.

The folk-tales which in many countries have been the solace of countless unlettered men, women, and children for hundreds or thousands of years waft us to the prehistoric period. Of what supreme interest is it that traits and details of our own and many like tales are confirmed in their revelations of man's past by the simply spoken records of modern savages, such as the Sub-Arctic races, and that a continuity can be traced in the development of unwritten primitive literature!

We seize with avidity new material offered us for studying the manner in which the human soul has gradually developed through observation and thought, through the admission of new ideas concerning marriage and religion, through racial migration and gradually increasing intercourse. Primitive man seems never to have been without a thirst for knowledge, even though he has used his reasoning powers on faulty bases, and though error has multiplied error. The different Siberian stories of the Creation reveal that man has sought to understand how the world and himself came into existence. He has blundered egregiously, as when he accepted the notion that paternity may be due to the influences of inanimate objects, but he has carried on a struggle for new ideas and customs, and thus waged a conflict rarely considered praiseworthy by the majority of his fellows. Very slowly he relinquishes his faith that the world is peopled by spirits, that the sun, moon, and stars are animate, that he can call up the ghosts of ancestors, that he can acquire marvellous qualities by eating, let us say, another's heart; that sorcery is active around him and that dragons lie in his path.

Clearly primitive man has not had our present notions concerning marriage, for we find definite traces of various sexual associations which to us are repugnant. The fact that even now, during famine, there are instances of consumption of human flesh, prepares us for the frequent stories of cannibalism; it must be concluded that such a trait was not rare in the remote past. Belief in magic seems to have been universal, the most extraordinary credulity being evinced, as in the fancied power to change the human form into that of an animal, and as in the influence ascribed to spells and evil glances.

A large portion of the population dealt with in this book is still in a primitive condition, and we are forced to the conclusion that man, in this, his most favoured era of civilisation, has advanced more in the past two or three hundred, than in thousands of preceding, years. No, consideration of advances in classical times negatives this view. It is rare now to find in western Europe such belief in animals' friendship to man as is evinced by the circumstantial stories of speaking friendly horses, and self-sacrificing boars and oxen to be found in these pages. A widespread conception of a possible revivification of the dead, by one means or another, seems to have been once universal; it survives under shamanism to this day.

Allusion will be made later to the physical characteristics of the various races, but one feature may be mentioned here. Ethnologists note the shape of man's skull. Having measured its extreme length and breadth, they multiply the breadth by one hundred and divide the total by the length. They call the resulting figure the cranial index; it tells the proportion per cent. of the breadth to the length. Among the broader-headed come the Mongols, Kalmucks and Kirghiz, with the figure 85-86, the Lapps 85, the Russians 82, and the Finns 80. Among the longer-headed come the British 76-77, Scandinavians 74, Kafirs 73, Ainos 72-76, and Australians 70.¹

Though the various languages of these tales can only be advantageously studied in the works of philologists and certain travellers, yet, if a reader is disposed to give attention to a few particulars from the works of authorities, as here presented, it is possible that he may the better appreciate the chief con-

¹A. C. Haddon., *The Study of Man*, p. 69, et seq.

tents of this book. An opportunity of gauging the obstacles to the passage of stories from one great district to another may, moreover, be welcomed by anyone interested in the subject of folk-tale dissemination.

Evidently, if the different races which inhabit a vast area should employ languages of similar type, or if they should have many words in common, the diffusion of folk-tales would be thereby facilitated. Moreover, it is well to form an idea of the difficulties attending the collection of folk-lore. Travellers report that to acquire the speech of savages such as the Ostyaks, the Samoyedes, or the Chukchis, is an arduous task, if only because primitive man is not always in the mood to impart information. Special assistance is often requisite to overcome hindrances presented by dialects, as when students of folk-lore have visited the Bashkirs and the Gagäüzy.

Sub-Arctic races such as the Chukchis, the Koryaks, and the Yukaghirs are remarkable in that their languages are not agglutinative, like those of the Tunguses and Mongolians, but a law unto themselves. So there is a temptation to ask if these remote tribes can possibly be direct descendants of the primitive men who may have first appeared on the surface of the globe in central Asia.

Not only do extensive remains of frozen mammoths, along the entire Siberian coasts, point to a warmer climate at one time in the Arctic regions, but geologists have recognised a region near the source of the Yenisei where the development of plant and animal life could proceed undisturbed amid those great changes of the earth's crust which caused the appearance of huge ranges of mountains.

In such a locality, or in more southern Central Asia, we may believe that, perhaps half a million years ago, there appeared a human creature of so brutal an aspect that the African bushman or the Australian black in comparison would seem refined. The speech of primeval man must long have been so crude as scarcely to deserve the name. The wretched creature and his mates, armed with huge clubs, roamed about uttering hoarse cries in the pursuit of a common advantage, or to give vent to rage or satisfaction. So in a Russian story of a werewolf, the wolves together howl their intentions and encourage one another for the common good. Gradually, however, man grew more independent and his speech less chaotic. He began the process of stringing together syllables, which he has continued till to-day.

Before examining and comparing the speech forms of the Siberian races here represented by stories, we may briefly allude to certain characteristics of agglutinative languages. In them the essential part, or root, of the word remains clear and unmistakable, but after it are added syllables, called post-fixes, or suffixes, which modify its meaning. Moreover, the vowel of the root influences the vowel of the post-fixed syllables in such manner as to produce a general progressive harmony. The clearness of the root and tendency to vocal harmony are well seen in the Turkish words derived from the root *sev*, which means *love*; thus *sev-mek*, *to love*; *sev-me-nek*, *not to love*; *sev-il-me-nek*, *not to be loved*; *sev-ish-dir-il-me-nek*, *not to be brought to love one another*. In each of these words the root *sev* remains distinct. The vowel of the succeeding syllables is not always one and the same as, but it is influenced by, that of the root. An agglutinative language has no prefixes, and is inflected by the addition of post-fixes to the root.

The hardy Chukchis, in their desolate corner of Siberia, are far superior to primeval man, as we have imagined him in Central Asia, and their rude speech is not devoid of order and grammar. If they wish to designate a boy, they say *menkhai*, but boys are called *menkhai-t*. So eggs are *ligi-t* and teeth are *riti-t*. Again, according to Nordquist, this primitive people decline the pronoun of the first person in the singular thus: Nom. *gem*; gen. *gemnin*; loc. *gemnan*; dat. *gemekaite*; abl. *gemekaipu*. While *gem-timet-kuak* means *I breathe*, *get-timetuk* means *thou breathest*.¹ *Bogoraz* gives, among others, these specimens of Chukchi: *yilhin* means *a month*, and *grô-elhin* means *calving month*, and *nergez-ilhin* means *light-frost month*, and so forth.²

They make new words for new objects thus: *Pilhi-kuk* signifies *muzzle-pot*, that is, tea-kettle; *aq-i-mil* means *bad water*, that is brandy.³

The Koryaks are near neighbours of the Chukchis, and possess a tongue and mythology almost in common with them. The resemblance of the Koryak language to the Chukchi is evident in the numerals; thus one, two, three are in the former, *inen*, *nijekh*, *nijokh*; and in the latter, *inen*, *nirakh*, *n'rokh*. The following is the conjugation of the present tense of the verb *to stand*: *gima ti-kot-wela*, *I stand*; *gitse kot-wela*, *thou*

¹Friedrich Müller, IV, p. 127.

²Bogoraz, *The Chukchi*, p. 51.

³Idem., p. 74.

standest; enol kot-wela, *he stands*; muju-mit-kot-wela-la, *we stand*.¹ Preflection is noticeable in the first persons, singular and plural; but in Tungusian, Mongolian and Turkish the verb is conjugated by post-fixes only.

Again, both preflection and post-flection are visible in gima t-ko-t-inga-t, *I weep*, when it is compared with enol ka-inga, which means *he weeps*. Preflection and post-flection occur in the Basque, thus n-a-bil=*I go*, d-a-bil-tsa=*they go*.² Preflection and post-flection occur elsewhere; thus the Arabic kataba, *write*, shows preflection in the present or future, tak-tubu, meaning *she writes*, while there is a form katabat, *she wrote*, which shows post-flection. The Old English preterite participle, ge-clip-od, which means *yclept* or *named*, affords an instance of preflection.³

The Yukaghirs, another Sub-Arctic tribe, inflect the verb regularly, thus:

le-je = *I am*.

le-kej = *thou art*.

le-i = *he is*.

So, we find agre-je, *I go*; tsumza-je, *I think*; orne-i, *he cries*. The personal pronoun *I* is declined thus:—

SINGULAR	PLURAL
Nom., mot	mit
Acc., mot-il	mit-il.
Loc., mot-ka	mit-ka
Abl., mot-kat	mit-kat 4

Here the change in the vowel of the root from o, in the singular, to i, in the plural, is comparable to the change in our word *foot* to *feet*. A change in the vowel of the root occurs also in the plural of Finnish nouns.

Leaving behind these Sub-Arctic races, the Chukchis, Koryaks and Yukaghirs, with their peculiar vocabularies, we come to the Tunguses and a different state of things. The Tunguses, an important race of nomads, one branch of whom (the Manchus) conquered China in 1642, show in many words a resemblance not only to the Manchu dialect, but to the Mongolian and Turkish. The pronoun *I* is bi in Tungusian, Manchu and Mongolian. Our pronoun, *thou*, is si in Tungusian and

¹Friedrich Müller, II, p. 133.

³Sweet, *History of Language*, p. 45.

²Idem., III, p.18.

⁴Friedrich Müller, II, p. 124.

Manchu, and is tsi in Mongolian and sin in Turkish. The noun edzen, *master*, in Manchu-Tungusian, is declined thus :

SINGULAR	PLURAL
Nom., edzen	edze-te
Acc., edzen-be	edze-te-be
Gen., edzen-i	edze-te-i
Dat. and loc., cdzen-de	edze-te-de ¹

Here, again, an important change occurs in the root when the plural is formed from the singular. The nom., acc. and gen. of the first personal pronoun are respectively bi, mim-be, mim-i ; the corresponding plural forms being be, mem-be, men-e. *I push* is ana-m, and the tense proceeds thus : ana-ndi, ana-r-n, ana-ra-vun,² etc., in agglutinative fashion.

With regard to the diffusion of folk-tales in Siberia and the influence which they have exerted on European tales, it is clear that the existence of a linguistic quality common to races dwelling in an immense horizontal belt of Asiatic countries would assist such diffusion and influence. Now, from at least the time soon after Christ, when the Hiung-nu, which is the most ancient name of the Turkish tribes, founded an empire to the west of China, there have been ceaseless westerly movements of Mongols and their offshoots, the Turkish races. Such migrations have no doubt aided the dissemination of folk-tales, for new arrivals learn the local speech sufficiently to narrate the folk-stories which play a considerable part in the lives of the half-civilised. This is in addition to the influence of boundary people, who often speak more than one tongue.

The Mongolian language resembles the Turkish in a first essential, vowel harmony ; thus the same vowel occurs in each syllable of the Mongolian words usu, *water* ; balta, *axe* ; seleme, *sword* ; dobo, *hill* ; gutusun, *boot* ; aba, *to hunt* ; erte, *early*.

The first two personal pronouns, *I* and *thou*, are in Mongolian bi and tsi ; in Turkish they are bin and sin. In Mongolian-Buryat, nouns are declined thus : ara, *man*, has, in the singular, these forms : ara, ara-ji, ara-in, ara-dur, ara-at-sa.³ The Osmanli-Turkish equivalent of *I am a man*, is ar-im. The inflectional endings in Buryat differ from the Turkish. In the

¹Idem., II, p. 259.

²Idem., II, p. 286.

³Idem., II, p. 273.

former, *I am a Russian*, is oros-bi ; while *I am strong* is, in the latter, *bojuk-im*. But it may be remarked that the Turkish postfix, im, together with the corresponding first personal pronoun bin, recalls the Tungusian mim-be, where both m and b are associated in the first personal pronoun. Clearly the Buryat oros-bi and the Turkish bojuk-im are constructed on the same principle, viz., the root comes first and the postfix, which denotes the person, follows. Mongolian is on a lower plane than Turkish, but the genius of the two languages, as expressed by vowel harmony, by agglutination, by regular inflections and by a community in many root words is similar. However, the order in which the agglutinative particles are arranged is less firmly fixed in the former than in the latter language.

The Kalmucks, a more intelligent race than the Buryats (both are alike Mongolian), have a written literature, of which Siddhi-kur is a bright example. The Kalmuck words: khan, *prince*; don, *sound*; dolon, *seven*; ola, *mountain*; show a likeness to the corresponding Buryat forms khagan, dagon, dologan and agola.

The Yakuts have verb-forms intermediate between the Buryat (Mongolian) and the Turkish. Here is the conjugat of a present tense in three languages.

I am a Russian	I cut	I write
<i>Buryat</i>	<i>Yakut</i>	<i>Turkish</i>
oros-bi	bisa-bin	jaz-ar-im
oros-tsi	bisa-gin	jaz-ar-sin
oros	bisar	jaz-ar
oros-bide	bisa-bit	jaz-ar-iz
oros-te	bisa-git	jaz-ar-siniz
oros	bisal-lar	jaz-ar-lar ¹

We may also compare the declension of the word which signifies *man*. In Mongolian-Buryat, the nominative, accusative and genitive singular are ärä, ara-ji, ara-in ; while the corresponding words in Yakut are är, ar-i, ar-in.

The Altaians, and the Uigurs, both of them Turkish races, have words in common with Mongols.

Similarly, the Uigurs, a Turkish race near Kashgar, have words like the Buryats, although the two races are separated

¹Idem., II, p. 281.

by a distance of nearly two thousand miles and by enormous ranges of mountains and vast deserts. The Seljuks were a branch of the Uigurs and the Osmanli are Seljuks.

The Kirghiz, who form by far the largest representatives of the Tatar, that is Siberian Turkish race, and who inhabit steppes to the north of the Sea of Aral, have many word-roots in common with other Turkish peoples.

The name Turkoman, according to Vambèry, means "Turkhood" or "Turkship," and conveys the idea that the Turkomans are the special Turkish race. As for the Turkish language, it is highly extolled for its powers of beautiful and exact expression. The Turkoman words sou, *water*; tube, *hill*, and duz, *salt*, are comparable with equivalents in various Mongol-Turkish languages.

The Tchuvashes, a Turkish tribe, long settled near Kazan, have many words like the Mongolians, thus their ir, *early*, suggests erte, which extends across Asia from the Manchus to the Osmanli-Turks.

Both the Bashkirs and the Kumuks speak Tatar languages.

The Karthli language spoken by the Georgians is agglutinative and fundamentally distinct from the Indo-European languages. The Georgian word tchama, *to eat*, may be compared with the Tatar avhamak; and the Georgian adrè, *early*, with the Yakut equivalent, erde. Here are a few Georgian words: deda, *mother*; shvili, *son*; tsekhli, *fire*; mutsa, *earth*; khari, *wind*.

The following Table of Words in Tungusian, Mongolian and Turkic languages I have compiled from Dr. J. Grunzel's *Comparative Grammar of the Altaian Languages* and from A. Vambèry's *Etymological Dictionary of the Turko-Tatar Language*.

Use has also been made of A. Starchevsky's *Guide and Translator for the Frontier Regions of Russia*. It need scarcely be said that this table and the tables following it make no claim to be considered authoritative. For exact phonetic values of the vowels the reader is referred to the authorities quoted.

Migrations into Europe of nomads speaking Turkic languages have occurred from time immemorial. The strangers arrived mostly by way of the Ural mountains into South Russia, where they were absorbed or whence they penetrated to Hungary and even Germany. Others left Khorassan, crossed Asia Minor and reached European Turkey. But, north-east of the Altaian mountains, the Sayansk mountains were the early home of an

A COMPARATIVE TABLE OF WORDS IN TUNGUSIAN, MONGOLIAN AND TURKISH LANGUAGES

English	Tungus	E. Mongol	Buryat	Kalmuck	Yakut	Altaian	Uigur	Kirghiz	Tatar (Kazan)	Tchuvash	Osmanli-Turkish
axe	balta (hammer)	balta	balta		balta	{ palta malta			balta		balta
water	dube	usu-n	oso	usu-n	su	su	sub		sou	{ su siva	su
hill	dube	dobo	dobo		erde	{ tobo tobe			uba	tube	tebe
early	erte	erte	{ erte irte	erte		erte				ir	
sky	{ tenri tegr	{ tenri tegr	tencere	teneri	tanara	{ teneri tegrii					dan (daybreak)
salt	davusun	dabu-sun	dabaso	adbsun	tus	sivo	tuz		tuz	tuvar	toz
face	tsirai	tsirai	tsarai	tsirei	sirai	tsirai		sirai			tsin
straight	tseka	tsike	tsekhe	tseke	tsinka	tsin	tsun	sijn	tchiké		
cover	kapkak	khah-khak	kapkak	khahkhak	kappak		kapuk			kapka	kapu (gate)
to eat					asibin	{ as azan	asamak	as	ashamak	is (to drink)	aslamak
above					usa (height)	üs	üse	osmek	oust'	üs	uzre
rich		bajan	baj-n	bajan	bai	pai	bai		bay	pojan	bai

interesting race, the Samoyedes, some of whom have been less degraded in the past than they are now, and whose language is allied to that of the Finns, the original inhabitants of North Russia. Perhaps the Koibal-Karagasses form a link between the Turkish races and the Samoyedes, who are considered a Finnish race.

The Samoyede language is richly inflected; thus, in the dialect of the Yuruk branch, who dwell north of the Urals, the word *nuda*, *hand*, has altogether, in the singular, dual and plural, sixteen different case endings. The first personal pronoun, *I*, is *man*; the dual being *manji* and the plural *manja*. *I am good* is *sawa-m*; *I die*, is *ha-dm*. The present tense of the verb is conjugated through three persons in singular, dual and plural. Among many instances of Samoyede vowel harmony given by Castren are these: *mansarâna*, *workman*, and *jakalaseama*, *I have cut*. The likeness of certain Samoyede word-roots to Finnish is clear, as witness the following: *river*, (S) *joha*, (F) *joki*; *to place*, (S) *puenan*, (F) *panna*; *fish*, (S) *kole*, (F) *kala*; *half*, (S) *pealea*, (F) *puoli*; *good*, (S) *sava*, (F) *hyva*; *to blow*, (S) *pu'u*, (F) *puhua*.¹

Another Siberian language, that of the Ostyaks, who dwell in a large area to the east of the Urals, shows a resemblance to the Finnish, the numerals being much like those in Magyar and Finnish, and other Finnish races, such as the Votyaks, Tcheremisses, Mordvins, Esthonians and Lapps.²

Finnish is a richly inflected language. For instance, the word *silmä*, *eye*, has, in the singular alone, sixteen cases beginning thus, *silmä-ä*, *silmä-n*, *silmä-nä*, etc., and ending with *silmä-n*. The plural differs from the singular in that the letter *a* of the second syllable in the singular is changed into *i* in the plural. A high degree of inflection distinguishes the other languages of the Finno-Ugrian group; thus, in the singular, Esthonian has twelve cases, Lappish, *uine*; Mordvinian, *ten*; Tcheremissian, *eleven*; and Ostyak, *nine*.

Finnish has other affinities; for instance, it has been pointed out that its word *ranta* and the English *strand*, meaning shore, are connected; as also are the old English *dryhten*, *lord*, and the Finnish *ruhtinas*, *prince*.³

Other members of the Finno-Ugrian group show language

¹C. N. E. Eliot, *Finnish Grammar*.

²O. Donner, *Der gegenseitige verwandschaft der Finno-Ugrischen Sprachen*, p. 118, seq.

³Sweet, p. 115.

forms like those of the Magyars; thus, the Esthonian forms *werri* and *werre*, meaning *blood* and *of blood*, are comparable to the Magyar *ver* and *vére*. Similarly, the Magyar *atya-m* and *atya-d*, *my father* and *thy father*, are comparable to the Tchermisian *ätyä-m* and *ätyä-t*.¹

As another instance of the complexity of a Finno-Ugrian language, the eight cases in the singular number of the personal pronoun *I*, in Mordvinian, are here given: *mon*, *moñ*, *mon-tsi-n*, *mon-tsti-n*, *mon-zi-n*, *mon-de-n*, *mon-ftimi-n*, *mon-ks*.

The following Table of Words in Finno-Ugrian languages is compiled from Dr. O. Donner's *Dictionary of Finno-Ugric Languages*, Friedrich Müller's *Introduction to the Science of Languages*, F. Max Müller's *Science of Languages*, Castren's *Nordische Reisen*, and F. J. Wiedemann's *Votyak Grammatik*.

Leaving now the Mongol-Turkish and Finno-Ugrian languages, in which agglutination and progressive vowel harmony, as has been described, are predominant, we come to several races of Indo-Germanic speech, in which there is a marked tendency to modification of the root of a word, as occurs in our language. Thus in English *no whit* becomes *nought*, and the latter becomes *not*; *fragile* becomes *frail*; *what-like* appears as *which*, and *God-be-with-you* becomes *good-bye*. We have such forms as *teach*, *taught*; *bind*, *bound*; *mouse*, *mice*. Such instances of alteration, blending or obscuration are called "inflectional" by some, and "fusional" by other writers.

The Russians are the chief Indo-Germanic race represented in these tales. Their language is highly inflected, and presents frequent modifications of the roots, as in the change from *fskàkivayoo*, *I spring up*, to *fskachòo*, *I will spring up*; and from *panimayoo*, *I understand*, to *paimoo*, *I shall understand*. Certain alterations in the root seem of the very essence of the language. We find such forms as *vidit*, *to see*; *vizhoo*, *I see*; *druk*, *friend*; *druzyà*, *friends*; *naydòo*, *I find*; *nashòl*, *I found*; *mat*, *mother*; *mater-ee*, *of a mother*. In Russian there is a much fuller play of the various vowel sounds, than is found in the Ural-Altai languages. The vowel of the root in Russian does not influence the succeeding vowels as it does in pure Turkish. The Russian script is founded on that of the ancient Greeks.

Polish resembles Russian, and belongs to the great Slav group of languages, though the script is the Latin. The lan-

¹Max Müller, I, p. 439.



Finno-Ugrian group has a high number of case-endings, and Finnish, an agglutinative language, can show also (in the formation of the plural of nouns, for instance) such a change in the root, as may occur in various ways in the Indo-Germanic tongues. Changes also occur in the root of Finnish verbs, for instance, *tehdä*, *to do*, has the forms *tekemässä*, *doing*, and *tehnyt*, *having done*. Even the Yukaghirs change the vowel *o* of the personal pronoun *mot*, meaning *I*, into *mit* in the plural. In *edzen*, the Tungusian for *master*, the *n* occurs throughout the singular, but disappears in the plural, the syllable *te* being substituted throughout the plural for the *n* of the singular. The various case-endings are alike in singular and plural.

As an instance of the great changes which may occur in languages, it is reported that much alteration occurred during a space of twenty years in the language of a coastal tribe in the north-east of Siberia. Gender has almost disappeared in English, and a French noun has now no inflections marking its cases. While there are general distinguishing marks between agglutinative and inflectional, or fusional, languages, it is not easy always to draw a hard and fast line between them. An effort has here been made to show that the root is sometimes modified in Mongolian words. Moreover, we read, "West Finnic is more rigidly inflectional and farther removed from the agglutinative stage than Sanskrit." ¹ Vowel harmony does not seem a permanently necessary quality in the Ural-Altai family, for it is not present in the Esthonian and Votyak, which are two Finnish dialects.

The path seems open for speculations whether the Indo-Germanic tongues may not have been derived from Asia at some remote period when a change in climatic conditions suddenly encouraged migration to Europe. Such an irruption would have preceded that of the Finns and Tatars.

The *m* sound of the first person of the present tense, as in the English *am*, the Latin *sum* and the Sanskrit *as-mi* is not limited to Indo-European languages. Distant and obscure Siberian races have this *m* sound, thus *ana-m* means *I push* in Tungusian, while in Samoyede *ha-dm* means *I die*. So, in Tchuvash, *isle-r-m* signifies *I work*, much as, in a far more important tongue, that of the Osmanli-Turks, *jaz-ar-im* means *I write*. Again this *m* sound, which appears in the first personal pronoun in Greek, Latin, English, Sanskrit, etc., occurs in the

¹H. Sweet, p. 116.

Buryat *mama-ji* signifies *me* ; while it is also found as the nominative *I* in the Ostyak *ma*, the Mordvin *mon*, the Lapp *mon* and the Finnish *minä*. And the *t* of the Indo-Germanic second personal pronoun, *tu*, *thou*, etc., appears in the Mordvin *ton*, *thou*, the Lappish *ton*, the Tcheremissian *tin*. The *s* of the third person singular in the German *ist*, the Russian *est*, and the English *is*, may be even in the Lappish and Mordvin *son*, so that the *m*, *t*, *s*, of the French *mon*, *ton*, *son* (and the *m*, *d*, *s*, of the German *mein*, *dein*, *sein*) have counterparts in Finnish languages.

One of the distinguishing features of the Ural-Altaiic tongues is their widely prevalent vowel harmony ; as, for instance, in the Buryat *aras-atsa*, the ablative plural of *ara*, *man*, and in its equivalent in Yakut, *ar-lar-dan*. But vowel harmony has not been limited to the great Ural-Altaiic family. We are told that the euphonic laws of Sanskrit, Vedic and post-Vedic, are strict and delicate ; the final sound of a word being affected by the initial sounds according to precise and well observed rules.¹ Sumerian, a most ancient language, was distinguished by vowel harmony.² It is difficult to find absolute lines of demarcation between the three groups, the Indo-Germanic, the Finno-Ugrian and the Mongol-Turkish languages.

Possibly, in the dim past, Ural-Altaiic and Indo-Germanic languages had a common parent, at a period when folk-tales were held in common. Such a hypothesis would help us to understand the wide distribution of similar tales among not only European and Asiatic branches of the Indo-Germanic family but among the Kalmucks, and the Kirghiz, the Samoyedes, the Lapps, the Finns and other races.

While similarity of language has aided, dissimilarity has not prevented, diffusion of tales, for man is often migratory. It seems scarcely possible to draw indubitable conclusions concerning the places of origin of unwritten primitive literature.

The Koryaks have many stories like those of Mongolians and Tatars ; the Chukchis possess stories in common with North-West American Indians ; the Kalmucks, in *Siddhi-kur*, and the Indians, in the *Kathà Sarit Sàgara* and *Panchatantra*, possess a variety of ancient tales, many of which crop up in Russian and other European tongues ; the ancient Greeks and Egyptians

¹Sayce, *Comparative Philology* II, p. 73.

²Sweet, p. 135.

had stories, some of which are told to-day even in northerly latitudes.

There is a terse concentration in most of the Siddhi-kur tales, which, with their nature, seems to point to an origin earlier than that of the corresponding Russian stories. The most ancient collections come from the East, where the people are born story-tellers and whence for thousands of years there has been westward migration. It is not, therefore, surprising that resemblances exist between Siberian and European tales, as has been already indicated, and as is more fully pointed out in the Notes. There has no doubt been a certain influence eastward, as might be expected when a vast savage or semi-civilised land has been penetrated and dominated by a people who love folk tales so much as the Russians. But the balance of diffusion appears greatly to preponderate in a direction from East to West.

From his own utterances, primitive man is revealed in his stories more authentically than could be done by any historian, scientific writer or other investigator. Taking us to the living past or present, the folk-tales introduce us to strange and humble surroundings, where no word is spoken to deceive or mislead us. That stories and incidents have travelled far has been already shown and will later be further exemplified.

If we pass from East to West across Siberia, into the heart of Russia, we find a gradual increase in enlightenment and civilisation, and naturally ask what differences are visible when the tales of the primitive races are compared with those of the Russians. The answer is definite. A belief in animism, that is in the life of trees, stones, rivers, etc., is clearly universal among the Gilyaks, Koryaks and Chukchis, but is very faint among the Russians. Journeys to the heavenly bodies and intimate dealings with them are more frequent among the Chukchis, the Samoyedes and Lapps than among the Russians. Allusions to sacrifices made to Nature or to evil spirits are constant among the Gilyaks, Chukchis and Koryaks. Converse with the spirits of the dead is frequent in the Sub-Arctic stories of shamanism.

Spirits and devils play a more violent and malignant part in the stories of Koryaks, Kalmucks, Yakuts and Ostyaks, than the devils, wood-spirits, imps and hobgoblins in the Russian tales. Cannibalism enters into Siberian and Finno-Ugrian stories repulsively, but is merely mentioned in Russian narratives. Pagan legends of creation exist among the Chukchis,

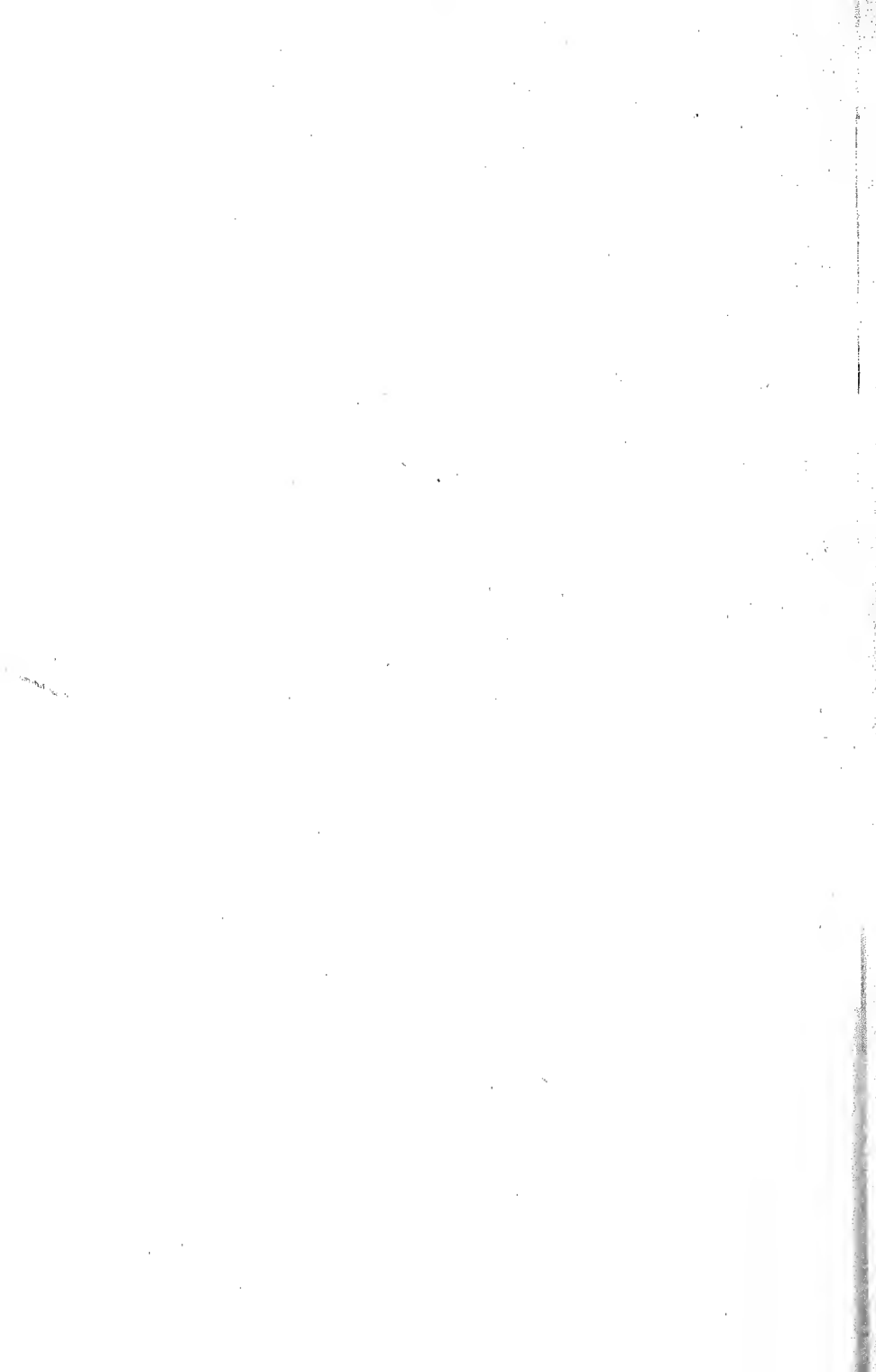
Tunguses, Buryats and Altaians, and of themselves serve to differentiate East from West. Indications of totem ancestry are more definite and instances of private tabu are more frequent among the Siberians and Lapps than among the Russians. Violence, sordid motifs and chicanery play an even greater part in the East than in the West.

On the other hand, the essential unity of the spoken literature of the primitive and ignorant is abundantly shown in the universality in this collection of stories which deal with magic, witchcraft, shape-shifting, mating with animals and the magic flight. Siberia and Russia have many such, and Russia's epic tales may be set against the heroic narratives of Altaians, Yakuts and Kirghiz. Both the Gagatzy and Russians have stories of vampires.

But the Russians have risen higher than the inferior races in stories of fancy, imagination and humour and in depictions of animal life. Their tales show a greater variety of subject. The savage and semi-civilised races have occasional pathetic, poetical and even moral incidents in their tales; the Altaian narratives include some remarkable instances of magnanimity, and the Tchuvash tale, "The Origin of Agriculture," is a beautiful legend, but none of the Ural-Altaian peoples seems able to produce a delicate fantasy like the Russian "Little Snow-Child," or a fairy-tale like "Vasilissa the Wise." Refinements and elegancies are a late product.

The races here dealt with cannot be grouped or classified confidently or exactly, because data are still insufficient. The importance to be assigned to different factors, such as language, physical appearance, geographical position and degree of civilisation is variously estimated by ethnologists. To the Sub-Arctic or Palæasiatic group, which includes the Yukaghirs, Chukchis and Koryaks, are here added the Gilyaks, because of their extreme backwardness. The Mongol-Turkish group will comprise not only the Tunguses, Buryats, Kalmucks, Altaians, Kirghiz, etc., but the Yakuts, although these latter dwell in high latitudes. All of these Mongol-Turkish races speak agglutinative languages. The Samoyedes, Ostyaks and Lapps are placed with the Finno-Ugrians on account of linguistic bonds. The Indo-Germanic group comprises races speaking "inflectional" or "fusional" languages, though here it must be mentioned that, as follows from what has gone before, the term "inflectional," as used by certain philologists, is not synonymous with "inflected."

SUB-ARCTIC OR
PALÆASIATIC RACES



THE CHUKCHIS

DWELLERS, probably from ancient times, in a treeless, snow-bound, storm-swept extremity of North-Eastern Siberia, the patient and indomitable Chukchis compel our interest. They are descended, perhaps, from Tunguses driven far north in search of means of existence, or not impossibly they are hyperborean representatives of the earliest men. Their language is peculiar and it has been imagined that the human species may have first appeared in the Arctic area, where numberless frozen mammoths which have been found along the extensive Siberian coast and flowering plants preserved in adjacent snows support the idea that, many thousand of years ago, the North Pole was favoured with a warmer climate.

How strange is the life of the Chukchi nomad ! Though the richer breeder of reindeer can move in a leisurely fashion, the poorer must keep his belongings packed and ready to move every few days. In the depths of winter, with no sun to cheer him, he is apt to be terrified by the marvels of the Aurora Borealis. But using his twirling stick, he can light a fire, melt snow and boil some meat, though he likes to consume certain parts of his reindeer and his frozen fish raw. A few plants and berries are within his reach. Thus sustained and clad thickly in reindeer skins surmounted by a fox-skin cap, it is his lot to set forth with a team of seven or eight savage dogs, and search for new ground on which to pitch his tent of skins. His muscular arms can draw a six foot birchwood bow with sharp or specially blunt arrows which do not injure furry prey, or he can wield a heavy broad-bladed bear spear.

Often he suffers pangs of terrible hunger, but he keeps wonderfully patient and good tempered. Yet, if his anger is roused, he may become murderous and blood revenge will follow, and then he eats of his victim's heart or liver, thinking thus to injure his enemy's relatives. So sad is the lot of the old and worn out, that a son will obey an aged parent's command to kill him. The ignorant nomad who, devoid of teaching and of a written language, goes in dread of numerous spirits of monstrous form, sees a benevolent power in the sun and sacrifices to him ; and in storm and thunder he offers reindeer and walrus meat to the

disturbed elements. Moreover, he has his religion, that shamanism which, universal over Northern Asia, doubtless affords comfort to those who know of no other help against hidden or manifest evil influences.¹

The Chukchis were carefully studied by the expedition led in 1878-79 by Nordenskjöld, who says that, settled on the primeval route between the Old and New World, the race bears an unmistakable stamp of the Mongols of Asia and the Eskimo and the Indians of America. Engaged in reindeer breeding or fishing, this primitive people occupy a territory as great as France, but number under ten thousand persons.

According to W. Bogoraz, from whose great work in *Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History* the following details are culled, the men average just under five feet in height. Their noses are often large, well shaped and even aquiline, but the low Mongolian bridge is also to be seen. Though the face is bronze coloured, the skin of the body is generally light or brown. The sense of smell is so acute among the Chukchis that it is said the ownership of clothes can thus be decided. The bow and arrow are still used in remote places.

"The Chukchi is easily angered; often a trifle will suffice to transform his merry laughter into the most ungovernable rage";² murders are frequent. The habitation is a round skin tent about twelve feet high and twenty feet across, lighted by a single lamp. Guests strip to the waist and are regaled from trays of steaming meat and boiling tea; the other inmates are naked. A wave of cold air is occasionally admitted from the side of the tent. The reindeer Chukchi eat chiefly reindeer meat, while the coast people use as food the flesh and blubber of seals, walrus and whale. Most of the meat is boiled, but flesh is also eaten raw and frozen. Berries, roots and certain leaves are consumed. The clothes are of fur, summer and winter. Tattooing of the face is practised on girls by drawing a blackened needle through the skin. "Generally speaking, the Chukchis believe that all nature is animated and that every material object can act, speak and walk by itself."³ "Animals, when personating human beings, can change their shape quite as easily as is done by spirits."⁴ "Forests, rivers and lakes have special owners or masters, so each species of tree (except the

¹F. Ratzell, *The History of Mankind*, II, p. 204. seq.

²W. Bogoraz, p. 45.

³Idem., p. 280. ⁴Idem., p. 283.

birch) has a master of its own, which is included in the term kelet or spirits; and the term is usually of harmful significance."¹ "Among the Koryaks, certain detached mountains or cliffs are often pointed out as ancestors of the tribe, mostly Big Raven, turned to stone."² The term Kelet comprises the invisible spirits who bring disease and death, but includes hostile blood-thirsty cannibals, some of whom are still alive, also the spirits who assist the shamans in their magical practices.

The sun and moon are considered to be men. "Evil spirits, when getting possession of a soul, often take it to their world and pinion its hands, and they then put it behind the lamp in the place where small things are usually kept."³ Sacrifices of blood-soup, meat and tallow are made to the Moon by some people once a month, and a sacrifice is made to a fire by a mistress every evening during a journey from the mountains to the tundra or to the seashore.

The maritime Chukchis make a sacrifice to the sea in autumn to bring success in winter-sealing on the ice. The shamanistic practices include ordinary intercourse with spirits, the looking into the future and the production of malevolent and benevolent spells and incantations, many of which refer to matters of love and the cure of diseases. It occurs not infrequently that old men ask for death and receive it at the hands of a relation, the position of the infirm Chukchi being a very hard one. If the person who wishes to die is sonless, it is sometimes difficult to find anyone to give the mortal blow, for the duty of killing is considered terrible. Once the desire for death has been pronounced aloud, it must be carried out, for the evil spirits would otherwise inflict severe punishment. The death is usually carried out by strangulation, or the use of a knife or spear, and is as kindly as possible. "There is no punishment as a public institution, but only private vengeance, ransom or strife."⁴ "The usual method of getting a bride is for the suitor to serve as a herdsman of the future father-in-law in payment for the bride."⁵

Most of the men have only one wife, but some have two wives, that is one wife to take care of each herd, when two herds are possessed.⁶ The most important part of the marriage rite of the reindeer Chukchis is the anointing of the bride and groom

¹Idem., p. 285.

⁴Idem., p. 574.

²Idem., p. 289.

⁵Idem., p. 579.

³Idem., p. 333.

⁶Idem., p. 598.

with the blood of the sacrificial reindeer.¹ Marriage among the Chukchis does not deal with one couple only, but extends over an entire group. Each "companion in wives" has a right to all the wives of his "companion," but takes advantage of his right comparatively seldom; namely, when he visits for some reason the camp of one of his companions.²

I

THE TWO COUSINS³

Of old, by the sea, there stood a collection of dwellings where lived two cousins, who sought food for themselves and the two wives possessed by each of them. The village was situated on a projection of the shore. The cousins worked by turns; one would stay at home and make or repair the various weapons for obtaining food, as a spear for capturing a white bear, or an instrument for hurling, a javelin, a bow, an arrow, a hook: whatever might be useful; the other would go to sea, wherever there was marine game, such as seal, walrus, sea-lion, or whale, and bring it home. But once, one of them could not kill a leaping seal, because the seal escaped the first hurl of the javelin and dived. He said to his cousin, "I am disgusted; I could not kill a creature!" "What is it?" "Only a seal, but leave it to me, to-morrow! I shall then succeed in killing. You are not better than I in killing game. I feel strong and shall kill!" "Perhaps, God grant it!" The disappointed man went away, and the other continued to make weapons as before.

The seal soon arrived in sight, but again the man could not kill it, though he exerted all his strength, and although he had lately said that he felt strong. It was strange, but he failed, and, being unsuccessful, he returned home. The cousin then said, "Well, did you kill easily?" "Enough, I could not do it, I had no skill." "But why did you speak confidently? You spoke vainly! I thought you would kill." "Well, what shall we do? It will be a source of shame if we cannot kill a single piece of game; they will say to us, 'You are no good! If we do not succeed we shall have to move on.'"

¹Idem., p. 595. ²Idem., p. 602.

³From the Russian of V. Bogoraz' *Materials for Studying the Language and Folk-lore of the Chukchis*, No. 2,

The pair went hunting together. Were there any javelins, or sharp weapons or hooks? They loaded the boat till it could carry no more! Meantime, the mocking seal always came in view and they pursued it, but wind arose during the chase and carried them to sea and impeded their efforts. Then the wind fell and they came to an island. One of them proposed to land and the other agreed; but the second man took his cousin's canoe and, fastening it to his own, stole it.

The man who was left ashore on the island shouted till he was hoarse, but the other departed as if deaf. He arrived home and took possession of all the wives, but his cousin on the island remained two days in despair: he was without clothes, had not even a knife. He said, "How now? What will happen? I shall die!" But on the third day he heard a voice from above saying, "Do not look at me, do not glance in the direction of the voice; a sympathiser is heeding you. Do not become melancholy, but continue bravely to think. Continue active; next year they will visit you." But the man said in his belly, "How shall I live? I am without clothes and have not even a knife." "No! wait, wait! Obey! A sympathising individual is regarding you; meanwhile, glance at the seashore!"

Looking, he saw that a whale was swimming toward the beach. He trembled and jumped up; then he went to the shore and ran along it, and said, "What shall I do?" He lost his mind. Of course the sea shore was covered with many trees. His senses returned and he said, "What now? What shall I do?" He struck with a piece of sharp wood and got whalebone, which could be used as a knife; he ripped up and cut and laid out at hand all the meat, and dressed it and dried it. Then he hollowed a stone so as to fashion a kettle. Moreover, he made a wooden crossbeam, and began to cook, and really ate; he afterwards made a wooden bow and arrows. Having finished, he killed a wild deer. What next? He prepared clothing and a bag, and lastly a tent. Then he killed a great seal and placed it on the top of a high rock upon a promontory.

In due course the time arrived for a thaw, and summer began. The man destroyed the marks of his feet on the ground and made them invisible. He made a house, concealed within somewhere. He did not move about. If you ask, "Did he not seek food?" He had collected every kind of food. The seal rotted in the parts exposed to the sun, for the weather was warm, and, in the meantime, he placed it on a high place easily

scen from afar. It rotted in the first and second portions of the summer, when the meat began to fall to pieces.

When the middle of summer came someone appeared riding in a canoe and continually crying, "Cousin, where are you? A year has passed and, longing for you, I have come after you." The man on the island looked secretly and simply and without making a sound, but the other cried unceasingly, "Where are you? In my anxiety I have come!" On the top of the rock the skeleton had grown white, and, looking up at it, the new arrival began a conversation: "It means, that my little friend there is dead!" He moored his canoe, and springing ashore, climbed to the top of the rock. He went further and looked over at his canoe; a rower was moving it away! had got far from the shore! "Ugh," the newcomer began to scream hoarsely. "Ay! Ay! Come back! Lately in my anxiety for you I returned." But it was as if the man in the canoe was deaf. Now, the newcomer was altogether without clothing, because when he made fast to the shore, he had been sweating from strong exertions with the paddle. He died soon. But his friend arrived home and took all the wives. Only when the winter of one year (or so long as his companion had remained at home) had passed, did he desire to make a visit to the island. At the beginning of full summer, he went to it and found there a bleached skeleton. It was really the man's skeleton. He kicked the head. "It has been done in your own way! But does it mean that you were cared for by some friendly being?" He forsook the skeleton and returned home and took all the wives. He began to live with the four wives.

II

A FOLK-TALE¹

THE only son of a certain reindeer-breeder and shaman died. The father grieved. "Ugh," he said, "I must go and seek him. Where is he? Who has taken him?" The body continued to lie in the sleeping place; the father did not bury it. "Well!" he said, "harness two stags!" He shamanized, and, after talking with the stags, departed. He sank down and lay on the ground all day. Then he got up and returned, and the stags

¹Bogoraz, No. 18.

were as tired as if they had arrived from a great distance. He examined the ground, but found nothing. On the morrow, he said, "Harness another team." As before, he shamanized, and spoke to the stags; and then drove away. Once more he fell, and this time lay on the ground two days and then got up and returned, and again the deer were as tired as if they had come from afar. On the following day he said, "Harness another team and attach my dog. I will go off with the dog." This time he lay three days before he returned. "I have found him!" he said, "there! with the higher people and fastened to a lamp: in the bird country of a Kele woman in a small, dark, separate country!" The old man now passed into a shamanistic condition and sank down, but revived, and, taking his son's body, he blew on the left little finger, thereupon the left hand moved; the shaman blew on the right little finger, and the right hand moved; he blew on the left ring-finger, and the left elbow moved; he did the same on the right side. He blew on the thumbs, and the whole hands revived. He blew into the mouth, then he looked and sat down. The son now spoke thus: "Ugh, I have slept long" (he had slept a whole month). Father and son began to live as formerly.

III

THE YOUNG SHAMAN AND HIS BRIDE²

THERE were five brothers, the youngest of whom, a shaman, was averse to womankind. His older brothers took wives, but, when they anointed their wives at the marriage ceremony the younger brother went away; his distaste for women was such that he forsook his brothers when they anointed their wives. The elder brothers said, "Seek him out!" But those who sought found him already acting as a shaman. All the brothers took wives, but he remained a bachelor. However, practising sorcery as formerly, he was well sustained in the ritual responses by the eldest sister-in-law.

At last, this youth and sorcerer said to his elder brothers, "Look here! I, too, will take a wife." "Where will you find one?" they asked him. "I shall succeed!" "God grant it!"

¹Used for hunting arctic foxes.

²Bogoraz, p. 12.

"There is a man, far away in the interior, with one daughter; he has many reindeer but no son."

This man had a married but childless neighbour, and the pair had grown old together. What next? The daughter who alone busied herself fell ill, she who went with the reindeer and did everything; she who alone was active, fell ill. She began to die. She grew weaker and weaker, and at last died. What next? The father did nothing for her: she was left in the bed. But, the day after, the neighbour went to the father and spoke thus: "Listen! I have had a dream; we must act; send her away!" "Well, if that is your opinion, I agree!" "Aha! you agree!" The neighbour took a bullock that had been broken-in and fitted him with a bell. Next he carried the dead girl out of the bed. The father sat inactive, while the neighbour bustled about and decked the corpse. Nor did the old man's wife help; only the neighbour busied himself. He provided, not only the bullock, but the sleigh with a bell. He harnessed up, and attached the girl to the sleigh. Then, having finished harnessing, he chattered as once he had done at a packing-up. He said to the bullock; "Now, you! go there sensibly." What next? He got some water for himself and for the ox, and then suddenly departed. He went slowly, but as he gradually got further, he travelled quicker.

The youth who was a sorcerer, of the divine youth, was sustained as formerly by the answers of his eldest sister-in-law. He said, "Here comes my betrothed! Here she comes!" And he was always supported in his shamanism by the responses of the eldest sister-in-law. He encouraged himself and shuddered at the responses.

Meantime, the ox was moving continually forward, from afar and always in the same direction. The shaman spoke thus: "Ugh, my betrothed is coming near. What is happening to me? I am losing consciousness." The sound of the sleigh and ox-bells came within hearing at last, and the ox arrived. "Well," said the shaman to his brothers, "look! Is that enough for you?" They said, "What has arrived?" and were struck with a vague fear; the object looked like a dead person! What was it? The ox brought his burden close. What next? The sister-in-law who made responses seized the ox, but let him go again. As before, the youth practised shamanism. The sister carried in the dead girl and placed her by them. The shaman spoke thus to his responsive sister-in-law, "Set

her beside me!" Having said this, he went on, "Now I will leave you! Now I will plunge in thought, and seek her soul. Where is her soul?" "Here it is, I think." "My betrothed! I will try to find your soul; take care of her as soon as she moves; kick me then, I charge you." He spoke and rapped and was plunged in thought. A little later the girl stirred a hand. Immediately the sister-in-law kicked the youth in his trance. "Now return to consciousness, revive!" The youth moved his head, came to himself and approached. "Well, the maiden is lying still!" Once more he went into a trance and stayed in such condition longer than before. At last the dead girl stood up and said, "I have sinned much." Again the sister-in-law kicked the youth. They slept, and on the morrow she had reason to think she would become a mother. The neighbours soon heard of this somehow, and said to one another, "Well, we shall see him bring home his wife, we shall see his wife." What then? All the neighbours collected—all who were living near—and said, "Let us see your wife; let her show herself!" The husband said to her, "Let nothing more than your hand be seen; not more than your wrist!" From her one wrist they drew back, and seemed overcome by the sight. What then? On the next day she said to her husband, "Well, let us make an end of weariness; my herd is spoiling, let us visit it." They took again the ox seeking water. They harnessed in front one stag and several of the collected reindeer—four of them. The sister-in-law who made responses mounted with her husband and took their places.

The shaman-youth said, "Now, away!" In a short time, they looked; they were already home! The old man neighbour looked and saw the father and mother. "Ugh!" he said, "here is your daughter come back with a husband." The father, as usual, sat downcast, and did not listen. "Whence has she come, if she has died? There have been too many tears! and her bones projected!" Then the son-in-law came and said, "Well, here we are; we have really come!" The father did not listen, but when the daughter came who already had reason to think she would become a mother, he listened and raised his head and rejoiced. In the meantime, it was terrible to look at the old man and his wife; they had dried up! How should it be otherwise? They had been in everlasting trouble and without any food. Their days had been wearisome.

However, the young wife soon said to her husband, "Now go after the herd and seek it out. Certain barren hinds and two calfless cows are obedient and will appear. Other oxen, which are white with black eyes, also are submissive. Look for one great ox, the largest ox and the leader of the reindeer, do not miss them."

Well, the youth went off and, coming thither, howled like a wolf. Immediately an assemblage of spirits arrived, a collection of special spirits! "Now," he said to them, "collect the herd!" And, true enough, the herd was led up by them. The biggest ox of the herd took the leading place, and a really numerous herd stretched along the ground. The young man began to seek out the barren deer and the white oxen. He found them all there. Then each tree got up and kicked like a human being, many of them being one-footed, many of them one-handed, and many of them one-eyed. But all quickly drove in the reindeer, who went into their ground like a nomad procession. The herd was driven home. From that time the shaman and his wife began to live.

IV

TALE OF A DEAD HEAD¹

THERE was an only daughter whose husband died, whereupon she brought home the dead man's head, which laughed constantly. Now, the mother and father lived in another tent, and the mother said to the father, "The girl laughs, although she is alone!" On the next day, they saw their strange neighbour, for the girl had put the head in a bag, into which the mother looked. The head laughed from there, and the old people rushed away, the woman saying to her husband, "Away with the head! When our daughter comes home, tell her to go and get firewood!" The girl returned, and her father said, "Go and get firewood, and do not turn round; go and collect wood, but do not look back!" The girl went for the wood, and her parents then moved away and forsook her and threw the head into the nomad camp.

The girl wept, and the head said, "You had better seek a broken knife and a dropped flint." She found both. "Make

¹Bogoraz, p. 67.

some fine tinder from willow scrapings!" She lighted a fire. The head said, "Put together all the wood and make a pyre; then bring all these firebrands and put them on the fire together with me." She placed the head on the fire and it began to burn. In a little while, from the hearth was heard the sound of a bell, and a man stepped from the hearth. It was her former husband, and he said to her, "Lie down and go to sleep!" He went out on the land, while she, as if to gain sleep, lay upon her side. A little later a train of sleighs and reindeer arrived. "Now," he said "wake up and pitch the tent!" She hung up the canopy. When she had finished, she killed a deer, and, having cooked some food, she went to sleep. The wife was at one end of the tent and the husband at the other. She awoke and killed another deer, and then they both fell asleep, the husband being in the middle of the tent and the wife in the corner. Again they woke and killed a deer and again lay down, but, this time, side by side. She bore, ere long, a child. The husband, in the morning, took the child on to his shoulders. He said to his wife, "Here comes your father!" The father came near, and the husband said, "What shall we do? You forsook us lately; if you claim my wife from me, I will depart. Or shall she and I now move away somewhere?" The woman went out quickly and took away the tent, and led home the herd, but the old people took away the stags. The husband cried, "They have come! Go off quickly with the train of sleighs and do not look round! There will be a noise behind you from the hoofs of a nomad train and the noise will reach you, but do not look round; move only forward!" Moving away, the little party went upwards, and the man and his son—for the child had grown—reached a herd. The wife looked round, a little to the left, and saw a nomad camp with fishing nets and tent poles; then she said, "Ugh, the fishing nets and poles have fallen!" The noise of the sleigh train was yet audible.

Still mounting upwards to the stars, they passed the night there in a tent, and she was the only woman who lived as an inhabitant of the upper universe. There the husband and wife and child passed the night, but the tent was only a roof, and there was no floor. Now, at every new night-quarters the husband drew the wrapper of the tent down. At every new night-quarters he let himself down always lower than the wrapper of the tent. Thus, at last, he drew the tent down to earth. And now it began to be a real tent!

In the morning, a woman who lived there said to the wife, "Let us go to the lake!" Someone at the lake said, "Well, you are here!" She looked; and the local people looked at her and the women sat and scraped skins. Accidentally the wife dropped a tear, and it began to rain: the tear had become rain. The people said, "Look upwards. What kind of rain is this?" They ceased to scrape the skins. The hostess said, "I think you dropped a tear, and that from it there came rain." The wife replied, "I did not notice that rain fell."

V.

THE BEGINNING OF CREATION¹

THERE were no people on Earth, when two beings, one the Creator and the other Tangen, came and began to contend. They wrestled till tired; then they sat down, but again stood up and walked about. Tangen, who was young, said, "Come, let us create people," and the Creator, an old man with a grey beard, replied, "Very well." They took handfuls of earth and, blowing upon them, made many naked people. Soon Tangen remarked, "Our people are bad, they are without wool." The Creator said, "I will make for them something like wool." He took grass and, having twisted it, put it on the people. Then Tangen said, "I will do likewise." He mingled leaves and clay in his hand and applied them with clay. The Creator laughed. Next Tangen said, "Why are our people dumb! I will make a language for them all." Having taken paper, he began to write, and wrote for a whole year, and for a second year, and then gave the papers to the people; they looked and made sounds. The Creator laughed again, whereupon Tangen said, "I will make a language for you." The Creator was silent. Tangen now wrote for three years, and gave the papers to the people; who looked at and refused them and grew silent. "You have made bad people," said Tangen. "No, I have made good people!" Tangen again wrote and distributed the papers, but the people rejected them and remained silent. "Oh, you have made evil people!" "No, really, they are good!" At once the old man transformed himself into a raven and flew into the midst of the people and cawed thus; "Kryà,

¹Bogoraz, p. 167.

kryà!" Behold all the people repeated, "Kryà, kryà," and spoke with their tongues.

The Creator now said, "Read through that letter!" The people read the letter, which was a request from them that they should always possess reindeer. At that time the people had no reindeer, and when they said, "How shall we get reindeer?" the Creator replied, "You shall have them!" But they did not believe him.

The Creator placed a finger on his foot and began to drill; he thus obtained fire from his foot. "Look! I have got fire from my foot; but you do not believe!" "Where is the fire?" the people cried boisterously. The fire had gone out. But the Creator struck one finger nail against another and once more obtained fire. "Look," he said, "here is fire! and now I shall go."

The Creator, who was an old man, rose in the form of a raven to Heaven, where the Divine Being said to him, "You have come?" "I have come. How is it the people have no reindeer?" "Well, take some," so the Creator took some wild deer and let them down on to earth. At that time there was darkness on earth and no sun. "What have you brought?" the people asked the old man. "Wild deer." "Oh, deer! Oh, deer!" cried the people. But the reindeer were frightened, and ran off in the darkness; they were too swift, and their track was lost. The Creator struck his hands together and again ascended; in the form of a raven he rose aloft. "Grey-haired old man," said the Divine Being, "why have you come?" "How can the people exist without reindeer?" "But what happened to the deer?" "They escaped into the country." "I shall give you no more." "Pray, give them; the people are without food." "Let them go further afield." "I will not send them further afield." The grey-haired old man took two reindeer, a stag and a hind—both of them fine Chukchi reindeer—and led them to earth. The people lit a great fire and met the deer with loud and frequent cries, and ever since, as a sacrifice to the Creator, have offered up reindeer horns and marrow at the festival of horns. The Creator made the nomad Koryaks, but did not make the coast Koryaks, who were created thus: Tangen used to travel in dog sleighs, and the sedentary people on the sea coast originated from droppings of the dogs at night time.

As there was no sun on earth yet, but only light from the

moon, the Creator rose into the sky and stole the sun and hid it in his mouth. "Why do you walk in my sky thievishly?" asked the Divine Being. "I have not taken anything," replied the Creator in a muffled voice, and he added, without opening his mouth, "Examine me thoroughly at once!"

The Creator let himself down on to one side of earth and walked along the seashore, while his son walked on the other side. Now where the Sun-lord lived, it became dark without a sun, and Tangen sent two messengers to look for the thief. They said to the Creator, "Why have you taken the sun? Are there many people on the earth in darkness?" "I have not taken the sun," said the Creator in a muffled voice and without opening his mouth. "Search him completely!" said the Divine Being. The messengers searched the Creator's clothing and under his arms, but he laughed once, twice and thrice and, then let out the sun, which rose into the sky. Thus light began.

The Creator and the two messengers from Tangen now went along the shore to where arose a mountain ridge. The Creator's son was walking on the ridge, but he had lost all his food on his journey, and, from vexation, he tore his hair and his clothes and forgot how to speak, and resembled a bear. "This is Kele, the evil spirit," cried the messengers. "Become, not Kele, but a man!" said the Creator to his son. The messengers now took paper and made on it a plan of the earth and, as well, a list of all the people. They gave the paper to the Creator, who said, "What is it?" He looked at the paper and tore it to fragments. Thereupon the messengers became angry and cut him into as many pieces as there were fragments of paper. But suddenly a great noise resounded from a drum in a field and from the blows of a hammer. Immediately the fragments of the Creator rushed together and were united. Again the incensed messengers hewed the Creator into fine pieces, which they threw into a great fire. But cawing sounds like "Kar, kar, kar!" came from above their heads. The grey-haired old man, the Creator, had changed into a raven and flown upwards!

VI

VOLUNTARY DEATH (in abstract)¹

THE Chukchi, Eligyky, fell deeply in debt to a Yakut merchant. Years passed, and he was still in difficulties. At last he left his home and wife and her young baby and went into the middle Kolyma district, far from the Tundra. At this time people had crossed the river Omolon, and among them was his brother Ryltuvya. Eligyky drank much vodka at the house of his companion in marriage, the Tungus, Unkul. Soon misfortune fastened on him. He became very ill and on that account begged for death from his companion in marriage, Unkul. His younger brother had lived near by, but had set out to serve a strange master in the middle Kolyma, for he had a wife and young children. Disease seized on Eligyky. His father also had died a murderer, and Eligyky imitated him. Why did I not speak before about the father? His eldest son escorted Eligyky and gave the death blow, but Eligyky, withdrawing the knife, revived and came to his senses, and, being unlikely to die, said, "Stifle me." They strangled him with a strap and killed him. His son fell ill of the same disease and begged for death. Some persons heard his request and were willing to satisfy it. They bore him in a sleigh to his younger brother, that the deed might be performed. The younger brother failed in the attempt, but the dying man himself had said, "Listen, direct the knife on one side." The younger brother could not give the blow, and so the man, just like his father, said, "Strangle me with the strap." They employed the strap and killed him. The end.

VII

A GUN-CONTEST²

ONCE upon a time, three men, one from the rivermouth, one from the seashore and one from the deer country, who were trading, disputed. Said the man from the river, "Let us settle the matter by long distance shooting." "Agreed," said the others, "we will kill the worst shot." They hung up a leaf so

¹Bogoraz, p. 49.²Bogoraz, p. 79.

far off that it was hardly visible, and said, "Whoever hits shall live, and whoever misses shall die." The deer-breeder shot first and struck the target. He laughed and cried, "I have succeeded." The second man strolled up and fired; he also was successful. The river-man missed. The two said, "We shall shoot you," and then added, "We shall make a fire, a great pyre. Undress, so that we may fasten you by the neck. Sit down, that we may fasten your neck and shoulders. We will place you on the fire; if you weep, we shall laugh at you." They set him on the fire and his back was burnt. The river-man wept and the others jeered, saying, "You weep in vain, you are contemptible."

VIII

A TALE OF THE SUN'S WIFE¹

THERE was a girl who refused all men, but the Sun came and, during a dream, made her his wife and took her aloft upon white deer. They travelled along a sun's ray and reached the sky. Journeying on, they stopped at the Milky Way. "I will go and seek a ford," said the husband, "but you must stay here." As soon as he had gone, a small black beetle crawled forward, and said, "Take care! On the way a flying devil will attack you and carry you off to his home. It would be well for the pair of us to exchange clothes; thus, you put on my black garment, and I will put on your light one; then the flying devil will become confused and not know whom to seize." "Very well," said the Sun's wife. No sooner had they exchanged garments, than the black beetle seized the Sun's wife and, carrying her far, placed her under a grass root. The Sun came. "I will go," he cried, "I have found a ford." He moved across the river and, migrating, stopped on his own territory. Every day the Sun led a nomad life across the sky from edge to edge, and fed his deer, which shone like brass in the broad sky and passed over his wife's head. She cried to him from beneath her grassy prison, but her voice was weak and inaudible.

Meanwhile the Sun's child struggled in her. The infant began to grow in her, and the garment she had received from the black beetle grew old. At last the time arrived when the

¹Bogoraz, p. 63.

child should be born; the garment fell to pieces and the prisoner and child went out to the world. She set her tent on the other side of the Milky Way. Out of her hair she wove a cord and set a loop and began every day to catch wild deer. She fed her son with their fat and every day he became taller. From the skin of a wild deer she made a garment for the child, and provided for herself a better dress from the skin of a fine-haired dwarf deer, black and white-spotted; and made a dress for her husband out of a smooth-haired white skin with a glossy black binding.

Winter came, and the Milky Way froze. And now she made her son a little bow out of deer's horn and an arrow out of deer-bone. Next she said to her son, "Look! shoot across the river, the arrow will fall beyond a tree, near a tent; follow its flight with your eyes and run in its track; you will reach the tent across the frozen river and beyond the forest trees." The child ran to the tent and entered it. The owner said, "Whose child are you?" "Oh, I am travelling through the world seeking my father, the Sun." "And who is your mother?" "She lives there on the other shore." The boy took his father by the hand, led him along the shore, and across the river to his mother's tent. When the Sun's wife saw her husband she wept. He embraced and began to kiss her. "Nevertheless," he said, "why did you stay behind?" "A black beetle deceived me, made me afraid of a flying devil, put on me his rough garment and set me under a grass-root. I cried from there and called, but my voice did not reach you. A black beetle is now your wife." They went home, and the husband looked at his wife and said, "Why is your head thus disordered? I will seek the cause in your head!" He placed her head on his knees, and began to search, and she fell asleep. Cautiously moving the black locks, he regarded her neck, but her neck was a beetle's. The Sun kindled a great fire, and, seizing his deceived wife, threw her into the flame. She fell on her back and rose with her claws upwards. He said "Henceforth all your people will be diseased and spotted, will sicken with dire illnesses. Spirits will take out their souls!" He seized a little ray and turned it face downwards, and it was silent for ages. Then he led his wife home. She dressed him in the dress she had prepared for him; a finer could not be found in the whole universe. In order to alleviate the father-in-law's longing, they let themselves down along a sun's ray,

and drove forward a herd, always idlers and dark-spotted. Having reached the father-in-law, the Sun's wife cooked portions of veal mingled with fat. The Sun presented to his father-in-law the wedding gifts brought from the sky; and the father-in-law gave back black deer, children of earth. They began to live.

IX

THE FOX AND THE DOG¹

WHEN the Creator created the fox and the dog, the pair did not know how to live, and the fox went to the Creator and asked him. The Creator said, "You are to eat only meat! When you see meat, or something soft and living, eat it! But tell your comrade that he is to be his master's servant, to walk after him, guard his belongings and receive food from him. His life will be your death!" The fox went to the dog, who exclaimed, "What said the Creator?" "He said that I am to seek food on the steppe and eat what I find, but you will find a master; go after him and receive what he gives you. Your life will be my death. What does this mean—that your life will be my death?" "It must mean that I and my master are to kill you." "Do not lie, idle boaster! The Creator did not say it, and do not impute such words to him." "It is true; no doubt he said that we should live by killing you." "Good-for-nothing! the Creator did not speak thus!" The pair quarrelled and separated; the fox sought food on the steppe, nourishing himself with mice and hares, while the dog sought a master and followed him. But from that time the dog has caught foxes for man.

X

STORY OF A BIRD WOMAN²

A LAD went to a lake in the open country. There he saw many birds, of which some were geese and some were gulls, but both geese and gulls left their garments on the shore. The youth seized their clothing, whereupon all the geese and gulls said, "Restore it." He gave back the stolen things of all the

¹Bogoraz, p. 275.²Bogoraz, p. 290.

goose-girls, but kept the clothes of one gull-maiden and took her for himself. She bore him two children, real human children. When the women went to collect leaves¹ the gull-wife went with them into the fields, but as she gathered grasses badly, her mother-in-law scolded her. All the birds were flying away, and the wife, who pined to return to her own land, went with her children behind the tent as the geese passed by. "How would it be," she said, "for me to carry away my children?" The geese plucked their wings and stuck feathers on the children's sleeves, and the wife and her children flew away together. When the husband came he could not find his wife, for she was gone. He could learn nothing about her, so he said to his mother, "Make me ten pairs of very good boots." Then he departed to the birds' country and saw an eagle who said to him, "Go to the seashore; there you will find an old man cutting down wood; he is making firewood. He is of a monstrous aspect behind, so do not draw near to him from that direction; he would swallow you. Approach him face to face." The old man said, "Whence have you come, and whither are you going?" The lad answered, "I married a gull-maiden, who bore me two children, but she has now disappeared with them. I am looking for her." "How will you travel?" "I have ten pairs of boots," was the reply. The old man said, "I will make you a canoe." He made a beautiful canoe, with a cover like a snuff-box. The young man took his place in it, and the old one said, "If you desire to go to the right, say to the canoe, 'Wok, wok,' and move your right foot. A little later, if you wish to go to the left, you will say, 'Wok, wok!' and move your left foot." The canoe was swift as a bird. The old man continued, "When you reach the shore and wish to land, say 'Kay!' and push the cover with your hand!" The young man approached the shore, pressed the cover, and the canoe grounded. He saw many bird-children at play on the ground. It was bird-land. He found his children and they recognised their father. "Father has come!" He said, "Tell your mother I have arrived." They soon returned, and with them came the wife's brother, who approached the young man and said, "Your wife has been taken as the wife of our chief, a great sea-bird." The man entered his wife's house. The chief bird patted her on the cheek, and said to the young man, "Why have you come? I will not restore your wife to you." The brother-

¹The Chukchis use willow and other leaves in preparing food.

in-law sat down in the tent. The husband and the great bird grappled with one another, and the young man, seizing his opponent by the neck thrust him out. The chief bird departed to his country and was loud in complaint, whereupon many birds flew hither, and many gulls of various kinds.

While the young man was sleeping with his wife she called out, "Countless warriors have come, wake up quickly!" But he remained asleep and, as there were cries and noise around the house, she grew alarmed. Soon the birds drew feathers and poised them like arrows, but the young man went out and, seizing a stick, waved it in various directions; he struck one bird's wing, another's neck and another's back. Then all the birds fled, but on the morrow there came twice as many; they seemed as numerous as a swarm of gnats. But the young man filled a flat vessel with water and sprinkled the birds with it; afterwards they could not fly, being frozen to the spot, and no more came.

The young man now bore his wife and children home to his own people. Taking his seat in the canoe, he covered it over as before, and coming to the shore, found the little old man. "Well?" said the latter. "I have brought them!" was the reply. "Then depart! Here are your boots, take them and set off." When, in time, they forsook the canoe, they found the eagle in the old place. They were exhausted. The eagle said, "Put on my clothing." The young man attired himself in the eagle's clothing and flew home. The eagle had said to him, "You will assume my attire, but do not take it into the house; leave it a little way off in a field!" So the young man left the garment on the ground, and it flew back to the eagle. They arrived home. The youth now pushed some fallen wood with his foot, and it became a great herd. He drove the herd before him, then anointed his wife with blood¹ and married her. Ceasing to be a bird, she became human and dressed herself as a woman.

¹According to the Chukchi custom.

XI

A TALE OF THE MOON¹

THERE was a reindeer breeder with one daughter, and she had a great draught-ox. Every summer the herd went far from home, and every winter still farther; she tended the oxen summer and winter, and only rarely rode home for a meal. However, at night once an ox in the herd said to her, "Look, look! The Moon wishes to carry you off!" She looked up and saw the Moon was speeding down on two deer. "What am I to do? He will take me?" "Stop, stop," she said, "I would take counsel with you." The ox dug the snow with his hoof and said, "Sit here!" She sat down. He scraped the snow about her and, uttering a spell, changed her into a hillock.

The Moon came and sought the girl; walked round about, but could not find her, for only the top of her head was visible, and it seemed to be a hillock. The girl's ox pushed against the Moon's deer and heard them say, "What a marvel! Whither has she betaken herself? Shall we go away now and visit her again in a little while?"

As soon as the Moon had gone the ox dug away the snow and the girl came out. "Let us travel home," she said; "he will come back soon!" She took her place in the sleigh; the ox carried her at full gallop, and they reached home. "Now, what shall I make of you?" he inquired. "Speak quickly, or he will be here! Shall I turn you into the big stone on which the frozen meat and bones are pounded?" "He will know!" "Into a hammer?" "He will know!" "Into a stake?" "He will know." "Into the hair in the tent?" "He will know; he will know!" "I will make you into a lamp!" "Very well! agreed!" "Well, sit on the fire!"

She had only just taken her seat, when the Moon, after searching the herd and hurrying to the home and fastening up his deer, entered the tent; he sought and sought, but could not find the girl anywhere; he looked among the wooden stakes; he examined everything, every hair on the skins, every piece of wood of the plank beds, every particle of ground in the corners of the tent; he could find nothing anywhere, and he could not draw near to the lamp for fear of setting himself on fire. He said, "It is a marvel! Where is she? Perhaps she will yet return home!"

¹Bogoraz, No. 64.

The Moon went out and unharnessed the reindeer ; but had scarcely gone when the girl jumped from the fire and thrust herself to the waist out of the tent and cried, " Here I am, here I am ! " He let the deer go, and again searched the tent, but she was again changed to a lamp. He searched again among the wood, and among the leaves, and among the tent material, and among the particles of earth, but found her nowhere. " What a wonder ! Where is she ? "

He had only gone out and loosened the deer, when again she thrust herself to the waist out of the tent, " Here I am, here I am ! " Once more he began the search, and unsuccessfully. At last he grew tired, and dried up : the marrow in his bones became exhausted. Then she rushed out and seized him, threw him on his back, bound his feet and placed him in the tent. " Oh ! " he said, " she will kill me. Now let me alone, for I wished to carry you off ! If you are determined to kill me, then kill me, but place me in the tent soon, for I am cold. " " How are you cold ? Do not speak falsely ! You live always outside ; remain now also outside ! What sort of tent is suitable or you ? " " If I am always outside, then set me outside now ! I shall afford amusement for your people ; put me out, and I shall be an object to look at ; let me go, and I will change day into night ! let me go, and I will measure a year for your people ; I will be first of all a moon of the old stag, then a moon of the cold, then a moon of the birth of calves, then a moon of the waters, then a moon of leaves, then a moon of warmth, then a moon of the rut of wild deer, then a moon of the beginning of winter, then a moon of the shrinking of days ! " " And if I let you go, will you recover ? Will there be good marrow in your bones ? You will not pursue and come after me ? " " Oh, I will not come ; I have ceased altogether to desire ! It does not matter ! You are too superior ! Never again will I descend from the upper regions. Let me go, and I will give light ! " She freed him, and he gave light.

NOTES

I THE TWO COUSINS

This graphic story of savage life gives a clear expression to inner mental workings of the chief characters at moments of dramatic intensity. A gloating insistence on the increased polygamic advantage to the survivor accompanies a revelation of brutality to the dead comparable to Achilles' ill treatment of the corpse of Hector.

The retribution meted out to the original wrong-doer is an instance of retaliation through a kind of punishment similar to the offence. Such retribution in kind occurs in the following tales in this book:—"The Painter and the Wood Carver" (Kalmuck); "Golden Mountain" (Bashkir); "Golden Mountain" (Russian); "Aldar the Trickster" (Bashkir). So in an Eskimo story, "Nukunguasik," an evil-minded man meets with the fate he had designed for a harmless stranger. He constructed and animated a monster, and told it to devour the stranger, who, however, suddenly faced Nukunguasik, and so caused him to fall dead from fright. The monster then slowly nibbled at the body of the dead man.¹ But, short of retaliation, there is a dramatic reversal of a previous unfavourable situation in "The Merchant's Son" (Bashkir); "The Treacherous Mother" (Armenian); "Magic Objects" (Darvash).

II A FOLK TALE

THIS simple narrative of a shaman's behaviour discloses a belief in a vague super-terrestrial life, which belief is shared by the Yakuts and some other races.

The Kele is a malicious and hostile spirit. The shaman's intercourse with his stags, and his method of resuscitating his son by blowing are worthy of notice. Further instances will be found of shamanism among the Chukchis, Yakuts, the Yukaghirs, the Buryats and the Kalmucks.

III THE YOUNG SHAMAN AND HIS BRIDE

SUCH a tale is descriptive of contemporary Chukchi life, with all its darkness and credulity. At the marriage ceremony the bride's joints are anointed with reindeer blood. The reference to the ritual responses will be understood from the Yukaghir,

¹*Eskimo Folk-Tales*, Rasmussen and Worster, p. 18.

"Treatment of a Sick Man by the Shaman Karaka Polut," but to gain a better idea of shamanism, all the stories that deal with it should be read. The shamans, without necessarily being pure-minded, are by no means impostors, and believe in their own powers during the trance and convulsed conditions.

The bride's reluctance to exhibit her person to her visitors is comparable to the young wife's coyness toward her husband, even long after marriage, among the Bashkirs, as fully described later. The tale ends with vivid allusions to pastoral life.

The mention of the spirits which collected the herd is not surprising in a country where visits are paid to earth by denizens of the air and by dwellers in subterranean places. Compare the Yakut story, "The Little Old Woman."

As to the human qualities here ascribed to trees, hints of supernatural behaviour of trees are given in the Esthonian, "Man with strength under a stone," the Lapp "Fox and the Peasant" and the Great Russian "The Enchanted Lime Tree."

Among the Tinnehs, in Alaska, "The shamans blow on the invalid, leap about him or upon him, shriek, sing, groan, gesticulate and foam at the mouth, with other details of hocus-pocus, varying indefinitely with tribe and locality. The spirits, with whom dealings are had, are not spirits that were ever in or of men; neither are they regarded by men with any sentiment of love or kindly respect."¹

IV TALE OF A DEAD HEAD

THE striking incident of the head's survival has several parallels.

A woman's head that lives, and speaks, and becomes fitted to a body, occurs in the Gilyak "Tale of a Bear." A giant's head directs warlike operations in the Lettish tale called "Sailors and Giants," and a witch takes her head in her hands in the Yellow Ugur story, "Marriage of a Youth and a Witch." These stories are to be found in this book. In the Katha Sarit Sagara, a giant's head grows again after being cut off.² In Grimm's story, "The Goose Girl," the head of the horse belonging to a princess is cut off and yet speaks. Revival of the dead from ashes takes place in the first Samoyede story, and in the Bashkir story, "The Water Nymph."

Fire receives sacrificial homage from, and is highly honoured by, the Yakuts, as is shown in the story "Al-Iot, the Spirit of

¹H. H. Bancroft, Vol. III, p. 143.

²Tawney, II, 127.

Fire." In the Kathà Sarit Sàgara, ¹ life is restored by sprinkling ashes on the burnt remains of the dead.

The sacrifice of deer is mentioned in the "Tale of a Dead Head," as possessing influence on procreation. In the Kathà Sarit Sàgara, ² a human being is sacrificed to obtain a son.

The journey of the Chukchi husband and wife to the stars is paralleled by a successful effort to capture a star in the Lapp story, "The Cap of Invisibility." Although we know that savage races have very faulty ideas concerning distances in the sky; although we know that races, who are no longer savage, possess utterly unscientific notions regarding the heavenly bodies and phenomena, yet we must search for some other explanation of the origin of these human flights in the air. The delusion of moving off the surface of the earth is well known. Tylor says, "The hallucination of rising and floating in the air is extremely common, and ascetics of all religions are especially liable to it." ³ Many saints have been seen who had risen in the air. The end of the present story is marked by a strange touch of pathos and poetry.

V THE BEGINNING OF CREATION

THE Creator is depicted as an old man with a grey beard, as also in the Altaian account. The principle of a powerful adversary to the Creator is here fundamental. As in the Buryat version, the question of man's hairy covering receives in the Chukchi marked consideration. The raven has special importance, with a suggestion of supernatural qualities. This connects him with myths of the Koryaks and of the Thlingit Indians. The inferiority of the Creator's power to that of other beings is not unusual; thus, even in a Lithuanian story, the sun and moon are created by the Devil. The sacrifice of reindeer to the Creator is paralleled by sacrifice of reindeer in "Aspen-leaf" (Ostyak); a "Tale of a Dead Head" (Chukchi); and in the first Samoyede tale. The hiding of the sun in the Creator's mouth would not strike savage peoples as impossible. The incidents of cutting the Creator to pieces and their reunion recall a not uncommon occurrence in Russian folk-tales; in which the hero, who has been dismembered, is revived under the influence of healing waters.

The Armenian peasants believe that the Milky Way is not a frozen river, but a track of straw.

¹Idem., II, 612.

²Idem., I, 63.

³Primitive Culture, I, 137.

The Siberian Creation tales may be considered as occupying a position perhaps midway between the Bashkir account of Creation and the profuse Creation narratives of the North-West American Indians. The Thlingits are a coastal tribe of Alaska. Here is an abstract of the earlier part of a Thlingit myth entitled, "Raven"; "Raven was the son of a man named Kit-kaositiyi-qua, who gave him strength to make the world. After Raven had made it he obtained the stars, moon and daylight from their keeper, at the head of Nass, by letting himself be swallowed by the keeper's daughter and be born of her. He obtained fresh water by tricking its owner, Petrel. Then Petrel made his smoke-hole spirits catch him and lighted a fire under him, turning him from black to white. Raven scattered the fresh water out of his mouth to make rivers and streams."¹ ". . . Raven put a woman under the world to attend to the rising and falling of the tides."²

Bancroft says that among the Thlingits on the coast a crow or raven is a hero-deity, who was the only being in the beginning, when the world was still in darkness. This hero, called Yehl, supplied mankind with light in a peculiar way. He transformed himself into a blade of grass, which got into a maiden's drinking water and was swallowed by her. Yehl was born of her, the second time of a woman. He cried for a certain box in the house and wrenched off its lid; instantly stars came out and studded the heavens. From other boxes he procured the sun and moon. Many people, afraid of the blazing light, hid in the mountains and were changed to such animals as are now found there.³

A tradition exists among the Loucheux Indians of North West America concerning the origin of the tribe of Dindjiè. It is briefly as follows: A mariner climbed to the top of a rock and surprised a crow asleep. Disregarding the crow's threat, he threw the bird down and broke it into a thousand pieces. People disappeared from the earth. The mariner then sought the crow's remains, reunited the bones, blew upon them and so restored their flesh and spirit. But, as he could not find one of the claws, the crow had only three. By the crow's orders the mariner pierced the breast of a pike which lay on the mud in the sunshine, while the crow did the same with a loach. Men issued from the pike and women from the loach.⁴

¹J. R. Swanton, p. 416. ²Idem., p. 418.

³Bancroft, Vol. III, p. 98-101.

⁴Petitot, p. 36.

The Tchiglit Eskimo, who inhabit the shores of the Arctic seas from Cape Bathhurst on the east to Point Barrow on the west, and who differ from the Eastern Innuït in wearing marble or serpentine buttons at the corners of the mouth, have the following legend of the Creation :

At the beginning the Beaver created two men on a great island of the Western Sea. These two men, leaving the other side of the sea, came to this side, in order to hunt grouse. They tore the birds out of one another's hands, and the contention for the grouse caused the brothers to separate. One became the father of the Tchiglit (Arctic Eskimo) and the other the ancestor of the Western Eskimo. †

VI VOLUNTARY DEATH

ELIGYKY was suffering from painful internal complaints. Bogoraz states in a note that the incident here described occurred in the Western Tundra in the year 1894. Any Chukchi who desires to die has the right to ask his nearest relatives to take his life, and they cannot refuse him. Those who are very ill, like the chief character of our story, employ this method of putting an end to their sufferings, which, in the Chukchi mode of life, are often unendurable ; also worn out old persons and such as are disgusted with failure or grieving after the death of a near relative. Then death is inflicted by strangling ; the wife holds the head upon her knees, and the sons or brothers draw the strap.

VII A GUN-CONTEST

THIS story was written down from the words of a Chukchi, in 1897.

Bogoraz points out that the demand for resignation to pain, under threat of ridicule, recalls Indian customs, and mentions another story in which a prisoner is tortured. As an instance of ferocity and callousness, " A Gun Contest " may be compared with the Yakut tale, " Dyoudus." Other displays of brutality are mentioned in a Note to the fifth Samoyede tale.

VIII TALE OF THE SUN'S WIFE

THIS beautiful story shows that savages can be highly poetical ; but how startling are their ideas of dimensions and

†Petitot, p. 5.

compressibility! Their minds, of necessity, are much occupied with natural phenomena, and interpret them realistically, but with severe mental limitations. The Sun's daily progress across the sky is followed by the appearance of the Stars; that is, of his deer which shine like brass. He marries a maiden, as he does in the Russian tale, "The Sun, the Moon and Crow Crowson." But perhaps the most remarkable visit to a Star is that which occurs in the Lapp story, "The Cap of Invisibility." Another Lapp tale, "Northern Brightness," contains a marriage to the Sun. Among the Yukaghirs (neighbours of the Chukchis) the Sun is a deity, who inflicts punishment, and, in a Yakut tale an offering is made to him. On the other hand, in the third Samoyede tale, whereas one sorcerer places the Moon on the palm of his hand, a rival so treats the Sun. Elsewhere we find the Sun placed in the mouth, or under the arm, and in yet another place a piece is cut off a Star. The black-beetle episode becomes less unintelligible and less extravagant when we find an Eskimo tale in which a man is wooed successively by a blowfly, a fly, a crane-fly, a centipede and a gnat. Happily at this point his wife bids him come in to her.¹

The Dene, or Tinneh, Indians who live in North West America, across Behring Straits, have the following legend, called "The Two Brothers who went to the Moon." Two brothers, who were duck shooting, were lost on the water, and came to an unknown country. They made their way to the Alcontes (a people near Behring's Straits), but, in time, abandoned their canoes and proceeded along a beaten path planted with stakes here and there. A woman of ravishing beauty met them and said, "I am the Sun and your grandfather, my husband, is the Moon." The brothers told the Moon that they had lost their way. The Old-Man Moon replied, "Seize my wings and sleep." As soon as they slept, the Moon rose and travelled through the clouds. Then, stopping for breath, he said, "Here are my feathers. Live below on earth." They descended to earth. The feathers became aquatic birds and from the Moon fell little ducks.²

Here is, briefly, a Philippine story of a visit to the Sun; A maiden was trying to pull up a vine, when suddenly it wound round her body and carried her upwards. She found herself near the house of Ini-init, the Sun, and, being hungry, entered. Ini-init, while away fishing, thought he saw a conflagration at

¹Rasmussen and Worster, p. 54.

²Petitot, p. 116.

home; it was, however, the beautiful maiden lying on his bed. She cooked food for him and he married her; he found supper ready every night after his return. Once she prevailed on Ini-init to take her on his daily round. He dropped her gently to the earth, and the women wanted to know who was her husband. The maiden's little finger was pricked by her mother and a baby issued out. The spirits were consulted and a messenger was sent, who forced the Sun to come to the maiden; he arrived in the form of a stone, but took her to his home on earth and became a man, and the pair lived happily.¹

IX THE FOX AND THE DOG

ANIMAL stories are briefly discussed in a Note to the Yellow Ugur, "The Friendly Animals." "The Fox and the Dog" shows less sympathy for the wild animal than is evinced in the Buryat, "The Man and the Wolf."

X STORY OF A BIRD-WOMAN

STORIES of bird-women occur also among the Yakuts, the Lapps and the Samoyedes, and the subject is briefly discussed in a Note to the fourth Samoyede tale.

With regard to the children's flight after feathers are placed on them, there is a story in Petitot's *Indian Traditions of the North-West*, in which a man clothes himself with eagles' feathers and then flies away.

It is not unknown for a Siberian folk tale hero to order a large supply of boots when he undertakes a great feat. For instance, in the Koryak myth, "Little-Bird-Man and Raven-Man," the two heroes who give to the myth its title came to Big Raven to woo his daughter; and Big Raven said, "Whoever shall put an end to the snowstorm shall marry my daughter." Raven-Man ordered several pairs of boots and a stock of provisions. But he went behind the house, dug a hole in the snow and ate his provisions.²

XI A TALE OF THE MOON

It is worthy of notice that the ox not only aided the maiden by digging snow, but uttered a spell which transformed her into a hillock. An ox helps the heroine of the White Russian,

¹M. C. Cole, p. 6.

²Ichelson, *The Koryak*, p. 250.

"A Stepmother Story," and is put to death in consequence; and a boar solemnly gives up his life to assist the hero in "The Old Water-sprite." The Mordvin story, "Snow-child," has a helpful bullock. But spontaneously beneficent animals are less numerous in folk tales than are grateful animals. There is even a bargaining animal in the Lettish story, "The Tsar's Son who became a Frog," and in Grimm's "Frog King or Iron Henry;" there is a helpful horse subject to terrible coercion in the Great Russian "Waters of Life and Death"; and there is a hostile wolf in the Buryat "The Man and the Wolf." These creatures speak like human beings. The beautiful courtship by the Moon recalls a girl's capture by that heavenly body in Buryat, Tungusian and Yakut tales; it also recalls the Great Russian "The Sun, the Moon and Crow Crowson," and other stories. The prayer for admission to a dwelling, based on the cold weather without, is not unnatural in a rigorous climate; and is humorously treated in a Bashkir tale of courtship included in Zelenin's collection.

THE YUKAGHIRS

THIS tribe, of perhaps a thousand persons, lives in small groups, scattered over an immense area in North Eastern Siberia. Overcome by the Cossacks in the early part of the seventeenth century, and afflicted long ago by an epidemic of small-pox and since by imported illnesses, the Yukaghirs have dwindled much in numbers. They are a kind, sociable, honest and hospitable, but timid, people. The men attain an average height of five feet, and the majority have neither beard nor moustache. Their eyes are dark brown, and approximate to the Mongolian type; the colour of the skin is brownish or yellowish; the nose is short and low-bridged. The Yukaghirs live in the severest climate in Siberia, there being frost for three hundred days in the year, and a winter temperature of -90° F. has been observed. The people spend their lives wandering on the tundra, on the hills and between the rivers, and gain their subsistence by hunting elk and reindeer, or by fishing, which latter occupation in late summer provides them with food for the winter. They also consume berries and roots of plants and the inner bark of the larch and the juice of the red poplar. While the dog and the reindeer are the only domestic animals, the wild creatures include the black bear and the wolf, as well as squirrels, marmots, sables and lynxes.

The Yukaghirs dwell in skin tents or in huts made of earth or logs, and their mode of life is communal and extremely primitive, the chief power depending on the supremacy of the oldest male. They do not kill off the old people, and are very affectionate toward children. "When the lights in the houses are put out and the people retire, the youths quietly leave their houses and find their way to the tents of the neighbouring girls." In some clans the wedding ceremony is simple: A girl's sweetheart brings with him his gun and bow and hunting equipment when he comes at night to visit her tent; next morning he works as if he had long been one of the family. But among the tundra-Yukaghirs the future son-in-law works on probation for a year or two, in the father-in-law's house, and the match-maker settles how many reindeer are to be paid by the bridegroom's father as purchase money, and how many

reindeer and sledges the maiden brings as dowry ; lastly, the bride's father kills a reindeer, and the girl's joints are smeared with its fresh blood. A year or so later, when a Russian priest visits the camp, there is a formal wedding. These people have love-songs distinguished by poetry and depth of feeling. shamans still exist in places, and, among other offices, prevent barrenness of wives thus : " With the aid of his guardian spirits, the shaman seizes a soul in the subterranean world and introduces it to the woman." " Sterility is considered a punishment inflicted by the spirits of deceased relatives." The Yukaghirs think that small-pox, which, as I have mentioned, devastated their country long ago, was an evil spirit introduced by the Russians to aid the process of subjugation. Rheumatism also is due to an evil spirit. The Yukaghirs believe that the sun inflicts punishments upon those who sin against the rules of morality. The young men and women wash every morning ; having filled the mouth with water, they let it escape into their hands ; thus they clean their faces. In summer they wash at the river. The Yukaghirs have an offensive odour, which is possessed also by their clothing of skins, but they object to the odour of other tribes.

Mr. W. Iochelson, from whose valuable work on the Yukaghirs, which forms the ninth volume of the *Jessup North Pacific Expedition*, I have collected the above particulars, gives the following illustration of the language :

Pukóle-tite-póinei ;
(She is) white like snow ;

Tudel yelóje titemei tat ómoc.
She is like the sun, so beautiful.

Anjepugelbiegi corile titemei.
Her eyebrows black ink are like.

I

WORSHIP AND DEDICATION AMONG THE
YUKAGHIRS :*A Yukaghir's Address to a Bear when taking his Fur*

"Grandfather, lord of the earth, think well of us! We have not done this to you; a Yakut has done it. We will place your silvery bones in the house."

Address of the ancient Yukaghirs to the Sun

"Mother-Sun! warm us with your heat; give us nourishment with your heat. Divert from us all evil, whatever may be its source."

Address to a River

"Mother-Water! give us food. Lead us well over your surface. Accept these playthings for your children."

Dedication of a New Net before a Fire

"Man assuredly has looked with evil eyes; he has assuredly listened with evil ears. Grandmother-Fire, make this net dexterous! Tpr! Tpr!"

*Address to Fire, when they throw into it an Offering of their
Food*

"Grandmother-Fire! if evil threatens, turn it aside; if good promises, bring it to us."

Address to an Old Tree

"Tree-Maiden! think well of us."

Address to a River, when offering to it the Blood of a Deer

"Mother-River, I am entertaining you with blood."

¹From the Russian of V. E. Iochelson's, "*Materials for the Study of the Yukaghir Language and Folk-lore*," pp. 121-122.

II

TREATMENT OF A SICK MAN BY THE SHAMAN
KARAKA-POLUT¹

WHOEVER summons the Shaman, Karaka-polut (which means, "the old Koryak") takes care that the shaman's egg-shaped drum, in a case, is brought before the shaman's arrival. After certain preliminaries, which include the throwing of fat, or appetising food, by someone into the fire, the shaman, having received from his assistant his fringed and embroidered cap, sits on the floor and begins to strike the drum and to whistle; then he cries out and imitates various birds and animals, such as the cuckoo, the owl, the wolf, the bear and the dog. Next he sings :

"Mother-Fire, be strong with thy heat! Mother of the dwelling, do not in thy strength endure evil!"

The shaman leaves his drum, stands up, turns his back to the door, moves away from it and sings: "Mothers of the forests, mother of the earth, all, stay and be our defence!" He turns to the sick man and says, if the latter is stricken with the plague, "Little mother! that hast come from Russian soil, favour me! Our tribe has submitted; favour me! Reject not my word!" But if the illness has been caused by a local devil, the shaman says, "Thou art our mother! Favour me and depart to thine own land." He turns again to the door, and says, "My protectors, approach!" The shaman thrusts his head out of the door and, drawing deep and noisy breaths, sucks in his spirits. He turns round and, clawing his hands and turning his eyes upwards, puts his tongue out over his chin, and making his way to the middle of the house, sits on the floor. Straightening his hands, he draws in his tongue. His eyes now assume a more natural aspect, and, while he breathes deeply, the spirit in him says, "Shaman, why have you summoned me?" The assistant replies, "Great-grandmother, we have called you to help us. Reveal who is tormenting this man? We have called you, and said, 'Perhaps she will see, perhaps she will hear!'" The spirit in the shaman replies, "An invisible being has come from below to torment this man; I have seen it." The assistant says, "Great-grandmother,

¹Hochelson, p. 115.

pray deliver us!" The spirit answers, "Entertain me with good incense, and feed me with the Russian weed that makes people stupid." The assistant puts incense on the coals, blows on it and places it beside the shaman, who inhales the smoke with wide opened mouth. Then the assistant takes the incense and throws it on the fire and next offers the shaman a pipe. The latter thrusts it in his mouth; the assistant brings a lighted chip, puts his hands before the eyes of the shaman (who must not look at the fire) and lets him light the pipe. Having smoked awhile, the shaman stands up, goes to the sick man and endeavours, by biting the affected place, to draw away the devil who is causing the mischief. The devil, who does not surrender easily, fights, but the shaman, whom the assistant holds from behind by his clothing, extracts the devil by aid of his spirits and, after a severe contest, falls backwards into the hands of his assistant, shakes violently, falls into convulsions and, finally, sits on the floor.

The devil captured from the sick man says, through the shaman, "Now, shaman, treat me to the five-rouble colourless bitter water; if you are generous, I will leave this sick man. Give me a black fox with a white breast, in order to wipe away the sweat; then I will quit the sick man." The shaman's assistant and the sick man's relatives answer: "Great grandmother, pray name a date." The devil answers: "If you give me a black fox, I will leave this man when the third month ends." The people say, "Gread grandmother, favour us! May the vein that makes you angry diminish and may your liver increase. We will give it; we will give it!"

The shaman stands up, approaches the door, and once more thrusts out his head; then, with a huge and long drawn expiration, he emits the sick man's evil spirit and falls in a faint into the hands of his assistants. They seize him by the nose, and he revives. Returning to the door, the shaman strikes his drum and says, "Mother and father! favour me; do not return; follow your own path; retreat to your own land, I implore!"

The shaman turns again and, going to the sick man, blows on him and smooths him with his hand. Then, accompanying his protector-spirit to the door, he strikes gently on the drum and says, "Close the devil's road, so that he shall not return; act vigorously!" The shaman sits on the floor with his face to the threshold and strikes the drum lightly; then he takes his mallet and with his left hand throws it back over his head



on to the floor while, with his right hand, he removes his cap and throws it also backwards. The assistant picks up mallet and cap. Then the shaman goes through the motion of taking out his right eye with a finger of his right hand and of throwing it on the floor, and says, "Keep watch, below!" Then he removes his left eye and, throwing it upwards, exclaims, "Keep watch, above!" Next, seated, he cries, like an Arctic duck, "Khaoo!" He receives a spoonful of water, which he takes into his mouth and soon spits out. So ends the ceremony.

III.

THE SHAMAN¹

ONCE, when a man had fallen ill, a shaman was forced to shamanize. He sat down and struck a tambourine and, having summoned thus the shades of bird-beasts, began to sing. Next, he said, "Root of my tree, oh, my ancestors! come near me, help me and lead hither my assistant-maidens."

The shaman continued: "Children descendants! why do you torment me by your neglect?" The relatives of the sick man observed to the shaman, "A man drowns in a pool of water, and you have been given the task to look." The shaman replied, "His soul has evidently gone into the kingdom of shades." The relatives remarked, "Be strong! Do not grudge strength!" The shaman, in order that he might go into the kingdom of shades stretched himself on the floor. On his way to the kingdom of shades, he met an old woman with a dog, which barked at the shaman. The old woman, holding a stone instrument for treating skins, left her house and said to the shaman, "Have you come permanently, or only for a time?" The shaman said to his invisible assistants, "Do not listen to the old woman's words, but come." He continued his journey to the river of the kingdom of shades, and there found a canoe. Looking across to where a house was standing, he saw that the skin coverings of the house were being whitened, and that people were walking about outside, and noticed that the metal ornaments on their clothes were jangling.

The shaman sat down in the canoe and crossed the river; then he stood on the bank where were the sick man's long since dead

¹Tochelson, No. 38.

relatives. The shaman entered their house and found within it the shades of the sick man. He said to the relatives, "I have come to take away the sick man's shade." The relatives grieved, but did not give up the shade. The shaman took it by force, and, in order to return, incorporated the human shade into himself and closed his ears so that it should not escape through them. The shaman then assumed a recumbent attitude and sang, "My sunny rays, stretch me out!" Thereupon his assistants raised him by his long coat, and, as they did so, they whirled him thrice towards the sun. After whirling him three times they stopped. Then, by his own will, for a long while he stood. The maidens, who were the receptacles of the shades; sat there and, while the shaman stood on his feet, they rubbed his joints. The shaman went toward the sick man. "Look, I have come hither from the kingdom of shades!" So he spoke. Having reached the sick man, he felt the troublesome and painful spot and put the shade-soul into the sick man. Lastly, he said to his invisible assistants, "Guard his soul and pray!" Now, wishing to conclude, he gave this order: "Shades! go hence!"

IV

A TALE OF A FABULOUS OLD MAN¹

A CERTAIN man was married and had two children, one of whom was a girl and the other a boy. One day this man went to look for his fishing net, which he had left on the shore. While he stood close to a hole in the ice, a Fabulous Old Man rose from the hole and caught him by the beard. The fisherman said, "Let me go, Grand-dad! and I will give you my children." Being released, he went home and said to his children, "Go to the shore!" They went to the shore and together peered into the ice hole, and then the Fabulous Old Man seized them by their heads. The children fell, and he swam with them along the course of the stream. The Fabulous Old Man, having floated down, took off his breeches and, giving them to the children, said, "Mend these and look after them." He went to sleep, and a hawk flew to the children and said, "Are you pining for your father?" "We are." "Then mount upon me."

¹Iochelson, No. 19.

The two children mounted on the hawk, and the bird flew up the river. The Fabulous Old Man, on waking, unavailingly sought the children; he detached his chin bone and threw it in the air for divination. He threw it against the direction in which the river was flowing, and it fell with the outer side upwards. The children fell off the hawk on to a raft, and it tossed off the children and said, "Now run away no more!" They passed down the river. The Fabulous Old Man, again lying down to sleep, gave the children his breeches, and said, "Mend these and take care of them." As soon as he was asleep, an eagle flew up and said, "Children, mount upon me!" They mounted, and the eagle flew heavenward. The Fabulous Old Man, on waking, could not find the children. Once more he took out his chin bone and this time threw it down stream for divination; it fell with the upper side downwards. Then he threw it up the river, and again it fell with the upper side downwards. Next he threw it sideways, and again it fell with the upper side downwards. He threw it skywards, and this time it fell with the outer side upwards. The children fell off the eagle on to a raft, and the Fabulous Old Man struck them till their bones were invisible. He said, "Do not run away any more!"

The Fabulous Old Man lay down to sleep, and again gave the children his breeches. A cow came along the shore and said, "Children, mount upon me." They mounted, and she took them uphill. The Fabulous Old Man, on waking, failed to find the children. He took out his chin bone and threw it down the river, and the lower side of the bone came uppermost. He threw it up the river, and the lower side again came uppermost. He threw it straight up, and the lower side came upwards as before. He threw it toward the mountain, it fell with outer side upwards. Nevertheless, he could not see the children.

The Fabulous Old Man stepped on the shore and went along sniffing. He found the children's and the cow's track, and, following it, sought to overtake them. The cow now said to the fugitives, "Look for my scraper in the fur at the back of my neck." They found it. Whereupon the cow continued, "Throw it behind you and say, 'Become a white mountain!'" They threw it down as directed, and the scraper turned into a white mountain. The Fabulous Old Man at that moment arrested his movements. He went back to his raft and brought a drill; then he drilled into the middle of the white mountain,

but had to return. He still wished to pursue the cow, which said, "Children, seek for a comb in the wool at the upper part of my neck; throw it behind you and say, 'Become a marshy forest.'" The Fabulous Old Man stopped and returned to his raft. He obtained an axe and, with its aid, hewed out the forest. Renewing his pursuit, he sought to overtake the cow, but she said to the children, "Seek in the hair at the nape of my neck for my 'breast sun,' throw it behind me and say, 'Become a sea.'" It became a sea, and the Fabulous Old Man fell there and died.

The children became united on the other side of the sea and grew hungry. The cow said, "Children, kill me, and when I am dead collect my bones into four places." The children killed the cow, ate her flesh and collected her bones into four heaps. In the evening they lay down to sleep, and arose in the morning. On the spot where the bones were lying a wolf was fastened and had a bear as his companion. In another place a wolf was fastened and had a bear as companion. The boy took a wolf and bear, and the girl took a wolf and a bear. The boy used the wolf as a dog; that is, the wolf killed deer, and then the bear drew the deer home. The girl stayed at home with her wolf and her bear and guarded the house.

This girl, in the absence of her brother, grew weary and cut off her hair and set it together lengthwise. Having fastened a stone to one end of the hair, she went to the sea shore and there threw the stone into the sea, but held one end of the hair in her hand. When she drew the hair to herself a tooth of the Fabulous Old Man had been fastened to the end. She carried it home, and it became a youth, who said to the girl, "Let us kill your brother!" The girl agreed, "Yes, let us kill him. But how?" The youth replied, "I will transform myself into a pair of boots; when your brother comes in, give them to him. Say to him, 'I sat at home to-day and made them.'" When the brother came, she said, "Brother, I have made some boots for you to wear," and she gave her brother the boots, and set them beside him. But the brother's wolf and bear entered the house and ate the boots and tore the sister in two; and ate the sister's wolf and bear. The brother then returned along the river to his former father and mother.

V

A FOLK TALE¹

THREE lads said, "Let us go hunting." They harnessed ten hares, instead of dogs, to a sleigh and drove along a river. Reaching a house, and entering it, they found a woman who possessed an only son. Her husband was away fishing. She gave them food and said, "Will you stay for the night?" They accepted her invitation and begged for some grass for their team; but, on going out, they found that she had given them not grass, but human hair. After giving them the hair, the woman re-entered the house and said to her son, "Keep guard; they will run away."

The three lads, having cut off their little fingers, gave them to the boy and said, "Do not tell your mother that we are going to run away." After this they fled.

The boy gnawed the little fingers, and returned to the house. His mother came out. "Are they here?" she asked. "They departed long ago!" The woman transfixed her son with a stake and then lighted a fire in the yard and roasted him. Following in their tracks, she pursued the lads; beyond doubt they had gone over the smooth ice; but she slipped down, and, falling upon her back, gave birth to an infant. She had been expecting to give birth to a child, but said, when she saw her infant, "Evidently they had a child with them and have dropped him." She took up the infant and returned home. The boy, lately put by her on a stake, died, and she placed his body at a spot which would be passed by his father on his way home. The father arrived and said to himself, "She intended to eat my son, but has awaited my return." He entered, and exclaimed to his wife, "Bring me the boy." She answered, "I have killed him; some persons came and I told him to watch them, but he concealed their flight from me, so I killed him." Her husband said, "Bring the boy and let us eat him!" They dragged the boy in and ate him, and on the following morning they died.

¹Ichelson, No. 3.

VI

STORY OF A STONE MAID¹

A LITTLE old man who had two daughters, had also a third child, a young girl. But the father threw his eldest daughter into the water, when he was in a state of shamanistic frenzy. He and his wife died, and so only two girls remained. One day the elder girl went for firewood and the younger remained at home, but when the elder came back she sat down and wept, for her little sister had disappeared. The child returned and said, "Why do you weep?" "Because I had lost you." They fell asleep. On getting up the next morning, the elder fastened the younger sister to a pillar with a strap and went for wood, but when she returned, although a part of the strap remained, the child was not there.

Opposite stood a great rock. Going in search of her younger sister, the girl ran down to the shore, where she found that the ice had split, and a fissure extended to the very rock. But the girl managed to reach the rock, and heard sounds of her sister's weeping which came from it. The girl called out, "Give me my sister." A human voice issued from the rock and said, "My friend, I will not give her to you. Though I, like yourself, am a woman, yet I advise you not to come near me, for I am unlike a human being, and you will be terrified."

Saying that she would not come, the girl looked and saw that the speaker peering out of the rock had a nose and ears of stone. The woman with the stone ears gazed out of the rock at the elder girl and blinked her eyes, and as the eyes blinked the mountain split, and the girl was frightened. The stone woman said to her friend, the girl, "I would not have taken your sister, but your father pushed your elder sister into the water, and, while she swam in the water, she became a sorceress and, when shamanizing, she gave me your younger sister. Go away; I will not give you your sister."

The girl went down along the river, weeping. She kept on her way and observed some people who had a house. As she reached it she heard the noise of a drum and saw a woman with disordered hair leave the house, and this woman seized her by the hand and led her in. The dishevelled woman was married, and had a young brother-in-law and she placed the newcomer by him. The dishevelled woman said; "Do you

¹Lochelson, p. 198.

know me?" The newcomer replied, "No." The other continued, "I am your elder sister. Our father long ago, when shamanizing, threw me into the water. I am your elder sister." Then the youth took the new arrival as his wife and they lived.

NOTES

I WORSHIP AND DEDICATION AMONG THE YUKAGHIRS

THE address to the Bear, on the occasion of taking his fur, is interesting, because the Yukaghirs dwell not far from Behring Straits, across which it is supposed that primitive people passed, in former different geological conditions, and gave rise to the Red Indians. The latter are said to deprecate, in a manner somewhat similar to that of the Yukaghirs, violence committed to a bear during the chase. When the tribes of Hudson Bay slay a bear they sing hymns around it having a religious character.¹

Certain Eskimo, north of Alaska, propitiate slain bears by offering gifts to the bears' skins;² moreover, bears are much venerated among the Samoyedes and Ostyaks.³

Again we read, "The curious worship of the bear which is found among the North American Indians, Ainu and others runs through all the Hyperboreans of the Old World. From the Tunguses to the Finns, the bear takes rank, immediately after the sky and the queen of the underworld, as a divine being, particularly as the lord of all spirits."⁴

The Yukaghirs' reverence for the Sun is doubtless aided by their belief that the Sun inflicts punishments. In the Yakut story, "Charchakan," an offering is made to the Sun and Moon. Worship is not much evidenced in these tales, but they make clear that the Gilyaks, like the Koryaks, sacrifice largely to various spirits. In the Ostyak tale, "Aspen-leaf," the hero "bends his neck in worship of the spirits." Mention, moreover, is made in that tale of sacrifice of reindeer.

That the worship of Fire occurs among the Yakuts is shown by several stories entitled, "Al-Iot, the Spirit of Fire." The Gilyaks have a story of the "Gilyak who offended the Fire-

¹L. Spence, *Myths of the North American Indians*, p. 111.

²V. Stefansson, p. 57. ³Lubbock, *Origin of Civilisation*, p. 266.

⁴Hutchinson's *Living Races of Mankind*, p. 231.

lord." The offering of food to the Fire is comparable to the considerate treatment of the House Spirit among the Letts; as is related in their "Beliefs."

The blood of the deer is offered to the River by the Yukaghirs, and it is used in the marriage ceremony among the Chukchis.

The Yukaghir address to the Old Tree implies, at least, esteem and veneration. Among the Letts there is a belief that Trees once lived. In the Lapp tale, "The Fox and the Peasant," a tree is treated as responsive to human wishes. Trees warn the hero in the Esthonian tale, "The Man with Strength under a Stone." A certain couple, "The Young Shaman and his Bride," among the Chukchis, are aided in collecting their reindeer by trees which behaved like human beings. There is a Mordvin story called "The Tree-god." The Gilyak hunters, who sacrifice to Fire, hope thereby to propitiate the Forest. In the Russian story, "The Enchanted Lime Tree," the tree gives sagacious counsel. "The Yakuts have sacred trees on which they hang all manners of nicknacks, as iron, brass, copper. The Ostyaks used to worship trees," so says Lubbock,¹ and proceeds to give particulars of tree worship in Sumatra and the Philippines, among certain North American Indians and the Indians of Patagonia. "Tree worship formerly existed in Assyria, Greece, Poland and France. Tacitus mentions the sacred groves of Germany, and those of England are familiar to everyone." In an Indian story there was, in a house, a wishing tree called by a name which expressed its nature, "The Giver of Desires." King Jimutateku approached the tree in his garden and said, "Give me, O God, who am now childless, a virtuous son."²

II TREATMENT OF A SICK MAN BY THE SHAMAN KARAKA-POLUT

THE Eskimo have ideas, beliefs and superstitions much like those of Eastern Siberian races. Rasmussen and Worster's *Eskimo Folk Tales* contains a graphic representation drawn by a native artist of a wizard preparing for a "spirit flight." His head is bound to his knees and his hands are fastened behind; a magic drum rests on his foot and beats itself; he has bird's wings fastened to his back. On another page, a wizard similarly secured is calling up a hideous helping spirit.

¹*Origin of Civilisation*, p. 279, et seq.

²Tawney, *Kathà Sarit Sāgara* I, 174.

The Thlinkit Indians (who dwell across Behring Straits), have an immense number of minor spirits that are invoked by the shamans.¹ The spirits of the brave killed in war dwell in the north; hence a great display of northern lights (aurora borealis) is looked upon as an omen of war.² Sorcery, medicine or shamanism appears to be inherent in the minds of all uncivilised nations and an inevitable concomitant of a low stage of development. Its essential characters are the same in the Indian, the Eskimo, the native African, the Koryaks and Tunguses on the frozen steppes of Siberia and the Fijians on the green islands of the tropical ocean.³

III THE SHAMAN

THE journey to the kingdom of shades, and the encounter with a watchful dog, and the passage over a river, recall Cerberus and the Styx. The shaman's procedure, which is of a less violent and terrible nature than that previously described, is consonant with general ideas held concerning the separability and recovery of the soul as shown, for instance, in the Buryat, "The Orphan Lad"; in the fourth Samoyede story, and in the Kalmuck, "The Birdcage Husband."

The shaman's journey somewhat resembles that of the Eskimo wizard Kunigseq, who, having called upon his helping spirits and, without moving his body, passed through the floor. His helping spirit prevented him from slipping on his way to the underworld. He came, near a river, on children and his mother, to whom the helping spirit said that Kunigseq had arrived only upon a visit. His mother wished him to stay, and showed him great stores of dried meat. Kunigseq replied that he would come when he died, and he went back to earth.⁴

Shamans are able to communicate not only with a presumably lower region; thus, in the Yakut story, "Black Hawk," three shamans come from Heaven, and in "Dyoudus," the chief's shaman communicates with the god Tangar, in the seventh Heaven.

IV A TALE OF A FABULOUS OLD MAN

WITH respect to the sacrifice by the fisherman of his children to the Fabulous Old Man, it will be found that a deliberate

¹W. H. Dall, *Alaska*, p. 313.

²Idem., p. 422.

³Idem., p. 424.

⁴Rasmussen and Worster, p. 38.

sacrifice of a son by his father to a kind of demon occurs in the Buryat story, "The Old Water-sprite"; and that a son is surrendered after a "Jephthah" promise in the Great-Russian tale, "The Sea-King and Vasilissa the Wise." In Grimm's tale, "King of the Golden Mountain," a merchant promises the first being who shall rub against his legs to a black dwarf. His little son has to be given up to the dwarf in twelve years' time. A wife is sacrificed by her husband in a tale describing the building of a bridge by the Gagaüzy.

The helpful hawk and eagle are like the eagle which transports a child in the Mordvin story, "Snow-child." In the Russian, "The Sea-King and Vasilissa," an eagle bears the Tsar over the sea. In the Kathà Sarit Sāgara,¹ a gigantic bird carries Saktidera to a golden city; and Manoharitsa rides on a magic bird.² A helpful cow occurs in the Russian story, "Burenushka."³ The behaviour of the cow in the "Tale of the Fabulous Old Man" bears some likeness to the behaviour of the ox in the Mordvin story, "Snow-Child." But her self-immolation is comparable to that of the boar in the Buryat tale, "The Old Water-Sprite," and to a voluntary surrender of life by the ox in the Russian, "Prince John and his Desire."

The method of divination employed by the Fabulous Old Man is humorous, but of the same nature as that used in the Ostyak tale, "Aspen Leaf," namely, observation of the position taken up by a moveable object; in the former case a chin bone, in the latter a cup. In shamanistic divination, a stick lying on a drum assumes a new direction as the drum is struck. Another form of divination is that of the ordeal by oath over barleycorns, in the Kalmuck "Tale from Ardschi Bordshi."

The transformation of objects into effective obstacles, which baffle a pursuer, is common to many tales of the "Magic Journey" nature. There are fourteen such stories in this book, distributed among the Yukaghirs, Yakuts, Samoyedes, Ostyaks, Buryats, Bashkirs, Gagaüzy, Great-Russians and Little-Russians.

Towards the end of the "Fabulous Old Man" there is an incident concerning a trained wolf and a trained bear, which recalls the trained dogs and bears in the great Russian tale, "Prince John and his Desire." A tooth plays a minor part in both stories.

¹Tawney, I, p. 221.

²Idem., II, p. 532.

³Afanasief, No. 57.

V A FOLK TALE

COMPARABLE with the incident of the wandering boys, who cut off their little fingers as a bribe to the youthful cannibal, is the sacrifice of the calf of his leg by Aspen-leaf, in order to sustain the strength of the Fiery Bird who bore him through the sky.

In this book there are eighteen stories dealing with cannibalism; often as a subsidiary episode, but sometimes, for instance, in the present tale and in the Yakut "Charchakan" and the Mordvin, "Baba Yaga," as a chief or prominent feature. The details are apt to be realistic in stories of the Siberian or Finno-Ugrian races. The cannibalism is not represented as occurring under the influence of famine, but among wicked, or exceptional, or mythical persons. Cannibalism is not absent from Grimm's Tales; thus, in "The Juniper Tree," a woman kills her stepson and eats him. In the Kathà Sarit Sàgara, Devasvamin's wife eats his servants, except the bones, and her maid eats his mare.¹ In Jack and the Beanstalk, Jack shelters with a woman who hides him in the oven, in the absence of her husband, a giant and cannibal. The giant returns and says, "Wife, wife I smell fresh meat." Jack steals the giant's source of wealth, escapes and descends the Beanstalk.²

VI STORY OF A STONE MAIDEN

SUCH a story pathetically portrays the dark mental condition of the savage in bondage to hideous credulity. First, shamanism is shown as a cause of a terrible misfortune and, next, a stone fiend swallows up a young girl. Her despairing sister finds alleviation for her misery in marriage. The dreadful position of a hyperborean in the clutch of relentless natural forces could not be more clearly revealed. The story in its direct and artless simplicity may be compared to the Lapp, "The Man who became a Bear." It forms a precursor to other stories occurring among the Altaians, Kumuks, Lapps, Gagauzy and Russians, of human beings who have been turned to stone.

¹Tawney, II, p. 616.

²Hartland, *English Fairy and Folk Tales*, p. 39.

THE KORYAKS

WHILE the fishing or maritime Koryaks have been described as a degraded people, the nomad Koryaks are praised by Mr. George Kennan for their kindness, hospitality and loyalty. This traveller could find no resemblance between the Koryak-Chukchi tongue and the languages of natives on the eastern, that is, the American, side of Behring Straits. Both the Koryaks and Chukchis count by fives instead of tens. Their higher numerals are hopelessly complicated; for instance, fifty-six is nee-akh-khleep-kin-meen-ye-geet-khin-par-ol-in-nin-mil-li-gen.¹ Speaking of shamanism, Kennan remarks that no one who has lived with the Siberian natives, and studied them, will doubt the sincerity of either priests or followers, nor will he wonder that the worship of evil spirits should be their only religion. The wild and terrible manifestations of Nature, in such inhospitable regions, have forced the people to adopt shamanism.²

Both Kennan and a more recent traveller, Iochelson, bear witness to the wholesale manner in which dogs are offered up as victims to evil powers. The former says, "We frequently saw twenty or thirty dogs suspended by the necks, on long poles, over a single encampment." Apart from the sacrifices ordered by the shaman, the Koryaks offer general oblations twice a year, to assure a good catch of fish and seal, and a prosperous season. With regard to the disposal of the dead, we are told, "The bodies among all the wandering tribes are burned, and the sick, as soon as their recovery becomes hopeless, are either stoned to death or speared."³ Kennan thinks that the custom of murdering the old and ill and the burning the bodies of the dead have grown naturally out of the Koryaks' wandering life. He describes their disposition as thoroughly good; thus, in two years spent with them, he never saw a woman or child struck. Moreover, though these savages may be cruel and barbarous according to our ideas of cruelty and barbarity, yet they have never been known to commit an act of treachery.⁴

To Waldemar Iochelson, who lived with the Koryaks, acknow-

¹Kennan, p. 203, 204.

²Idem., 209.

³Idem., p. 207.

⁴Idem., p. 215.

ledgment is due for a fine work concerning these aborigines and their myths. As regards marriage customs, it appears that if, after the period of the future husband's probationary service with his prospective father-in-law, the bride were, on the day fixed by the latter for the marriage, to make herself easily accessible, the husband would be offended. She ties herself up in her garments and runs away when he approaches. Sometimes the bride's friends assist her, and thus the suitor may be finally beaten off. One or two myths support the notion of marriage by capture at a former period. Thus, once in the myth, "Ememqut and Worm-Man," when Ememqut had gone hunting, his wife, Grass-Woman, heard a voice saying, "Come out!" A man entered the tent and dragged Grass-Woman outside and to his own house. A ground spider crawled over Ememqut and told him that Worm-Man had seized his wife. Creator gave to his son, Ememqut, iron mice in iron harness to draw an iron sledge over a red hot mountain. The Ant-people aided Ememqut to overcome Worm-Man and recover his wife.¹

While marriage by capture is not customary among the Koryaks, its existence in earlier times is also supported by the following myth, given in brief outline, concerning "How Triton-Man abducted Ememqut's wife." Ememqut, having served a probationary period for the woman, married Root-Man's daughter, Grass-Woman, but Triton-Man found an occasion to seize Grass-Woman and killed Ememqut when the latter arrived in pursuit. Ememqut was revived by Raven-Man, who smeared his head with the blood left on the skin of a white reindeer. The husband recaptured his wife from Triton-Man. But the latter followed and cut up Ememqut into small pieces. Nevertheless, Ememqut was re-animated by Raven-Man with blood from two white deer, and the husband again captured his wife from Triton-Man. Yet once again Triton-Man conquered, burned Ememqut and threw his bones into the water, and once again Raven-Man revived Ememqut with an application of blood of four white reindeer. Ememqut learnt from Spider-Woman that Triton-Man's heart lay in a box in his tent. He obtained the heart and threw it in the fire. Thereupon Triton-Man died and Ememqut recovered his wife.² The use of reindeer blood as a vivifying agent after death, in the above, may be compared to its use in the Chukchi marriage

¹Iochelson, *The Koryak*, p. 145.

²Iochelson, *The Koryak*, p. 227, et seq.

ceremony, and to the mystic employment of a fresh reindeer skin in a Tungusian story.

Koryak mythology is, to a large extent, confined to Raven stories. Big Raven is not only the first man, he is also the ancestor of the Koryaks; and it is interesting to learn that among the Thlingit and Haida Indians, on the eastern shores of Behring Straits and to their south-east, there exist a series of myths in which the Raven is recognised as the organiser of the Universe.¹ The idea of mating with animals is widespread; thus, there is a Lapp tale of a man who married a being who was half woman, half dog. The Koryaks have a myth concerning the marriage of Big-Raven's daughter, Yinea-neut, to a dog. But it may be noted that the dog turned into a man at the right moment, just as the hedgehog did in Grimm's story. The myth, much condensed, is as follows: Creator told his daughter to go and feed the dog, but the dog annoyed Yinea-neut by throwing himself upon her. Creator said that the dog must be killed, but the animal came to life again and Creator had him cut into small pieces and thrown into an ice-hole. However, at night, the dog returned to Yinea-neut in the form of a man, and married her. Then her cousin, named Kilu, envying Yinea-neut, pretended that her own dog had behaved in a similar manner. The dog was drowned, but never came to Kilu, although she waited for him at night.²

There is a Koryak tale of a primitive "Beauty and the Beast" order. Yinea-neut, going out with her cousin Kilu to pick berries, saw a strange man who appeared and disappeared. The frightened girls returned home and then the monster, Causing to Shudder, arrived. He lay down by Yinea-neut. Kilu ran away and told her father that a Kamak had eaten Yinea-neut, but Yinea-neut soon approached, accompanied by a handsome man.³

Here is the outline of a Koryak myth which, in several respects, is comparable to an Ostyak tale and to a Lapp tale. It is called, "How Ememqut married Sun-Man's Daughter." Creator ill-treated his son, Ememqut, and the latter needed little encouragement to go, with a companion, to seek Sun-Man's daughter. His two sisters provided the two young adventurers with some iron mice, which they harnessed to iron sledges, and an iron dog-salmon, into which they crept. By such aid they crossed a blazing sea and a fiery mountain. When

¹Idem., p. 416.

²Idem., *The Koryak*, p. 183.

³Idem., p. 216.

they reached Sun-Man's tent, Sun-Man denied that he had a daughter; but his young son several times at night told Ememqut where the mother had hidden her daughter; for instance, under a braid of her hair, or in a bracelet. When Ememqut found Sun-Man's daughter, he married her and returned home with his companion, who married Sun-Man's other daughter. Creator provided Ememqut with a herd of reindeer by pulling up a post; the reindeer came out of the hole so formed in the ground.¹

"The Magic Journey," which is a frequent folk-tale episode, is exemplified in a story entitled, "Ememqut and the Wolves." Ememqut and his wife were caught by the Wolves, and the Wolves determined to kill their prisoners in the morning. But Ememqut, causing the Wolves to fall into a deep sleep, escaped with his wife. Ememqut successfully obstructed the pursuit by throwing down a chip of wood, which-became a forest, and a pebble, which turned into a mountain ridge.²

The story of the lad who, being half a bear, possessed enormous strength, is, as will be shown later on, widely distributed. Allowing for a variation in the non-human element in parentage, a Koryak story named, "Big-Raven and his Son Bear's-Ear," has much in common with the Kalmuck tale, "Massang's Adventure." It is in condensed form as follows:

Big-Raven requested his wife to become mother of a little bear, and, in consequence, Bear's-Ear was born. Bear's-Ear was driven by his father into the wilderness, and there met a man who carried an entire forest on the palm of his hand, also a man who carried mountains. He travelled with these strong men as his companions, and showed that his strength was greater than theirs. One of them was left at home and a kala (evil spirit) arrived, took his food and nearly killed him. Bear's-Ear came to the rescue. The other strong man had a similar terrible experience and was similarly rescued by Bear's-Ear. Bear's-Ear acquired wealth and returned home.³

It is quite in the order of things in folk-tales, among savages, that a parent should purchase his own safety by sacrificing his son to a ferocious animal or to a supernatural enemy. Thus, in a Gilyak story, a father leaves his son to engage in single combat with a tiger, and in the Buryat tale, "The Old Watersprite," a father secures his own immunity from danger at the cost of his son, whom he betrays to a cannibal. The son, after

¹Idem., p. 162.

²Idem., p. 186.

³Idem., p. 240.

terrible experiences, kills his enemy. So, in the Koryak myth, "Big-Raven and the Kamaks" (a kamak is an evil and hostile being), we are told that Big-Raven said to the kamak's wife, "Do not eat me, I am old and lean. I have a young and fat son, Ememqut. I will send him to you, if you will let me off." "Go then," said the kamaks, "and send your son to us." Big-Raven told his son of this promise and advised him what to do. The son, Ememqut, turned his companion Large-Boulder into a huge rock and, letting it fall, crushed the kamaks.¹ The cannibalism here adumbrated may be compared with that in Yukaghir, Yakut, Mordvin and other tales.

The personification of evil in the shape of kamaks recalls that in a Buryat story, in which a devil's daughter almost becomes a bride; and that in a Tungusian tale, in which devils behave for a time like human beings. So, in a story of which the following is the briefest outline, the kalau (plural of kala, evil spirit) act and move like men. Creator's sons sickened, and he said, "It looks as if the kalau were near." Creator, in the form of a raven, flew to the kalau's camp and overheard them speaking of their projected attack on him. He flew home and, next day, received the kalau as guests and roasted them. They begged for mercy and promised future good behaviour, so Creator released them, and his children recovered.²

The carrying away of a wife or sister into lower regions and her rescue by a husband or brother will be found to occur in a Kirghiz and in a Lapp tale. It is the subject of the Koryak myth, "Ememqut's wife abducted by a kala." Ememqut married a shaman called Grass-Woman. She was dragged into the lower world by a naked kala, who emerged from the hearth; then Ememqut applied to Ground-Spider for help. The latter gave him an arrow and told him to throw it into the fire. The arrow opened a way into the lower world. Ememqut found the kalau asleep and took his wife back through the hearth. Ememqut turned into a raven and carried his wife and children across a river; he left false information to be given to the pursuing kala, which caused the kala to drink so much of the river water that he burst.³ It may be remarked that visits to the lower world occur in Chukchee, Samoyede, Ostyak and other tales, and magic arrows play a part in two Bashkir stories.

Suffering fearfully, as they do, from cold and tempest, it is to be expected that the Koryaks should look on the winds as

¹Idem., p. 245.

²Idem., p. 149.

³Idem., p. 140.

persons of evil disposition. They have a myth of the Wind-people. There was a violent storm of snow and wind, and Creator, harnessing mice to a skin-boat, set out to the village of the Wind-people, who loaded his boat with presents, and then his mice dragged home the boat. He repeated his visit and carried off everything from the Wind-people. Further, Creator's mice gnawed off the straps of the Wind-people's sledges and harness, so they could no longer drive, and the snow-storm ceased.¹ The Kalmucks and other races have a story in which the winds speak.

The Koryak myths reveal that extraordinary attitude toward the heavenly bodies which is found in Ostyak, Lapp, Samoyede and other tales. Thus, in "Little Bird-Man and Raven-Man," Raven-Man swallowed the Sun, but Yinea-neut embraced and tickled him; so the Sun escaped, and it became light. Then, in a short while, she killed Raven-Man by stabbing him with the raven-beak which he had given her.² The hero of Koryak myths is comparable with the hero of the North-American myths; nobility and loftiness do not enter into his deas. In such respect, as in many another, the race is far inferior to the Yakut, the Altaian and the Kirghiz.

But, as one turns over the leaves of Mr. Iochelson's great collection of myths, one finds numerous similarities with the myths of other races. Thus, the raven dives into water to obtain mud, from which the earth is created;³ so, in the Buryat legend, a duck brings up sand, red clay and black earth. The incident of a girl who, in order to discover the identity of her unknown lover, smears him with paint or soot,⁴ resembles a legend told among the Kalmucks, which deals with the origin of the Kirghiz race. It is also found among the legends of the Tchigliit Eskimo, as mentioned in a note to the Kalmuck, "Massang's Adventure." There is a kala with a human face and a dog's body;⁵ in "A Lapp Folk-Tale" there is a woman of similar kind. Ememqut says to his wives, "If my lance should shed tears, then I am no longer among the living."⁶ Such an instance of the Life-token is to be found among the Ainos and numerous other races; for instance, the Kalmucks and the Letts. Triton-Man's heart is hidden in a box.⁷ In a Lapp tale, a giant's heart is concealed in a barrel;

¹Idem., p. 188.⁴Idem., p. 352.⁷Idem., p. 230.²Idem., p. 252.⁵Idem., p. 191.³Iochelson, p. 351.⁶Idem., p. 147.

and the Russian Koschei's death is concealed in a box. There is a koryak five-headed kamak,¹ so there is a seven-headed devil in the Ostyak story "Aspen-leaf"; but many-headed monsters are common in folk-tales. Just as, in Russian and other stories, the water of life is a favorite means of resuscitating the dead, among the Koryaks there is efficacy in the use of reindeer-blood.² The notion of keeping bears instead of dogs³ occurs, not only among the Koryaks, but in tales of the Yukaghirs, the Letts and the Russians. Big-Raven reproaches Miti because she has no relatives, and so, in a Kalmuck tale, the khan's wife, the faithful Suvarnadhari, is reproached because she has no brother. But such a touch of pathos, as something unusual, is not alone in the simple and often harsh Koryak myths. A poetical turn is sometimes to be found in them. When Emcmqut has been deserted by his wife, the White-Whale-Woman, he searches for her and his tears fall like rain. The Koryaks (who, with the Gilyaks, the Ainos and the Samoyedes have been considered the lowest Siberians) present in their legends traits and incidents found in the tales of higher races, such as the Buryats and Kalmucks.

Mr. Iochelson reports that the Koryak and Chukchi believe in the same supernatural powers, have like festivals, religious ceremonies and sacrifices, and possess similar myths. But, while the reindeer Koryaks call Big-Raven by the appellation Creator, the Chukchi make Raven merely a companion and assistant of Creator in creating the world. Big-Raven lived in an underground house, like the Maritime Koryaks; nevertheless, he had also a herd of reindeer. "The Koryak view of Nature coincides in many points with that of the Indians of the North Pacific Coast. Thus, there is a well-known series of myths among the Tlingit and Haida Indians, in which Raven is recognised as organiser of the universe."⁴ We are told that Big-Raven, the first man, was ancestor of the Koryaks and that, at the time of Big-Raven, all objects on earth could turn into men and vice versa. A man could transform himself into a raven by putting on a raven coat. His children married animals, such as seals, dogs, wolves, mice. But "when Big-Raven was no more, a clear line distinguishing men from animals was established."⁵

Among the Koryaks, crude representations of animals, or

¹Idem., p. 323.

²Idem., p. 130, 228, seq.

³Idem., p. 127, 166.

⁴Idem., p. 416.

⁵Idem., p. 416.

men, carved of wood, serve as guardians or amulets. All things are animate. The most important family-guardians are the sacred fire-drill, for making fire; the drum, which is master of the house; and a small figure of a man, which is sewn to the children's coats.¹ Toward winter, the Koryak families are often left without dog-teams, because the latter have been sacrificed to evil spirits to ward off their attacks, or to the Supreme Being, in order that he may be disposed to keep order on earth.² The maritime Koryaks have a whale-festival, which is connected with sacrifices. "The slaughtered whale is welcomed, as an honoured guest, with burning fire-brands, songs and dances."³ Mr. Iochelson points out that the Iroquois and Sioux, to the east of the Rockies, sacrifice dogs. Analysing and comparing 122 frequent episodes in Koryak myths, he comes to the conclusion that 101 are found in Indian myths of the Pacific Coast, 22 in Mongol-Turki myths, and 34 in Eskimo myths. Thus, in numerous Indian and Koryak tales, people put on the skins of beasts or birds, and turn into animals, or vice versa. In both the Indian and the Koryak myths, a boy driven from his father's house becomes a powerful hero. In the Indian, Raven swallows the Sun and in another tale Raven releases the Sun. In the Koryak, Raven-Man swallows the Sun and Big-Raven's daughter releases him. Again, in the Koryak, Big-Raven mistakes his own reflection in the water for a woman, and throws presents to her till he is finally drowned. There is a similar story among the Thlingit Indians. In the Koryak, the Seal winds his wife's tongue around with twine and so deprives her of the power of speech. Three Indian instances are given, including a story of the Thlingit Indians. The conclusion drawn is that the Koryaks of extreme north eastern Asia and the North American Indians had, at a more or less remote period, a continuous and close intercourse and exchange of ideas.⁴

¹Idem., p. 418.³Idem., p. 420.²Idem., p. 419.⁴Idem., p. 425.

THE GILYAKS

GILYAK POINT is on the coast of Asia, opposite the island of Sakhalien. The Gilyaks, a hybrid folk of chiefly Mongolian characteristics, inhabit the delta of the Amur and the northern part of Sakhalien. These primitive people, who live by hunting and fishing, number about five thousand persons. Their summer clothing is made of cleverly prepared salmon-skins, and they exist almost entirely on fish. Some include them with the Chukchis and the "Palæo-Asiatics," but Sternberg places them as a people apart. He states that among the Western Gilyaks, a man terms as his wives all his brothers' wives, but he may not marry his sister.¹

The Gilyak is far more savage than the Tungus, and is described as false, thievish and vindictive. The betrothed is purchased by her father-in-law in her fourth or fifth year and brought up with her future husband. A dead man's soul takes refuge in his favourite dog, and the latter is sacrificed near the master's body, which is burnt or suspended in a coffin on a tree or placed on a platform. Fire is held in the greatest respect by the Gilyak²

The Gilyaks believe that each element: earth, mountain, forest, water—whether sea or river—sky and fire, has its own special inhabitants, who are called according to their place of habitation; thus, the Gilyak speaks of an "Under Earth-man," a "Forest-man," a "Mountain-man," a "Sea-man," a "Sky-man." These beings resemble Gilyaks in manner of life and outward appearance, but possess special powers; for instance, they can assume the shape of any wild beast, or of a tree, or stone. Wild beasts, such as the bears which belong to the mountain-man, serve him as domestic animals. Many of these creatures have a care for the well-being of the Gilyak; thus, they will send him fish or wild animals, or rescue him from misfortunes. But a few, such as the Sky-men, on account of their life at a distance, are indifferent to the Gilyak's fate. Besides these benevolent or indifferent creatures, there is, in every element, a race of beings (of Gilyak form) which strive

¹*The Turano-Ganowaiian System and the Natives of N. E. Asia*, p. 324 and 328.

²Reclus, VI, p. 439.

to harm the Gilyak. They are called "Melk," a term which for want of a better word, may be rendered, "devil." Thus, there are mountain devils, sea devils, etc. These creatures frequently waylay the Gilyak and seek to injure his health or to destroy his life. Death is always the result of the machinations of a devil, which, taking up its abode in the Gilyak's body, slowly devours him. But sometimes devils seize people and, holding them forcibly, enter into disagreeable relations with them, or force them to work for the devils' advantage.

Among the Gilyaks, many persons are liable to convulsive attacks, which are followed by a fainting period, during which the sick person reveals to those around him particulars of devils, heavenly beings or sea creatures. The patient believes firmly in all he has seen.¹

Gilyak stories not included here, are: "The Woman who Married a Fox," "The Woman who Married a Seal," "The Gilyak who Married a Mountain-Woman," "The Mountain-Man who Married a Gilyak Woman." Clearly, the Gilyaks are in the early stage when men look on animals as little below themselves, and on Nature as animated.

I

THE GILYAK WHO MATED WITH A TIGRESS²

Two brothers had a sister. The younger brother killed a bear and brought it home and partook of its flesh, and gave to other people; he then went in his boat across the water to a neighbouring promontory, and there deposited the rest of the carcase. Later, bringing nothing, he returned home alone. Afterwards his sister sang, like a woman possessed of a devil, these words, "She is beloved by my younger brother; he intends to take a tigress as his wife! Next summer, having set out for the coast of Saghalien, he will collect various dogs and kill them; he will take all sorts of fish-skins and make a sacrificial dish; he will visit his bride, and we shall smoke tobacco together!" Then the sister lost consciousness, but revived.

¹L. Y. Sternberg, Tale I, Note. 29.

²From the Russian of L. Y. Sternberg, *Materials for Study of the Gilyak Language and Folk-lore*, No. 23.

The following summer the party went to the coast of Saghalien ; they took all sorts of dogs and many fish-skins ; they killed all sorts of dogs, and made a sacrificial dish. Then the younger brother went to the mountain and took his wife, and they lived. It is told.

II

THE GILYAK WHO OFFENDED THE FIRE LORD¹

FIVE men went into the forest to set snares. They erected tents, prepared food, made sacrificial offerings and arranged snares. But the chief hunter of sables was unfortunate, for the animals often got the better of him. He grew angry and collected all his snares. In the evening, he prepared food and, seizing an axe, placed it beside him ; he fed the fire with a single cup and said, " If the lord is present, let him eat ! " Next, lifting his axe, he broke up the hearth, and all the party lay down to sleep.

In the night, the head of the party dreamed that a man said to him, " Remain here and set snares ! " So when his companions departed to their homes, this hunter stayed alone in his tent. A strange man appeared and said, " Come with me to my house ; I am commanded to make you a present. " They went away together and entered a house in which were many sables. A man with a bandaged wound upon his face was sitting there and he gave the visitor twenty sables and said, " If you come upon a Gilyak who has broken up the hearth at the beginning of a sable-hunt, say to him, ' Provide yourself, next year, with a bow and with arrows and a spear, and walk about ; if I am stronger, I will kill you ; if you are stronger, you will kill me ' : when you meet such a man, tell him that ! " In the summer this Gilyak perished during a hunting expedition.

III

THE BRAVE GILYAK AND THE GRATEFUL TIGER²

A FATHER and his two sons went together on a sable hunt. They reached their tent, cut firewood, sacrificed to the Sea and the Mountain, obtained water, entered the tent and made an

¹L. Y. Sternberg, No. 38.²L. Y. Sternberg, p. 201.

offering to the Fire. When they had eaten, a great tiger came and filled up the entrance. They were terrified, but, after awhile, the father fell asleep and dreamed that he approached the tiger, and said, "Have you come because you have no tinder? Speak! Have you come because you have no flint? Speak! Perhaps you require various valuable things? I may not have them, but, if I go to my village, I will get them for you. Maybe, you require dogs of another breed?" The tiger answered, "I do not require anything of you, but your son has been boasting. If he is the stronger, let him kill me; if I am the stronger, I will kill him. Tell him of my command! and go home with your younger son."

Afterwards, the old man got up and said, "Son, here is my order. Are you listening? Do not boast! I told you before, but you did not obey." Then he turned to his younger son and said, "My boy, we will both go back; roll up your bedding." The elder son said, "Father! Why are you going without me? Oh, wait for me. Will you not forgive me?" The father and the younger son tied up their beds; and the father, turning to the tiger, said, "Step away and let us pass." Thereupon the tiger moved aside and the two Gilyaks went away.

The tiger returned and occupied the entrance. Then the Gilyak, attired only in his shirt and with his sleeves turned up, holding a little Chinese axe, approached his enemy. After the Gilyak had struck with his axe, the tiger gave way. Then the lad, with a mighty effort, jumped into a larch tree. The tiger sprang after him, bit the heel of the lad's boot, tore it away and fell down into a fork of the tree, where he was likely to die. The Gilyak let himself down, seized the tiger by the back of the neck, and, with much effort, drew him away, so that the animal could depart.

The lad descended, took his spear, fetched water, cut wood and cooked some food. He finished eating, and the tiger came and looked. The Gilyak raised his bow and got ready to discharge an arrow; then the tiger retreated, but appeared again. The lad finished eating and threw himself on the tiger's back; when they had gone some distance, they came to a clear place. There on a height stood a large hut, before which hung several tiger skins. The tiger approached and crouched down. The Gilyak stood up; as for the tiger, he shook himself, threw off his skin and, in a second, became a man. Having lifted his

tiger-skin and hung it on a pole, he said, "Friend, let us enter the hut!"

In the middle of the floor sat a very old man and woman and, before them, a young girl. The man said, "Dear father and mother, out of gratitude to my friend, I have brought him in order to give him my sister; that is why he is here." The old man replied to his son, "Send for your younger brother and explain to him." They ate fish and otter's flesh and bear's meat. When the sun set, people appeared behind the hut and chattered and laughed. It seemed to the Gilyak that eight people entered the hut. The man who had been a tiger turned to them and said, "Younger Brother, I have brought my friend, out of gratitude, in order to give him our sister." The younger man replied, "If you wish to give her, I am willing." Then our Gilyak said, "To-morrow, I will return to my village."

The next day six men, heavily laden, bore furs to the village. The following summer, the Gilyaks went to Manchuria, loaded three boats with the furs, and visited the Manchurian Governor. The wife of the Manchurian Governor said, "Gilyak, did you marry the tigress woman?" "Yes," was the reply. "I send this pipe and this kerchief to your wife." The Gilyak received the gifts and returned to his village.

In the autumn, when the elder son was about to go hunting, the younger wished to accompany him. But the elder scolded him and forced him to remain. The younger allowed the elder to depart, and then followed in his footsteps. After going a long way and reaching a tent, he, the younger son, went into the forest, hewed wood, obtained water, then entered the tent and kindled a fire. Just at sunset the noise of a tiger's movements was heard. The elder brother said to the younger, "These are my father-in-law's people, I am taking a wife from them. Do not fear them." The tiger-man's friends appeared behind the tent and talked; whereupon our Gilyak went out to them and said, "Friends, will you not smoke tobacco?" The visitors laughed and talked, and entered and, taking places, sat down. Afterwards, one of them noticed the foot of the younger brother, who sat in a far corner so as not to frighten them; they were alarmed. Our Gilyak said, "There is no reason to be alarmed; this is my younger brother." The tiger-man's party ate and slept soundly, rose the next day and departed, and the Gilyak went with them. After they had gone far, they reached the tiger's hut. They entered and found

the wife was there. "Friends," the Gilyak said, "I shall go home to-morrow." The following day, taking his wife, he returned to his village and they lived.

IV

A TALE OF A BEAR¹

Two women were dwelling together in a storehouse. Whenever they caught fish or seals, they were well off; they lived comfortably. One day they would sit at home and the next day do something; they had abundance. Once they set out together for berries. After collecting a quantity, they returned to their storehouse and went upstairs. But, entering a passage, they heard a noise within. The younger said, "What was that noise I heard, sister?" The elder replied, "I do not know! I do not understand it." The young sister remarked, "I am afraid, and will not enter on any account," but the other replied, "Never mind, let us go in!" The younger agreed. "Yes, let us go in!" They entered together and looked at the middle seat; all the meat had been cooked, and put on the dish and set on the seat. They sat, each in her own place. "Sister," said the younger, "what is this? I do not understand." The other answered, "I do not know; but I shall eat it." Helping herself, the elder sister ate, and said to the other, "Eat!" The younger replied, "I do not wish to eat; I am afraid." The elder remarked, "Now that I have eaten I shall sleep." They both slept.

In the night the elder sister began to converse with someone, and the younger sister rose and looked. There was a light round about! The younger sister was frightened, and could not sleep, but the other conversed continually. The younger sister, at last, fell asleep, and heard nothing more; then she awoke and rose; it was already dawn, and had become light. She looked for her sister, who was not to be seen! Becoming anxious, she jumped up and dressed herself; then, running down, she went out and sought the mooring rope and the boat. One of the boats had gone, the other remained. Reaching it and pushing off, she began to row; when she landed she found the footprints of her elder sister, and looked; there were foot-

¹L. Y. Sternberg, No. 24.

prints of a bear alone, of her sister alone, and next of a bear and her sister near one another. The bear and the elder sister had climbed a mountain together.

The younger sister ascended the mountain in their tracks; she ran uphill, and crept along after them. A hut stood alone, and the girl entered. Her elder sister's head lay in the middle of the plank bed. The younger sister said, "So, you have been lovemaking? Not bad!" The elder sister's head answered, "I thought it would be well." The reply came, "I told you, I told you how I feared those food delicacies! Why did you not obey me? You took and ate. Why did you not obey me?" The elder sister's head wept. The younger woman took her sister's head and beat it on all sides. A bear issued from a corner and opened its jaws.

Our woman ran off and, shutting the door, spat and pasted up the whole of it. The bear approached and attacked the door with its teeth; but the door was of iron, and he broke all his teeth. Our woman rushed back, and, arriving at the village, entered her hut; then she passed into the passage. Her elder sister was inside asleep. The younger sister cried, "When did you arrive?" The elder sister replied, "A bear took me, and carried me away; he ate all my body; only my head remained. You took my head and beat it on every side. I arose from the dead; somehow I came back and have here awaited you." The younger sister said, "The bear will no longer come to us now; you will die."

V

SON-OF-THE-MOTHER-OF-WATER¹

A CERTAIN Gilyak, who lived alone, took as his wife a fish from the sea. She was called Mother-of-Water. A boy was born to them, who, when he grew up, used to carry with him a sable, by aid of which, in the spring time, he frequently killed bears; he cleft their skulls.

Once the old Gilyak set out upon the river's surface to get frozen fish. A man, who sat and ate frozen fish, said to him, "Come with me to my village." They departed together. When they entered the hut a big man was lying on the boards,

¹L. Y. Sternberg, No. 39.

with his head toward the entrance, and half of his head bound up. This man said, "Tell Son-of-the-Mother-of-Water that I send him this message: in the spring of next year, during the movement of the herrings, I will come down from the mountains; let him arm himself with a spear and await my coming!" The old man went and delivered the message to Son-of-the-Mother-of-Water, and, in consequence, Son-of-the-Mother-of-Water frequently sharpened his sable's claws.

Next year, in the spring, the man with the bandaged head came down to the sea, at a time when a whale was lying on the seashore. The man with the bandaged head became an enormous bear. Son-of-the-Mother-of-Water arrived and jumped back as the bear hurled itself upon him, but when the young man sought to defend himself with the sable, it proved useless as a weapon. The bear and the man fought; the bear rose above the man, but died; Son-of-the-Mother-of-Water went down in the water and perished.

VI

THE MOUNTAIN-DEVIL IN THE FORM OF A TIGER:

A PARTY of three, consisting of a father, his son and his sister's son, went to set snares. Having pitched their tent on a mountain, they sacrificed to Fire, to the Mountain and to the Sea; then they cut some wood, got water, and entered the tent. But a tiger approached and took up his position before the tent's entrance. The father said to himself, in his sleep, "Has someone come because he possesses no steel? or because he has no flint? or because he has no tinder? Has he come because he needs dogs? or because he wishes for valuables?" The answer sounded, "I have come for your sister's son!" The old man said, "Please, do not touch him!" After a time, the old man's son woke, but did not see the tiger, and the sister's son woke but did not see the tiger; they both went out, and the tiger bit one of them so that his blood flowed. The other ran back and cried, "Father, a tiger has killed our boy; get up!" The father got up. "My son," said he, "go home; your mother and younger brother may lose their lives." The son replied, "No, father, it is for you to go; if I tell the news, they

will not believe me!" "My son, go!" "Father, let us go together!"

Each took a spear; the son had a gun and the father had his bow and arrows and they started. They saw the tiger eating the youth. The tiger sprang upon the father, but the son ran up and gave a thrust with his spear, and the father thrust with his spear; together they killed the tiger. Father and son approached the boy's body and removed his plait of hair, his buttons and his shirt. They stripped off the tiger's skin and placed his body and that of his prey upon a scaffold, for preservation from wild beasts, and returned to the tent. They cut down wood and lit a fire, then got water and hung up the kettle and boiled some water. Suddenly the dogs barked twice. "Father, pour water on the fire and let us run away!" They went out, and the son said, "Father, jump into the water! There is a devil!" "Where did the noise come from?" replied the old man. "I heard twice some barking, but it was an illusion, there is nobody about." "Father, let us descend to the shore!" They entered the tent, broke up firewood, placed it on the hearth, kindled a fire and went away. After a noise of stamping and trampling, a tiger came up, but father and son aimed their spears at him and he disappeared.

The pair went home and the father called out, "Old woman, collect the neighbours, a tiger has killed the boy! We are going in a dog-sleigh to fetch the body." However, it was late and father and son went to sleep. Next day they returned to the mountain and, approaching the tiger, raised him up, and set him on the sleigh and carried him almost to their home. "Old woman, prepare a sacrificial dish for the people; and son, go off with the dogs!" The son went in the dog-sleigh and brought home the boy's body. They took it from the shore, where the village was standing, and bore it some distance up a mountain; there they killed dogs, and sacrificed to the mountain; then they buried the body and returned home and lived, but remained incensed against the mountain-devil.

NOTES

I THE GILYAK WHO MATED WITH A TIGRESS

Sternberg says that after every successful bear hunt, a religious ceremony must be performed ; part of the meat being eaten and part carried to the relatives on the mother's side. In our story, the hero carries away meat to the forest ; such an act being a great crime cruelly punishable by the gods. The Gilyak was induced to behave thus by something extraordinary, namely his love for the tigress, a creature more powerful than any bear ; and he married her. The largeness of the sacrifice in the story corresponds to the importance of the tigress.

II THE GILYAK WHO OFFENDED THE FIRE-LORD

The Lord of Fire is considered by the Gilyaks to be an intermediary between man and all the deities ; and the hunter who sacrifices to fire considers that he thereby propitiates the Lord of the Forest, and secures success in the chase. In the Gilyak story, "The Mountain-devil in the form of a Tiger," a party of hunters sacrifices to fire. In the Yakut tale, "Al-Iot: the Spirit of Fire," a spoonful of all food is thrown to the Fire. Among the Yukaghirs, a definite form of words is employed before a fire when a new net is dedicated.

III THE BRAVE GILYAK AND THE GRATEFUL TIGER

The story of Androcles and the Lion will occur to the reader. It is observable that in the East transmutation is into the larger animal forms, thus here is a tiger-man and, in a Kalmuck tale, a demon appears as a buffalo, as opposed to the transmutation into a wolf of a Russian tale and into a yellow dog of a Mordvin tale. But the man has not been transformed into a tiger by a curse, as in Western werewolf stories ; on the contrary, the general Gilyak belief that there are special beings in the mountains and forest who, having the appearance of Gilyaks, can assume the shape of wild beasts, seems here shadowed forth. The absence of ceremony is noticeable when the Gilyak marries the tiger-man's sister.

IV A TALE OF A BEAR

This story of mating with a bear is one of several stories mentioned in the Note to the Kalmuck story, "The Birdcage

Husband." But in the present tale we have no mere allusion to the subject ; on the contrary, as in " The Gilyak who Mated with a Tigress," the tale actually deals with a wooing, and the life of the characters concerned.

The majority of stories of men or women mating with animals were probably, even in the first place, amusing fiction and did not arise from abnormality and depravity of savages or barbarous races. Similarly, considerations of totem ancestry, while interesting from the standpoint of man's early evolution, seem too remote to have played an important part in origination of the mass of folk-tales, even of the most ancient, such as the Egyptian, Indian or Kalmuck. This is not to deny the possibility of such causes, but to lay stress on the greater influence of a story-telling faculty which has used striking ideas and situations in order to divert childish persons or to arrest the attention of dull minds. To the primeval hunter it doubtless appeared that the hunted are not very different from himself, for they lived in the same environment, and were influenced by similar considerations. He developed, but an inherited tendency to look on animals as his fellows persisted after notions of totem ancestry had vanished.

The bear figures with a woman in a legend concerning the origin of the Cris, a tribe of North-West American Indians. A terrified girl, who was lost in the forest, submitted to live with a bear as the only means of saving her life. Two young bears were born, and one day when they were well grown, the old bear said to the woman, " I am going to the river and shall be near your father ; if you return to him, do not let the young bears play with the other children." The woman's father saw the old bear eating berries and killed him. The two young bears killed the people but spared their mother who, at her wits' end, burnt the people's bones and said to the ashes, " Arise, for you have been burnt." The people were reanimated and the woman changed the two young bears into men. ¹

The following is a brief outline of an Ainu tale called " The Sable-Hunter " : A man went sable-hunting to the mountains, and was successful. He built a house and put an inau (fetich) at the back of it. At the end of the day, to his surprise he saw smoke issuing from the house and found his wife sitting on his bed. Next morning, after breakfast, the woman departed and

¹Petitot, p. 460.

he saw her change into a bear. He was frightened and put an inau wherever she had been.¹

Again, there is a legend among the Ainus, that a widow woman about to bear a child was approached by a man in black. He told her that he was really the god possessing the mountains (that is, he was a bear). The child, she was informed, would be a gift from her visitor. Thus it happens that many of the Ainus, who dwell among the mountains, are to this day said to be descended from a bear.²

V SON-OF-THE-MOTHER-OF-WATER

Sternberg remarks that the son of the Gilyak and of the Woman-Fish grew up and defeated many bears. The Lord of the Bears, being much offended because Son-of-the-Mother-of-Water fought with the aid of a sable, instead of with the traditional spear, challenged him to a duel, and both perished. As an instrument of the chase, a sable would be useless except for self defence. Only a man of unusual physical strength would, thus armed, risk a contest with a bear. But the hero of a certain legend so fights and, at the last moment of the contest, stifles the bear in his embraces.

VI THE MOUNTAIN-DEVIL IN THE FORM OF A TIGER

It is noticeable that the hunting party, on setting out, sacrificed not only to the fire, but to the mountain and the sea. Later, the sacrifice of dogs to the mountain shows a real belief in the power of the mountain spirit. In the Ostyak tale, "Aspen-leaf," the hero, in the middle of a perilous adventure, bends his neck in worship of spirits. The Yukaghirs sacrifice a reindeer at marriage; also deer to a river. The Tcheremisses sacrifice a foal, an ox or a cow to their gods, Keremet and Sheert.

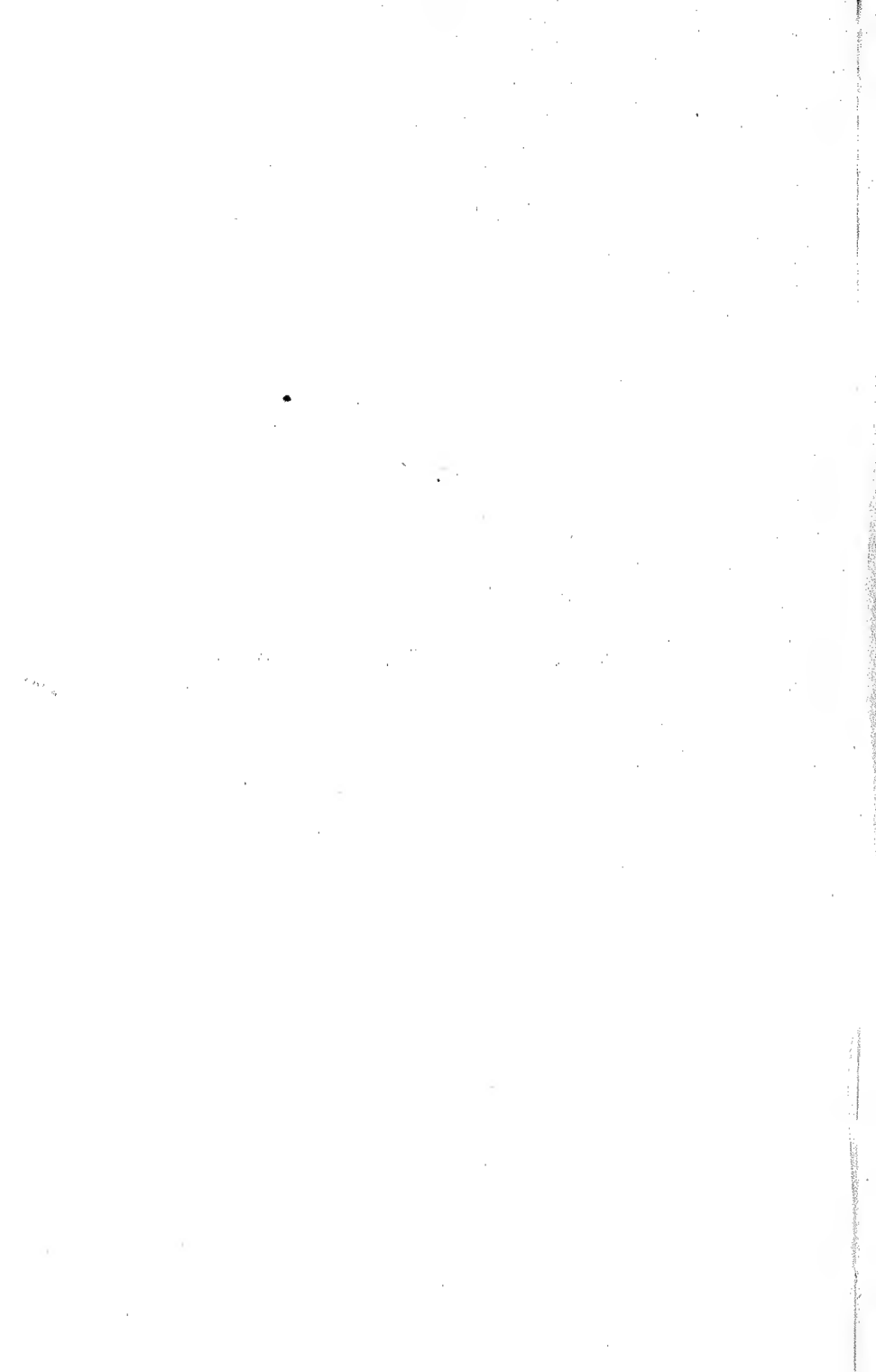
The Eskimo have a tale of a mountain spirit that dug up the body of a man, who had pretended to be dead in order to see what the mountain spirit would do. The mountain spirit carried the man to its home and the man soon opened his eyes and killed his captor, also the latter's children. The dead mountain spirit's wife pursued the man, but he escaped by telling hills to rise up and a stream to flow between himself and his pursuer.³

¹Pilsudski, p. 75.

²Rev. John Batchelor, p. 8.

³Rasmussen and Worster, p. 84.

MONGOL-TURKISH RACES



THE TUNGUSES

THE Tunguses inhabit an enormous area between the Yenesei River and the Pacific Ocean. The Lamuts are a Tungusian tribe near the sea coast. Most of the Tunguses roam the woods without tents, and find shelter in caves or hollow trees. They can make their way, for vast distances, with extraordinary skill, but, in positions of difficulty, observe silence and offer libations to evil spirits. An expectant mother flees to the forest, and there her infant first sees the light. As to funerals, bodies are not buried, but exposed on trees with the head turned westwards. Travellers agree in giving the Tunguses a high character for cheerfulness in wretched conditions, for mildness and amiability, sobriety and activity. These people wear a handsome costume and exhibit a fondness for racing and wrestling. Nor do they exact the price of blood, but challenge each other to mortal combat. Unfortunately, hemmed in between the Yakuts and the Russians, they are in some danger of extinction. They are chiefly nomads, and number about 70,000.¹ According to L. Y. Sternberg, among all the Tungusian nations, a man may marry his sister, and he may marry his niece, the daughter of his younger sister.²

Another writer says: "The Tunguses, who dwell in the primeval forest, have the custom of sewing up the remains of the dead in a reindeer skin. Together with the dead man's armour and a cooking vessel, the body is then hung upon a tree. A reindeer and a dog are killed at the funeral. Sometimes the body is enclosed in a coffin and placed in the ground, with a long knife, some arrows and a bow of copper or of a mammoth bone. The skin of the sacrificed reindeer may be hung up near by."³

¹Reclus VI, pp. 358-360.

²*The Turano-Ganowaiian System and the Nations of N. E. Asia*, p. 324.

³*Czaplicka*, p. 156.

I

A GIRL CARRIED OFF BY THE MOON (A legend)¹

SOMEWHERE on the sea shore stood a poor cottage, in which lived a widow and her daughter. Once the mother, before sunset, sent her daughter to the sea for water. The girl took with her a bucket and a wooden scoop, but when she reached the sea, she feasted her eyes upon it and forgot her mission. The mother, expecting nightfall, lost patience and ran out of the house; she scolded her daughter and, calling out, "Has the Fiend taken you?" mentioned the girl by name.

The Water-king, hearing the name, seized the girl and drew her into the water. The bucket remained on the shore, but the girl kept the scoop in her hands. A contest began between the Water-king and the girl. At this time the moon had already risen from the water, in order to complete his journey through the sky. When the moon floated toward the girl, she used her free arm and caught hold of a bush which was growing on the moon. The girl did not let the bush out of her hands as the moon continued to mount higher and higher; thus the moon raised her to the heavens.

At the present time, the Tunguses believe that a bush stands on the moon, that a girl supports herself by holding the bush, and that she has in her hand a scoop. Mindful of the disaster which befell this maiden, the Tunguses consider that a girl must not be called by name when she comes out of the water.

II

A LAMUT STORY²

Of some Lamuts who lived in houses one man was lost, and his companions could not find him. The straying man walked about and, going in the direction of sounds on the seashore, reached a man hewing wood. The latter said, "Who are you?" "I am a man," was the answer, whereupon the man with the axe replied, "I will hide you, for people will come out of the sea." A single tree stood there, and the man with the axe

¹From the *Ethnogr. Review*, of Moscow Univ., 1892, p. 189.

²From the Russian of V. E. Iochelson's, *Materials for the Study of the Yukaghir Language and Folk-lore*, p. 166.

cried, "Stand beside that tree!" The man with the axe cried out again, and the new arrival was changed into a tree. Looking about, he saw a house. Three men came out of the sea and went to their house. Their clothes were white. The man who had been turned into a tree looked and saw that it was evening, the sun was already low. The three men left the house and, going to the sea, plunged into it on the spot whence they had issued.

The man with the axe called out afresh, and the tree-man resumed his human form. "Did you see those people?" "Yes." "They are sea-devils, who captured me when I lost my way. Your home is at a great distance, but I will take you to it; let us go to the shore." The wood-cutter took off the upper part of his body and laid it on the water. "Stand up on my breast," he said, and cried out again. Thereupon the other man lost consciousness, but came to himself in a standing position on a seashore beside a mountain.

Walking along, he saw a man and a deer approaching; he said to this man, "Do not be afraid; I have lost my way." But the man with the deer showed fear; and the wanderer said, "Take me to your house." The man with the deer replied, "Mount my deer." "No, I have forgotten how to ride a deer; I will walk." The two men went along, and the wanderer said, "Leave me; go home, while I stay here; return quickly with a white deer." The man with the deer went home and, having obtained a white deer, returned. The wanderer said, "Kill the deer, strip off its skin even from its head, remove its horns and even the skin from its legs. I will clothe myself thus. Go home and return on the third day. Place the others around me, wherever I may be sitting."

The man with the deer went home, and, on the third day brought all his family to the wanderer, and placed them around him. The wanderer stood on his feet, and all saw that he was a man. The deer-owner said, "You are my elder brother." The wife of the lost man and his children were there and his wife said, "My husband!" His wanderings had lasted three years. He lived long after returning to human form, grew old, and died.

III

A LAMUT STORY (II)¹

Two Lamuts, who had houses, were at home when some Koryaks came to them. One of the Lamuts was a great shaman. The Lamut women ran away, and their husbands fought with the Koryaks. The Lamut shaman said to his comrade, "Keep behind me; even if they do not fall, I shall not die." The Koryaks fought hard, and the shaman's companion behind him exclaimed, "Tcho!" The shaman looked back; the foe had evidently pierced his companion's liver. He turned round and drew the arrow out of the man's body. But his enemies struck his arm and broke it, so that he could not draw his bow, and he fled, leaving his dead comrade. The Lamut fled far and the Koryaks ceased their pursuit.

Covered with wounds and marks of arrows, the shaman fell down and lay howling like a wolf. The howl was heard and a wolf came. The man mounted on the wolf's back, and the wolf ran after his wives. But as the beast ran he rose at something, and the shaman fell to the ground. As he lay, a wild stag approached. The shaman climbed up on him and was carried far, but came down again when the stag jumped. As he lay, a bear approached and the shaman took a seat on his back. But the bear leapt and the rider was dismounted. When the shaman looked he saw before him his home, and cried, "Let me in!"

The women admitted him and cut away his coat, which had become fixed to his body through congelation of blood. They dressed him in another coat. Then they brought in his drum and hung it up by the strap. But how could he hold it? His arm was broken. He struck it with his left hand and, shamani-zing, said to his wife, "Give me your apron." His wife obeyed, and he laid the apron upon his wounds. His injuries healed, and he recovered completely.

His wife had left their child on a spot whence she had run away from the Koryaks. The shaman went in search, and found the child without its caftan, which the Koryaks had taken away when they had tormented and killed it. The father buried the infant in the ground. What more could he do? He returned home and the pair lived.

¹V. E. Iochelson's, *Materials for the Study of the Yukaghir Language and Folk-lore*, p. 155.

IV

THE BEGINNING¹

“In the beginning there was earth ; afterwards for seven years a fire consumed the earth and everything became a stream, a sea. Nearly all the Tunguses were burnt, but a youth and a maiden flew up into the sky ; also, from among the birds, an eagle flew upwards. The boy and the girl and the eagle descended where the sea had evaporated.”

This account of the Beginning was given by the wife of the headman of a Tungusian settlement.

V

BELIEF IN DREAMS²

One of the Tunguses said : “In a dream a bear passed beside me and Lva (a Tungus guide to the expedition). When the bear saw that it had met men, it stopped. A headman, who had noticed the bear, came forward and used his gun. The gun missed fire twice, but the third time a shot resounded ; nevertheless, the bear was unhurt. Then the bear took from under its arm a gun, with the intention of firing at the headman. I woke. When I related my dream to the headman and Lva, the latter said that in the opinion of the Tunguses, this was not a bear, but the soul of a shaman. The headman explained that this dream referred to himself, and predicted that he, the headman, would presently fall ill, or that some disaster would occur to him ; for the failure of a gun, of an axe, or of a knife in a dream, meant that the owner of the weapon would fall ill. At least, such was the headman’s experience. Moreover, if he happened to kill a man in a dream, he found that later he, without fail, would kill a bear.”

¹From the Russian of *The Living Past*, 1911, No. 3, p. 35

²From *The Living Past*, 1911, p. 351.

NOTES

I A GIRL CARRIED OFF BY THE MOON

This legend differs from the Buryat variant, in that here the chief activity against the maiden is displayed by the Water-king; the Moon's part being helpful rather than antagonistic. The tabu concerning mention of a person's name is widespread and ancient; thus, in an Egyptian folk tale, the name of Ra was not to be uttered.

II A LAMUT STORY (I)

This simple story speaks of a man's ability to transform another man into an intelligent tree. There is a Chukchi story in which trees assist in the herding of reindeer. The men (sea-devils), who issue from the sea and return into it, seem to resemble the sea and river spirits, in whom the Gilyaks believe strongly. The curative effects of a white-deer skin are noticeable.

III A LAMUT STORY (II)

This graphic tale of savage life introduces helpful animals, of the kind occurring in Yukaghir, Buryat, Mordvin, Russian and other tales, in which a human being rides to safety on some faithful creature's back. The story offers another instance of the widespread cult of shamanism.

IV THE BEGINNING

This unimaginative narrative begs the question in a manner unusually simple, even when savage races deal with the Creation, by stating that earth already existed in the Beginning. The Tunguses are mentally inferior to the Yakuts.

Here is a Philippine account of the Creation: "The Great Spirit came down from the sky and cut many reeds. He placed them erect in pairs far apart and told them to speak. Each pair became a man and a woman who spoke a separate language."¹

An Australian tribe has the following tale concerning, "How the Sun was Made." One day the emu and the native companion (a bird) were quarrelling and fighting. An egg of the emu was seized by her opponent and thrown into the sky.

¹M. C. Cole, *Philippine Folk-Tales*, p. 99.

Thereupon, as the egg and its yolk broke on a heap of brush-wood, a flame lit up the world below. Every day since, a good spirit has repeated the fire; he and his attendant spirits collect the wood at night. The morning star is sent out to tell people that the fire will soon be lit, but something is needed to waken sleepers, and so the laughing-jackass was told to make his noise every morning.¹

V BELIEF IN DREAMS

A man acts according to the dictates of a dream in the Gilyak story, "The Gilyak who Offended the Fire Lord." Khan Schentai, in a Kirghiz story, is warned in a dream of a disaster which has occurred.

A story from South Africa relates that a Bushman's mother, who wished to get rid of the evil influence of dreams, when she was about to start in search of food, used to take a stone and, plunging it into the fire, say "Yonder!"²

The Ainosh believe that if a man who is about to start on a hunting expedition should dream of meeting in the mountains a god to whom he makes obeisance and gives presents, he is certain to kill a bear.³

Among the Euahlayi tribe, in Australia, one of the greatest warnings of coming evil is for a man to see his totem in a dream; such a sign is a herald of misfortune to the dreamer or to one of his immediate kin.⁴

¹K. L. Parker, *More Austr. Leg. Tales*, p. 28.

²Bleek and Lloyd, p. 365.

³Chamberlain, B. H., *Aino Folk Tales*, p. 57.

⁴K. Langloh Parker, p. 27.

THE BURYATS

THE Buryats live around, but mostly on the eastern side of, Lake Baikàl and resemble the East Mongols. They differ from the Kalmucks chiefly in language; nevertheless, a great similarity exists in the two tongues. It was to the East Mongols that the Chinese gave originally the nickname of Tata, and only since the eighth century have they been called Mongols.¹ They are described as a phlegmatic and good-humoured people. "The Chinese annals frequently mention certain nomads called Hisung-Non, who are no other than the Huns. These wandering and warlike tribes gradually extended themselves, and finished by covering the immense deserts of Tartary from east to west."² The great wall of China was built to keep them out in 213 B.C. Toward the year 48 A.D., the northern Huns, being defeated by the Chinese, proceeded in large numbers to the Caspian Sea and the countries watered by the Volga. The Greeks called the Tatar tribes who marched down toward the Indus, Indo-Scythians. Then, in 376 A.D., Tatars broke into the Roman empire, and some of them settled on the shores of the Danube. Others, in the fifth century advanced to ravage Germany.³ The Abbé Huc gives this description of the Mongol. He has a flat face with prominent cheek bones, the chin short and retiring, the forehead sunken, the eyes small and oblique and of a yellow tint, as if full of bile, the hair black and ragged, the beard scanty, the skin of a deep brown and extremely coarse. His great leathern boots and large sheep-skin robe seem to make him diminutive and stumpy. We must add that he has a heavy and ponderous gait and a harsh, shrill, discordant language, full of frightful aspirates. But his disposition, unless he is roused by fanaticism or desire of vengeance, is full of gentleness and good nature. He is candid and credulous as an infant, and passionately loves to hear marvellous anecdotes and narratives. Certain industries are not unknown to the Mongols, such as making felt carpets, rudely tanned hides, and embroidery. But the Mongol is able, when far away, to hear the trot of a horse, to distinguish the form of objects and to

¹Peschel, p. 379.

²Huc I, p. 237.

³Idem., p. 238.

detect the distant scent of flocks and the smoke of an encampment.¹ Though the Buryats have accepted Buddhism, many of them are shamanists. Near Irkutsk, they carry on farming operations vigorously; they have books and some can read and write. When a Buryat dies, the form is observed of sacrificing his horse at the grave.

When a Buryat shaman dies, the remains are either burned and placed in the trunk of a birch tree, or are exposed on a platform. But a dead shaman may be taken to a wood and buried in a cemetery for shamans. An arrow is discharged in the direction of the house and eight other arrows are placed with the body for the defence of good people from evil spirits. The body is then burnt on a pyre and the horse is killed. Later, the dead man's bones are put into the interior of a pine tree and the orifice is closed.²

I

OLD MAN OOKHANY

OLD man Ookhany had a little white tent, in which he lived with his family, while, around him, numerous white cows, at pasture on ever-green and ever-flowering meadows, multiplied so fast that Ookhany long ago lost count of their number. The vat in which he collected their milk was as large as a lake.

Ookhany had a wife called Seskel and, by her, a son, Dabkhaljikhan; as for daughter Dagda, she walked behind her father's herd and tended it, day and night. Once, Ookhany fell asleep and slumbered for three days. He dreamed that an invincible warrior had come and poured away the milk from the vat, which was as large as a lake, broken and devastated the white tent, overcome and killed his son and burned the body on a pile of wood; and lastly, had driven away the numerous herd of white cows and led off wife Seskel and daughter Dagda, so that the old man remained alone without anything in his injured white tent.

Waking up, Ookhany saw that the white tent in which he slept was really broken, that his only son Dabkhaljikhan was killed, that the numerous herd of white cattle had been driven off, that the lake-sized vat had been overturned and the milk poured out, that his wife Seskel and his daughter Dagda had

¹Idem., p. 257.

²Czaplicka, p. 157.

³N. M. Khangalov, *Buryat Folk-Tales and Beliefs*, p. 6.

been stolen, and that he remained alone in the damaged tent. The old man wept long, and, bewailing the loss of his family and herd, after nine days travelled away, without being particular whither he went.

Moving on and on, he found a white shoulder-blade without flesh upon it, and said, "This, which is the only good thing that I have found, will be useful to me." Having struck his nose, he smeared the shoulder-blade with blood, so that it should appear to have been covered with flesh, and then proceeded further. On the way he met a certain man, who said, "Whence have you come? What is your name, and whither are you going?" He replied, "My name is Ookhàny; I live in a district lying in a southerly direction from here and am going forth into the world."

He remained with the man, but never let go the shoulder-blade; even if he went into the street, he always took the shoulder-blade with him. His host, observing this, said, "Why do you constantly drag about that shoulder-blade? If you were to place it in our kettle, it would boil with our meat." The old man answered, "I would place it where you say, but I fear your kettle would consume it; and then I should be without flesh." "Our kettle does not eat meat," retorted the host. "If the shoulder-blade is consumed, then you may take our kettle for it." The old man agreed, and put the shoulder-blade in the kettle and waited to see if it would be cooked quickly. As soon as they removed the cooked meat, they saw that the shoulder-blade, having been washed in the water, had become altogether white. "Look here," said the old man to his host, "I told you that your kettle would devour my meat! What am I to do now? Give me your kettle."

There was nothing to be done! and the host gave the kettle to the old man, although he wondered how the kettle, which hitherto had eaten nothing, should suddenly have consumed meat. Ookhàny caught up the kettle and went further. At last he came on another man, who received him joyfully and said, "What is your name, whence do you come and whither are you going?" "My name is Ookhàny; I live in a district toward the south; and now I am moving into the world." Remaining with this man, Ookhàny carried the kettle with him everywhere. So the host said, "Why do you always carry that kettle about with you? You should place it with our kettles; where it would stand till to-morrow and not be lost." "No!

I will not put it there," answered the old man ; " perhaps the herd might destroy it at night, and I should be without a kettle and anything in which to boil meat." Hereupon the host remarked, " I have a black sheep. If your kettle should be broken during the night, I will give you in exchange the black sheep." Ookhàny agreed, and set his kettle among his host's kettles. But, when everyone had fallen asleep, he went quietly to his kettle and broke it ; next returning, he lay down to sleep. In the morning it was found that the old man's kettle was broken. Demanding a sheep as compensation for loss of the kettle, Ookhàny added, " I told you yesterday that my kettle would be broken. Give me a sheep!" There was no help for it, so the host handed over a black sheep, and the visitor travelled further.

After a time he came upon a third man, who accepted him as a welcome guest ; and Ookhàny took the black sheep with him everywhere. The host said, " Leave your sheep with us, old man ; it cannot possibly stray from the yard." But the visitor replied, " I am afraid to do so ; might not your sheep eat mine at night ? Then I should be sheepless." " Very well," said the host, " if our sheep eats yours, then you may take twenty of our white sheep as compensation." Ookhàny agreed, and let his black sheep into the fold with his host's flock. When everybody but himself was asleep at night, he went out cautiously into the street, penetrated into the sheepfold, killed his black sheep, smeared with the blood his host's sheep, cut their fur and hung pieces of the black sheepskin on their horns. Next he returned to the tent and went to sleep. In the morning all the host's sheep were found to be bloody, and on their horns were hanging pieces of wool from the black sheep. Then Ookhàny said to his host, " I told you that your sheep would eat mine ! Look, they are all bloody and pieces of the skin from my sheep are hanging on their horns ! Give me now twenty sheep !" There was no way of escape, so the host gave Ookhàny the sheep, and the old man journeyed further and drove the sheep with him. He came to a level place and slaughtered them. Having killed all, he collected the carcasses into a heap, from which arose a pile of meat and trickled away a small stream of blood.

When he had finished the work of slaughtering, Ookhàny went further and met on the road two men in wolfskin coats. He told them that, on the road, he had seen a pile of meat and a

stream of blood. They answered that there had never been on the road either a pile of meat or a stream of blood. The old man insisted ; but they did not yield. As the result of a long dispute, a wager was made according to which these men were to give Ookhàny their wolfskins if his statement should prove correct. They went back and, looking, found there really was a pile of meat, and near it a rivulet of blood. Then Ookhàny took from them their wolfskin coats (with the fur outwards) and proceeded further.

Travelling some distance, he came upon a man with two grown-up daughters. He went to their tent and was made welcome. Afterwards his host asked his name, where he lived and whither he was journeying. The old man replied that his name was Ookhàny, that he lived in a southerly district, and that now he was going forth into the world. Afterwards, the old man stopped for the night, but did not relinquish possession of his wolfskin coats ; he took them with him wherever he went. His host said, " Why do you always drag about with you those wolfskins ? Put them with ours ; nobody will interfere with them." " Your daughters perhaps will cut up my furs to patch others," answered the old man. " If they cut a wolfskin then I will give them to you in marriage !" The old man agreed, and put his fur coats beside his host's. When all but himself had fallen asleep, he quietly cut his fur-coats into pieces and laid them near the daughters. In the morning the old man's furs were found cut into pieces and close to the host's daughters. Ookhàny said, " I told you they would cut up my furs. You see that your daughters have been destructive, so give them to me as wives." There was no escape ; and the host married his daughters to the old man, and Ookhàny, after living awhile at his father-in-law's, returned home, rebuilt his white tent, and began as before to live happily.

But his happiness did not last long, because his young wives did not love him. Once they had distilled a kettle of spirit, and of it the old man drank till he was intoxicated. He began to sing songs in which he described in detail his former happy life, the attack upon him of the invincible warrior, and the carrying off of his wife, children and herds. Then he passed on to his wanderings, and related how he found the shoulder-blade, how by trickery he obtained for it a kettle ; for the kettle, a black sheep ; for the black sheep twenty white sheep ; for twenty white sheep two wolfskin coats and, for them, his two wives ;

lastly, how, by his cleverness, he became as rich as formerly and acquired two young wives! Having heard these avowals, the wives became incensed and poured hot beer on the old man's head; after which he died. Then they said, "We have overcome our enemy!" Burning Ookhany's body on a heap of wood, they collected all his property, and went back to their father's, and there lived happily, having quickly related how he had been deceived.

II

THE OLD WATER-SPRITE¹

WHEN the trees were little bushes
And the mountains tiny hillocks,
In the past, a man possessing
Wives a pair, as faithful helpmates,
Had a son, his only offspring.

Rich in all things was the father;
He had cattle, ay, and camels,
And his sheep could scarce be counted!
Seldom roaming, he was settled
On a spot that fully pleased him,
Summer, winter, spring and autumn.

But it chanced that, having driven
Herded cattle to the water,
He perceived that they were frightened;
So, astonished, he went nearer;
With his goad disturbed the water.

Then, an old but sturdy woman
Grasped the goad, and uttered harshly,
"I will eat you!" "Nay, but spare me,"
He implored her, "This were better:
Eat my son, he still is youthful!"

"Where can I the stripling capture?"
"On the morrow, I will eastward
Send, and you can there await him!"
As she freed the man, she shouted,
"If you prove a vile deceiver,
I will eat you and your cattle."

¹N. M. Khangalov, *Buryat Folk-Tales*, p. 11.

Now, the father, on the morrow,
 Chose an eight-legged picbald chestnut
 From a mighty herd of horses,
 And his son to action prompted :
 " Saddle up and hasten eastward,
 Look about you, see the country ;
 I would lead a life nomadic."

Having breakfasted and mounted,
 Valiantly the youth departed ;
 But his steed, in accents human,
 Said, " Proceed not thither, eastward ;
 There a strong old woman threatens
 To devour you." Came the answer :
 " I must do as I am ordered."

Said the horse, " Behave in this wise :
 We shall find the wicked woman .
 Golden ankle-bones uptossing.
 As advancing, we get near her,
 I will trot, and you must challenge
 Her to throw the bones still higher.
 Seize the bones ! while I run backwards."

So, the youth approached the woman ;
 " Higher still !" he cried and, snatching,
 Caught the bones, and would avoid her ;
 But she drew a knife and followed,
 Ran and quickly overtook him,
 With the knife two legs divided
 From his horse that hastened swiftly.

Then the woman ate her booty,
 Soon in dire pursuit had hurried,
 Severed legs another couple.

On again the steed went nobly,
 Just as if he felt no losses ;
 And the woman ate her portion.
 She was once again successful
 In o'ertaking those who hastened,
 And in other legs off-slicing.

Yet the horse continued racing,
 Till the woman ate his last leg,
 And the horse had then remaining
 Only head and tail and body,
 Which became a tree with branches,

Where the youth obtained a refuge.

But the sturdy witch, up coming,
Hacked the tree with fearful vigour,
Till, at last, the trunk was sundered.
Then she seized the youth, remarking,
" Splendid fellow, why avoid me ?
Let us move on foot together !"

Next, arriving in a valley,
Through which flowed a little river,
They approached a simple cottage.
Entering, she lit a faggot,
And her prisoner commanded
Forth to haste and find a sapling ;
She would make a spit for roasting !

But the hut in meat was lacking ;
So the youth within the forest,
Thinking he would be the victim,
Sorely wept, and nothing gathered.

Walking on, he saw before him
A wild boar of mottled colour,
Who, at once, in human accents,
Spoke and put this question to him :
" Why are you thus sore lamenting ?"

" I, alas, am taken captive
By a woman, old but sturdy,
Who has sent me to the forest
For a spit ; she thinks to roast me ;
In her hut all meat is lacking !"

" To the hut, return !" the boar said,
" Get a knife to cut a sapling ;
Ask for one and bring it hither !"
When the youth had brought the weapon,
Suddenly the boar commanded,
" Mount upon my back !" Obeying,
Now the lad was borne a distance.

Long the wicked woman waited,
Last forsook the hut, and searching
West and east and north and southward,
Always looked about her vainly ;
For the youth had crossed some mountains,
Yet again was speeding forward.
Up she caught her skirts and fur cloak,

And began to follow further.
She already was o'ertaking,
When the boar pronounced this order :
" Firmly grasp the knife with both hands ;
Draw the point across your right knee !"
Scarcely had the youth obeyed him,
When the woman, falling forward,
Clasped, with all her force, her right knee.

On they went, but, quickly rising,
Once again she followed wildly,
And ere long was overtaking.
" Draw your knife across the left knee !"
When the lad obeyed the order,
Down she fell, and on they hastened.

But she rose, again o'ertook them.
" Break the knife and throw the pieces,"
Said the boar, " in all directions !"
When the knife at last was broken,
Those in flight perceived the woman
Dead upon the the ground in fragments.

Thereupon the boar went slowly ;
At a walk, approached a valley ;
Came to water, stopped, and clearly
Grunted, " Stab me, and, removing
First my skin, next cut my head off ;
Northward point my tusks, nose southward ;
Eat my flesh ; my skin, please wear it !"

Pity brought the lad to weeping.
But the boar his wish repeated,
And the youth, sad death inflicting,
Stripped the hide and cut the head off ;
Fed upon the boar's flesh freely ;
Wrapped within the hide, deep slumbered.

When the youth awoke at sunrise,
He, within a peasant's cottage,
Lay beneath a fox-skin blanket ;
While, beside a fire, a maiden
Busily was tea preparing.

Walking out, he found a piebald,
Eight-legged, fastened to a pillar ;
Countless herds around were grazing ;
Men near by awaited orders.

Wondering, he asked the maiden,
Whose establishment he stood in.
"All is yours," she answered, smiling.

He departed in amazement,
Saddled up, and sought his father.

Entering his mother's cottage,
He perceived the wives assaulting
Fiercely, forcibly his father.

One upon his head was sitting
And the other on his ankles ;
Each of them was shouting loudly,
As she struck her heartless husband,
"Whither have you sent the young one ?"

When they saw the youth, they left him
Whose behaviour had incensed them ;
But the traitor parent rose not :
He had died from savage handling.

Then the son interred his father
In a promontory distant ;
And, inheriting great riches,
Took the pair of wives as inmates
Of his new and pleasant dwelling.
There to-day he lives in comfort.
Do not ask for more ! 'Tis finished !

III

THE ORPHAN LAD¹

AN orphan lad, who lay beneath a tree,
Observed alone some crows in converse free.
He heard, "The khan's young son is weak and ill ;
His friends a barren, piebald mare should kill
And place her hide over the child in pain ;
His sickness would depart, he'd breathe again."

The youth determined to the khan to run
And say, "I'll cure by sorcery your son."
But, was received with neither more nor less
Than this : "We have a special sorceress."

¹D. G. Gomboev, *Buryat Folk-Tales*, No. 6

Near by, the lad unto a stallion's tail
 Attaches strips of bark, that soon avail
 To terrify the herd. The people see,
 And think a wolf has caused some injury.

The sorceress beside the youth, at first
 Is still, then begs a drink to quench her thirst.
 He lightly laughs, and, mumbling an excuse,
 Suggests the kumyss vat may be of use.
 But, as she leans across the vat's high rim,
 He firmly takes her by a foot and limb
 And throws her in ; contrives that she is drowned.

A man ere long the woman's body found,
 Said a tsar's sorceress should have the power
 To turn the vatted milk more quickly sour.

But now the khan, scarce knowing how to act
 (The woman's sons a ransom might exact),
 Heard that a youth would set the matter right,
 Show he could guile and energy unite.

This lad, Kybòon, mounting a savage bull
 With much address, upward contrived to pull
 The murdered woman ; lifted then anew
 A sack of bread ; an awl he kept from view
 For secret use.

“ Mother has brought us bread ! ”

The children, running up, with rapture said.
 Kybòon adjured them to control their cries,
 Which would annoy the bull, and prove unwise.

He now, to goad the creature, used the awl ;
 Was quickly thrown, and made the dead witch fall.
 “ Oh ! oh ! my ribs are bruised ; your mother's killed ! ”
 And he the children's ears with scoldings filled ;
 Reproached them loudly ; from their village went
 And hastened to the khan ; on action bent.

Forthwith, Kybòon a piebald's skin procured,
 Treated the little prince, his cure ensured ;
 Whereon the khan half his possessions gave
 To him that snatched the infant from the grave.
 Kybòon declined the gift. “ 'Twere more my taste,
 If garments choice here for my use were placed.”

Well clothed, he lay once more beneath a tree,
 And hither devils came and showed their glee,
 Bearing the soul of a khan's son, nigh dead.

“ Let me with you consort !” Kybòon now said.
“ And who are you ?” “ I also am a fiend !”
They sauntered on, but he himself demeaned,
Was noisy, though a spirit should be still.
He cried, “ Oh ! teach me how to capture souls !”
“ Good ! Take the one we carry !” On he strolls
And slyly asks them what they mostly fear.
“ We fear a briar rose, a chieftain’s sneer.”
They question, too, what holds he much in dread.
He answers, “ Fat ; whether on neck or head.”

Ere long, Kybòon stepped on a briar rose ;
And then the fiends, their anger to disclose,
Threw at him neck-fat. Down he coolly lay
And ate the fat ! The devils went their way.
And he the soul bore to the anxious khan ;
Thus saved a child who mortal danger ran.

Beneath a tree Kybòon then took a place,
To find himself with two men face to face.
“ Why lie you here ?” He gave this answer odd :
“ I would be changed into Burkhàn, a god.”
They bowed, and next four other men appeared,
Who, too, would shine as deities revered.
Though all lay down, they did not gods become,
And said Kybòon, whose thought was burdensome,
“ I am a wretch, a god can never be ;
Let’s to the lama ; he may set me free.”
The lama asked, “ Wherefore have you arrived ?”
“ We would be gods, and wish a means contrived.”

The angry priest his private thoughts reviewed :
“ For seven years I’ve lived in solitude,
Read sacred books, and humbly toiled and prayed,
And am no god ; but you are not afraid
To show ambitions vast. I tell you, flee !
Forsake this mountain ! Go and join the sea !”

The seven jumped, in ocean did not fall,
But rose, became the stars we’ve learned to call
“ The group of seven.” Then with rage oppressed,
The lama rushed and, falling far from rest,
Into a sheldrake turned, of yellow shade,
Because his robe of yellow cloth was made.

IV

CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN¹

I

PAST ages hoar not yet had seen the birth,
 Midst waters vast, of this our present earth,
 When, three in number, gods, with purpose sound,
 Devised a plan to form the solid ground.

Viewing, from o'er the seas' expanse, a bird
 That hovered o'er the deep, and wings loud whirred
 Ere growing still, each deity thus spoke,
 Asàgy, Màdar and Sheebègan broke
 The silence: " Duck, forthwith 'neath ocean dive!
 To bring us soil, quick, energetic strive!
 Fetch hither reddish clay, black earth and sand!
 Obey our will; pay heed to our command!"

The duck beneath the ocean's surface went;
 Reaching the bottom, far her bill down bent,
 Collected sand, red clay, black earth, and rose
 Upward through floods, and brought her gifts to those
 Awaiting her. They, throwing earth and sand
 And clay upon the deep, made solid land.

Next, where the gods thus garnered earth from seas,
 Sprang up and throve grasses and plants and trees.
 The gods, with further thought, in order next
 Created man. Being in nought perplexed,
 They made his bones from stone, when passed the flood;
 His body formed from clay; from water, blood;
 Thus had the gods conceived and wrought a plan,
 Summoned to life a woman and a man.

II

Creation done, the work at once grew less;
 One god alone with help mankind could bless.
 Sheebègan, Màdar and Asàgy now,
 With craft and subtle thought, decided how
 And which of them should tend the human pair.

Each of the gods down to the earth must bear
 A candle and a jar, next fall asleep.
 Arising early, each must silent keep,

¹D. G. Gomboev, No. 10.

Yet learn if aught has happened in the night.
The god whose candle first is found alight,
He, in whose jar such time a blossom grows,
That god the right to care for people shows.

Each god before him set a jar or pot,
Also a candle, nor to sleep forgot.
Sheebègan first awoke. Amazed, he saw
That Màdar's candle burned; he glanced with awe,
Perceived a flower in Màdar's vessel grew.
Sheebègan lit his candle, Màdar's blew,
And so extinguished it. He next in haste
Into his jar the bud from Màdar's placed,
Then slumbered. When, in time awoke the three,
Sheebègan's candle burned, and all could see
His vase contained a flower: That Màdar knows
His rival's treachery, in speech he shows:
"You stole my flower and flame, 'tis therefore fate
That folk whom you may later animate
Shall rob each other, quarrel and dispute."
Oh, prophecy well founded and acute!

III

Then Màdar and Asàgy passed to Heaven;
While to Sheebègan false 'twas duly given
To live and stay upon this lower ground;
Where, to help man, he made a watchful hound.

Though gods mankind with hairy coats consoled
For pains of snow and frost, excessive cold,
Yet in the early days they did not lend
The dog a coat, unto his need attend.

But when Sheebègan up to Heaven passed
And left the dog to guard mankind, then last
Shitchir came down, and loudly the dog barked,
So that at once the sleeping couple harked.

Shitchir with cunning words his purpose pressed.
"If you are still," he thus the dog addressed,
"I will forthwith your proper wants appease.
Clad in a shaggy coat, you shall not freeze!"

The dog was glad, and, as he soon grew still,
Shitchir was moved his maw with food to fill,
Then touched his skin with spittle; strange 'twas, lo!

A hairy coat began thereon to grow ;
 Yet, as that spittle came from lips impure,
 No Buryat true a dog's skin can endure.

IV

Now, as Shitchir had used man's guardian-hound,
 So to treat man he felt in justice bound.
 He moistened well the sleeping couple next,
 And went his way. Oh ! much these actions vexed
 Sheebègan. He, from Heaven coming, cursed ;
 Condemned the dog ever to food the worst
 And to gnaw bones. Exposure, till he froze,
 Should be his lot, with contumely and blows !

And now Sheebègan strove against the deed
 Which, that mankind should be hirsute, decreed :
 He careful sought to shave the human skin,
 E'en on the scalp ; but could not there begin !
 The sleepers' hands to guard their heads availed,
 And to protect themselves they had not failed.
 Man's body thus grew smooth, of hair deprived,
 Though on his head his hairiness survived.

A legend strange that tells how, urged by fate,
 Man, at a step, acquired a beauty great !

V

THE MAN AND THE WOLF :

LIVING at an early epoch,
 Once a man, both rich and clever,
 Could discover secret notions
 In the folk and beasts around him.

Now, this man of wealth as neighbour
 Had a wolf, who, being famished,
 Prayed that God would sate his hunger.

Heaven listened and allotted
 To the wolf a sheep well nourished,
 But belonging, like her sisters,
 To the man of wealth, the wizard

Who astutely brought this white-eared
Sheep within the tent beside him,
Since he rightly guessed that danger
Might affect her after nightfall.

As the wolf remained unable
Anywhere to find his victim,
He, again, upon the morrow,
Called on God for kind assistance,
And received, forthwith, permission
To attack a mare white-bodied,
Black of tail and feet, black-headed,
To the man of wealth belonging.

But her owner, blest with knowledge,
Well aware of all that happened,
Shut the mare within a stable
Near at hand and well protected.

As the wolf, in nightly vigil,
Searched the herd for booty vainly,
He again at early daylight
Asked of God a gracious favour,
And was given fullest licence
To consume three cows, whose blackness
Was relieved by spots light coloured.

But the owner, no way lacking
In exact and useful knowledge
Of the wolf's persistent craving,
Acted in a prudent manner ;
Kept within a shed before him,
Near his tent, the cows appointed
To relieve the wolfish longing ;
So, at night, the hungry creature
Had not yet achieved his purpose.

Thus elapsed days three in number,
After which, with God's approval,
Came indeed an anxious moment
For the man of wealth and wisdom,
Who had guessed his sad position
And determined, in his terror,
To drive swiftly to a wedding,
Where the guests might safely guard him,
Even if the wolf, at nightfall,
Should arrive and try to seize him.

All at once the man departed,
 Drawn by three high-mettled horses,
 But ere long he saw a maiden,
 Whom he stopped and closely questioned
 As to why she travelled humbly.

“ I was at my cousin’s wedding,
 But I fell returning homewards,
 And am thus no more on horseback ;
 I have yet to hasten whither
 Will occur another wedding.
 There my father will be present.”
 “ Take a seat with me, I pray you !”
 Said the man ; and off they hastened.

When the people at the wedding
 Gaily threw the doors wide open,
 Fiercely sprang from out the carriage
 Just a wolf ; within was nothing
 But the bones of one had been there,
 Who possessing wealth and knowledge,
 Failed to turn aside his peril.

VI

A TALE LIKE THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

KHAN GUZHIR, while in the service of Guli-Khan, was directed by him to obtain a healing oil from the liver of Naran-Gerel. Khan Guzhir set out and found lying upon the ground a man, the lower part of whose body was fleshless, it being but naked bone. Khan Guzhir asked this man how he came to be there. The man replied that his name was Khokhodoy-Morgon ; he was at war with Naran-Gerel, against whom Khan Guzhir was now proceeding ; for three years he, Khokhodoy-Morgon, had struck Naran-Gerel with thunder and lightning unsuccessfully, and now he could do nothing more, and lay on the ground scarcely alive.

Khokhodoy-Morgon sought to dissuade Khan-Guzhir from going in quest of Naran-Gerel, but his advice was not followed. When Khan Guzhir reached Naran-Gerel, the latter said,

¹*Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ.*, 1896, No. 2. p. 206.

"Have you seen Khokhodoy-Morgon?" And he afterwards sent Khan Guzhir to obtain a magic knife which Khokhodoy had taken from Naran-Gerel during the period of their mutual warfare, and still possessed.

Khan Guzhir returned to Khokhodoy-Morgon, found him dying, and obtained the knife. He went again to Naran-Gerel and sliced him down from head to foot with the magic knife, but the separated halves of the body immediately grew together. Then Khan-Guzhir struck a second time, and Naran-Gerel fell, cut in two portions. Khan Guzhir opened the liver and, taking yellow oil from it, went to Guli-Khan. On his way he saw Khokhodoy-Morgon, who was already dead. Khan Guzhir let several drops of yellow oil fall upon the body of Khokhodoy-Morgon, who then revived, took his place upon a cloud, and producing mighty thunders, rose to Heaven.

VII

THE DEFEAT OF THE SHAMAN:

A CERTAIN rich man, becoming seriously ill, invited the attendance of a "great and black" shaman, who duly visited the sick man and began to perform religious ceremonies. One of the patient's neighbours listened, in order to overhear what was said privately, and in order to discover the name of the person whose soul was to be delivered in exchange for the soul of the sick man. He overheard the shaman Khakhul and the patient agree together that the soul of the man who was eavesdropping should be given in exchange.

Then this Buryat, taking with him some kumyss, went into the forest, and there performed a special religious rite connected with the welfare of the soul; afterwards he cut down a small pine tree and said, "I hew down Shaman Khakhul." He took the pine sapling home with him and, pouring some water into a little tub, stirred the water with the pine sapling, held upside down. Meanwhile he said, "I stir the water with Shaman Khakhul; may Shaman Khakhul's head become giddy; may his birth and his origin go astray and become confused." He continued to stir the water in the tub till morning.

That night Shaman Khakhul endeavoured by the practice

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ., 1896, No. 2., p. 206.*

of his art to exchange the sick man's soul for that of another person, but he failed altogether in his purpose; his head whirled and his attendant spirits did not answer his summons. The next morning the shaman went home and before long both he and the sick man died.

VIII

THE SPOTS ON THE MOON¹

ONCE it happened that a woman,
 Needing water for her cottage,
 To the river sent a maiden,
 Who was motherless and lonely,
 Nothing but the husband's daughter.

Going forth upon the pathway,
 Soon the woman, losing patience,
 Grew a prey to boundless anger;
 Cursed the maiden for her slowness:
 "May the Sun and Moon together
 Hither come and take you with them!"

When the maid had drawn the water,
 With an effort, she uplifted
 Yoke and buckets to her shoulders,
 But, ere long, perceived before her,
 As she carried home her burden,
 Both the Sun and Moon descending;
 So the trembling girl in terror
 Hid herself behind the foliage.

Then the Moon began to argue
 With the Sun, who, bold and selfish,
 For himself the maid would capture.
 "You, by day, are strong and brilliant;
 I, a weakling, shine at night-time,
 And should have her!" He consented.
 Now the Moon went quickly forward,
 Seized and bore away the damsel.

Should by chance your nightly vision
 To the moon become directed,
 You will on her disc distinguish
 Tree and maid and yoke and buckets!

¹N. M. Khangalov, *Buryat Folk-Tales*, p. 128.

IX

ORIGIN OF THE CAMEL¹

To startle God by actions strange,
 And bring about the vilest change,
 A witch obeyed obscene behests,
 In ancient times removed her breasts
 And set them both upon her back.

God saw the deed of madness black,
 And angrily condemned her choice,
 Endowed her with a human voice ;
 Made her a camel, dear to none,
 As punishment for evil done.

X

A SHAMAN TRADITION²

ONE summer, in the district of Zakuleysky, the headman, Ishygyl, who was rich, became dangerously ill. He invited the Shaman Khalta to visit him. Before Shaman Khalta reached headman Ishygyl, the sick man's neighbours and relatives had taken precaution for their own safety. At nightfall, if they had guns, they loaded them and such as had not guns got ready bows and arrows ; they also placed a besom in their huts under the threshold. The Buryats believe that if the soul of a shaman or if spirits desire to enter a hut, a besom which is so placed becomes transformed into an impenetrable forest, across which a spirit or the soul of the shaman cannot enter the hut. The neighbours and relatives kindled a fire in their huts and, in expectation of the shaman's approach, did not go to sleep ; they made a cudgel.

In the night Shaman Khalta began to shamanize, and his soul became a bear's and set out to Darma, a neighbour of headman Ishygyl ; it wished to get Darma's soul and give it in exchange for the sick man's. The soul of Shaman Khalta, in the form of a bear, reached Darma's hut, but Darma was not asleep. Tearing down the ceiling of the hut in the north-east corner, the bear sought to enter ; it had already got half of its body into

¹N. M. Khangalov, *Buryat Folk-Tales*, No. 25.

²*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1896, No. 2, p. 135.

the hut, when Darma saw and cried out, in alarm, "What are you doing, Khalta?" Darma fired his gun at the bear, who fell into the street and ran away.

The neighbours and relatives of headman Ishygyl did not allow themselves to sleep till Shamàn Khalta had returned home. Headman Ishygyl died. There are many such traditions.

XI

ORIGIN OF THE EAGLE (A legend)†

A CLEVER sorcerer man's shape forsook,
And, as a splendid bird, himself betook
To far off Western regions, rested there ;
Then homeward flew, man's form again to wear.

Later, once more into an eagle turned,
He eastward sped and other lands discerned.
Ere long he homeward passed in lordly flight ;
Alas, through hunger brought to hideous plight,
He fain would peck at that which, lately meat,
Was now but carrion foul. So, forced to eat,
And gorged, he travelled back with humbled mien.

Through what he'd fed upon, become unclean,
He must an eagle stay throughout life's span,
Never again assume the form of man.

NOTES

I—OLD MAN OOKHANY.

A certain dry humour distinguishes not only this tale of pastoral and nomadic life, but the Kalmuck, "The Orphan Bosh and his Whistling Arrow Tosh"; the Tarantchi Tatar stories, "The Fools" and "Schingiltak and Pingiltak"; the Turkoman, "Forty Stories" and the earlier part of the Yakut tale, "Charchakan." But the humour is far less genial than that which animates the Russian, "The Merchant," "Little Sister Vixen and the Wolf," "Good and Bad," "The Sun, the Moon and Crow Crowson," and the White Russian, "Gossip."

†D. F. Gomboev, *Buryat Folk-Tales*, No. 24.

Yet, so much is sombre in the stories of uncivilised races, that every glimpse in them of poetry or humour or magnanimity is acceptable.

In the fifth tale of Vetala Panchavinsati (Twenty-five Tales of a Demon) one of the characters says, "If I find any bone, I can put on it flesh." Ookhàny's trickery, which is that of a clever rogue, in its earliest manifestations, is strangely like that of Grimm's "Little Peasant," whose first step toward riches is to paint a wooden cow, and so deceive a purchaser as to the value of a herd. Ookhàny, who paints blood on a bone, which is kept in his possession and made valuable by constant scheming, is a different type from the characters who grow undeservedly successful through unforeseen and unexpected circumstances; such as, for instance, in the Kalmuck, "The Pig's-Head Magician"; in the Votyak, "The Unlucky Corpse"; and in the Finnish, "The Omniscient Doctor." He is even further removed from favourites of fortune, as in the Russian, "Arrant Fool" and the Lettish, "How the Foolish Brother was Drowned," who cap a boyhood of imbecile conduct by a sagacious and malicious stroke, bringing disaster on older and generally sensible brothers. If one may judge from the stories in the present collection, the latter type of fool does not figure among Siberian folk-tales. The Mordvin, "The Fool and the Calf," and the Bashkir, "The Merchant's Son," present us with comparatively uninspired fools. In the Siberian tales a fool remains a fool, and fortune reserves her smiles for the crafty rogue. "Old Man Ookhàny" has a parallel in the Ugur, "The Clever Youth who Exchanged a Mouse for a Horse and a Beautiful Wife," in a note to which tale a story from Lorraine is quoted and allusion made to similar tales in other countries.

II—THE OLD WATER-SPRITE.

In a German folk-tale a prince is helped by an eight-legged Sun-horse.¹ There is also an eight-legged horse in a Northern saga, in which we hear of "one-eyed Odin himself on his eight-footed horse Sleipner."² The magic journey here differs from the majority of magic flights; in them an object, such as a comb or a towel, becomes, on being thrown down, a forest or a lake, impeding a pursuer's progress. Thus, in the Kathà Sarit Sàgara,³ Rupasika has given her lover some earth which

¹*Deutsche Volksmärchen aus den Sachsen lande*, Haltrich, No. 10 and 20, 1856. ²Taylor, *Primitive Culture*, p. 85, 1st ed. ³Tawney, I, p. 362.

he is to throw down if he is pursued. The earth becomes a mountain. The water which is thrown down becomes rolling waves; and some thorns, when cast to the ground, change into a dense, thorny wood. So, in the Kalevala, Turo, on an expedition to recover the sun and moon, is pursued by devils. He says a charm over a pebble, and it is changed to a mountain. A comb is transformed into a forest of pines.

There is a curious magic journey in the Eskimo tale, "The Eagle and the Whale." A girl marries a whale, but determines to escape from him with the assistance of her brothers. As their boat is being overtaken by the infuriated whale, she throws out her hairband. The sea foams up and the whale stops. When he comes on again, she throws out her mittens. Again the sea foams and the whale stops. She casts away various garments one after another, including her breeches, always with such a good effect that the party escape.¹

In a Kaffir story, a boy who was courageously visiting some cannibals, in order to obtain possession of a beautiful bird, was helped by an old woman. She gave him some fat to place upon a stone, if he was pursued. When fleeing from the cannibals he threw down the fat, and they stopped to fight about it. Then he threw off his mantle; it ran in another direction, and the cannibals ran after it.² In "The Old Water-Sprite," the witch is overcome and killed through a species of black magic; for passes made by her intended victim cause injuries suggested by them.

The part played by the wild-boar is interesting. He sacrifices himself with a rational purpose, namely, to provide food and protection for his rider. His general behaviour connects him with the Grey Wolf, as is pointed out in a note to "Prince John, the Fiery Bird and the Grey Wolf." See also a note to the Chukchi, "Tale of the Moon." There is another Russian tale which has a self-sacrificing animal. The youngest son of a king discovers that a white wolf has stolen the king's horses and escaped into a hole. His own horse asks him to kill it. He kills his horse and uses its skin to make a rope by which he can be lowered into the hole.³

There is a water-sprite in the Bashkir, "The Golden Knuckle-bone." In the Tungusian account of how a girl is carried off by the moon, a water-king seizes the girl. In the story of the

¹*Esquimo Folk-Tales*, by Rasmussen and Worster, p. 132. ²Theal, p. 78.

³Erlenwein, *Popular Tales, etc.*, No. 41, quoted by Ralston, p. 83.

Ossetes, called "Sirdon," the hero lives for a while as a water-sprite and then returns to life as a man. The Russian, "The Maid and the Water-sprite," tells of a maiden mated to a water-sprite and how her death followed her visit ashore.

The scene of domestic strife at the end of the tale is comparable to the incident at the termination of "Old Man Ook-hány," where again two wives kill their husband.

The tree into which the horse's remains turn, affording but a poor sanctuary for the fugitive, recalls the tree of refuge in the Ostyak tale, "The Hunter and the Seven-headed Satyr," and in the Bashkir, "Golden Knucklebone," and in even the Kalmuck, "Frame Story," of Siddhi-kur.

II—THE ORPHAN LAD.

Much as Kybòon overheard the crows display supernatural knowledge in the branches of a tree, so in the Russian, "Right and Wrong," a poor man, to his benefit, overheard demons in a tree recount to each other their misdeeds. In the Kalmuck, "How the Magician Overcame the Khan," a man at the top of a tree observes demons below him with a magic goblet, which he secures later, to his great advantage. In the Kathà Sarit Sàgara,¹ Saktidera listens to vultures conversing in a banyan tree.

The murder of the sorceress, and trickery with her body, are comparable to two separate incidents of the murder of a woman, and successful scheming to be rid of her body, by a man in the fifth Samoyede tale. The Bashkir tale, "The Deceiver," contains a somewhat similar episode. The deceit with regard to the dead woman on a horse, in the Yellow Ugur tale of the "Clever Youth who Exchanged a Mouse for a Horse and a Wife," is closely akin to the trick in the "Orphan Lad." Lastly, the Votyak tale of "The Unlucky Corpse" deals with this subject.

In a West Highland tale, a young man found his mother's body after she had been murdered. Having arrayed the dead woman in her best clothes, he took her to the town and set her standing against a stick, beside a well. Then he knocked at the king's door and got the king's maidservant to speak to the dead body and to push it, because it did not reply, and to draw away the stick. The body fell down the well, and the king paid the son five hundred Saxon pounds.²

¹Tawney, I, p. 221.

²Campbell, II, No. 39.

The separability of the soul is not peculiar to "The Orphan Lad." In the fourth Samoyede tale a dead woman is restored to life by a man who shakes a purse containing her spirit over her body. And in the Kalmuck, "The Birdcage Husband," the husband says, "Build a bird's house and invite my soul to enter." In the Buryat, "A Shaman Tradition," the soul of a shaman took the form of a bear and broke into a house. So in the Eskimo story, "The Soul that Lived in the Bodies of all Beasts," a man whose name was Avovang could not be wounded. His soul changed first into a great seal and then into a fox, and so brought destruction on his enemies. Avovang had extraordinary adventures as a reindeer, a walrus and a wolf. Later he hid under the nail of a man's big toe. Eventually he became once more a man.¹ Such differ from instances of a separable heart.

The origin of the Great Bear from seven men who, wishing to become gods, jumped into the sea but rose to the sky, may be compared with the account in "Massang's Adventure," where the Great Bear arose from sparks flying upwards. The projection of men into stars recalls a belief of Armenians² that everyone has a star in Heaven and that it falls at his death; when a man is born on earth his star appears in the sky. The Bashkirs³ conceive that stars are windows through which the Almighty observes earth. In Little Russia, it is held the stars are people's guardian angels.⁴ Much cruder is the notion in a Lapp story that a piece could be cut off a star and placed in a cup.⁵ The origin of the sheldrake from the priest, who fell into the water, may be compared with the origin of the eagle from a wizard⁶ and with other Buryat beliefs concerning the origin of animals.

IV—THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN

This simple epic of the Creation is unsatisfactory in so far as it contains no mention of the origin of the heavenly bodies. The second episode is not without poetical merit. As in the Altaian version, a cause is offered for man's moral delinquencies. The dog's hairy coat is explained and, with greater subtlety, the hair on man's head, despite the smoothness of his body.

¹Rasmussen and Worster, p. 100. ²Armenian Beliefs.

³The Beginning of the World.

⁴World Ideas of the Common People

in Little Russia.

⁵The Cap of Invisibility.

⁶Origin of the Eagle.

According to Afanasief,¹ there is a belief in the Archangel Government that the dog was at first unprotected with a hairy coat. Further, it is interesting to find that there exist in Russia, it is said, concealed Creation legends. "One of these states that when the Lord had created Adam and Eve he stationed at the gates of Paradise the dog, then an unclean beast, giving it strict orders not to admit the Evil One. But the Evil One came to the gates of Paradise and threw the dog a piece of bread, and the dog went and let the Evil One into Paradise. Then the Evil One set to work and spat over Adam and Eve; covered them all with spittle." Hence spittle is unclean, and the dog is skin-deep unclean, but clean within.²

Lubbock remarks: "The lower races have no idea of Creation, and even among those more advanced it is at first very incomplete. Their deities are part of, and not the makers of, the world; and even when the idea of Creation dawns upon their mind, it is not strictly a Creation, but merely the raising of land already existing at the bottom of the original sea."³

The choice of a god as men's protector because his candle lighted first recalls an incident in the Finnish tale, "The Merchant's Sons," where a youth is elected as ruler because his candle lights spontaneously.

Among the Ainos there is a story which affords a parallel to the incident of the lighted candle. It is called, "How it was Settled who should Rule the World." After the Creator had made men, there was a dispute as to which god should be at the head of the government of the world. It was agreed that "Whoever, at the time of sunrise, should be the first to see the luminary should rule the world." The fox (god) alone stood looking toward the west and, after a little time, called out, "I see the sunrise."⁴

The cunning fox-god may have come into the story from the fox mythology of Japan.⁵ But the incident is comparable to the Buryat, and, like the latter, it contains an element of deceit.

Uncivilised folk have long pondered on the dog's history. The Khasi tale, "How the Dog came to Live with Man," recounts that originally all the animals lived together peacefully in the forest, and there held fairs and markets. One day

¹*Legends*, No. vii, p. 67.

²Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 326, quoting from Buslaef.

³*Origin of Civilisation*, p. 370.

⁴Chamberlain, B. H., *Aino Folk-Tales*, p. 20.

⁵*Idem.*, Introduction, p. vii.

U. Ksew, the dog, going away to search for something to sell at a fair, came on a family sitting at home and eating beans. He obtained some of the food in a jar, but when it was exposed to the animals it had an offensive odour, which clung to those who ate it, and they drove away U. Ksew. He returned to the man and aided him to hunt the animals, the dog being able to follow them by the clinging offensive odour of the food which he had taken to them. U. Ksew later gained credit for undeserved diligence, and was taken into his master's house.¹

In American mythology, the dog, with his relations, the wolf and the coyote, holds a respectable place. Many tribes derive, figuratively or literally, their origin from him.²

V—THE MAN AND THE WOLF.

The story exhibits a Buddhistic sympathy with animals; the wolf has his rights and is protected by God. The household tale of Red Riding-Hood has elements represented both in "The Man and the Wolf" and in the Mordvin tale, "The Goat and the Kids."

In the last named, the wolf, by imitating the goat's voice, succeeds in reaching the kids, despite their suspicions that he is not their mother; in the Buryat story the wolf relies on a disguise and an artful tale to assist him in his purpose of devouring his enemy.

VI—A TALE LIKE THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

G. Potanin finds that there is in this Buryat tale a likeness to the Russian tale, "Eryslan Lazarevitch," given by Afanasief, and to a portion of the famous legend of the Holy Grail. It would seem that in a very old version the Grail is merely a miraculous food-producing vessel; though in later versions it receives mystical and theological properties. Potanin compares Khan Guzhir, going in search of Naran-Gerel's liver, with Eryslan's going in search of portions of the liver of Tsar Fiery-Buckler Flaming Spear, and with Sir Percival's quest of the Holy Grail. Khan Guzhir returned with the healing oil and the magic sword. Eryslan received from beneath Roslan's head the sword with which it had been specified by Eryslan's blinded father that the tsar's liver must be obtained.

¹Mrs. Rafy, *Folk-Tales of the Khasis*, p. 68, et seq.

²Bancroft, Vol. III, p. 137

Sir Percival brought back the sword and the Holy Grail. In the Buryat story, Khokodhoy is the enemy possessor of a magic knife, answering to the indispensable sword under enemy Roslan's head in the Russian, and to the sword belonging to the enemy of the Fisher King in an early version of the Holy Grail. Potanin considers that Celtic Sir Percival answers to Russian Eryslan and to Buryat Khan Guzhir; that in place of the powerless Celtic Fisher King, Roslan's head exists in the Russian tale and half-rotten Khokhodoy-Morgan in the Buryat. As, in the Celtic story, a sight of the Holy Grail cured Sir Percival and others of their wounds, so, in the Buryat tale, the healing oil revived the dead. Potanin carries his investigations to a considerable extent, and thinks that, under some consideration of wording, the cup of the Holy Grail has been placed in the hands of the Fisher King, instead of being in the hands of his enemy, who corresponds to the Buryat Naran-Gerel, with the healing liver. Whether Potanin's view is approved or not (and it appears to have some foundation), it brings out an interesting possibility of the evolution of a spiritual and mystical western legend from an eastern story of heroic character.

Various means of restoring life occur in these Siberian and other stories. Thus, in the Buryat tale, "The Orphan Lad," a cure is obtained by wrapping a dying boy in a piebald's skin; in the Armenian, "Concerning the Sun and Moon," the application of water in which the Sun and Moon have washed restores a petrified girl to life; in the Lapp, "Story of Stallo," blows with birch twigs revive the dead hero. In the Kirghiz tale, "How Good and Evil were Companions," the good man restores a khan to life by placing in his mouth powder made from the bones of a black dog. In the Ostyak story, "Aspen-leaf," a dead man is brought back to life by use of a life-rod and waters of life. In "The Deathless Skeleton-man," Bulat-the-brave, who has been turned to stone, is smeared with children's blood, and so becomes animate; but the chief Russian means of restoration to life consists of the use of Waters of Life and Death existing in two separate phials, as in the Great Russian, "Prince Ivan and the Fiery Bird," and in the Little Russian, "The Flying Ship." In the Kalmuck tale, "Sunshine and his Younger Brother," a hermit recalls a dead boy to life by using certain (undescribed) means for animating a body. In the first Samoyede tale life is renewed by a blow with an iron staff.

In the Lettish story, "The Forester's Two Sons," the revival is brought about by use of a herb.

In the Vetala Panchavinsati, or Twenty-five Tales of a Demon, the fifth story tells of four brothers who separate to acquire magic knowledge and then to meet. The first says, "If I find any bone, I can put on it flesh," the second says, "I can put skin on such," the third says, "I can create limbs," the fourth says, "I can endow it with life." In the *Panchatantra*, Bk. V, there is a similar tale. But resuscitation of the dead occurs in the folk tales of almost every country.

Here is an Australian tale: Byamee's two wives had bathed in waterholes of the river Narran, which were the haunts of kurreehs (alligators), two of whom swallowed the wives. When Byamee had killed the kurreehs, and made sure that they were quite dead, he cut them open and took out the bodies of his wives. He brought his wives to life by laying them on the nests of red ants.¹

VII—THE DEFEAT OF THE SHAMAN.

The Buryats believe that whenever a "great and black" shaman practises his art, and instructs a sick man or his relatives at night time, he captures the soul of another man from among the neighbours, or from among the sick man's relatives, and exchanges it for the soul of the patient; he thus delivers the soul of the sick man from its captivity and chains. Though a mere "white" shaman cannot initiate or complete such a ceremony of exchange with a human victim, he can nevertheless use sacrificial animals.²

Just as in the "Defeat of the Shaman," the intended victim uses wizardry against the shaman, so among the Letts the owner of a bewitched field protects himself by counter sorcery.³

VIII—THE SPOTS ON THE MOON.

THE mind of primitive pastoral peoples, being of necessity directed much on the heavenly bodies, invents appropriate myths. This legend is nearer to the Yakut than to the Tungusian, but in each of the three myths the sun and moon are personified and are not without rude importance. They are not reduced to the humiliation of being placed on the hand, or

¹K. L. Parker, *Austr. Legend Tales*, p. 13.

²*Ethnogr. Review Moscow Univ.*, 1896, No. 1, p. 134.

³*Methods of Witchcraft and Sorcery among the Letts*,

in a cup, or concealed in the mouth, as among the least advanced races.

The spots on the moon are thus treated in a legend of the Tchiglit Eskimo: In the beginning, there lived a man and his sister, and the young man wished to marry her. He sought to surprise her at night, when she would be ignorant of his identity. Pursued thus, night after night, and unable to see her visitor because of the obscurity of her hut, Maligna darkened her hands by pressing them against the bottom of the lamp and blackened his face. Next day her brother's features clearly revealed her misfortune and, in terrible distress, she rushed out, leaving the hut for ever. The man, in a transport of passion, followed; but she rose as a shining and glorious Sun to the sky, while he, as a cold Moon, with a defiled face, ever and unsuccessfully pursued her.¹ A Mongol parallel to this story will be found in the Note to "Massang's Adventure."

Here is the beginning of a Dene, or Tinneh, North-West American Indian legend, called "Funeral March to the Sound of the Rattle": "Child-of-the-Foam, who had killed all men by the spirit of death and by virtue of spilt blood, departed for the Moon. One could still see him holding by a leash his little white dog, which he sacrificed, and carrying on his back the leather bottle full of blood which he had hung on his tent, when the Great Wind travelled over the hostile camp."²

Here is a brief account of the Ainu legend concerning the Man in the Moon. A girl went out every day to fetch water, but once she did not return. Her younger sister interrogated her grandmother, the Fire, and the River-god, and her grandmother, the Red-fir, and the Silver-fir, but received no reply. Her grandmother, the Willow-bush thicket, said, "Thy sister went up to the Moon, and got married to the Man in the Moon."³

But the Ainus have another belief; they hold that a goddess resides in the sun and a god resides in the moon. The light proceeding from the sun and moon is due to the presence in them of respectively the god and goddess.⁴ This belief is comparable with the above quoted legend of the Tchiglit Eskimo.

There is a Lettish tradition that the Sun was the wife of the Moon, and that, finding him unfaithful, she cut him to pieces. Hence the mutilated appearance of the moon. The myth will be found among the Lettish Folk-tales.

¹Petitot, p. 7. ²Petitot, p. 200.

³Pilsudski B., *Ainu Folk-lore, Journ. of Amer. Folk-lore*, XXV, p. 73.

⁴Batchelor, p. 64.

IX—ORIGIN OF THE CAMEL.

Allusion is made to the subject of animals' origin in these tales in a Note to the Altaian " People transformed into Birds and Beasts."

XI—ORIGIN OF THE EAGLE.

The story, which is less interesting than the Altaian myths of like nature, is in its baldness comparable with the Tungusian account of the Creation. The Lapps, too, have uninspired explanations concerning the origin of animals ; but such simple myths remind us that uncivilised man is not always capable of soaring, despite the excellence of many of his stories and legends.

THE KALMUCKS

THE Russian Kalmucks, to the number of more than a hundred thousand, inhabit Kalmuck Steppe in the Government of Astrakhan. They dwell mostly in kibitkas, or felt tents and, following a nomadic existence, breed horses, cattle and sheep ; but a few can be seen occupying wooden houses at Kalmitsky Bazar, on the Volga, a short distance from Astrakhan. The main body of Kalmucks drag out an existence on the eastern slopes of the Thian Shan Mountains in Dzungaria, to the southwest of Gobi. When their territory there was conquered by China, in the seventeenth century, they travelled to the Volga, but considering themselves oppressed by the Russian Government, large numbers suddenly returned to Eastern Turkestan, in 1771. The Kalmuck is short and stoutly built, has a large head and straight black hair, high cheek bones, a flat nose and a broad and flat face. His head is of the broad variety, his cranial index being as high as 86.7. He is strong and hardy, and lives largely on kumyss. The Kalmucks have written laws and a literature including myths, poems, and historical narrative. Among the Russian Kalmucks the Buddhist religion predominates.

I

THE ORPHAN BOSH AND HIS WHISTLING ARROW, TOSH¹

IN olden times there lived among some nomads an orphan called Bosh, who owned a whistling arrow named Tosh, and a lake the size of a cup. He cultivated sugar in his lake the size of a cup. One day he jumped on the top of the wall of his hut, whistled into his thumbs and watched. Behold, all the birds of the universe collected at his lake the size of a cup. Bosh Kybdon saw them, and, taking his whistling arrow Tosh, shot thirty birds in their haunches ; he struck fifty birds in the leg,

¹V. P. Rozen, *Kalmuck Folk-Tales*. Notes of the East. Sect. of the Russ. Archæol. Soc., No. 1, p. 357.

he shot sixty birds in the wing, he struck seventy birds in the shoulder, he struck a hundred birds in the back and, when he ceased shooting them, he aimed at cranes and geese ; altogether he secured three hundred and twelve birds.

Bosh Kybðon saddled his black two-year-old ox, struck it on the shoulder blades and forced it to go forward ; struck it on the haunches and caused it to turn and wag its tail ; struck it in the centre and forced it, while jerking its stomach, to run so quickly that he could not hold it ; and directed it to the khan's tent.

When he arrived, he unloaded and dragged his birds across to the khan's servants. Both the right and left sides of the khan's house were filled with birds' flesh. When the young man had brought his birds and sat down, the khan said, "What sort of fellow are you, and what is the meaning of this mass of birds?" "I am one of the people, an orphan, one of your subjects, living in the nomad camp. My name is Bosh and I have a lake of the size of a cup. When the birds of the universe assembled at my lake of the size of a cup, I took my whistling arrow, Tosh, and shot and killed three hundred and twelve birds ; and now, having offered them to my khan for a wedding feast, I have come with the intention of arranging a betrothal with the khan's young and dusky daughter."

The khan was wrathful at these words, and cried : " Remove from this good-for-nothing, who has dared propose for my daughter, one hand, one eye and one foot ; take him away into the uninhabitable naked steppe and cast him out !" According to the khan's order, servants mutilated the youth in three places, bore him away to the uninhabited steppe and forsook him. Bosh Kybðon lay and tossed about, cried, suffered mental agonies and was near dying.

But there came to him in his sleep a grey-haired old man, with a white beard, and holding in his hands a silver crutch, who said, " Kybðon, open your mouth !" The youth opened his mouth, and the old man spat in it, struck him on the breast two or three times with the white, silver crutch, and said, " Now, Kybðon, your feet and hands and eyes are whole ! To the man whom you do not like, say, ' Adhere ! ' but to him who pleases you say, ' Arise ! ' " He spoke and was gone.

Kybðon rejoiced, and ran in the direction of his house. As he ran he saw that, in front of him, the daughter of the khan's

shepherd was pasturing calves. "Why," he thought, "did that wonderful old man whom I saw in a dream tell me to say to anyone displeasing me, 'Adhere,' and to say to anyone who pleased me, 'Arise!?' I must put these words to the test!" He thought a moment, and said, "Shepherd's daughter, adhere, with all your calves, to the ground!" Immediately, the girl with her lower part pressed the ground, as did also her calves, and lay and cried and whined. Kybòon concluded that the old man's directions might be valuable, and he cried, "Arise!" The girl and the calves jumped up and ran off. Then Kybòon believed thoroughly, and returned home and began to live.

Somehow, one evening, he thought of revenging himself on the khan; and about midnight, after the khan had gone to rest, he approached the side portion of the house and cried, "Khan and princess, adhere, with your bed and pillows, to the ground!" Having spoken, he went away. The next day, in the morning, the report spread among the subjects that the khan and his wife, during the night, had become fastened to their bed and could not rise. The officials, dignitaries and elders of the nomads were terrified and suffered much. They sought means and remedies, they uttered prayers and held services, but all to no effect. They summoned doctors and took them to the sufferers; the doctors and sorcerers endeavoured to cure, and practised sorcery, but all in vain. Various simple methods were tried, but always without success; and then the orthodox officials and old men assembled and asked, "What will be the best course to pursue?"

At that moment a man living on the edge of the nomad camp said, "It is reported that in the nomad camp of the Snake Khan there dwells a good shaman, but the place is far off and there are many enemies living on the way." The officials began to deliberate. Whom could they send thither, what horse would carry him, would it be better to send many or few messengers? Suddenly Bosh Kybòon said, "I will go, send me! send me forth for the khan's sake, even if I die; truly, there is no need of me!" The officials and dignitaries agreed. "Go forth!" they said.

Then Bosh Kybòon mounted his black two-year-old ox, struck it on the shoulder blades and forced it to go forward, struck it on the haunches and caused it to turn and wag its tail, struck it in the centre and caused it, jerking its stomach, to

run so quickly that he could not hold it. He rode and, without eating by day and without camping by night, arrived in the kingdom of Khan Mogoit. He found the shaman, and related what had happened to the khan, and added: "I have come to invite your assistance."

The shaman put on his white cap, assumed his white caftan, mounted his white horse and set out. Again, not eating by day nor camping at night, they journeyed to the khan, and when the smoke of the khan's yurta (house) became visible the shaman hastened and went forward. "I knew it! It is not far! I shall get to him without difficulty in his small village! I will shew you! I have no reason to fear; I have nothing to hide!" So saying, he went on, and wiped the foam from the corners of his mouth and muttered noisily. Bosh Kybòon thought: "Really, this shaman will betray me! What am I to do?" He said to the shaman, "You are a strange fellow! Why, after arriving at the tent, do you go out of it under a pretext of looking at the road? Would it not be better for you to stop in this empty place, if you wish to look at the road, and go on afterwards?" "Certainly," said the shaman, dismounting and looking at the road. Bosh Kybòon now said, "Let the shaman sit and become adherent to the ground!" Immediately the shaman, sticking to the earth beneath him, cried to Kybòon, "Dismount and draw me out; I have become fast to the ground!"

Kybòon dismounted and began to pull, but could not drag the shaman away. He threw the shaman down, took the man's horse by the bridle, and went to the khan's house and informed the officials that the shaman had become fast to the ground on the road. The officials went to the place where the shaman was sitting, and said, "What remedy is there for the khan?" The man answered, "It is not only a question of a remedy for your khan. I am concerned how to help myself!" The officials returned and reported to the khan that the shaman was fixed to the ground; and when they assembled to discuss what means to employ, the khan said, "Whatever occurs, find a remedy!"

Then the officials, dignitaries and elders of the nomad camp, after taking counsel together, made this proclamation: "The man, if he is a fine young fellow, who cures the khan and khan's wife, shall receive in marriage the young and dusky daughter of the khan and shall become ruler of half the khan's subjects;

and, if it be a maiden who shall cure the khan, she shall become the khan's wife." Unfortunately, despite the proclamation and the promised reward, there was nobody to effect a cure. Then Bosh Kybòon went to the officials, and said, " Truly, I do not know whether it is my destiny, but a soothsaying force has entered me and it may effect a cure !" " Whether it has entered you or not, effect a cure !" answered the councillors. Then Bosh Kybòon for three complete days at one time read a sacred book, at another blew over the patients, and at another gave them various kinds of food ; but on the fourth day he said gently, " Arise !"

At this word, while one half of the khan and his wife remained fixed and adherent to the bed, the other half became free. Bosh Kybòon again blew and again pronounced exorcisms, but without result. The officials said, " This half remains fixed and the other half is liberated ! To what is the hindrance due ?" " I do not know," answered Bosh Kybòon, " whether it is due to the fate of the numerous subjects of the khan, or whether it is because I have not been given the promised presents. I think it may be the latter." The officials considering that such might be the case, reported the young man's words to the khan and his wife, who announced, " In that event, give him the presents quickly and free us from torture !" The officials married Bosh Kybòon to the khan's daughter and made over to him half of the subjects who paid tribute. Then Bosh Kybòon, having taken the khan's daughter, came the next day and raised up the khan and his wife. The khan and his wife, and all the subjects, and the officials and dignitaries rejoiced exceedingly, and having arranged a merry feast, shouted triumphantly. Bosh Kybòon also, having taken the khan's daughter and begun to govern half of his subjects, enjoyed life and made merry according to his own will.

II

THE FRAME-STORY TO SIDDHI-KUR¹

THE narrative, " Siddhi-kur," was related in the following circumstances. Seven brothers, who were magicians, lived in a central kingdom of India. At a distance of a mile from them

¹From the German of B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*.

dwelt two brothers, who were sons of a khan. The elder of this pair made up his mind to learn the art of sorcery from the magicians, but, although he received instruction during seven years, he learnt nothing of value. Once, when the younger brother had gone with a stock of food to his elder brother, he glanced through the chink of a door and discovered the secret of the magic art; then, forsaking the provisions, the two brothers hastened to their royal dwelling. The younger brother said to the elder, "The magicians will perhaps become aware that we know the art of magic. Now, there is a good horse in our stable; bridle him, but do not go in the direction of the seven brothers; lead him elsewhere, sell him and bring back the money." Having spoken thus, almost the next moment the younger brother turned himself into a horse.

The elder brother did not follow the younger brother's directions; he said to himself, "Although I have been instructed during seven years in the art of magic, I have acquired no knowledge of it; my young brother has now got hold of a fine horse; why should I not ride him?" With these ideas in his head, he mounted. But scarcely had he reached the saddle, when it happened that, as a result of enchantment, he failed to direct his steed, and found himself at the home of the magicians. He wished to depart, but could not, and the notion occurred to him that he might sell the horse to the magicians. He said to them, "My brother has obtained this magnificent horse. Will you look at him?" The magicians understood that the horse was enchanted, and thought, "If everyone learns the magic art in this way, we must perish, in spite of our reputation, for we shall excite no more astonishment. Let us take the horse and kill him!" With this intention they purchased the horse; paid the large sum which was demanded and took possession. Next they tethered the magic horse in a dark stable. When the time arrived to take the horse's life they led him forth by the bridle, and, in order that their plan should succeed, one of the brothers held him fast by the head, one by the mane, one by the tail, one by the front feet, and one by the rump. As he went along the horse thought, "Ah, my brother should not have come here; I have fallen into the hands of the magicians; but I will effect a transformation and appear as some other animal."

Scarcely had this idea occurred to the horse, when, looking into the water, he saw a fish swimming towards him; he changed

himself into this fish. The seven magicians became seven seagulls; and were on the point of overtaking the fish, when the latter looked up and saw a pigeon flying as if to meet him. He transformed himself into this pigeon. The magicians now became hawks, and pursued the pigeon over hill and stream, but when they were on the point of catching him he escaped to the southerly land of Beed, where, after hovering over a mountain, he descended into the interior of a stony grotto, called the "Giver of Consolation"; lastly, he settled down into the lap of one tarrying there, the Master Nâgârguna. The seven hawks immediately placed themselves before the entrance of the grotto and took the shape of seven men clothed in linen. The Master reflected thus: "Why have seven hawks pursued this pigeon?" After pondering, he said, "Tell me, pigeon, why do you exhibit such fear and distress?" Hereupon the pigeon related in detail all that had occurred, and proceeded to say, "At this moment, seven men clad in linen stand before the entrance of this grotto. They will come before you, Master, and ask for the chaplet of beads which you have in your hand. At that moment, I will change myself into the chief bead of the chaplet; if then you, Master, shall part with the chaplet, condescend to take the chief bead into your mouth before scattering the chaplet."

So spoke the pigeon, and, in accordance with its prediction, seven men appeared in linen garments and asked for the Master's chaplet of beads. The Master took the chief bead into his mouth and scattered the other beads before him; immediately they were transformed into worms. The seven men clad in linen changed into hens and gobbled up these worms. Then the Master, without delay, let the chief bead of the chaplet fall out of his mouth; forthwith, a man, holding in his hand a stick, rose from the ground. As soon as this man had killed the seven hens they became seven dead human bodies. Then the Master grew sad at heart, and said, "While I have preserved but a single life, I have taken the lives of these seven men; that is terrible"

At this remark the man said, "I am the son of a khan. As the Master, in order to save my life, has condemned others to death, I will, in order to blot out this sin and render thanks to the Master, obey joyfully all your orders and faithfully carry them out." The Master replied, "Then know that Siddhikur (the body with supernatural might) is to be found in the

place for bodies in the cool grove ; he is of gold from the waist upwards and of emerald downwards ; he has a head of mother-of-pearl surrounded by a fillet ; in such a way is he constituted. Fetch him, as a penance ! If you can perform the task, you will enable me to acquire much gold, for through him the people of Gambudvipa could live a thousand years and attain the most wonderful end."

The khan's son gave a promise to carry out the undertaking, and said further, " Deign to inform me concerning the way I should take and the manner in which I am to proceed ; please tell me what provisions and other things I shall need ; I will obey your injunctions."

The Master answered : " When you have gone about a mile from here you will reach a mountain stream, and come upon a number of large dead bodies at a dark, wooded and terrible pass. When you arrive at the spot, the bodies, without exception, will rise up and approach you. Call out to them, ' All you great bodies, hala, hala, svâhâ !' and, at the same time, scatter among them these consecrated barley grains. Further on, at a river, are lying numerous smaller dead bodies. Calling out, ' All you small dead bodies, hala, hala svâhâ !' you must make them a similar offering. Still further on exist some dead persons having the form of children. Give them also an offering while you cry, ' You dead, in the form of children, rira phad !' Siddhi-kur will leave them and, clambering upon a mango tree, there seat himself. If you grasp this axe, which is called ' White Moon,' and shew a threatening countenance at the foot of the tree, he will come down. Put him in this roomy, coloured sack, lace it up with this hundred-threaded bright silk, partake of this inexhaustible butter-cake, lift the dead man upon your back, walk off without uttering a single word and return here ! Your name is Khan's son ; but, as you have reached the Consolation-giving grotto, you shall in future be called ' the khan who has taken the fortunate path.' "

Bestowing this name, the Master indicated the way and sent the young man on his mission. After the khan's son had fortunately overcome the terrors of the road, as described by the Master, and reached a certain spot, Siddhi-kur appeared and clambered up the mango-tree ; the khan at once pursued him. He stepped to the foot of the tree and cried out loudly, " My master is Nâgârguna Garbha, and my axe is called, ' White Moon.' My traveller's provisions consist of inexhaustible

butter-cake. My cord is bright and of a hundred threads. I myself am 'the khan who has taken the fortunate path.' Dead man, descend, or I will hew down the tree!"

Siddhi-kur replied, "Do not fell the tree! I will come down." The khan's son soon put his prize in the sack, fastened the latter securely with the silken cord, tasted his butter-cake, took his load upon his back, and began a journey lasting many days. At last Siddhi-kur said, "The day is long and tedious for both of us; relate a story, or I will relate one." But the khan's son walked on without speaking. Then Siddhi-kur began anew, thus, "If you are willing to relate, nod your head; but if, on the contrary, you wish me to relate, toss your head backwards!" Without saying a word, the khan's son conveyed by the proper sign that he was ready to listen. Then Siddhi-kur began the following story.

III

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RICH MAN'S SON¹

In early times there lived in a great empire, a rich man's son, a doctor's son, a painter's son, an arithmetician's son, a wood-carver's son and a smith's son. All six, after providing themselves with baggage, said farewell to their parents, and set out to a foreign land. When they had reached a spot where several streams unite, they planted, each for himself, a life-tree, and whilst each, in order to support himself, went away from here up a different stream, they decided that this should be the point where they should later meet. "If," they said, "one of us should not return, or his life-tree should fade or something of such nature occur, we will seek him in the direction in which he has gone." Having spoken thus, they departed.

After the rich man's son had made his way up a stream, he found at its source, where a wood and a grass plot came together, a small hut, and went up to the door. Here lived an aged man and his grey-haired wife. They said, "Youth, whence have you come and whither would you go?" He replied, "I have journeyed from afar and reached this place in order to find means of support." The old pair said, "In those circumstances, it is well that you came; we have a charming and beautiful daughter of noble birth and lovely

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*, I.

nature ; take her and be our son." At these words the daughter appeared, and, as soon as the youth caught sight of her, he thought, " As I have lost father and mother, my arrival here is lucky ; this maiden is really more wonderful and captivating than can be the daughters of the gods ; I will take her and settle down here." Then the maiden said, " Youth, it is well that you have come." After they had asked each other many questions and related much, they entered the house and lived in love and joy.

Now, a powerful khan ruled the district, and his servants had once in spring-time gone on to the water to amuse themselves. Where the youthful bridegroom was dwelling, at the source of the river, they found a ring that, set with various jewels, was floating on the water. They took it up and brought it to the khan, for it was remarkably fine.

Gazing at it, the ruler said to his servants, " At the source of the river there certainly dwells a woman who has worn this ring ; bring her to me."

When the servants, departing with this order, saw the woman, they said, in astonishment, " She is really so beautiful that one cannot feast one's eyes on her sufficiently." They told her that the khan summoned her to his presence, and took her away with the rich youth, and brought her to the khan, who said, on inspecting her, " She is really divine ; beside her my other wives seem like dogs and swine." But the woman thought only of the rich youth, and that she was in the khan's power. When the khan noticed this, he said to his servants, " Remove this rich youth out of my way." The servants, obeying their orders, sought a convenient spot on the bank of the river and there buried the young man and covered him with a large stone, and so killed him.

After a certain lapse of time the youth's companions returned to the place where stood the specially appointed life trees, but the rich youth did not appear. They saw immediately that his tree had withered, and, much concerned for his fate, they sought him beside the river along which he had gone, but could not find him. Soon the arithmetician's son, making a calculation, announced that the rich man's son lay dead at such and such a distance, and that he was covered by a great stone. Although they found the place, their strength was not sufficient to move the rock, and, as they knew of no other means, the smith's son broke up the rock with a hammer ; then the dead

man's body came to light. In order to counteract death the physician's son concocted a draught, which was put into the mouth of the dead man, and he instantly returned to life.

Many enquiries ensued, and the youth was asked what circumstances had preceded his death. When he had related in detail all that had occurred, his companions said, "If she is such a charming lady, she must be really marvellous; but, by what means can we get her away from the khan?" The wood-carver's son now prepared an enormous bird out of wood. If anyone, climbing into its interior, struck a blow above him, he mounted into the heights; if he struck beneath him, he descended; if he struck at the side, he turned sideways. Such was the wonderful bird. The painter's son then covered the bird with colours and gave it a very beautiful appearance. The rich youth soon climbed inside, and, rising in the air, flew away, to stay hovering over the khan's residence and circle around it. When the khan and his train saw they wondered, and said to one another, "We have never seen or heard of such a bird." And the khan said, turning to his wife, "Mount into the upper story of the palace and offer the bird various kinds of food."

The khan's wife went with the food above the palace, and, while she was there, the bird descended. She and the youth met at the door of the great wooden bird, and the woman said, joyously, "I never dreamed I should see you again, but now this meeting has united us. How have you succeeded in bringing this bird in a deceptive guise?" After the young man had fully related the story, he said, "Are you living really as the khan's wife? We should be man and wife and love one another. So mount and enter this wooden garuda; then we will fly through the air, and no harm can threaten us." The wife replied, "I rejoice to be united with you; of the husbands to whom I have been hitherto bound you are the best." After these words she mounted and entered the wooden garuda and they flew away. When the khan and his train observed this flight, he said, "Ah, as a reward and because I sent my wife to offer food to this charming bird, it has carried her off in the air." With these words he threw himself down and, rolling this way and that, gave himself up to grief.

The rich youth now struck the lower spring of the wooden garuda and descended in the neighbourhood of his companions. First he stepped out alone. His companions cried, "Have you

managed your affair?" To which question he replied, "I have managed it very successfully," and immediately he let out his wife. By her captivating glance she aroused in the companions a lively desire for her. But the rich youth said, "You, my comrades, have afforded me assistance; you have called me, a dead man, to life, and have contrived the means by which I could regain my wife; now I will carry off the prize; do not rob me of her!"

But the arithmetician's son rose and said, "As it was unknown whether or not you were alive, it was necessary for me to make a reckoning by which we could recover your wife, so give her to me."

Alone in opposition, the smith's son stepped forth and spoke to this effect, "Even if you brought about the deliverance through your calculation, who drew our companion forth from under the mighty rock?" And, turning to the rich man's son, he said, "You have recovered your wife because I drew you forth after breaking up the rock; your wife belongs to me!"

The physician's son stepped forward and said, "Even if you extracted it from the pounded rock, how would the body have been able to recover the woman? It was because, through a healing drink, I recalled the dead to life that you have been able to obtain your wife. I take her."

The wood-carver's son said, "It is true that you recalled the youth to life, but how would he have gained his wife without the aid of the wooden garuda? We were not in a position to capture the khan. It was impossible to seize your wife," he said to the rich man's son, "because nobody was admitted to the palace. She was won through my wooden garuda. Your wife falls to me."

The painter's son opposed. "The khan's wife would never have offered food to a garuda made of dry wood. The youth only regained his wife because my colours gave the garuda an enchanting appearance. I have the right to receive your wife!"

They strove thus, each for himself, and could not come to an agreement. "Now," said they, "if there is this difficulty, let us all take her"; and crying out, "Strike! strike!" they cut her to pieces with their knives.

IV

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE KHAN AND THE
POOR MAN'S SON¹

FORMERLY a powerful khan ruled over a large and distant land where, at the source of a river, existed a pond. But two dragon-frogs prevented the emptying of the pond, and thus its water was not poured forth to irrigate the fields; moreover, people were obliged to give to these dragons, annually, without fail, a man alternately of high and low degree, as food. Once it occurred that the lot fell on the khan. Even if he did not wish to submit to his fate, it was almost impossible that he should not go, because of the importance of the affair for the realm. If, on the other hand, he agreed to go, he and his son were tormented, because, except themselves, there was nobody to discuss which of the two should satisfy the inexorable demand of the dragons. The father said, "I am already old, and it will be no misfortune for me to die; I will go, and you, my son, shall guide and rule over our realm." The son replied, "How? Shall you go, my father, the khan, who brought me up carefully as heir? That is unfitting. A khan and his consort can at will destine another son; I will go as food for the dragons."

On his departure the whole people gathered to mourn; they wept, as they accompanied the young khan, and then turned back. Now, this youth, from the time he was little, had maintained a close friendship for a poor man's son, to whom he now went and said, "Obey the directions of your father and mother! and may you live well and happily! In order to preserve this precious princely realm and ensure its prosperity, I am going as food for the dragons." The poor man's son answered sadly and with tears, "Oh, khan, you have treated me kindly and well from the time I was young; I will go instead." But the khan's son would not listen to the proposal, and both of them, the prince and his friend, went away together.

When they arrived in the neighbourhood of the pond, they heard the two dragons, the yellow and the green, conversing with one another thus: "The khan's son and his companion do not know that if they were to strike us on the head with a stick, and that if the khan's son should consume me, the golden-yellow dragon, and that if the poor man's son should consume you, the emerald dragon, they would both spit forth nothing

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*, II.

but gold and jewels ; then, in the future, this feeding of dragons would be impossible. Happily for us, they know nothing about it."

The young khan understood this conversation, because the speech of all creatures was intelligible to him. The prince and his servant struck off the dragons' heads and ate them ; and the young men then found that they could spit forth gold and jewels to their hearts' content. The servant said, after the dragons had been killed, " We have brought water into the stream ; let us now return home." But the khan's son was not willing. " If we go back to our own land, it will be said, ' The dead have revived and returned.' But if we, on the contrary, proceed from here into some distant land we should be pursuing a sensible course." So they went away over a mountain pass.

On the other side and almost at the foot of the mountain they reached the house of two very beautiful women, mother and daughter, who sold spirit. " We wish to buy some spirit," the travellers announced. " What price will you give ?" The two men spat up gold and jewels and offered them. Much pleased, the two women invited them to enter, and, by means of various kinds of drink, made them so intoxicated that they vomited gold and jewels ; the women took these, and then, finally, turned the men out. Upon waking, the travellers continued along a road which brought them to a river's mouth. Near by they met, in the middle of a palm grove, a crowd of young men talking excitedly. They said, " Why are you quarrelling ?" " We have found a cap beside this palm and are disputing about it." " What is its use ?" The youths replied, " Whoever wears this cap becomes invisible to gods, to men and to demons." " Then, please all go to the end of the palm grove and race back ; in the meantime I will keep the cap safely, and will hand it to whichever one of you is the first to return." So spoke the khan's son. When the youths ran from the end of the palm grove, in competition with one another, they could not see the poor man's son, although he stayed beside them a long while. " The men were here a moment ago," said the lads, " but now they have gone." When, in spite of all their efforts, they could not find the cap, they went away amid tearful cries.

A little further on, in a wide path, the companions met a number of demons disputing with one another. " Why are

you quarrelling?" asked the travellers. "We are disputing over these boots," was the reply, and when further interrogated, the demons added, "If anyone puts on these boots he can reach any place he may desire to visit." "In that case," said the companions, "go to the end of the road and see which of you can run hither the quickest; I will give the boots to the winner in the race." But the speaker, by the time the race was over, had put the boots under his coat and the cap upon his head. The demons could neither see the companions nor find the boots, so they went away.

Thereupon the prince and his friend each drew on a boot and expressed a wish to discover a people in need of a ruler; so that the young khan's elevation to a throne might be attained speedily. After uttering this desire they fell asleep. Awaking early next morning and looking around, they found themselves inside a great hollow tree during an election of a ruler. In a great assemblage this announcement was made: "To obtain Heaven's decision we will throw, from a height, a paste figure as a sacrifice. That man shall be khan on whose head this ceremonial-cake falls." The deciding ceremonial-cake fell on the hollow tree, and all cried out, "How now? Shall a ruler over men arise from a tree?" But some said, "Nobody knows what is inside the tree; let us inspect it." When they came the khan's son and his companion stepped out. But the people were not satisfied; they remarked to one another, "These men are from a distant land; to-morrow we will institute a test by means of vomiting." After forming this resolution they separated.

The next day some swallowed milk and vomited a white fluid; others, who had eaten green food, produced from their mouths that which was green; and yet others brought about a different result. But when the khan's son and the son of the man who often knew hunger vomited forth jewels, the pair said, "We shall be respectively khan and minister of this kingdom," and surely enough one became khan and the other became minister.

The former khan had a charming daughter, and our khan's son made her his wife. Now, in proximity to the princely dwelling, there stood a large and high palace, and the minister soon asked himself, "Why does the khan's wife every day enter this palace?" While thus puzzling, he put on his cap, and, following the princess, opened the door and climbed by

means of a ladder from the floor to the top of the palace. Here were spread comfortable silk pillows conducive to rest, and in this spot, where every kind of food and drink was at hand, lingered the princess, who had exchanged her usual garments and outer attire and clothed herself in silk, and through washing and friction with perfumes and the like, had made herself ravishing; moreover, she had lighted sandal wood and frankincense. The minister approached her in the cap which made him invisible to gods, to men and to demons. While he so sat, there came down, after a while, a beautiful bird rushing and flying through the air.

With a sound like "Tok, tok," the bird alighted on a small stone platform into an aroma of frankincense prepared by the princess, but out of the bird-form stepped the fascinating son-of-a-god, Cuklaketu, who surpassed in beauty and magnificence all that the human mind can imagine. After mutual embraces he sat down on a soft silk cushion, and the khan's wife entertained him with every kind of food and drink. Then said the son of the god, "Well, have you obtained your consort, as appointed by Heaven? How does he behave?" The princess replied, "I do not know how he will appear; he is still young, but till now I have received little indication of his good qualities and his faults." After this conversation they separated for the day. The princess drew on again her former garments and returned to the khan. When she, on a succeeding day, went forth the minister followed her afresh. On this occasion the god's son said to her, "Early to-morrow morning I shall appear in the form of a lark and visit your husband." The princess replied, "So, may it be!" and they separated for the day.

But the minister informed the khan that the captivating and handsome son of a god, Cuklaketu, was visiting the palace; indeed, he related the whole story. "Early to-morrow," he continued, "the visitor will come to you in the form of a lark. Order a good fire to be lighted to-morrow, wherever he descends. I will seize the lark by the tail and thrust it in the fire, and you, khan, must hack and kill the lark with your sword."

Early on the following day, while the khan and his wife and others sat together, the god's son walked up, over the steps, in the form of a little speckled lark and settled down. While full of secret joy, the princess looked about, the minister assumed his invisible cap and in an instant seized the lark by the tail and threw it in the fire. The khan was on the point of striking the

bird with his sword, when the princess took her husband by the hand; so that he could not grasp his sword. The bird flew away with singed wings. "Oh, the poor soul!" cried the princess, feeling pangs of grief that caused her to faint.

When she went out on the following day the minister again followed her. As on the former occasion, she spread the table and made ready, but the god's son did not arrive, though she long awaited him and sat anxiously with her gaze fixed on the sky. At last and very tardily the bird arrived on the wing, showing many signs of his recent injury, covered with blisters, and dripping with purulent blood and watery matter; then he changed his bird form for that of a man. The princess wept at his appearance, but the god's son said, "Your present husband is endowed with great power. I was terribly burned in the fire; my present body is so scorched that I cannot come to you." The princess replied, "Speak not so; you must come to me as hitherto." They agreed to meet on the fifteenth day of every month, and then the god's son flew away. But, from this time, the princess had greater confidence in the khan and inclination for him.

Afterwards the minister once again put on the cap and went forth. Reaching a temple, he noticed through a chink in a doorway that a temple-guardian had unfolded a paper roll on which was painted an ass; and that so soon as the man had turned himself this way and that upon the paper he was transformed into a great ass that stood up, hee-hawed loudly and jumped about. When he turned on the roll of paper this way and that, the ass changed into a man, who at once folded his paper and placed it in the hand of a Buddha.

When the man had gone out to some distance the minister entered the temple and took the paper, and went to the spirit sellers, mother and daughter, who had formerly behaved so badly. "I have come," said he, "to reward you for your generous conduct." With these words he held out, in order to deceive them, three pieces of gold. Both women called out, "You are a wonderful man! By what fortunate circumstances have you become possessed of such a splendid plan for gaining money?" "Well," the minister said, "I have earned the gold by rolling about on this unfolded paper." "That should be easily done," was the answer, and when they had let themselves roll about on the paper, the women were transformed into two asses. He led them to the khan, and counselled him to con-

demn them to labour with loads of stones and earth. The khan sentenced them to toil with stone and earth for three years, so that their backs were rubbed and sore, and dripped with purulent blood. Tears started from their eyes when they looked at the khan. At last he said to his minister, "These asses should suffer no more, though they are culpable." The minister let them toss about a second time upon the paper roll, and saw them transformed to two old and scarcely living women.

V

MASSANG'S ADVENTURE¹

IN early times there lived on the bank of a wide and long river an unmarried man, whose sole property consisted of a cow. Once he thought to himself, dejectedly, "If my cow does not beget a calf there will be no milk and butter, and I shall die of hunger and thirst." It came about in time that his wish was likely to be fulfilled. When now the moon was full and the period of birth drew nigh, he went toward the cow and was thankful that a calf would be born. But the body was human and long-tailed, and the head was shaped like a calf's; such a being had entered the world! The man was indignant, and was about to kill the creature with an arrow, when it said, "Master, do not kill me; I will certainly recompense you." Having spoken these words, it went off into the forest. Arriving there, it saw a dark complexioned person seated. Massang (that is the being with the calf's head) said to him, "Who are you?" "I am," came the answer, "a full grown creature descended from the forest." Massang said, "Whither are you going? I will be your companion."

While the pair wandered together they saw, on a large green expanse, a man of green colour, seated. "Who are you?" they asked him. "I was born of the turf, and will accompany you." All three became friends.

In their further progress they reached a mass of crystal, and there observed a man whose complexion was white. They said to him, "Who are you?" "I owe my origin to crystal, and will join you."

All four departed and arrived at a great and desolate river.

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*, III.

Nobody was there, but they perceived a small hut on the edge of a mountain. Walking thither and entering, they found food and drink and everything to supply their inner needs and, in the courtyard, plenty of cattle and such-like creatures. They took possession and lay down there, and every day three of them went to the chase, while one stayed to guard the house.

One day the old man of forest parentage was on guard. He had just made some butter and was busy cooking meat, when, making a noise at the door, an old woman mounted a ladder which had been placed there. "Who is there?" he cried; then looking round, he saw a little old woman with a tiny bundle on her back. "Ah," she exclaimed, "there sits a fellow cooking meat! Let me taste your sour milk and your meat." Scarcely, however, had he given her something to eat before the food vanished, and the old woman passed down the ladder and disappeared. All his sour milk and meat had gone and he was ashamed; but, looking about him, he found two horse's hoofs, and with these he made numerous tracks round the house; then he shot several of his arrows into the courtyard. Soon the hunters returned, and said, "Where is the butter you were to make from milk? and where is the meat?" The answer was, "Men came with a hundred horses, and surrounded the house; they took away the milk and meat and gave me such a beating that I could not move. Go outside and look!" His comrades went out and, observing the hoof-prints and the arrows in the courtyard, said to each other, "His words are true."

Next day, when the man of turf origin guarded the house, the little old woman came and behaved as on the previous day. Using two cow's hoofs he made numerous marks of cattle's footsteps on the ground, and told his companions this story: "Men came with a hundred laden oxen; they struck me down and stole the food."

Next day the man of crystal parentage watched the house, and the little old woman came as before. The man drew his companion's attention to the round marks of mules' hoofs on the ground, and related to them these lies: "Men arrived with a hundred laden mules and beat me and took away my food."

On the following day, when it was Massang's turn to remain at home, the old woman arrived once more. "Who is sitting there?" she cried. "Let me taste the sour milk and the meat." But Massang thought in his heart, "Surely this old woman also came to the other three; if I let her taste, I cannot tell

how it will end." So he said to her, "Fetch me first some water before you taste the food," and he directed her to a perforated pail. When she went to fetch the water, Massang saw, as he glanced after her, that the old woman, who measured only a span in circumference, several times lifted the pail of water in order to fill a sack; but she always lost the water and had to draw it again. Meanwhile, ferreting through the old woman's bundle, he took out of it a sinew and some iron pincers and placed in exchange for them some hempen string, a wooden hammer and wooden pincers. When next the old woman returned, she said, "No water will stay in your pail. You must let me taste your food, otherwise all these things, as well as the food, shall be mine. We will put each other's strength to a test!" The old woman bound Massang with the hempen string, but he turned himself and snapped it. After Massang had bound the old woman with the sinew so firmly that she could not stir, she said, "In this you have conquered; let us now pinch!" The old woman nipped Massang in the breast with the wooden pincers, without causing him any pain. But when he laid hold of her breast with the iron pincers she turned and pulled, and a large piece of flesh was torn from her. The old woman broke into loud expressions of pain. "Truly you are a clumsy-fisted fellow!" she cried. "Now let us strike!" When, however, she let fly at Massang's breast with the wooden hammer, the handle of the hammer broke, and he experienced no pain whatever. Then he struck the old woman's head and body with the iron hammer (which he had made to glow in the fire) and her blood streamed. Hastily springing back, she took to flight.

In the meantime, his three comrades returned from the chase. "Now," exclaimed they, "Massang, you have surely suffered somewhat?" "You poor fellows," replied he, "you have told lies, and not borne yourselves as men; I have subdued this old woman! Let us now depart and seek her dead body!" As they followed blood tracks through a mighty and fearful cleft in the rocks, they saw on the ground, at a depth of a ten storey-high house, the corpse of the old woman lying under gold and jewels and coats of mail and numberless like articles. At this spectacle Massang said, "Climb down and get me the treasures; fasten yourselves to a rope and I will draw you up; otherwise I will descend and you must hoist." The three replied, "That old woman is a female Schumnu; we cannot go,

Massang ; you must do it yourself !” So Massang let himself down by a rope and handed up the things. Scarcely was he ready, when the three companions spoke thus together, with a wicked purpose, “ If we draw up Massang, we shall be letting these treasures fall to his share ; but it would be better if we three alone made use of them.” So they left Massang behind in the rocky cleft. He thought to himself, “ The three have behaved treacherously, and all I have to do is to die.” But after these reflections it occurred to him to look for something to eat and, finding a few cherry stones, which he buried in the ground, he said, while he interred them, “ If I am really and truly Massang, may these three cherry stones, at my awakening, have become three great trees ! If, on the contrary, I am somebody else, may I die !”

After he had given expression to this wish, he lay down to sleep, and used the body of the old woman as a pillow. But, as contact with the body had much defiled him, he slept for four years. When he woke he saw that the three cherry trees had grown to the level of the opening in the rocky cleft and, rejoicing heartily, he climbed up and stepped out. He walked to the old house but found nobody within ; however, observing his iron bow and his arrows, he took them with him and went further. Each of his former three companions had taken a wife and built a house and settled down in it. When he reached their dwellings, none of the three was at home, and he asked the women, “ Whither have your husbands gone ?” The reply came, “ They have gone to the chase.” He took his iron bow and some arrows, and went in search. The men just then returned with game from the chase, and Massang had got ready and was about to shoot, when the three cried, “ You have right on your side ; take our houses and cattle ; we will yield all to you and go away.” But Massang answered, “ As friends, you behaved badly ; however, I must depart to render thanks to my father ; continue to live as you have lived till now.”

As Massang proceeded on his way, he met a charming maiden who was fetching water from a spring ; and as she walked along he saw with amazement that from under each of her footsteps there shot up a flower. Following her, Massang reached the Heaven of the gods. There the mighty Churmusta said, “ It is well that you have come. We have now every day to fight with the dark Schumnu ; you can behold the contest to-morrow but, on the following day, you must become our companion.

During several days, the white bulls pursued, at an early hour, the black bulls in a certain direction, but towards evening the black bulls drove back the white bulls. Churmusta said, "The white bulls are the gods, the black bulls are the Schumnu. If, to-day, the black bulls drive us back hither, you must stretch your iron bow before they come within range; on the forehead of each black bull there is a shining eye; aim at this and discharge an arrow." He commanded thus and, obediently to the order, Massang shot an arrow and struck the shining eye on the forehead of the black bull, so that it rushed away with fearful howls. Churmusta was pleased and said to Massang, "You have earned a great reward, and shall live with me for ever." But Massang was not influenced by this offer. "I must," said he, "proceed on my way, in order to render thanks to my father." When he had received as reward a divine talisman and was departing, Churmusta said to him, "On your journey you will be overpowered by sleep and lose your way; moreover, if you now reach the Schumnu gate, flight will not help you; knock at the gate and say, 'I am a doctor.' Then you will be admitted to Khan Schumnu in order that you may extract the arrow. Place yourself as if you were about to draw out the arrow, scatter from your hand seven divine grains, and then push the arrow with such force that it shall penetrate the head and kill the khan." So he commanded him.

Massang went off, but, as predicted, lost his way; reaching the Schumnu gate, he knocked. Fire issued from the flaming mouth of a female Schumnu, who said, "What do you wish?" At his answer, "I am a doctor," she let him enter the house and showed him the khan who had been struck by an arrow.

Scarcely had he moved the arrow before the khan said joyfully, "I feel some relief." But Massang suddenly thrust the arrow so deep, that it penetrated into the middle of the brain. When the barley grains were scattered, an iron chain came falling from heaven. The female Schumnu seized it, and struck Massang with an iron hammer on the hips, so that from the blow sparks rose and were caught up and became seven stars (the constellation of seven) in the sky.

VI

THE ADVENTURE OF THE PIG'S HEAD
MAGICIAN¹

FORMERLY a man and a woman were living in a flourishing kingdom. The man had bad qualities, and was not in a position properly to eat and drink; he was accustomed day and night to sleep, or sit idle. But once his wife said to him, "Do not remain inactive; the resources you received from your father have almost vanished; bestir yourself, dress and, when I have gone to work in the fields, climb on to the top of the house and look about, endeavour to descry something."

Following this advice, one day the man went up and, looking round, saw that, behind the house, on the spot where a herdsman had camped, a bird, a fox and a dog had assembled and were disputing. Seeing there a skin full of butter, he took it and laid it on a shelf. When his wife came and saw it, she said, "Where did you obtain the butter?" To this question the man answered, "I rose, in accordance with your counsel, and found it in the place where the herdsman camped." Said the wife, "Where does it happen in all the world that people sit in idleness and quiet? You have found much by going out for an instant, on a single day!" Then the man formed a resolution and said, "Now I will act sensibly; get ready for me a horse and clothes and everything needful, and a dog on the leash." When the woman had completed the preparations she said, "Now I have got the whole outfit for you, and you must go." Her husband put his cap on his head, drew on his rain-coat of felt, slung his bow and arrows over his shoulder, led his dog by the leash and mounted his horse. Without any definite purpose, he crossed several streams and, at last, in an open place, saw a fox running away. "Of my former friends," said he, "this is the best; I will make a cap out of his fur." With these words he tried to catch the fox, but the animal took refuge in a marmot's hole. The man dismounted, stripped off his clothes, put his bow and arrows and all his things on the horse and fastened his dog to the horse's halter. Then he stopped the marmot's hole with his cap and knocked hard with a large stone over the place where the fox had taken refuge. The frightened fox advanced from the interior of the hole and, rushing out, received the cap on his head, as if it had

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*, IV.

been set there, and ran off with it. But the dog pursued him, and since the horse's halter was fastened to the dog's leash, the horse sprang forward and was off in an instant. The man was left behind and lost his whole equipment.

However, he soon reached a river, in a district ruled by a khan endowed with wonderful power and wealth. Making his way to the khan's stable, he concealed himself in some hay, with which he covered himself completely, except for his eyes. While he thus lay concealed and invisible, in a little while a charming daughter of the khan came to obtain fresh air. As she passed him she stooped down and accidentally dropped the khan's life-talisman, which was worth the kingdom and provinces, and it lay before his eyes.

Without noticing her loss, the khan's daughter returned to the palace, but the man considered it inadvisable to issue forth from the hay, and therefore could not lift up the talisman. However, a cow came after sunset and let something fall which concealed the precious stone. Later a girl arrived and swept away, to the side of the court, the precious stone and that which had fallen.

Next day the khan announced that his daughter had lost his life-talisman, and he immediately collected his subjects and had the great decree-drum beaten. Calling together the diviners, fortune-tellers and seers, he sought through their divination to gain the requisite news.

The man, now thrusting his head and shoulders out of the hay, drew on himself the notice of a passer-by, who said, "What can you do?" The reply came, "I understand the art of divination." "Well," suggested the passer-by, "the khan's life-talisman is lost, and all the soothsayers and diviners have been summoned; go immediately to the khan." The man replied, "Unfortunately I have no clothes," whereupon the passer-by went to the khan with this report: "There is a naked diviner in the outer yard of the stables; if you order him some clothing, he will appear before you." "Very well," was the answer, "let him throw this cloth over himself and come before me." In such a garb the man advanced and bowed low. The khan demanded, "What is necessary to obtain your divination?" "I must have a large pig's head, a piece of silk of five colours and a great ceremonial-cake; these things are needful."

When all had been brought according to his demands, the

magician fastened the pig's head on the top of a pointed stick, cleaned it with the piece of five-hued silk and inserted it in a great ceremonial-cake. Then, for three days and three nights, he gave himself, as he sat, the appearance of being plunged in deep thought. On the day when the divination was to take place the whole folk had assembled. The magician covered himself with a great mantle, seized the pig's head, went direct to a main street and, while he let all the people throng around, called out, pointing to the pig's head, "Not there; it is not there!"

All were joyful. Then the man spoke further, thus: "The khan's talisman is not on a human being; let us look for it on the ground." On the threshold of the khan's palace, he began to wander from side to side, searching everywhere with the pig's head, while the khan and a great crowd followed amid triumphant shouts. In this manner the magician almost reached the place where, at the side of the stable, the talisman lay swept up with manure. Then pointing to a certain spot, he called out, "I say, it is there!" As he separated the dark mass the life-talisman came to light. At once several persons cried, rapturously, "You are a great magician, and must be rewarded; come to the palace!" Indeed, the whole people, describing him as "The Pig's-Head Magician," gave themselves up to an access of joy. The khan asked what reward the magician desired. Now, the man was distressed by his recent loss of horse and saddle and bridle, and quiver and bow and arrows; he thought also of his cap, his rainproof mantle of felt, and his dog, and the fox, so he mentioned all these things, and said he should like to receive them. Thereupon said the khan, "You are an odd fellow," and gave his ministers this order: "Find such things, collect them and give them to him." The man received all he had requested and returned to his own home with, in addition, meat and butter, packed on two elephants.

Then his wife came out to greet him with strong drink, and said, "If anyone wishes to be considered a man, he must really go forth and act as you have acted." The pair entered the house, and at night when they woke from sleep she said, "Where did you get the meat and butter?" The magician related in detail his recent experiences. His wife replied, "Your intelligence is small; you are a miserable weak-minded fellow! Early in the morning I shall set out to the khan." She wrote a letter and took it to the khan. It said: "In the loss of the

khan's life-talisman I have discovered a danger, be it great or small, yet well recognised ; and, in order to keep this peril at a distance, I have demanded the dog and the fox. What gifts should be awarded to me the khan can himself best determine." On the part of the magician she delivered such a letter to the khan. "That is quite true," acknowledged the ruler, and he dispatched innumerable presents, so that the magician and his wife should henceforth live in prosperity and contentment.

At the same period there lived in a distant kingdom seven brothers, sons of a khan ; and once the seven, to divert themselves, went to a large grove. There they perceived a comely and charming girl, from whom they could not keep their glances. She had with her a male buffalo. "What are you both doing here?" they enquired, "and whence have you come?" The girl replied, "I am a khan's daughter from a southerly district ; I have come here because I followed this buffalo." They said, "Now, we seven are unmarried ; will you be our wife?" "I will," was the reply, and she became their wife. But the girl and the buffalo were demons whose purpose was to devour men ; the male demon having transformed himself into a buffalo, and the female demon having assumed the form of a khan's daughter. Every year the pair consumed one of the brothers, until only one brother remained, and now he was attacked by a severe illness. When he already seemed near a painful end, the ministers took counsel together and said, "The previous khans, despite our remedies and those which we sought from strangers, have passed away ; nothing saved them ; it will be difficult to find medical treatment and a cure for this our present khan. However, beyond two ranges of mountains there dwells the Pig's-Head Magician, who is endowed with indubitable powers of divination ; let us call him !" And they sent messengers.

Four men, mounted on horseback and betaking themselves to the magician, communicated to him the whole position. "I have now," he replied, "settled down to meditation, but to-morrow I will divulge the signs which I have observed and give you an answer." During the night he related the affair to his wife, and she said, "Formerly, by virtue of a splendid present, you became an object of admiration, but now as you stay here in a state of inactivity, it is doubtful whether you will retain much regard. You had better go." Early

next day he informed the messengers thus: "The signs are favourable, according to last night's observations; we will set out to-day." He mounted his horse, wrapped himself in an overcloak, ruffled his hair, fastened to his right hand a silk kerchief of five colours, and seized the pig's head. In this array he started forth. When he reached the khan's palace the pair of demons were much alarmed and thought, "His appearance and coming seem to indicate that he knows something." The magician placed beside the khan's pillow a ceremonial cake as big as a man, inserted in it the pig's head, and settled down, quietly murmuring incantations. The princess, however, was troubled at this interference with her wicked designs on the life of the khan; and while she sat outside the door and devised means of checkmating the magician, the force of the khan's pains became much less and his illness gradually subsided into slumber. Thereupon the magician grew alarmed and thought, "What has happened? The illness has taken an ill turn; the khan is now speechless; he is dead."

As, when he called out "Khan, khan!" his words brought no reply, the magician removed the pig's head from the ceremonial-cake and took to flight. Passing through a door, he penetrated to the treasure chamber, and then at once, from all sides, resounded this cry: "A thief, a thief; strike him, strike him!" But he fled further, and reached the store house for tools, whereupon again arose a shout, "A thief has broken in; seize him; strike, strike!" While he was pursued he thought, "To-night I cannot possibly escape; I will hide in a corner of the stable." When he opened a door and entered a buffalo lay there, toward whom he sprang boldly, as if to mount, and he struck the animal three blows between the horns. Like a column of blue smoke which, after ascending straight upwards, is suddenly deflected by a gust of wind, the buffalo rushed to the princess. The magician sneaked after him and, lurking about, heard the male demon say, "The magician knew that I lay in the stall, and has struck me three fearful blows; we should depart."

The princess replied, "I feared he would also recognise me; I could not trust myself near him. Things are not going well with us. To-morrow he assembles all the men of his own people and orders them to come armed, and he has summoned the women with a command that each shall bring a bundle of com-

bustible material. At his cry: 'Bring the buffalo here!' they will drag you along; and, if he then says, 'Cast off your adopted form,' it will be impossible for you to refuse. But so soon as you exhibit your real shape they will pierce you with swords, and shoot you with arrows, and burn you to ashes. If the magician further demands that I shall be led before him, I fear that my fate will be like your own." The magician, who had listened secretly, concluded that his task had now become comparatively simple.

He returned with the pig's head and pushed it into the ceremonial cake, near the khan's pillow; and, having finished his incantations and observances, he asked in a loud voice, "How goes it with the khan's illness?" "Since the magician's arrival there has been an improvement," answered the khan; "my illness has almost disappeared in the course of my slumber." "Well, then, summon to-morrow your ministers; collect all your subjects, and let the men come armed; moreover, let every woman bring a bundle of combustibles."

When, according to the command of the khan, the people had collected, two huge wood piles were erected. The magician cried then, "Lay this saddle of mine upon the buffalo." The direction having been carried out, the magician sprang upon the buffalo, and rode three times round the assembly. Then he dismounted and had the saddle removed. Waving the pig's head over the buffalo, he cried, "Cast off your assumed form!" At these words the buffalo changed into a frightful demon, whose upper fangs reached his breasts; where they made numerous furrows, and whose lower fangs, piercing his eyelids, caused the blood to trickle. He was slain with swords and arrows and spears and, lastly, consumed in the fire. At the magician's command, "Bring hither the princess," they brought her screaming loudly. Reaching toward her with the pig's head, the master called, "Show your true shape quickly!" At once the princess' breasts reached down to her knees, and she became a fearful female demon with long fangs and red eyes. She was killed with various instruments and burned in an immense fire.

Then the magician mounted his horse. As he rode to the khan's palace all the people bowed to him and did him reverence; even shed tears. Met by persons bringing quantities of barley and costly gifts and like manifold indications of honour, he could hardly pass, and was obliged to wait a whole day; and

when he at last reached the inner portions of the town the khan, exhibiting immense joy, said to him, "What reward do you demand?" The magician replied, "In our district there is a scarcity of the little sticks which the cattle usually wear in the nose; I ask for such nose-sticks." The khan gave an order and the magician received three sacks full of nose-sticks, besides meat and butter, which were loaded on seven elephants.

When the man reached his own home his wife came to greet him with strong drink, and seeing the loaded elephants, exclaimed, "You are indeed worthy to be called a man! You have behaved as it beseems a man to behave!" Thereupon they returned together to the house. During the night they talked, and the wife said, "How did you obtain all these things?" The magician related explicitly how the khan's illness came to an end and how the two demons had been burned. Thereupon his wife cried, "What else could they give to such a miserable fellow as you? Indebtedness for such important assistance as yours is not cancelled with nose-sticks for cattle; to-morrow morning I shall go to the khan."

She went off and, dissimulating, said, "Here is a letter from the magician." The letter contained the following words: "After the great master discovered the khan's affliction, he somewhat relieved the evil; to overcome which completely the nose-sticks were needful and were taken away; it is however for the khan to estimate the importance of the occasion and to measure the reward due." On receipt of the letter the khan said, "It is true. Let the magician, his relatives and his friends come to me here!" When the persons summoned had arrived, the khan addressed them thus, "If anyone, to show his gratitude to another, dismisses him with honourable gifts, the matter is not thereby finished. That I have not been killed, that the State has not been overturned, and that the ministers have not in a body been consumed by the demons, all these things are due to you." With these words the khan gave the magician a share in the government. He said, moreover, "The magician's wife is distinguished for insight and wisdom; he and I will consider her our wife in common." And so the khan made the woman his wife.



SUNSHINE AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER¹

ONCE upon a time there reigned over a prosperous kingdom a khan called "The All-resplendent." He took a wife by whom he had a son named "Sunshine," and when she died he took another wife, by whom he had a son named "Moonshine." The khan's wife thought to herself, "So long as Sunshine lives, my son will never receive the kingdom; I must by some means put Sunshine out of the way and help my own son to become ruler."

With this object she pretended to be ill; complaining with a loud voice, she rolled hither and thither in her bed and passed a sleepless night. When the khan saw her thus, he said, "Gracious one of charming form, by what illness are you afflicted?" His wife replied, "While I was staying with my relatives I was sometimes attacked by this disease; but the malady is worse now; it is unbearable and different. There is a remedy, but it is a difficult one to employ; nothing is left for me but to die." The khan cried, "Reveal the remedy! If you die, my heart will be pierced; even if my throne were in danger, I would risk its existence for you. What is the necessary means of cure? Speak!" Thereupon the princess answered:

"If I could consume the heart of either of our two sons, after it had been stewed in sesame oil, I should get rest. But it would be hard, khan, for you to sacrifice Sunshine; while, as for Moonshine, to speak plainly, he came from my lap and I will never swallow his heart. So there is no other way for me than to die." The khan could endure neither his wife's speech nor her illness, and answered, "Truly, I pity my son infinitely; but if your death is imminent I will to-morrow give Sunshine to the hangman." Such was his promise.

Now, Moonshine had listened secretly; he hastened to his brother and, having tearfully related his parents' conversation, added, "They will certainly kill you, my dear, to-morrow. How is escape possible?" The elder replied, "You must continue here alone, happy and well, and honouring and esteeming your parents; but the time has arrived for me to flee." Moonshine answered, in the deepest grief, "I cannot stay without you; I shall follow wherever you go." Sunshine agreed. But on the following day the execution would take place, and the

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*, V.

boys feared that if others should learn of their scheme in the night it would be betrayed to the princess. They therefore begged from the priests who received the sacrificial gifts a bagful of ceremonial-cakes and carrying these, the two brothers departed in the night of the fifteenth day, when the moon gave a good light ; they quickly left the palace and went eastwards. Over mountain and over plain they pursued their way, day and night without cessation, and in time reached a waterless, muddy bed of a stream. They had nothing more to eat, and as there was no water, Moonshine fell and could not proceed. Full of sympathy, the elder brother said, " I will go to seek water ; you must be brave and wait here ! " He went to the edge of a mountain, but found no water. When he returned his brother had died of thirst. Overcome with grief, he concealed the dead body under stones and prayed for union at a future rebirth.

Sunshine crossed two mountain ridges, and saw, at an opening in a cliff, a red door. As the youth entered an aged hermit sitting there said, " Whence have you come ? You appear to be suffering from great sorrow." The young man related his misfortunes. Taking with him means of animating a body, the hermit accompanied Sunshine on his way, and recalled the younger brother to life. " Be my sons," said the hermit to them both ; and they became his sons.

At that time a splendid and powerful khan was ruling over the region. When this khan and the agriculturists wished to conduct water into the fields, a great lake was discovered at the origin of a river, but in order to propitiate through a sacrifice the dragon-ruler of the lake, it was necessary to throw to him annually a youth born in a certain year, and though people had looked in all directions, they were unable to find such a youth anywhere. However, all the other youths said, " An aged hermit at the source of this river has a son born in that particular year ; we have seen him when we went forth to protect our flocks." When the khan heard this he immediately sent three messengers to fetch the youth. These men departed, and coming to the hermit's door, knocked and said, " The khan orders that you shall give up your son who was born in the tiger-year ; the kingdom demands him." The hermit exclaimed, " What are you saying ? How should a hermit such as I possess a son ? "

With these words he went back into his cave and helped the youth to get into a brick chamber ; but the hermit left an

opening and filled it with clay, and gave the exterior the appearance of a cask of rice-brandy. The khan's officers returned and broke down the door, but searched the dwelling unsuccessfully. They said, "As you have no son, we have taken this trouble without result," and they beat the hermit with a stick. Then Sunshine, who could not stay quiet during such treatment, came out and said, "Do not strike my father; I am here!" Instantly the men tied his hands and led him forth, while the hermit, overcome with pain and sorrow, wept loudly.

When the youth was brought to the palace the khan's daughter fell violently in love with him, and, unable to tear herself away, clung tightly to his neck. The officials, nevertheless, represented to the khan that the day had come when a youth born in the special year had to be thrown into the water; and the ruler ordered that the youth should be sacrificed. As the moment arrived to lead him away the khan's daughter said to the people, "Do not throw him into the water; but if you must sacrifice him, throw me in also at the same time!" The khan heard and cried out, "This girl has forgotten the needs of the State. Sew her up in a skin at once, with the youth of special age, and cast both into the water."

As the khan spoke with decision, the servants said, "We will obey his commands," and, binding the pair together, stitched them into a skin and threw them into the water, to appease the dragons. Sunshine now thought, "Truly, if they throw me in the water because I belong to the tiger-year, I must endure my fate; but shall this khan's charming daughter, whose heart is aglow with love for me, shall she die on my account?" So he thought compassionately. But the girl said, "If they throw me into the water, I must submit to my fate, I am a lowly being; but how can they sacrifice this captivating youth?"

The water-dragons, observing this mutual compassion, set the young couple free from the pond, whereupon immediately the water needed by the whole land began to stream forth. Sunshine and the maiden returned homewards, and the youth said, "Khan's daughter, go to your relatives in the palace! As for me, I will visit my father, the hermit; later I will leave him, and then we will both live together inseparably." They exchanged promises, and the khan's daughter turned back to her father's palace.

But Sunshine went to the hermit's cave, knocked at the door

and said, "I am your son." "My only son," replied the old man, "has been taken by the khan and killed; therefore I sit mourning for him." The other cried, "I am truly your son; although the khan ordered me to be thrown into the water, yet here I am, for the water-dragons did not devour me; grieve no more, father!" "That is fine!" said the old man, as he opened the door. The hermit was changed for the worse; his beard and hair was dishevelled, and he was nearly dead from weakness. Sunshine washed the old man's body with a mixture of milk and water and sought with cheery words to lift his spirits.

When the maiden arrived in the khan's palace the khan and the whole people gazed in amazement, and said, "To escape after being cast into the water-dragon's pond is rare; that the girl has returned is a marvel." All offered endless worship and bowed low as they surrounded her. The khan said, "It is good that my daughter is not killed and has returned; but the son of the tiger-year has of course perished?" "No, he is saved, and as a result of the sympathy which he showed for me I have not lost my life. The dragons became softened and, without requiring that another youth from the tiger-year should be thrown into the pond, they have allowed the water to flow continually."

On hearing the news the khan said, "It is wonderful that such has occurred. Wherever this youth may now be, invite him to come to me." He gave an order to the ministers, and they sent to fetch the young man. When the father and the two sons set forth and reached the palace, the khan said, "They deserve the highest honour; let us meet them." So people went to welcome the little party. The khan had them conducted to the interior of the palace and gave them costly seats. Then he said, "You are really wonderful; are you indeed the son of this hermit?" "I am," was the reply, "the son of a khan. When my stepmother, preferring her own son, sought to kill me, I fled and chanced to meet the hermit. This lad is my younger brother." He related in detail the whole affair. The khan was still more astonished, and heaped distinctions and rewards upon him. "In that case I will give this daughter of mine to be the wife of you two brothers, and will endow her with immense treasures. Set out to your own home! I will have you escorted."

The parents gave them innumerable gifts and sent them

forth with an escort of four companies of soldiers, and so the young people arrived in their own kingdom. When they approached the khan's town they sent in advance this letter: "We two brothers have returned to our father, the khan." After the flight of their sons, the parents, overwhelmed with grief, almost lost their reason and denied themselves for many years all intercourse with others; they now read this letter with profound joy, and sent a numerous body of officials to receive the young men. When the brothers, amid unexampled splendour, made their entry into the khan's town, the former princess looked at them and, falling a prey to terror, vomited congealed blood and died.

VIII

HOW THE MAGICIAN OVERCAME THE KHAN:

FORMERLY there lived in a land called Beschiss a man who was high-spirited and untameable. As he was inclined to respect and esteem nobody, the ruler of the kingdom grew furious, and said to him, "Fellow, you are of such a coarse character that you cannot remain here; depart into another country!" With these words he drove the man forth. The man could not remain after such an order, and went away. At midday he reached a great steppe covered with feather-grass; in the middle of which steppe a high palm tree was standing with a dead horse beside it. Taking the horse's head as a stock of provision, he tied it about his waist and climbed up the palm tree. When night arrived numerous demons, riding horses of bark, and wearing bark caps, came from the lower side of the steppe and collected together at the foot of the palm tree. Also from the upper part of the steppe numerous demons arrived, riding paper horses and wearing paper caps. At the foot of the palm tree these demons made merry with various sorts of food and drink. The man above looked down anxiously, then tore off the horse's head fastened to his waist and climbed down to the food and drink of the demons, who, without a moment's thought, separated in all directions.

It was early in the morning when the man climbed down from the tree, and, he thought to himself, "What abundance of food

and drink existed here last night ! What can have become of it ?" He looked round and found a golden goblet full of spirit and, as he was thirsty, he drank freely ; but scarcely had he returned the goblet, when there arrived in sight meat and cakes. " This golden goblet," he said, " is really a receptacle which produces all one wishes. It shall be my wish vessel !" He took it with him and went further.

On the road he met a man who held in his hand a staff. " What can be done with this staff of yours ?" The man replied, " This staff of mine is called ' Moving-staff.' If I say to it, ' Moving-staff, go hence, this man has taken my things, fetch them,' then it sets off and kills the man and brings the things back." Thereupon the outcast said, " Now this golden goblet of mine is a receptacle creating all one desires. I will exchange it for the staff." " Very well," said the other, and they exchanged. Immediately, however, the outcast cried, " Moving-staff ! go and kill that man and bring me the golden goblet." Scarcely had he spoken, when the staff flew through the air, killed the man and brought back the golden goblet.

During his further wanderings the outcast met a man upon the road who held in his hand an iron hammer. " What can you do," he said, " with this iron hammer ?" " If one strikes," the man answered, " this hammer nine times on the earth, then will arise a nine-storeyed tower." " Well," said the outcast, " I will give you, in exchange for it, my golden goblet." As the exchange had been made, he said to his staff, " Fetch the golden goblet !" In a second the staff had killed the man and recovered the golden goblet.

While the outcast now travelled further he met a man who bore a buckskin sack. " What can you do with that ?" he asked. " This sack," answered the other, " is very wonderful ; if one shakes it, rain falls ; if one shakes it really well, rain falls copiously." " Well," said the outcast, " let us exchange it for my golden goblet." The exchange took place. Thereupon he said again, " Staff, go and fetch the golden beaker !" The staff killed the man and brought the beaker back.

While the outcast now brought all these things together, he thought to himself, " The khan of my native country is terribly angry ; he has driven me into a foreign land ; but I will now pay him back." Animated by this intention, he made his way back and reached, at midnight, the buildings at the back of the

khan's palace. With the iron hammer he struck the earth nine times; immediately there arose an iron tower nine storeys high. In the morning the khan said: "Last night, behind the palace, the sound 'Tok, tok' occurred repeatedly." The khan's wife ascended and looked around: "Behind our palace," she announced, "there stands a nine-storeyed iron tower." Thereupon the khan became furious, and said, "This is certainly the work of that untameable miscreant! It must now be settled which of us is the winner and which is the loser." He called his subjects together and made them surround the iron tower with charcoal. Then he commanded the smiths to blow their bellows on all sides. By such means was produced an enormous fire.

The magician and his mother sat unconcerned, within the iron tower, the woman at a height of eight and the son at a height of nine storeys; meanwhile they were provided with food and drink from the golden goblet. But when the mother, being in a lower position, was first touched by the fire she called out; "Fire, caused by the khan, threatens this enchanted tower; we shall certainly both of us perish." The son heard, and cried, "Mother! do not fear, I possess a remedy."

With these words he went to the top of the tower and shook out the buckskin sack. Immediately a downpour of rain nearly extinguished the fire. But when he proceeded to shake the sack more vigorously the storm grew so great that there arose a flood and soon the charcoal and bellows placed by the smiths around the tower were swept away by a watercourse between steep banks hollowed out by torrents of water.

So the magician won a victory over the khan.

IX

THE STORY OF THE BIRD-CAGE HUSBAND

AT one time, in a land known as "The Lustrous Flower Garden," a father had three daughters, whose daily duty it was to go out, by turns, to tend buffaloes in the meadows. One day, the eldest sister, who was watching the herd, fell asleep, and thus allowed a buffalo to escape. When she set forth to seek her buffalo she came on a red gate leading to a large court.

She opened it and, upon entering, was confronted by a golden portal, through which she penetrated to arrive at a gate of mother-of-pearl. Passing through and proceeding further, she found herself before an entry of emerald, behind which, in a shining and beautiful palace, was an abundance of gold and costly jewels and other treasures. But nobody was present, except a great white bird sitting on a fine table. The girl said, "I have lost a buffalo and been unable to find him. Has he by chance come here?" The bird replied, "If you will become my wife, I will show and give him to you; if you should not consent, I will not help you." The girl thereupon said, "I know little of the world; but birds, if I may so express myself, belong more particularly to the race of beasts; even if I do not find my buffalo, I will never become your wife." With these words she departed.

On the following day, when the middle daughter went to take care of the cattle, similar events occurred and the girl would not agree to the bird's proposal.

Next day the youngest girl took her turn in the work. The bird said, "If you will be my wife I will show and give you the buffalo." The girl answered, "Men's promises are generally kept, and I will comply with what you, a bird, have demanded." She became his wife.

Once, in this neighbourhood, an assembly was about to make a thirteen days' visit to a divine image in a great monastery. The woman made preparations to join this throng and, when she came to it, although a countless multitude was there, she was superior to all the other women. But among the men a magnificent and vigorous man on a blue-white horse was pre-eminent. After he had ridden thrice round the crowd and withdrawn, everybody remarked, "He stands out among all the people here."

When the woman went home the white bird asked her thus, "Among all the assembly, who best endured the test?" She replied, "Among the men who had collected a rider on a blue-white horse was the chief, but who he was I did not hear. Among the women I was pre-eminent."

So it happened for eleven days, one after the other. When the woman came to the assembly on the twelfth day she had as neighbour an old woman by whose side she had placed herself. The old woman enquired, "Who excels among all the people present?" "Among the assembled men," came the answer

"the principal is the rider of the blue-white horse; nobody else is so striking! Among the women I am the best. If only such a man as that were assigned as my husband, what would be left for me in life to desire? But I have taken out of the animal world a bird as my master," and as she spoke she shed tears. The old woman replied, "Woman, say nothing! Among the women here your superiority is uncontested. As for the rider of the blue-white horse, that is your husband. Do not enter the assembly, but pretend to enter; then conceal yourself outside, behind the door! He will forsake his bird-cage and lead his horse out of the stable; then mounting, he will ride into the assembly. After his departure throw into the fire the bird-cage, which he has opened and forsaken; burn it up! Then, it is probable, he will return to his true form." Such was the counsel imparted.

The woman acted accordingly. The man left the bird-cage, mounted his horse and rode to the assembly; and his wife, after his departure, burnt the bird-cage in the fire. As she longed for him strongly, she awaited him near a pillar; and when the sun, already of a glowing red colour, was on his downward way, the man returned. "Ah," he called, "what is that? Have you returned already?" "Yes, I have come back." Then the husband cried, "Where is my bird-cage?" "I have burnt it in the fire." "Unhappy woman," he answered, "you have done something indeed wonderful! that cage was my soul!" His wife cried, "What is to be done now?" "There exists no other remedy than for you to take up your position at the mother-of-pearl gate, and day and night without a moment's intermission to strike yourself with this stick. If the blows with the stick cease, the demons will carry me off with them. My contest with gods and demons will last seven days and seven nights."

Then the wife took the stick in her hand and kept her eyelids apart by aid of stalks of feather-grass. After she had held out six days and six nights, she, upon the seventh day, for a second only, nodded slightly. Instantly the gods and demons carried away the man and the bird-cage, which was called "Itsali." The wife, in immense grief, went to seek him, and senselessly wandered along all the dry watercourses. With the long-continued cry, "Ah, my dear Bird-cage Husband! Ah, dear Bird-cage Husband!" and ceaselessly shaking her head and weeping, she sought him day and night. But she did not find him.

At last the voice of the Bird-cage Husband became momentarily audible on a high mountain; but when the wife went there the same voice sounded deeply from under a river. She approached the spot, and found the Bird-cage Husband standing near a heap of stones which had been raised in honour of the gods; he was bearing upon his back a bundle of boots. Meeting his wife, he said, "My heart rejoices in its very depths at meeting you; I have become a water-carrier for gods and demons and have walked so far that I have worn out these boots. If you have arrived in order to rescue me from endless journeys, build a bird-cage and invite and call my soul within it! I will come." Scarcely had he spoken when suddenly gods and demons carried him off in a whirling wind storm. But his wife turned homewards and built a new bird-cage, and invited the soul to enter. At last the Bird-cage Husband came to her.

X

THE PAINTER AND THE WOOD-CARVER¹

THERE lived, at one time, in the kingdom called "All-desirable," a khan named "The All-enlightening." When he died his son, "The All-protecting," ascended the throne. In his territory dwelt a painter by the name of Kundgah, which signifies joy, and there lived also a wood-carver by the same name. These two men were enemies. Once the painter, Kundgah, appeared before the khan and said, "Your father has been born again in the country of the gods; he called me, and I went to him. His splendour and majesty are inconceivable. Here is a written communication which your father gave me." With such words he produced a false letter to this effect: "To my son Chotolo Ssakiktschi (the All-protecting). When I finished my life on earth I was born again in Heaven, where I live now with fulness and abundance of all things. But I have not found here a designer in wood to erect a monastery; send up our wood-carver, Kundgah! The method of ascent is known to Kundgah the painter."

He handed this fraudulent letter to the khan, who exclaimed, on reading it, "That my father is reborn in Heaven is excellent," and he immediately sent for the wood-carver, to whom he said,

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*, VIII.

“ My father, the khan, has been reborn in Heaven. But he can find there no architect to erect a monastery, so he has written me a letter in which he asks me to despatch you to him,” and with these words the khan exhibited the letter. When the wood-carver read the letter, he thought to himself, “ This is altogether unusual, and behind it lurks some evil intention of the painter, Kundgah. I must at once find a means of protection.”

With such purpose he said to the khan, “ But how can I reach Heaven ? ” “ On that matter,” was the reply, “ we will ask the painter.” The khan summoned the latter, who said, “ When you have collected all the instruments and tools necessary for the exercise of your art it will be necessary to erect and heap up around you a pile of wood saturated with sesame oil ; when fire is set to the pile, amid manifold triumphant songs and musical displays, you will ascend in the column of smoke which will mount upwards in the form of a horse.” The architect answered, “ I will undertake the task ! Near my dwelling is a field suitable for the ascent ; I will mount upward from it.” It was agreed that this plan should be put into effect after seven days.

Having returned home, the architect related the affair to his wife and said finally, “ So far has the painter let himself be seduced by his wicked heart ! I promised to depart this day week, but I have a scheme.”

From the inside of the house the architect dug under the ground and made, in the middle of the field, an opening outwards, which he covered with stone slabs and earth. At the termination of the seven days the khan said : “ To-day the architect will betake himself to my father ; now, let the order go forth that everyone shall bring a load of firewood and sesame oil.” As a result of this notice, a crowd of people collected, an immense heap of wood was piled up, the architect placed himself upon it, and at the edge a fire was kindled. Meanwhile this man sang many triumphant pæans until suddenly, taking with him his bundle of tools and instruments, he proceeded along the passage previously dug by him to his own dwelling.

The painter shouted with joy, “ There goes the architect, seated on a column of smoke ! ” and he pointed upwards with his finger. After this the crowd dispersed, saying to one another, “ To-day the architect has set out to join the departed khan, in order to erect a handsome wooden building.”

But during a whole month the architect remained within doors and lived apart, letting nobody see him ; he washed in milk and avoided the light. Then he took a white cloth of transparent silk and wrote upon it a false letter, thus : " To my son, Chotolo Ssakiktschi. That you continually, in prosperity and happiness, instruct your people and devote to them your care is excellent. The architect has succeeded well in erecting here the monastery, and brought his labours to a conclusion ; reward him generously ! But now the monastery must be provided with paintings, and it is urgent that you immediately send a painter. Concerning the manner and method of the journey hither, let it resemble the previous ascent."

The architect appeared with the letter before the khan, who looked at it and called out, " So you have come from Heaven ! Is the khan, my father, well ?" Having delivered the false letter, the architect explicitly communicated how he had penetrated to Heaven and how he had succeeded there, whereupon the khan grew joyful and, with the exclamation, " That is certainly true," handed to the man costly gifts as a reward.

" But now," said the khan, " paintings are needed for the monastery," and he gave orders for the painter to be summoned. When the latter came he turned pale on beholding the architect clothed in a white garment of transparent silk, and thought to himself, " Then he is not dead !" The khan handed him the sealed letter received from the khan-father, and explained the reason why a new traveller must depart heavenward. The painter comforted himself with this assurance : " I shall certainly get at the truth during the journey. Since I behold the architect here, with my own eyes, and touch him with my hands, he must have overcome the difficulty. Even though I am not anxious to go, yet the past journey is an example for the next." While he gave way to such considerations he promised to undertake the deed in seven days ; next he asked about the form and plan of the journey, and was told it would be as on the former occasion. After a lapse of seven days the people brought again their firewood soaked in sesame oil. In the middle of a field an enormous pile was made and the painter placed within it, together with his painting implements and an epistle, also with gifts to the All-enlightening khan. The conflagration was set going from all sides, and a manifold shout of triumph resounded. But the painter, unable to hold out, raised a loud

cry, sought to spring from his elevated position, but shrank back and, amid ceaseless sounds of jubilation, was completely roasted.

XI

THE STORY OF THE WIFE WHO
STOLE THE HEART¹

IN former times there ruled over a great kingdom called Iksvakuvardhana a khan known as "The Enlightened." After his death he was succeeded on the throne by his son, a valiant and handsome youth, endowed with both power and splendour, and married to the daughter of a khan ruling a southerly district. But the young khan did not love his wife. At the distance of a mile a bewitching girl of womanly form was dwelling with her father, and for her the young ruler developed the warmest feelings of love. Thus it came to pass that after his long continued friendship the object of his devotion was likely to become a mother. But, in consequence of a severe illness, the khan passed out of her life, and the girl was ignorant of what had happened to him. Once, well after nightfall, when the moon's rays relieved the darkness, there was a knock at the maiden's door. The girl, with a beaming countenance, looked up and saw the young khan, who had discarded his usual attire. Experiencing supreme joy, she went forward to greet him, took him by the hand and led him into her room. After he had refreshed himself with rice spirit and bread and the other food which she set before him, he said, "Wife, come outside"; and when she followed him he called again, "Come further." He gradually enticed her further and further with his conversation, and they approached near to the khan's town, from the interior of which came loud sounds of clashing cymbals and of kettledrums. The maiden asked what the noise meant. He answered, "Do you not know? They are preparing my death-sacrifice." "Preparing your death-sacrifice? What has happened to the young khan?" "He is dead, and you will be," he continued "delivered of a son in my elephant stall. In the palace my mother and my wife are in conflict on account of a precious stone, which lies concealed under the sacrificial table. Give it to my wife and send her

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*, IX.

back to her relations! My mother and you should together seize and hold the reins of government, till our little son has grown up." After these words he vanished.

The astonished and afflicted girl fell down in a faint; but, recovering, rose and cried in a loud voice, "Khan, khan!" Soon the pains of labour fell upon her and she dragged herself into the elephant stall, and during the night bore a son. In the morning the elephants' attendants arrived and said, "This will not do! A woman has entered the khan's elephant-stall! Her coming will interfere with the elephants." But the woman said to one of them, "Go to the khan's mother and request her presence here." The man acted accordingly, and the princess-mother came. The woman related to her the whole story. "Ah," cried the princess, "the desire for posterity is astounding! let us make our way to the house," and she took the woman with her and tended her carefully and showed her all honour. As the jewel was discovered in the spot indicated by the girl, the princess put confidence in her, and giving the precious stone to the former wife, sent her back to her relatives. The mother and the new wife now worked together for the success of the kingdom.

Every month, on the fifteenth, the khan came to his wife and stayed with her till dawn, when it was his custom to disappear. She related this to his mother, who replied, "It is not true; if it is true, exhibit a proof of it." When the wife produced indubitable evidence, the princess-mother said, "Daughter, see whether you can arrange an opportunity for us, mother and son, to speak with one another."

When, on the fifteenth day of the month, the khan appeared, his wife said to him, "It is well for us to meet on the fifteenth of every month; but, I am bold enough to say, it is unfortunate that we do not live more completely united," and she burst into a fit of weeping. The khan replied, "If you have courage to undertake a hazardous enterprise, a steady union will be possible; but for a woman perseverance is difficult and irksome." The wife exclaimed, "I have already shown that I could run risk; if in this life a constant mutual happiness be possible for me and you, I will overcome all obstacles; I will even allow my flesh to be torn from my bones." "Very well," said the khan, "if upon the fifteenth day of next month, when the moon augments her light, you will go about a mile in a southerly direction, you will find an iron old man, who, after

he has swallowed molten metal, will cry out, 'I have a terrible thirst!' Give him rice-spirits. A little further on you will come upon two rams in conflict; give them yeast cakes. Continuing on your way, you will meet a troop in coats of mail; give them meat and cakes. If you walk forwards, you will arrive at an enormous black building, whose floor is soaked with blood. A banner made of human skin is waving over it and at the gate stand two bloody and hairy servants of the Judge of the infernal regions; give each of them a bloody sacrifice! Further in the interior of the edifice is, in the middle of a circle formed of eight fearful magicians, a magical enchanter, surrounded by nine hearts. 'Take me, take me!' eight old hearts will say; but 'Take me not!' a new heart will say. Without fear or trepidation, take the new heart! then if you, casting no look backwards, retreat immediately, it is possible that we shall remain for ever in this life united." Such were his words.

The wife fixed them in her mind, and, on the night of the fifteenth, when the moon was increasing the force of her beams, she stepped forth, unnoticed, toward the south. She gave the dues to the various beings on the way, and reached the interior of the building. When she had taken the new heart, which called out "Take me not," she fled, holding the pulsating heart. Two magicians pursued her, and called to the servants who guarded the gate, "A theft has been made of a heart; hold her fast!" But the two servants replied, "This woman has given us a bloody sacrifice," and they let her pass. When the magicians called next to the troop of armed men to secure her, the men answered, "She has given us meat and cakes," and did not molest her. When the pair of rams were appealed to, they refused to interfere, saying, "She gave us yeast cakes." Lastly, when the magicians appealed for assistance to the iron old man and shouted to him, "Seize her, she has carried off a heart!" he replied, "She gave me strong drink," nor did he impede her progress. The woman ran fearlessly and, reaching home and opening the khan's door, beheld her husband, the khan, in ravishing attire. All had happened as the pair desired, and they fell on each other's necks with passionate embraces.

XII

THE MAN AND THE WOMAN'S ADVENTURE¹

IN former times two brothers lived in a country named Odmilsong. Although they had taken wives from the same family, yet the younger brother was estranged from the elder, because the latter was avaricious and envious. Once the elder brother, who had become rich and acquired a fine property, made preparations to give a great banquet to the assembled inhabitants. The younger brother thought to himself, "Although my brother has not hitherto behaved well, yet, now that he is giving a feast to many persons, he will, as a mark of attention to my wife, invite me." So he imagined, but was mistaken, for he was not invited. Next day he said to himself, "Although yesterday my brother sent me no invitation, he will be sure to rectify his omission to-day." But the elder brother did nothing of the kind. Next day, the younger brother thought, "Perhaps he will call me to drink with him." But no such summons came, and the younger man grieved sorely. "To-night," he determined, "when they are intoxicated, I will go and steal something valuable from their home." With this intention he set out and sneaked into the house and concealed himself in the store room.

The people had drunk spirits till it became dark and lay intoxicated and asleep. The elder brother's wife led her husband in a stupefied condition into the store room, there to slumber with him. After awhile, however, she arose and cooked a meal. Taking with her meat and several kinds of food, such as garlic and onions, and other eatables, she went out. The man in concealment did not yet venture on his evil deed, and said to himself, "I will carry out my theft later; first of all I will observe these people," and he followed the woman. Behind the house she mounted a high hill, on which was a gloomy graveyard. As she climbed upwards he walked behind her and almost in her footsteps. In the middle of an ever-green expanse of turf was a stone slab, to which she hurried, to find on it lying stretched out and rigid a man who had been her lover. In her devotion she could not let him serve as food for birds and rapacious beasts; so she sought the dead and from afar called him by name; and finally, on reaching him, threw herself round his neck. The younger brother sat

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-hur*, X.

near by and observed everything. The woman set the food before the dead man and offered it to him, but his teeth were firmly pressed together and would not crush the food, so she opened them with a copper spoon, and, having chewed the food, she sought with her tongue to introduce it into his mouth. But suddenly the spoon, being gripped by the dead man's teeth, broke and struck off the tip of the woman's nose; at the same time a small portion of her tongue was bitten off. With blood upon her face she retreated and took away her eatables. The younger brother was the first to reach home, and he hid in the store room. Arriving later, the woman lay down beside her husband, and after awhile, when the husband began to speak and to sigh in his sleep, she cried, "Woe! woe! What have you done?" The man cried, "What has happened?" To which words she replied, "You have bitten off the tip of my nose and of my tongue; what can I do in such a calamity?"

While the man asserted that he was not in fault, his wife maintained that he was responsible for her suffering, and announced that she would on the morrow bring the matter to the knowledge of the khan. So they disputed one with the other, and the younger brother departed without committing any theft. Early next day, the wife, making her way to the khan, reported the fictitious assault, and concluded thus: "My husband was formerly good to me, but last night he behaved unbecomingly! I demand that whatever the lawful punishment may be he shall suffer it in full!" As a result the khan ordered the man to come to him, and when the pair were confronted the woman proffered plausible statements, while her husband could only say, "I know nothing of what happened in the night." "That is highly improper," said the khan, and he ordered the supposed culprit to be fastened to the stake. When, however, the man was about to die the younger brother hastened near, because he perceived the other's terrible plight. He asked what crime had been committed and heard the elder brother's version of the affair. Thereupon the younger man hastened to the khan and said, "Condescend, oh, khan, to hear me! You have from the first given credence to untruths; let my brother and his wife appear in my presence, and I will speak clearly."

When the khan, on the same day, confronted these persons with one another, the younger brother related how the elder brother's wife had visited the graveyard. "Perhaps the khan

does not believe me," said he; "nevertheless, the tip of the wife's tongue and a piece of the copper spoon can be found in the dead man's mouth; let some one go and look!"

The khan despatched a messenger to investigate, and, as confirmation of the strange statement was thus obtained, he said to the young man, "Your words are shown to be true." Then he ordered the release of the elder brother, but commanded that the woman should be fastened to the stake and lose her life.

XIII

THE STORY OF THE MAIDEN SUVARNADHARI.¹

LONG ago there stood in the middle of a great kingdom an old monastery temple, which, from whatever side it might be approached, was distant a day's journey, and in which had been erected a clay image of Chongschim Bodhisattva. Near this temple lived an old man with his wife and only daughter in a small hut. Once a poor man, who had gone up to the source of a river in order to sell a case of fruit, passed the night at the monastery temple on his return homewards. As he approached the old couple's cottage he listened and heard the wife say, "We are both old, and it were well if we could marry our daughter." Thereupon her husband replied, "That is true. She and some jewels together form our fortune; but it has also been our lot to have made an offering before the statue of Chongschim Bodhisattva, and so to have given a proof of our worship and veneration. Now, to-morrow is the eighth day of the new moon; let us prepare an offering, and ask Chongschim Bodhisattva to tell us to whom we should give our daughter, Suvarnadhari, and to say whether she should prefer a husband of holy to one of secular calling." While the old people spoke together thus the poor man who was listening said to himself, "My plan is a good one."

He entered the temple at night time, made an opening in the rear of the Buddha-statue, crept in and remained seated. The old people and their daughter arrived early with their offering. The father bowed reverently and said, "Divine Chongschim Bodhisattva! will it be better for our daughter to choose as husband a holy man or one of secular calling? Moreover, if

¹B. Jülg, *Siddhi-hur*, XI.

her husband is to be secular, who should he be? If it please you, give an answer forthwith, or convey to us your will in a dream at night." The poor man who was concealed moved forwards to the nose of the image and made the Buddha say, "It would be better for your daughter to choose someone of worldly calling. Give her to whatever man shall first come to the door of your cottage to-morrow; that will settle the difficulty."

The old couple called out, full of joy, "The image has spoken!" Then, after prostrating themselves many times before the statue, they departed.

Early next morning the poor man descended from the Buddha and, betaking himself to the old couple's cottage, knocked at the door. The old woman came, and when she saw him stepped back into the room and said to the old man, "A husband has appeared according to Buddha's word." "That is good news," was the reply. The couple invited their visitor to enter, offered him several kinds of food and drink, gave him their daughter and a number of precious stones and related their story. The man was satisfied, received the daughter and, taking his case and the precious stones, went on his way. When he had nearly reached his home at the mouth of the river he thought to himself, "I have taken away all this from the old people through trickery and fraud, I will now put the maiden in the wooden case and, concealing it here in the sand-steppe, will leave it and employ another trick." With this intention he placed the girl and the jewels in the case, buried it in the sand and went to his home, saying everywhere to the people in the neighbourhood, "I have worked hard hitherto without growing rich; but even while I endure the terrors of hunger I shall continue my pious exercises." Meanwhile, imploring people to make him small gifts, and to provide him with sustenance, he achieved his purposes. He said to himself, "I shall soon attain riches," but continued to demand aid.

It happened that a khan's son and his two companions had come hither from a distant stream while hunting a tiger with bows and arrows. The khan's son, indicating the spot where Suvarnadhari was buried, said to one of his companions, "Shoot at that heap of dark sand!" The arrow, on being discharged, did not spring up again, but rooted itself in the sand, and the hunters discovered that it had struck a chest, which when opened was found to contain jewels and a maiden. "Who are

you?" they demanded. "I am the daughter of the Serpent-demon." The khan's son said, "Come hither and be my wife." "I cannot marry you," she replied, "unless you put someone in the chest." "We can do so," was the answer, and they put the tiger into the chest and left him there; then the khan's son took away the jewels and the maiden.

In the meantime the poor man speedily finished his pious exercises which were to bring him wealth, and said to himself, "I will now fetch the precious stones and the maiden; if I kill the girl and sell the jewels I shall be rich." Drawing the chest from the sand, he raised it on to his back, carried it home and set it down in a room beyond that in which he lived. He said to his wife, "I will shut myself in to-night, while I repeat the prayers which are to bring me wealth, but if a loud noise should arise, do not enter!" Such was his command. He made preparations in the room, and said, as he lifted the cover from the case, "Maiden, have you not been anxious?" Scarcely had he said, "Come forth," when a tiger sprang out and seized him. In extreme anguish, he cried, "Wife, children, come quickly!" But while he created a terrible noise and wrestled and rolled about with the tiger, his family, hearing the hubbub, said laughingly, "Father, these prayers which are so quickly to bring you wealth seem painful!" When they searched at an early hour they found a brightly striped tiger lying in the inner room, with bloody mouth and muzzle and paws; as to the man's body, it was torn in pieces.

The khan's wife lived a blameless life, and bore to her husband, in the course of time, three sons. But one day the ministers and their subordinates heard people say, "Our khan has behaved ill, for he chose as wife a woman whom he drew forth from beneath the ground. It is true she has sons, but she has no brother!" This is how some of the inhabitants spoke to one another, and on that account the khan's wife said to herself sadly, "Although I have borne three sons, nevertheless, as people are talking evilly, I will go away to my aged parents."

On the fifteenth of the month, at night, when the moon was giving its fullest light, the khan's wife forsook the royal town and set forth alone. After continuing her journey she approached at midday her parents' neighbourhood, and found, at a spot formerly untilled, a group of work-people busily engaged in cultivating the fields. Among them was a spruce youth who had got ready various kinds of food and drink. He asked her

whence she came. "I have travelled from afar," she replied. "My parents used to live behind this mountain, and I have undertaken a journey in the hope of seeing them." "You are their daughter, then?" "Yes, I am their daughter." Hereupon the youth said, "I am their son and I understand that I had an elder sister; you clearly are she. Sit here and partake of this food and drink, and then we will move homewards."

When they had gone on together and she looked back from the mountains she saw a number of palaces more beautiful than a princely dwelling, in the position formerly occupied by her parents' cottage. They were decorated with flags and fluttering silken banners, and the grandeur of the neighbouring monastery temple of Chongschim Bodhisattva was much increased, it being now magnificent with gold and diamonds and hanging silks and far-resounding bells. Looking at the splendid spectacle, she asked, "To whom does it belong?" "All of this," replied the brother, "is ours; it has arisen here since your departure. Father and mother are well and happy." When at last the brother and sister reached their home the khan's wife found near by a number of horses and mules and other valuable belongings and possessions. Her parents sat on silk cushions, and at the sight of their daughter said, "Are you well and happy? It is good of you to visit us before we die." The joy was general, and rapid questioning ensued concerning events which had occurred since parents and daughter last saw one another. At last the daughter related how unkindly the khan and his ministers had behaved to her. Her parents at once invited the khan and his whole court on a visit, and, loading them with gifts of every description, entertained them with food and drink during three days. Then the khan exclaimed, "Our notion that the princess had no kindred was false." Speaking thus, the khan and his suite departed, but the favourable impressions which they had received often recurred to them.

The khan's wife could not yet forsake her parents, and remained with them a day and a night till a late hour; they entertained one another to their heart's content. She awoke next day at the first signs of light in the sky, but her pillow was hard and the cushions were thin, and she called out, "What has happened? Last night I was on a visit to my parents; my pillow and cushions were covered with silk." She stood up

and, looking round, saw a little cottage in ruins and her dead parents' bones bleached and mouldering beside it. No pillow was visible ! She had lain on a slab of stone, and the discovery of the truth caused her intense grief. The monastery temple occurred to her mind and, quickly approaching to look, she found it destroyed and the statue of Buddha overthrown. She said, " Beyond doubt it was through divine influence that my parents were restored to life ! But the khan and his suite must certainly have been satisfied ! I will return to him." And she set out.

As she approached the khan's palace the ministers, who with the assembled subjects had seen her coming from afar, said, " Our princess has distinguished relations and her sons are of noble birth ; the princess herself is ravishingly beautiful and in every way superior." With these words they hurried forth to receive her and accompanied her to the palace.

XIV

THE KHAN OF CHILDISH INTELLECT :

THERE was once a favoured land called " Flower-display." On all sides around it were numerous sandal and mango trees and fruit trees and vines, while the interior of the country was rich in agricultural products and pleasant streams. The ruler, who was called " The Khan of Childish Intellect," resided in Golden-town, which with its suburbs occupied a central position. One day this khan said to one of his subjects, who was named " The Sagacious," " If you merit your name you will steal from me my life-talisman. Should you succeed in the attempt, I will give you presents that will make you happy ; but, should you fail, I will destroy your home and tear out your eyes."

The man known as " The Sagacious " protested in vain that such a deed was beyond his powers, but nevertheless he would make the effort on the night of the fifteenth day of the month.

The khan placed the jewel securely on a pillar and, setting his servants to watch, left the door open. On the night of the fifteenth, the sagacious man took some palatable rice-brandy with him and offered it to the door-keepers on guard at the khan's house. He said, " Although, I declared to the khan

that I cannot take the jewel, yet he has granted me no indulgence." Such were his words, then he made these guards intoxicated. Next he took a bladder which was as hard as stone, a cap made of hay and, in addition, three stones and took them at midnight to the khan's palace. The khan had ordered the guard at the door to keep watch on horseback; when they were overcome with drowsiness and slumbered heavily, the sagacious man entered the gate. He led them away one after another, took them from their saddles and placed them, as if on horseback, upon a dilapidated clay wall. Then he made his way into the palace. The servants lay, still dressed, near the fire; they had fallen asleep while preparing to kindle it. He drew the grass cap over the head of the man nearest the fire, and put the three large stones in the sleeves of the next man. Then he stole into the khan's chamber and drew the stone-hard bladder over the khan's head. The life-talisman had been fastened securely to a pillar, but the servants lay around asleep, and the sagacious man bound them together by their hair. Lastly, he seized the talisman and ran away with it, whereupon everywhere the cry arose, "There has been a theft." The men whose hair had been fastened together exclaimed, "Keep still; do not pull!" and remained stooping. But the khan said to them, "Quick! do not lose time! The talisman has been stolen and my head is buried under a piece of rock." He called to the servants, "Light the fire at once!" but the flames ignited the hay-cap and burnt the head of the man who used the bellows. His neighbour moved off and shook his sleeves, but struck himself three blows on the head and, far from pursuing the thief, remained sitting and thought only of his injuries. When the khan called out to the guards, "There has been a robbery; hasten in pursuit!" the guards only vaulted this way and that on the clay walls, for their brains were fuddled. The sagacious man reached his home with the talisman.

The next day he betook himself to the khan, who sat in a state of fury. The sagacious man said, "Let not the khan rage in his heart! I will restore the precious stone." The khan replied, "I placed the talisman at your disposition, and will say nothing of your general conduct; but that you should put a bladder over my head is too much! I thought, in my fear, that you had pulled off my head." Then the khan turned to his attendants and gave the command, "Lead this man to the

place of execution and behead him!" The sagacious man reflected thus: "The khan is behaving ill," and in his resentment he dashed the life-talisman to the ground. Blood poured from the khan's nose and he died.

XV

THE ADVENTURE OF THE BRAHMIN'S SON †

A BRAHMIN'S son living in a distant country sold his arable land for six yards of cloth, loaded his goods on an ass and took a long journey. He met some children who, after catching a mouse, had tied a string round its neck, put the little creature in the water and were now dragging it about in various directions. His pity being aroused, the Brahmin's son said, "Children, your sin is great; give the mouse its liberty!" To this they answered, "We caught it to please ourselves; do not interfere!" "Listen," said the Brahmin's son, "I will pay you for it," and, having given them two yards of cloth, he received the mouse and allowed it to run away.

Further on he met other children who, having seized a young ape, amused themselves by striking it with their hands. The ape submitted quietly and stood trembling, while they, uttering such words as "Behave properly," struck their captive and awoke the man's pity. As the children would not set the ape free the Brahmin's son gave them two yards of cloth and let the creature run into the forest.

Travelling yet further, on the border of a town he overtook some children tormenting a young bear by riding on it. As he could not suppress his pity he gave the children two yards of cloth and allowed the bear to escape.

His cloth had now come to an end, and he thought, as he drove his ass forward, "I came here to trade, but without good I cannot make a profit; I will enter the khan's palace and steal something." With this intention he fastened up his ass in a dark wood, penetrated into the khan's palace, took from the store room a bale of silken material and prepared to escape with it upon his back. But the khan's wife saw him at the door, and exclaimed loudly, "A man has stolen something from the palace." Servants ran up from all sides and, seizing the cul-

†B. Jülg, *Siddhi-kur*, XIII.

prit, handed him to the khan, who said to attendants, "Build a chest large enough to hold the robber and put him in it; fasten the chest with iron nails and throw it in the water."

The order was carried out. Before long the chest was driven by the wind against a partly submerged tree, and there it stayed fixed. To breathe in such a confined space was difficult, and the Brahmin's son had nearly ceased to live when something seemed to him to scratch and tear the outside of the chest. The nails gave way a little and the young man, on peering through a chink, beheld the very mouse which he had rescued and set free. The mouse said, "Wait quietly a moment; I will summon two comrades and return," and she went away. He could now breathe well, and felt relieved. In the meantime the mouse had run to the ape and informed him of the situation. The ape arrived, and made a considerable opening in the chest, which was next broken up by the bear, who drew the young man out of the water and set him upon an island in the river. The three animals brought him various fruits which they had bitten off, and gave him drinks. He accepted their offerings. As he was not able to leave the little island he sat still but, looking about him, he saw after nightfall a light shining on a plain. He sent the ape to investigate, and the ape found that the light came from a precious stone as large as the egg of the bird Tomi; the ape brought the jewel to the Brahmin's son. Scarcely had the idea occurred to the youth that it would be pleasant to leave the island, when his wish was gratified. This was his next desire: "May the talisman erect on a large level space a great residence with, adjoining it, a stable for horses and a palace for dragons; and may various trees spring up and a fountain of holy water stream forth, and may the interior of the residence contain many possessions and treasures!" As soon as he woke in the morning the youth found all his wishes fulfilled.

One day, while he was living in peaceful enjoyment of his good fortune, a number of traders arrived and called out in astonishment, "What does it mean? Here are marvels, where formerly was only an empty plain!" The chief trader approached the Brahmin's son and questioned him. The young man related the whole story, whereupon the leader of the caravan said, "Everything belongs to you, and you should be contented with it; but I will give you all the animals in our train and the whole of our merchandise in return for your talisman!" The Brahmin's son surrendered the jewel.

That night the young man fell asleep on cushions of silk but by daybreak his resting place had become hard and tough indeed. When he woke he perceived that the palace and all his other possessions and treasures had completely vanished ; he was once more on his islet in the middle of the river. While he sat in despair his three former friends came to him and said, "What misfortune has happened to you?" He told them everything, and they replied, "You are a careless person ! But tell us in which direction the man went with the talisman ? Possibly it can be recovered, we will go after him." They departed.

Having reached the caravan leader, the three animals found him enjoying a lordly existence in the midst of might and splendour. As the ape and the bear could not pass the door, they sent the mouse to discover the whereabouts of the jewel. The mouse entered through the keyhole of the door and found the caravan leader asleep in a magnificent chamber, in which much rice had been heaped ; moreover, an arrow had been fixed in the rice and the jewel had been bound to the arrow head. The mouse became aware that two large cats, fastened by a cord, were on guard ; she therefore could not reach the jewel, and returned to her companions and made a report. The bear said, "There is nothing to be done, let us turn back" ; but the ape cried out, "I have a scheme ! Mouse, go back ! To-night you must bite off the caravan leader's hair ; he will fasten the cats near his cushions and to-morrow you will be able to seize the precious stone." The mouse was despatched on her mission. She arrived and did her work so effectually that when the caravan leader rose on the following morning a mass of hair fell from his head. He was annoyed and uneasy and reflected thus : "Last night a mouse caused an injury to my hair ; it is necessary to take measures against the repetition of such an annoyance. To preserve the rest of my hair, I must have the cats placed near my cushions," and he gave the necessary order.

That night, while the bear and the ape stationed themselves outside, they sent the mouse within to steal the jewel. The mouse was overjoyed to discover that the cats were no longer by the heap of rice ; but she failed to reach the arrow. She returned without the prize, and the bear exclaimed, "Further effort is useless ; let us depart." But the ape cried out, "I know the way ! Mouse, go back and rummage among the heap of rice till the arrow falls ; then bring the jewel here by rolling

it before you." They despatched the mouse with this order, and she succeeded in seizing the jewel ; but she could not bring it through the key hole ; worn out, she returned to her comrades and said to them, " I brought it up to the door, but could not force it through the key-hole." The bear growled out that the attempt was hopeless, for neither he nor the ape could alter the key-hole. Then the ape exclaimed, " I have thought of a plan : I will tie a thread to the mouse's tail. Mouse, take hold of the precious stone with your four feet firmly, and I will pull your tail by the thread." In this way they drew the mouse out and gained possession of the jewel.

Exclaiming that the mouse was fatigued, the ape put her in his ear, took the jewel into his mouth and jumped on the bear's back, and thus the party hastened away. While crossing the water the bear exclaimed : " Ape and mouse and jewel, I have taken you all three upon my back for my strength is great." Now, the mouse slept, and the ape was afraid to open his mouth lest he should let the precious stone fall from it, so no answer reached the bear, who exclaimed, " If neither of you replies I will throw you all into the water." The ape cried, " Do not forsake us !" but allowed, as he spoke, the jewel to fall from his mouth. As it reached the water he added, " The bear is extremely intelligent !" The mouse heard this ironical remark, and asked what was the matter. In answer the ape described the bear's conduct, and continued, " The affair is worse than ever ; we cannot recover the jewel from the water ; let us depart !" But the mouse spoke thus, " I have a plan ; let us try it. You two stay here, at a distance !" The mouse went to the edge of the water and, running up and down, called out vigorously. The creatures who inhabited the water enquired the cause of the mouse's excitement. She answered " Have you not heard ? An army is coming that moves neither on dry land nor on the water." " What precautions can we take ?" asked the others. She replied, " There is but one thing to do ; you must erect a suitable barrier between the dry land and the water." On hearing these words the water-dwellers dragged out stones, handed them to the mouse and made her a director of labour. When the wall had reached the height of a span a frog rolled up the jewel and said, " No stone is heavier !" The mouse summoned the ape. " Look, here it is !" she said, pointing to the stone. " The mouse is sharp-witted," the ape remarked joyfully.

The ape again put the mouse in his ear and sprang upon the bear. Reaching the Brahmin's son, the three animals found him nearly dead from hunger ; but he said, after the ape had handed him the jewel, " My friends, you have indeed served me well." Scarcely had he given voice to a desire to escape from the water, when near by arose a palace far finer than the one he had lost. The servants were countless. Various heavily-laden fruit trees sprang up, so that he had at hand an abundance of delicious fruit. Numerous birds sang melodiously, and flowers of exquisite form and scent were multitudinous. From so many objects of surpassing beauty it was difficult to turn away the eyes ; this residence was finer than any dragon-palace.

Later the Brahmin's son expressed the following wish to his talisman, " If you are really and truly a magic stone, arrange (as I am unmarried) that a daughter of Brahma shall come hither from the kingdom of the gods to be my wife." Scarcely had he spoken, when a daughter of the gods, surrounded by a large bevy of play-maidens, appeared before him. He passed a happy and joyful life, and was blest with a hundred sons, all brave and of pleasing manners.

XVI

A TALE FROM ARDSCHI BORDSCHI:

THERE lived formerly a khan called Tsoktu Ilagukvan, who had a daughter named Naran Gerel (sunshine). If any man looked upon Naran his eyes were plucked out ; if he stepped into her living-room his legs were broken asunder. In such matters the khan's orders were inexorable. This daughter once said to her father, " As I have no opportunity to see either man or beast, my time hangs heavy ; I should like, on the fifteenth day of the month, to go and look about me." The khan acceded to the princess' request and caused this edict to be circulated : " On such a day all goods shall be exhibited and the movements of cattle shall be unrestrained, but men and women must close their doors and windows and stay within ; anyone going outside will be severely punished."

On the fifteenth day of the month Naran, seated in a new

¹B. Jülg, *Mongolian Folk-Tales*.

carriage and surrounded by girls and women, drove round the town and inspected all the wares which were offered for sale.

Meanwhile, a minister named Ssaran (moon) of set purpose mounted a balcony and regarded the khan's daughter at his leisure. Naran noticed him. She immediately stretched a finger upward and made a circular movement round it with her other hand, then she clasped her two hands together and separated them; next she laid two fingers together and pointed with them to her house. Ssaran descended hastily and went home. "Well," his wife enquired, "have you seen the khan's daughter?" He replied, "She has threatened me. What am I to do?" "How has she threatened you?" asked his wife. He told her all Naran's signs, and his wife observed, "She has not threatened you at all. The signs which you describe have this significance: the lifting up of one finger tells you that near her house there rises a tree; when she made a circle with her hand round the finger, she meant to convey to you the idea of a wall; when she clasped the hand and let it free, she intended to imply, 'Come into the flower garden'; the laying of the two fingers together said, 'I would receive a visit from you.' Go to her!" The minister exclaimed, "But is not the khan's order definite?" Thereupon his wife replied, "When a khan's daughter invites, must not a man accept? Go; take this jewel and set out; the jewel will perhaps assist you." With these words she dismissed him.

Ssaran set forth and, having entered the flower garden, took up his position at the foot of the tree. Soon Naran came out and the pair passed happy moments and rested peacefully till sunrise. Then an official who had care of the garden came with a hundred armed men and, recognising the khan's daughter, Naran, and the minister, Ssaran, led them away to prison. In consequence the maiden exclaimed, "I wish to go to my father; the khan." But the officer who had arrested her said, "Many a man who has beheld thee, maiden, has perished! Naran Gerel is in danger of losing her life. I put many people to death thus: they who behold this maiden lose their eyes, and they who come near her lose their feet," and he continued to hold the pair in captivity.

Naran Gerel asked Ssaran if he knew a way of salvation, but the minister replied that he could not imagine any means of escape. "How came you, then, to interpret my sign?" "I did not interpret it, my wife interpreted it." "Then your

wife must be very intelligent," said the khan's daughter. "Has she given you anything?" "Nothing except this jewel." Naran took the jewel and, knocking with it on the window, called out, "Men of the guard, take, one of you, this precious stone. It is worthless to those about to die, but should be useful to the living! Let him who accepts it go and knock three times at the door of the minister Ssaran, and then return here." A man took the jewel and, after he had struck the door of the minister's house thrice, returned to the prison. Ssaran's wife had thus been told of her husband's imprisonment; she put on a bright dress, set on her head a large black hat, took a valuable basket filled with several kinds of fruit, and set forth as if she were a person visiting prisoners with alms. When she reached the door which confined her captive husband she said to the guards, "My husband is seriously ill, and his physician has pronounced the opinion that it would help his cure if I were to distribute food here to the unfortunate; I should like to enter and bestow what I have brought." The guard replied, "It is not necessary to say more; step in quickly, and when you have distributed the food come out."

After the lady had entered she set her hat upon Naran Gerel and contrived that the khan's daughter should escape, but she herself quietly waited behind with her husband.

In the meantime the khan returned, and when, in reply to questions, the officer announced to him the arrest of Naran Gerel and the minister Ssaran, the furious khan ordered that both prisoners should be led to him. They were brought, and the king, looking at them, called out, "Where is Naran Gerel?" The woman replied "We neither of us know." "Why, then, have you been arrested?" The minister answered, "My wife had an inclination to visit the royal flower garden. I went with her to show it, and we spent the night there together. We are guilty of nothing further." The khan said, "Even if husband and wife have passed the night in such a place, they have not committed a crime. Why were you arrested?" With this remark he left the question of the officer's guilt and that of the hundred men to be decided by the minister Ssaran. But the courageous officer made the following representation: "It was really your daughter who was lately imprisoned. But I do not know the man in the least, and all that remains for me is to die! Let your daughter take an oath over barley-corns, then I will die." The khan agreed, and commanded his daughter to swear

over barley-corns. On such an occasion, if a man who has done evil swears falsely, the barley-corns shoot up so soon as the false expression escapes; if, on the contrary, he speaks the truth, they do not alter.

Naran Gerel said to her father, "Why should I, your only daughter, swear? However, I would be adjudged modest or immodest, and will take the oath before a number of people." The khan consented and issued a proclamation assembling his subjects.

When the minister's wife heard this she daubed her husband's whole body with dark paint and, having thus completely blackened him, gave him the following instructions: "At the hour when the khan's daughter Naran swears the oath over the barley-corns betake yourself with one eye half shut and a limp in one leg; laughing stupidly and supporting yourself with a staff in your hand, so disguised betake yourself with rude and unruly movements into the crowded assembly. Try to seize the people's food! The khan's daughter Naran will perhaps devise a means of escape." With these directions she dismissed him. When her husband acted according to her precepts, the khan cried out, "Remove this low and frightful rascal whom one cannot bear to look at!" While the officials pushed the man who was exciting abhorrence a little further back the khan's daughter Naran rose and spoke to her father thus: "I am innocent, and the officer has calumniated me. However, to swear here over the barley-corns concerning a secret love while I am still young and completely to deny it would be against all custom. But referring to a particular man's form, I will take the oath. If I were to acknowledge my love of a handsome man I should indeed be jesting. I point therefore to the deformed creature who stands here, and am willing to swear concerning him. Say, if you agree!" The assembled ministers assented, asking, "How can the khan's daughter indicate such a loathsome being as the object of her love?"

Naran answered, "That does not matter; let me be associated with him. What special courage is required to make an empty confession?" Thereupon she rose and began thus: "From the time I was small till now I have never sullied my father's name; this misshapen creature is the only man whom I have ever loved; except his, I have never known a man's embrace." She took the oath in such words and, as she had

spoken the truth, the barley-corns did not sprout. All, from the khan downwards, believed forthwith in the innocence of the khan's daughter Naran; the khan sent the officer to execution and, freeing the minister, in no way punished him.

NOTES

I. THE ORPHAN BOSH AND HIS WHISTLING ARROW, TOSH

The light style in which the story opens recalls the more pronounced jocosity of the Yakut, "Charchakan." The grey-haired old man, with a white beard, who comes to Kybõn in his sleep is presumably the Deity, who appears to the hero of the Altaian tale, "Aymanys," and states in so many words, "I am God." Such a supernatural appearance is not rare in Ural-Altaian stories. The shaman's adhesion to the ground, as result of a spell, resembles an incident in Grimm's "Poor Man and Rich Man," in which a woman is fixed to her saddle by a spell. In the present story the shaman's exaltation and wildness are moderate in comparison with the mental excitement and convulsions of the shaman in several other tales.

II THE FRAME STORY TO SIDDHI-KUR

"Siddhi-kur," a book popular among the nomad Kalmucks, means "Death furnished with a magic virtue." The skeleton of the work is borrowed from an Indian collection of tales called *Vetala Panchavinsati*, or "Twenty-five stories of a demon who enters a dead body." *Siddhi-kur*, which is impregnated with Buddhist ideas and mythology, as here presented is a close translation of the rendering from the Kalmuck by Professor Jülg, who says in his preface that the Mongols have a capital importance in the extension of Indian tales toward the north. During their two hundred years' domination in Eastern Europe, the Mongols opened a wide door for the intrusion of Indian conceptions to the Slavs and, through them, to the Germans. Benfey found tales of the *Vetala Panchavinsati* in *Siddhi-kur*, which is a beloved Folks-book in the steppe. According to Hermann Oesterley, who translated into German, in 1873, the "Twenty-five tales of a Demon," from a Hindi text of *Buetal Pucheesee*, Benfey thought the tales of *Siddhi-kur* older than

the now known Sanskrit edition.¹ It appears that in St. Petersburg, in addition to these thirteen tales, there are nine further stories in Kalmuck, a language difficult to translate accurately. *Sagas from the Far East*, published some fifty years ago, is stated by its author to have been "based on Jül'g's translation."

Magical horses occur in several of the Siberian and Russian stories, as well as in folk-tales generally. The hero not infrequently possesses a magical horse who converses with him. In the Buryat, "The Old Water-sprite," an eight-legged horse talks. In the Yakut, "The Little Old Woman," a speckled white horse gives his master advice in a long speech. In the Ostyak, "Aspen-leaf," a foal grows with astounding rapidity. In "Concerning the Sun," a tale of the Gagäüzy, a horse eats hot embers. In the Bashkir, "Golden Knucklebone," a foal becomes full grown in a second and from time to time sings. So, in "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria" and the "Waters of Life and Death," two Russian stories, the hero's steed is a friend and adviser, capable of affording marvellous assistance. There is also a good account of a supernatural horse in "Princess Helen the Fair."² Here a dead father rises from his coffin and gives a magic horse to Vanya, the young son who is watching by his grave. Referring to another horse of a hero, in the Kathà Sarit Sàgara,³ King Aditasyena had a steed that raised its feet as high as its mouth. On being struck with the heel, the horse went like an arrow from a catapult. The king said, "Thou art a god." In the Arabian Nights tale, "The Magic Horse," the steed carries the king's son on a journey through the sky, and is directed to the right or left by pressure on one of two buttons upon its shoulder.

Successive transformations by two opponents in a conflict is a feature of folk-tales in various countries. It occurs among the Gagäüzy a tribe of Tatar origin, settled for some centuries in and south of Bessarabia. Thus, in "The Demon 'Oh,'" a youth, wishing to outwit a demon, says to his father, "I shall become a wolfhound; sell him, but do not sell the bridle." The wolfhound becomes a boy, and the boy becomes a horse and bridle. The demon, anxious to obtain the bridle, which has taken the form of a bird, is transformed to a hawk. The bird becomes a hare, and the demon is transformed to a wolfhound.

¹H. Oesterley, p.9.

³Tawney, I, p. 129.

²Afanasief, VI, p. 26.

The hare becomes a fish, and the demon is transformed to a much larger fish. The lad jumps from the water and becomes a millet seed. The demon is transformed to a hen and eats the seed, but allows two grains to escape his notice. They become a fox, which devours the hen, and so the demon is destroyed. This version, with its items of horse, fish, seed, hen and fox, is nearer than the Arabian to the Italian, and may well be the source of the latter, the Gagäüzy having brought it from the East. The Kalmuck tale is simple; the Gagäüzy has new elements, while the Norse, the Arabian and especially the Italian are more elaborate.

In Grimm's "The Thief and his Master" the father parts with the bridle, despite his son's injunctions to the contrary, when the youth is sold as a horse. The master as a sparrow pursues the pupil. They become fishes. At last the youth, as a fox, bites off the head of his master, who has become a cock.¹

In Straparola (Venice, 1550) there is a story of a tailor magician's apprentice who turns himself into a horse. The magician buys the horse and the bridle, although the apprentice had warned his father not to sell the bridle. The magician ill-uses the horse, who escapes and turns himself into a small fish in the water. The magician becomes a large fish and pursues; the youth changes himself into a gold ring set with a ruby, and is beloved by a princess. In order to escape from the magician, the youth has the ring thrown to the ground. It becomes a pomegranate whose seeds are scattered. The magician, as a cock, devours them except one, which becomes a fox and kills him.²

In the "Story of the Second Royal Mendicant," in the Arabian Nights, an evil genie changes the mendicant into an ape. A princess comes to the rescue, whereupon the genie becomes a lion. The princess, as a sword, slays the lion, who becomes a scorpion, to be destroyed by the princess in the form of a serpent. The scorpion becomes a small eagle and the princess a large one. Various changes occur, including a transformation into a pomegranate. Lastly both the genie and the princess are burnt to ashes.

The Norse version has likenesses to the Arabian. There is a Tamil version, and a Welsh one of the sixth century in the Mabinogion. In the latter, when Gwion Bach flees as a hare, Caridwen becomes a greyhound. The hare becomes a fish and

¹Grimm's *Tales*, Vol. I. p. 287.

²Clouston, I, p. 415.

the greyhound is turned into an otter ; the fish becomes a bird and the otter a hawk. Finally Caridwen becomes a hen, and eats her enemy in the form of a grain of corn.

An early instance of transformations during a conflict occurs in the Kathà Sarit Sàgara : "Then Mandaradeva, wishing to gain the victory by magic arts, assumed by his science the form of a furious elephant maddened with passion." The Emperor Naravahanadatta assumed by his supernatural power the form of a lion. After a while each resumed his human shape and the contest continued, each being armed with a sabre.¹

III WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RICH MAN'S SON

In the Vetala Panchavinsati four brothers separate and depart to acquire magical knowledge. When they meet, one says, "If I find any bone, I can put flesh on it"; another says, "I can clothe it with skin"; a third says, "I can create limbs of such an animal," and the fourth says, "I can endow it with life." A lion which is produced slays them all. But in Panchatantra, Book V, the story runs that the fourth brother escapes by climbing a tree.

With regard to the brothers' undertaking and dispute, it occurs in Grimm's "Four Skilful Brothers," that four sons leave their father and go in separate directions, having agreed to meet in four years at the same spot. One learns to be a thief, one an astronomer, one a huntsman, and one a tailor. The father proves their skill. Then they set off to rescue a princess from a dragon, and dispute, as in "What Happened to the Rich Man's Son," concerning whose is the special merit. The father says that their merit is equal and that none shall have her.

Here is an outline of a Danish tale. A man, who had six sons, sent them out into the world. They separated, but, at the end of two years, met again at home. Each had learned a trade : thus, the eldest was a shipbuilder, and the youngest had become a master-thief. The king promised his daughter to the man who should deliver her from the power of a certain dwarf. The six used their combined powers and rescued the princess. The king could not determine which brother had done the deed and the maiden did not prefer any brother. God changed the princess and the six sons into the Pleiades, or Seven Stars.²

In the Russian, "The Seven Simeons," the tale is of seven

¹Tawney, II, p. 468.

²J. Mulley, from Grundtvig, p. 154.

orphan boys in one family. The tsar allowed each of them to choose his own occupation ; thus, one learnt to build a forge, and another to be a sharpshooter. The seven brothers departed to capture Elena, the beautiful, for the tsar, and Simeon the thief enticed her to their ship. She escaped, but each brother exerted his special skill, and so the adventurers brought her to the tsar.¹

Concerning the life token, in the Lettish story, "The Forester's Two Sons," a young man sets out on an adventurous journey, and, previous to his departure, drives a knife into the stump of a tree. The exact position of rust upon the blade tells the brother who remains at home if and when misfortune occurs to the traveller, and so he is enabled to proceed to the latter's succour.

In the Russian, "The Spellbound Princess," when the trees begin to wither, the princess understands that clearly some evil has befallen her husband and when, after strange adventures, he returns in an invisible form to the palace she observes that the trees in the garden have revived.

In the Ostyak story, "Aspen-leaf," the hoof-prints of the hero's horse give him by their condition information concerning an enemy ; and, later, a cup, by the position which it assumes, reveals how far a traveller has advanced on his journey.

In the Russian tale, "Ivan Popyalov," the hero hangs up his gloves and tells his brother, if the blood should drop from them, to come to his assistance.

In the Kathà Sarit Sàgara the god Siva appears to a couple in a dream and, giving them two red lotuses, says that if either shall prove unfaithful during separation, the lotus in the hand of the other will fade, but not otherwise.

As to the enormous wooden bird, which could be directed by blows struck in various parts of its interior, the word garuda suggests Indian origin. In the Kathà Sarit Sàgara a gigantic bird carries Saktiveda to a golden city, after he has listened to vultures conversing in a banyan tree.² Again, a man wrapped up in an elephant's hide is carried across the sea by a monstrous bird of the race of garuda.³ In the Arabian Nights there is a magic horse which can be made to ascend or descend by turning certain pins.⁴ The Chinese have a tale of a bird so enormous

¹Afanasief, *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 84.

²Tawney, I, p. 221.

³Idem., I, p. 77.

⁴Lane, III, p. 2.

that it was able to swoop down and tear off a huge serpent's head at a blow. The serpent's cruelty in devouring the young of a pair of herons prompted the bird to act in such a manner.¹ The Ostyak story, "Aspen-leaf," has a "Fiery Bird" which carries the hero on a far journey and is fed by him, but it is not described as being under the rider's control.

IV WHAT HAPPENED TO THE KHAN AND THE POOR MAN'S SON.

This story is filled to the brim with folk-tale themes, parallels to which are found easily. In the Finn story, "Four Hairs from the Devil's Beard," a water-dragon demands a daily tribute of a pig from a miller. In the Lett tale, "The Forester's Two Sons," the tribute incident closely resembles that in the Kalmuck, a difference being that in the former the ruler is about to sacrifice his daughter, and not himself. In the Kalmuck tale, "Sunshine," a dragon who controls a lake requires that every year a youth who was born in a certain year shall be thrown to him. Perseus freed Andromeda from a monster; and St. George of Cappadocia saved a princess from a tribute-demanding dragon. In the Mahabharata, the giant Baka required to be fed with a man every day.

In the mythology of Japan mention is made of the devastation wrought by an eight-headed and eight-tailed serpent, who came every year and devoured a young girl. However, a rescuer appeared in the shape of His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness who, having directed that eight-fold refined liquor should be supplied to each head of the enormous serpent, cut the monster to pieces with a sabre.²

It is not uncommon in folk-tales for a human being to understand animals' speech. In "The Man who Understood Animals' Conversation," a tale of the Tarantchi-Tatars, this faculty caused the possessor's death. In the Buryat, "The Orphan Lad," the hero understands the conversation of some crows in a tree. A man may even know all that occurs in the mind of a lower creature, as in the Buryat, "The Man and the Wolf." A snake talks in a Finn tale, and the Lord of the Bears expresses his opinion in "The Son of Mother of Water," a story of the benighted Gilyaks. In the Russian story, "Birds' Language," a little boy comprehends what is passing in the mind of a nightingale and, in "The Peasant, the Bear and the

¹H. A. Giles, 2nd. Ed, p. 457.

²Chamberlain, *Ko-ji-ki*, p. 60.

Fox," the peasant holds conversations with a bear. The Esthonians, Lithuanians and Ossetes have stories of like kind.

The production of gold by a man or an animal occurs in several stories ; thus, in the Votyak tale, " The Magic Bird," a youth, as the result of eating the heart of a golden eagle, produces spittle which turns to gold ; and in the Finn tale, " The Merchant's Sons," as a consequence of eating a little bird, a youth spits gold and becomes eventually a tsar. " Aldar the Trickster " is an amusing Votyak story, in which a horse passes coins ; while an ass in a similar manner produces gold in " Magic Objects," a tale of the Pamir regions. In the Kathà Sarit Sàgara,¹ Marubhuti spits gold. In one of the Contes de Lorraine, an ass passes gold crowns.²

The Cap of Invisibility is found widely. It occurs in a Lapp tale of that name, also in the Russian, " The Spellbound Princess." In the former the cap is taken from its possessors by the simplest means ; in the latter by sending them to their death in the performance of a task at a distance, so that the similarity to the Kalmuck is definite. The race, as an artifice to cheat heroes (sons of Asura Maya) out of the vessel, stick and shoes, for which they contend, occurs in Kathà Sarit Sàgara, thus : " King Putraka says to them, ' What is the use of fighting ? Makes this agreement that whoever proves the best man in running shall possess the wealth.' The simpletons said, ' Agreed,' and set off to run, and the prince put on the shoes and flew up in the air, taking with him the magic staff and vessel." ³

The boots conferring swiftness are, moreover, found in the Lapp " Cap of Invisibility," in the Russian " Spell-bound Princess " and, as seven-leagued boots, in the White-Russian " Little Finger." They also occur in the Norse tale, " The Three Princesses of Whiteland." " Here, on a moor, stand three brothers, and there they have stood three hundred years, fighting about a hat, a cloak and a pair of boots. If anyone has these three things, he can make himself invisible and wish himself anywhere he pleases." A king goes to the men and offers to settle their dispute ; having obtained them, he wishes himself away successfully. ⁴

The incident of the election of a ruler is comparable to that in the Votyak tale, " The Magic Bird." There a young man climbs a fir tree and looking down sees a town whose inhabitants

¹Tawney, Vol. II, p. 453.

³Tawney, I, p. 13, seq.

²Cosquin, p. 51.

⁴Dasent, *Tales from the Norse*, p. 118.

are electing a tsar. They decide to choose a man from whose hand fire comes; the youth goes toward them, and fire comes from his palm. In the Finn tale, "The Merchant's Sons," the adventurer does not climb a tree, but is elected ruler because his candle lights itself automatically, as happens to a god in the Buryat "Tale of Creation."

The transformation of the women into asses, which were then severely punished, recalls the incident in Kathà Sarit Sàgara, where one of the characters is changed into a buffalo by his wife, who makes the herdsman beat him with sticks. On becoming a man, he employs charmed mustard seeds, and so turns his former wife into a mare and gives her every day seven blows with a stick before he takes food.¹ But the punishment of women, who have been changed into asses or horses, occurs also in the Votyak, "The Magic Bird," where three maidens are given an apple, and so turned into black mares, and harnessed to heavy loads. In the Mordvin, "Enchanter and Enchantress," a husband makes his wife a mare. In the Ossetian, "Tsopan," a man and his wife are turned to asses and worked. In the Esthonian, "The Peasant and the Fiend," a landlord is turned into a horse; and used for three years by his man. In the Finn tale, "The Merchant's Sons," a woman is turned to a horse of indescribable beauty on which her husband travels habitually. In Grimm's "Donkey Cabbages," a youth gives a bad cabbage to a witch and her daughter, who become asses and are beaten every day.

V MASSANG'S ADVENTURE

It will be remembered that in Greek mythology Theseus slew the Minotaur, who had the body of a man and the head of a bull. This story was doubtless told to startle credulous and ignorant hearers who, while they had never seen any monster of the kind described, did not possess our scientific information that no hybrid has been produced through crossing any genus with another genus further removed from it than is the he-goat from the ewe of the sheep. Among primitive human beings, owing possibly to promiscuous intercourse and low reasoning powers, there is sometimes a vagueness of ideas concerning paternity, so that it may be ascribed even to inanimate substances, as for instance here, to crystal or turf. In the Gagauzy tale, "A Younger Brother Saves Two Elder Brothers from a

¹Tawney, II, p. 136

Snake," which is included in the present collection, a woman who had nearly despaired of bearing a child directed her husband to obtain some lentil grains for her. She ate these, and in due time bore a wonderful child, whom she called "Lentil." A widespread belief in totem ancestry exists among many savages; that is the descent of certain persons from non-human progenitors, who are held by their descendants in reverence. Thus we are told that Australian savages of the kangaroo totem do not partake of the tail (the best part of the animal) when a kangaroo is being eaten. But other members of the tribe partake of the tail, as well as of other portions of the animal. Marriage between persons claiming the same totem is often tabooed, by which means the evil of consanguineous unions is lessened. It is probable that to primitive man, who looks on animals as somewhat akin to himself, the idea of descent from them is less repugnant than it is to many of ourselves.

A story of the North-West Mongols speaks of a sow, the ancestress of the Kirghiz, and is as follows: Genghiz Khan arranged a banquet. At that time his son shared his mother's bed, and the latter smeared the offender's back with soot; in the morning the offender was recognised, and his father drove him into the desert of Gobi. The son carried away by stealth the staff with which the kumyss is beaten in its leather bag, and with it he took away the luck of the Mongolian people. In Gobi the son reached a river, on the shore of which he found a sow, who became parent of those from whom the Kirghiz are descended. The latter are rich in herds and other property because the staff of the Mongolian people was obtained for them.¹

The totem system plays an important part among American Indians. The Thlinkets are divided into four totems, the raven, Yehl; the wolf, Khanukh; the whale and the eagle. The first is the beneficent spirit; while among the Tinneh, the raven is considered the most depraved of all birds. They derive their origin from Yehl and Khanukh. The Thlinkets' ancestral names are preserved with the greatest care. Opposite totems only can marry, and the child usually takes the mother's totem.²

The green man is not without a parallel in English folk-lore. It is related that a green boy and his green sister were found near

¹Potanin, *Sketches of the N. W. Mongols*, II, p. 164.

²W. H. Dall, *Alaska*, p. 414.

the mouth of a pit and were fed upon beans. The boy died and the girl learned to take other food and eventually lost her green colour.¹

A parallel to the tree parentage of one of Massang's companions occurs in a tradition of the Thompson River Indians. The Coyote, a culture hero, during a flood turned himself into a piece of wood. He was left high and dry and took trees for wives; the Indians are said to be his descendants.²

Quartz crystal, to which one of Massang's companions traces his origin, has mystic powers among Australian blacks. A man of the lizard totem placed two large crystals against his son's breast, in order to make him clever, and, according to the son's account, they vanished into him.³

The association together on the road of companions (Massang and the men of forest, turf and crystal ancestry) is a common incident in folk tales. "Good and Evil," a Kirghiz story, sees two men set out in company; "The One-eyed Evil," a Russian tale, relates how a tailor and a smith in search of evil visit a cannibal witch; and in another Russian tale, "Right and Wrong," two men travel together and have the strangest dispute. Grimm's "Two Travellers" set out on the road together and have extraordinary adventures. The tailor takes scanty provisions, and soon, for a piece of bread, has to lose an eye. Then he submits to the loss of the other eye. However, he learns from a man on the gallows that dew on the grass beneath will restore his sight. Eventually, the shoes in which the tailor dances at his wedding are made by the shoemaker, whose eyes are next picked out by crows beneath the same gallows. It may be remarked, moreover, that a moral contest occurs between Massang and his companions. Similarly, animals meeting on the road may travel together, as in the Russian, "The Sheep, the Fox and the Wolf," and discuss a question of ethics.

The incident of the ineffectual use by a witch of a perforated pail for baling out water recalls the task of filling a bath with a sieve which is set by Baba Yaga, the witch in the Russian tale, "Baba Yaga."

The barbarous and extravagant contest between Massang and the little old woman is not without resemblance to the deliberately renewed conflict between a witch and "Aspen-leaf,"

¹Rev. S. Baring-Gould, p. 16.
³R. R. Marett, p. 200.

²Jas. Teit, p. 20.

in the Ostyak tale of that name ; but in the latter engagement the witch is assisted by magic. A youth has a remarkable wager with a witch in the Little Russian, "The Witch and the Sun's Sister." In "Enchanter and Enchantress," a Mordvin tale, a man has a long conflict with his wife, who transforms him into a yellow dog ; but a more terrible battle is that of a man with his two witch wives in the Ossetian, "The One-eyed Giant." Contests with other non-natural beings occur in the Ostyak, "The Hunter and the Seven-headed Satyr," and in the Bashkir, "The Old Man and the Wood-sprite."

The treacherous conduct of Massang's companions, after they have lowered him by a rope to the bottom of the rocky cleft, is like that of the elder brothers who cut the rope when the younger brother has descended in search of the mythical beast Norka in the Russian story of that name.¹ The younger brother wanders in underground regions, is aided by three princesses in turn, who are the Norka's sisters. He slays the Norka and eventually escapes and, reaching home, brings retribution upon the wrong-doers. Ralston² quotes a parallel from the Kathà Sarit Sàgara and refers to Grimm's "Der Starke Hans," as well as to a West Highland, a Norwegian, a Polish, a Greek and to other stories. In Grimm's story, "The Elves," stupid Hans is let down a well and has three princesses drawn up ; he then ties a stone to the rope and the rope is cut by two other huntsmen. Afanasief, in his observation on Folk Tale No. 73, points out that the tale is founded on the usual epic motive of three brothers, two wise but malicious and the third simple and trusting. In the Russian tale, "Prince John, the Fiery Bird and the Grey Wolf," in the present collection, the younger brother is bold and determined and obtains the Fiery Bird and other prizes. The elder brothers kill him in his sleep and appropriate all his booty. The rope is cut in the Lapp story, "Stallo," and in Grimm's, "The Blue Light."

The daily contest of the white bulls and black bulls in the heavens of the gods has a distinct mythological flavour, and is comparable to a curious episode in the Russian, "Vasilissa the Fair." There a white horseman appears with the morning light, and a red horseman comes as the sun rises, and a black horseman arrives and vanishes at nightfall. The white bulls and black bulls may be symbolical of light and darkness. Primitive peoples, thrown through vast periods into intense

¹Afanasief, Vol. I, No. 6.

²*Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 80.

association with Nature, personify her phenomena poetically just as they ascribe much that occurs around them to the influence of spirits. Massang's easy approach to the heavens is in accordance with the simple astronomical ideas of other Siberian and Turanian folk. Not only the Yakut and the Chukchi, and the Samoyede and the Lapp, but even some of the Russian stories, betray astounding conceptions concerning the propinquity of the heavenly bodies. The one-eyedness of the bulls is shared by characters in the Yakut tales, "The Little Old Woman with the Five Cows," and "Black Hawk"; with a one-eyed, one-legged and one-armed old man in the first Samoyede tale, with a one-eyed devil in the Finnish tale, "The Devil's Eye Ointment," and with a cannibal witch in the Russian, "The One-eyed Evil." The Polyphemus of Homer occurs at once to the memory. In "The Blinded Giant"¹ a lad kills a one-eyed giant by driving a knife into his eye, but the resemblance of this tale to the Great Russian, "The One-eyed Evil," will be considered later. Regarding the mythological side of the contest of the bulls, the Saga of Gesser Khan, which is written in the Mongol language, speaks of a bull so large that his right horn reaches heaven. In the course of the story a giant says, "On the shore of the nearest lake, two bulls, a white and a black one, are running races with each other. The white one, which is Gesser's guardian angel, wins in the morning, and at noon the black one, which is my guardian angel, wins."²

Regarding the magic barley grains which Massang uses in his adventure with the Khan Shumnu, it may be pointed out that in "A Tale from Ardschi Bordschi," the khan's daughter, Naran Gerel, takes the remarkable oath which is to free her from suspicion, over barley-corns which possess the magical quality of exposing perfidy in the oath taker.

The iron chain which falls from heaven is not solitary, for in the Ostyak story, "Three Brothers and their Sister," a cottage is suspended from heaven by an iron chain. It will be found in the account of "Beliefs held by Peasants near Vologda," that it is considered the wind is fastened to a chain at the edge of heaven.

The origin of the Great Bear from sparks flying upwards is more realistic and less poetical than the account of its origin in the Buryat story, "The Orphan Lad," in which is instanced the

¹S. Hartland, *English Fairy and other Folk-Tales*, p. 87.

²*Grimm's Household Tales*, Notes, Vol. II, p. 559.

widespread belief among many races that the stars have a connection with the lives of human beings. The Blackfeet Indians explain the Great Bear by a legend, briefly as follows: A girl married a grizzly bear, who was soon killed by her relatives. In the course of warfare between herself and her relatives she assumed the form of a grizzly bear, to counter whose terrible pursuit one of her brothers shot an arrow into the air; at once his other sister rose high in the air. As he fired six other shots, six brothers also mounted aloft. The seven thus became the seven stars of the great constellation.¹

Finally, attention must be drawn to the general and sustained similarity between "Massang's Adventure" and the story from Lorraine, "John of the Bear,"² a condensed version of which is included in a Note to the Gagäüzy tale, "A Young Fellow of Terrible Strength."

VI THE ADVENTURE OF THE PIG'S-HEAD MAGICIAN

The life-talisman, around whose loss this story revolves, is an object with which the life of an individual is closely associated and on which his welfare depends; it is not a life-token, an object indicating misfortune befalling an absent person of the kind alluded to in the Notes on the Kalmuck tale, "What Happened to the Rich Man's Son," nor is it a talisman or "wishing" object, such as the jewel in the Kalmuck story, "What Happened to the Brahmin's Son." An instance of the life-talisman is to be found in the Kalmuck, "The Khan of Childish Intellect," in which story, when and because his life talisman is dashed to the ground, the khan dies.

The Ainos are believers in the life talisman. An Aino, being questioned, said, "In ancient times a certain man made a fetich of *cerciephyllum*, the end of which rotted, after a short time, so that it fell over. Not many months elapsed before the owner himself became weak and died. This was owing to the influence of the fetich being withdrawn." The chief talisman should be made of lilac because this is a kind of hardwood which does not quickly rot.³ Certain fetich shavings suspended from the outer walls of the hut are supposed to preserve its life.⁴

The demon nature of the girl and of the buffalo is reminiscent of frequent incidents concerning rakshasas and other evil beings in the famous Indian book, *Kathà Sarit Sàgara*. Mere

¹Spence, p. 182.

³J. Batchelor, p. 93-114.

²Cosquin, No. 1.

⁴Idem., p. 117.

stories of magic, like the Mordvin "Enchanter and Enchantress," in which a man and his wife turn each other into different shapes from a hostile motive, and the Ossetian story, "The One-eyed Giant," in which a man is persecuted by his two malignant wives, who have assumed the form of birds, are not uncommon. In the Russian tale, "The Fiend," a demon in the form of an attractive youth carries on a long courtship with a village maiden. In the stories, "The Widow and the Fiend" and "Saving a Soul," a "demon" visits at night respectively a young widow and a woman in her husband's absence. In the Ossetian tale, "Tsopan," a devil visits a maiden at midnight. In the Finnish tale, "Four Hairs from a Devil's Beard," a woman is married to a devil. In the Great Russian, "Helen the Wise," the unclean spirit vaguely approximates to Satan rather than to a mere demon, while in the Lettish, "The Enchanted Castle," the devil, who is many-headed, is more like a dragon. Devils are numerous. Thus, the hero of the Buryat "Orphan Boy" meets some devils, and tricks them of a soul in their possession: the hero of the Russian tale, "The Spell-bound Princess," lures devils to their death by inciting them to race downhill after tar barrels; and the hero of the Russian story, "Right and Wrong," climbs a tree and learns valuable secrets from devils who talk beneath. Perhaps the most extraordinary unclean spirit is the devil's daughter in the Yakut, "Little Old Woman with the Five Cows." She had one eye, one arm and one leg, and a tongue fifty feet long.

Although the Pig's-Head Magician shows himself capable of something of a magician's methods, his chief successes are due to fortuitous favouring circumstances of a type alluded to in the Note on the Buryat tale, "The Old Man Ookhàny."

This is the Indian story of the lucky impostor: Harisarman, a poor Brahmin, lays a plot to gain a reputation for knowledge. He steals and conceals a valuable horse. Then his wife goes about saying that he is a wise man and astrologer, able to discover the whereabouts of the horse. After drawing strange diagrams, he indicates where the horse will be found. When the king's jewels are stolen, Harisarman is requested to find them. The female thief, overhearing Harisarman upbraiding himself for his folly and presumption in seeking undeserved renown, takes the words as indicative that her theft has been discovered and confesses her crime to the Brahmin. So the

latter is able to recover the jewels and take them to the king. The minister tests Harisarman's powers by saying, "Tell me what is in this pitcher!" In his despair Harisarman says to himself, "This is a fine pitcher for you, frog, since it has brought you destruction!" Frog was an old pet name bestowed on him by his father. As the pitcher contained a frog, Harisarman's fortune was made.¹

In Grimm, a certain peasant named Krebs (which means crab) pretends to know everything, and calls himself "Dr Knowall." When, at dinner, the doctor remarks to his wife, "This is the first," in allusion to the dish, the servant imagines that Knowall has said, "This is the first thief," and so on. Eventually a nobleman, to test the pretender's skill, puts a crab beneath a cover and asks what it is. The quack fortunately mutters, "Oh, Krebs, what will you do?"

In Dasent's *Tales from the Fjeld*, in the story called "The Charcoal Burner," a man sets up as a priest, because he has heard that the king will reward any priest that discovers who has stolen a ring. This pretended priest, by a series of chance lucky utterances, which are interpreted in a manner that differs from his intended meaning, discovers the ring. He obtains it from the thieves, puts it in a mash which he gives to a pig. The kings cuts open the pig and the ring is found. The story exists in Italy and Persia, and has been fully treated by Clouston². The Finnish version, "The Omniscient Doctor," in which an ignorant shoemaker, by a number of impostures, attains to fortune, will be found in the present collection among the Finnish tales.

The incident of the central part of the story, in which a khan's daughter becomes the wife of seven brothers, points to the existence of possible polyandry, a condition widely distributed in Thibet and India.³

The end of the story, with its allusion to the khan's possession of a wife in common with the Pig's-Head Magician, is comparable to the episode in the Kalmuck "Sunshine and his Younger Brother," in which a khan says, "I will now give this daughter of mine to be the wife of you two brothers." Lubbock remarks that "In Ceylon the joint husbands are always brothers."⁴

¹Tawney, Vol. I, p. 272.

²*Popular Tales and Fictions*, II.

³Lubbock, *Origin of Civilisation*, p. 195.

⁴*Idem.*, p. 135.

VII SUNSHINE AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER

The demand of the khan's wife that she should be given the boy's heart in a dish possibly originated at an ancient period when cannibalism was not unknown. It also points to the peculiar value attaching to consumption of the heart. In the Katha Sarit Sagara, a woman obtains extraordinary power by aid of spells and eating human flesh that has been sacrificed to the gods; she flew up naked into the heavens.¹ Moreover, there are evidences in that work of an atmosphere of human sacrifice, such as the tale of Sridatta, who, being destined for sacrifice to the goddess Chandika, escaped from his chains by accepting the love of a chieftain's daughter;² and the tale of Vasudatta, the son of a rich merchant, who was seized by robbers and led in chains to the temple of the goddess Durga, that he might be offered as a victim by their chief, who was at that time worshipping the goddess. That such an atmosphere of human sacrifice is not absent from these Kalmuck tales is witnessed by that one of them which is called "The Painter and the Wood-carver"; in it the painter is burnt on a funeral pyre and so sent to heaven. The offering of a bloody sacrifice to the judges of the infernal regions is a central idea in the Kalmuck tale, "The Story of the Wife who Stole the Heart."

Concerning the eating of head and heart, there is a story in *Folk-lore of Rome*³ of peculiar interest, because it bears a strong resemblance to the Votyak tale, "The Magic Bird" in the present collection. In both these stories the eating of the head and heart of a particular bird is promised as a source of great power. In the Votyak story some boys eat the heart, whereupon an order is given that they shall be killed, so that the heart may be recovered for consumption by a hunter. The story may have travelled westward from the Votyaks. The Finns have a similar story, in which the virtue lies in eating a little bird, but the heart is not mentioned.

Here is an Aino story called "Eating a Child's Heart." A certain man had two wives. The jealous elder wife pretended to be ill and said that only by eating the heart of the younger wife's child, could she be cured. The child was taken into the forest and given up secretly to its own mother by servants who brought back a dog's heart. When the wretched elder wife received it, she was satisfied by merely looking at it, and said

¹Tawney, I, p. 157.

²Idem., I, p. 63.

³M. H. Busk, p. 146, seq.,

she was well. Then she departed with a young man who was really a crow; she, too, became a crow. The former husband was told the truth in a dream and took back his younger wife with her child, and they lived happily.¹

In Grimm's story, "Donkey Cabbages," a wise woman tells a huntsman how he may get a wishing cloak which is held in the claws of nine birds, and how he may get a gold piece every morning by shooting a bird and swallowing its heart. Next, at a castle, a witch and her beautiful daughter make this huntsman vomit the heart. The girl gets it and swallows it and takes away his wishing cloak.

There is a Yakut story, called "Charchakan," in which the hero of that name kills his enemy's children, roasts their hearts and takes care that his enemy shall partake of them. The human mind has revolved strangely round the heart at times; thus in the fourth Samoyede tale, seven hearts of seven living men are hung on a rope at night time.

The sesame oil in which the heart in the story was to be boiled is mentioned by Pliny as used in India for medicinal purpose.²

The subject of tribute demanded by a monster (it is said to exist in its oldest form in the *Mahabharata*, where a giant was fed with a man daily) has been briefly treated in a Note to "What Happened to the Khan and the Poor Man's Son." It seems that, as a year recurred after an interval, it was known by a special designation; thus, the "tiger year" might be, for instance, 1600, 1616, 1632, and so on.

Methods of revival after death have been enumerated in a Note to the Buryat "Story like the Quest of the Holy Grail."

There are several allusions to Buddhism in these Kalmuck tales, but in the present tale there is a definite expression of hope for a future re-birth. In the Frame story, the Master suggests that, through the performance by the hero of a mighty task, "the people of Gambudvisa could live a thousand years and attain a most wonderful end." In "The Bird-cage Husband," an assembly makes a thirteen days' visit to a divine image in a great monastery. In the story, "What Happened to the Khan and the Poor Man's Son," a man transformed from his temporary asinine shape folds a magical paper and places it in the hands of a Buddha. But in the Yellow Ugur story,

¹B. H. Chamberlain, *Aino Folk-Tales*, p. 48.

²*Sagas from the Far East*, p. 361.

"The Marriage of a Youth and a Witch," much of the scene occurs in an idol temple.

"Sunshine" is remarkable for a touch of romance not common in folk-tales. When the youth sets out on his journey to the dragon, the khan's daughter, impelled by love, accompanies him and will not be parted from him at what seems the cost of her life. In Russian tales it is common for the princess to assist her lover in the performance of the mighty tasks set him by her father; and she accompanies him in flight. But there is little display of tender feeling. However, in "The Story of a Goat," the maiden shows marvellous self-sacrificing devotion to the repulsive object of her affections.

VIII HOW THE MAGICIAN OVERCAME THE KHAN

The incident of climbing a tree and hearing demons make merry beneath it is paralleled in the Russian tale, "Right and Wrong," in which a poor man listens from among the branches to demons gloating over their misdeeds. In the Buryat tale, "The Orphan Lad," Kybõn lies beneath a tree and overhears demons' conversation and uses it for his own purpose. Demons and devils are frequent in Siberian tales. In addition to those mentioned in the Notes to the "Pig's-Head Magician," there are others, such as a flying devil near the Milky Way in the Chukchi, "The Sun's Wife." Demon imps drag off a dead woman's skin in the Little-Russian, "The Witch"; and there is a demon, "Oh," in a Gagaüzy tale. There are demons among the Votyak, the Finnish, the Kumuk, the Lettish, the Ostyak and the Bashkir tales. In the Russian, "The Wicked Wife," a little demon comes up through a hole in the ground and, after an evil career, is forced to return there. Among the wilder races, such as the Ostyaks and the Gilyaks, there are terrible wood-devils and animal spirits.

Magic objects are as common as demons. The goblet in this tale may be compared with the magic cup in the Darvash tale entitled "Magic Objects." As for the magic staff, we have one in the Lappish story, "The Cap of Invisibility"; while, in the above mentioned Darvash story, a piece of rock and a billet of wood serve the purpose of a cudgel with which an evil doer is belaboured. In the Finnish tale, "The Merchant's Sons," a cudgel performs wonders when it is passed from one hand to the other, and in the Little-Russian, "The Three Brothers," it beats a thievish Jew till he practises restitution. Such be-

haviour is like that of the cudgel kept in a sack, out of which it issues in Grimm's "The Wishing Table"; and there is a typical magic cudgel in Grimm's story, "The Raven." The magic maces of the Russian epic tales are aids to exercise control over magical steeds, while the life rod in a Samoyede tale is a means of reviving the dead.

As might be expected, Siberian tales abound in trickery, one of the common instances of which is the confidence trick practised in this story, that is, the hero exchanges his magic goblet for a magic staff and, with the aid of the latter, re-acquires his goblet. The procedure is of the same kind as with the cap of invisibility, or the boots of swiftness, which, being wheedled from their possessor, make the new owner into a master of the situation. In the present tale, the magic staff belongs to a single individual, but frequently the wonderful objects are introduced as causing a dispute among demons who cannot agree in the ownership. Such a position occurs in the Lappish tale, "The Cap of Invisibility," the Russian, "The Spellbound Princess," and the Finnish tale, "The Merchant's Sons." The demons are craftily relieved of their wonderful possessions by the hero. Other forms of trickery are those with a corpse, the responsibility for death being fastened by the murderer on an innocent person. There is also a frequent form of trickery in which a victim escapes an evil end by pretending that he must be shown how to do something dangerous. He gets his persecutor to put himself or herself into the perilous position, and then he quickly uses his advantage for his own salvation, as in the Mordvin story, "Baba Yaga." Another form of trickery is, after making deceptive and misleading preparations to appear to kill, let us say, a wife, and next to invite an enemy to injure himself in a similar manner, as in the Votyak, "Aldar the Trickster." This is the method in Grimm's "Ferdinand the Faithful," in which a foolish king allows a wicked wife to hew off his head, because hers has been removed and restored to its place successfully. But craft and deceit are to be found everywhere, and often in novel shape.

IX THE STORY OF THE BIRD-CAGE HUSBAND.

In this story the subject of mating with animals comes forward prominently. The bird is not a prince in temporary disguise, but can assume human form on occasion. We are led to understand that the bird form is more or less settled;

at all events it is the final one in the story. The Gilyaks have a tale of a man who mated with a tigress ; among them there is also mention of a man who married a fish called " Mother of Water," of a woman who mated with a bear, and, though it is not to be found here, there is story of mating with a fox. There is nothing coarse in these narratives ; indeed, they are poetical. Savages look on animals as almost akin to themselves, ascribe to them ideas like their own, and even think, as is revealed in the Gilyak tales, that animals play a part in the welfare of human beings. The recognition of such an attitude assists us to understand the existence of a long list of tales among various peoples, including some of culture, such as the Russians and the Germans. But the chief explanation is, probably, that the originator of the tale deliberately employed impossible conditions for the purpose of effective and startling fiction. It does not seem possible in any other way, even if we make allowance for ignorance, to account for such mates as the wind, or a whale. In the second Samoyede story, a woman lives with a wolf, in whose absence she is rescued by her friends, the young wolves being killed in the den. The stories are more frequent among the inferior races ; thus, among the Lapp tales there are several concerning respectively a deer, a dog and a frog. Snakes occur occasionally as human mates : thus, among the Gagauzy, in the tale, " A Younger Brother Saves Two Elder Brothers from a Snake," we are definitely informed that the snake's mother was a woman. In " Concerning the Sun," a story of the same people, the maiden who became a bride has lived as a tortoise, and could return into her shell. In " A Young Fellow of Terrible Strength," a she-bear captures a man and begets a son by him. In an Esthonian tale, " The Man with Strength Under a Stone," a chicken is the bride. In a Votyak tale, called " The Grateful Animals," a question arises of mating with a wild beast, a bird and a whirlwind. In the Armenian, " The Treacherous Mother," we are confronted once more with a snake. In the Russian there are the circumstantial " Tale of a Goat," and the more attractive and amusing " Sun, Moon and Crow-Crowson," which must be of ancient origin. In " The Watersnake," a snake gets on a girl's shift, when she is bathing, and makes her marry him later.¹ In the Little-Russian there is a poetical account of a drowned girl's union with a water-sprite, a creature of shadowy existence.

¹Erlenwein, No. 2.

There is a tale called "The Bear Child," in modern Greek and Albanian folk-lore. Once a priest went with his wife into a wood to cut wood. While his wife was away, a she-bear approached him and forced him by threats to love her. A son being born, was immensely strong, and asked the she-bear who was his father. The bear replied, "Place this axe before the church; whoever claims it is your father." The priest was thus brought to acknowledge paternity. The boy ate so much in the priest's house, that he was taken by his father to a baker, where he ate everything in the shop. The king's cook heard of the deed, and asked the boy if he could load sixty mules with wood. "Yes, if you will give me a proper axe." With an axe weighing five hundred pounds the boy succeeded in his task. The king became afraid of the lad's growing strength and set him a dangerous task, but the boy performed it and received half the kingdom.¹

In Grimm's story, "Hans the Hedgehog," a man determined to have some sort of son, so his wife had a half human son, who was a hedgehog in the upper part. He is eventually married to a king's second daughter, and his hedgehog-skin is burnt off. In Grimm's story, "The Donkey," a king has a donkey for a son, who learns to play the flute, travels and aspires to the hand of a princess. He marries her, but changes his skin in the bedroom. His father-in-law, the king, watches and throws the skin in the fire. Moreover, Grimm has a story called, "The Hare's Bride." In a Russian tale² three maidens marry respectively a hawk, an eagle and a raven, and there are many variants to the story, one of which is in this collection, namely, "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria." Three sisters in this tale marry, not birds, but hideous beggars, and their brother, when he seeks his sisters finds them mated to many-headed dragons.

The Rev. J. A. McCulloch says, "Marriage with a beast is, at a certain stage of culture, deemed neither irrational nor improbable." He enumerates several instances: thus, in a Basque tale a woman agrees to marry a serpent; in a Magyar tale a girl married a pig; in an Algonquin legend a maiden married a serpent, and in a Basuto story a girl did likewise. In a Lithuanian tale a girl married a white wolf, and in a Scots story the mother of Cinderella is a sheep from the first, though, after being killed, she revives as a princess and a fairy godmother.³

¹Hahn, II, p. 75.

²Afanasief, VIII, p. 98.

³*Childhood of Fiction*, p. 233, 253, seq.

The subject of mating with animals has an important bearing on that of totem ancestry, which depends on the idea of human descent from animate, or even inanimate, objects as mentioned in the Note to "Massang's Adventure."

To give here but one instance. In the extreme north-west of America the Koniagas, living to the north of the Thlinkets, assert that they are the descendants of a dog.¹ And, according to a legend, the Tinneh, living inland, north-east of the Koniagas, also ascribe their origin to a dog. Therefore it is that to this day a dog's flesh is an abomination to the Tinneh, as are also all who eat such flesh. A legend runs that the earth existed with only one human inhabitant, a woman who dwelt in a cave and lived on berries. She encountered a dog, who followed her home, transformed himself into a handsome youth and became the father of the first men.²

When a maiden is married in a tale to a bird or beast, an effort is sometimes made to destroy the outer covering and, in the present story, the wife who destroys the cage has to undergo a terrible penance. In the Russian tale, "The Frog Princess," the husband throws the frog's skin into the fire in the hope that he will so make his wife permanently a woman. He thus gets into serious trouble. So the tortoise-shell is destroyed in the Gagäüzy tale, and in the Russian "Story of a Goat," the goat's wife throws his skin into the flames.

The whirling windstorm, bearing away the husband, reminds us of a whirlwind that carries a man into a cottage in the Votyak tale, "The Grateful Animals," and of the whirlwind in which a hatchet is embedded in "The Wizard," a Russian tale. In the Yellow Ugur tale, "The Marriage of a Youth and a Witch," a witch, after separation from her husband, arrives to meet him as a whirlwind. The winds speak in "The Spell-bound Princess"; they also carry away a soldier; and the wind carries away a dog in "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria." The wind speaks and argues in the White-Russian, "Sun, Frost and Wind." In Grimm's, "Singing, Soaring Lark," a wife has to follow her husband seven years in order to release him. She climbs to the sun and moon, and the winds meet and speak. The negroes of the West Indies speak of a quarrel between fire and water, in which the fire asked the wind to assist, and a great fight occurred.³ But that the wind is animate is

¹H. H. Bancroft, III, p. 104.

²Taylor's *Anthropology*, p. 393.

³Idem., p. 105.

widely believed; thus, the Bushmen hold that the wind was formerly a person and later became a bird. The Bhinyas in India claim descent from the wind as a person, and in an Indian epic, the leader of the ape army was the son of the wind.¹

X THE PAINTER AND THE WOOD-CARVER

While the allusion to the khan's re-birth in Heaven adds one more touch of Buddhism to these Kalmuck tales, the main idea of this humorous story seems to be Hindu. It is believed now that the Rig-Vedas did not really enjoin the rite of self-sacrifice by certain widows, but the custom was an ancient one practised in India in the fourth century before Christ, and from the sixth century after Christ; the widow lying down on a lighted pile, or throwing herself into a fire pit, or meeting her death by fire in some other way. The terrible proceeding was not in accordance with the highest form of Brahminism, and was probably a survival of an ancient Aryan custom, which made it obligatory that a great man's wives and slaves, horses and weapons should be sacrificed at his death, as is shown in a famous picture in the Historical Museum at Moscow.

In this collection sacrifices of children by parents to supernatural beings occur in the Yukaghir, "Tale of a Fabulous Old Man," and in the Buryat, "The Old Water-sprite." There is a human sacrifice at the construction of a bridge in a Gagaüzy story; and in the Yakut tale, "Charchakan," a man's remains are exposed as an offering to the Sun and Moon. In the Russian, "The Sea-king and Vasilissa," a father surrenders his son in accordance with a "Jephthah" vow.

As to the khan's re-birth in Heaven, in "Sunshine and his Younger Brother" a prayer is offered for the re-birth of a dead boy. In the beautiful Kumük legend, "Brother and Sister," a devoted pair, youth and maid, were re-incarnated as birds always found in the forest as a pair near one another. The idea of incarnation (if the term may be so used) as a flower occurs in the Russian story, "The Fiend," but the flower returned to the form of the maiden over whose grave it grew.

The scene of the funeral pyre has an independent interest, for the ancient custom of human sacrifice by burning seems scarcely mentioned in folk-tales, however indicative their contents may be otherwise of prehistoric customs and beliefs. Lubbock gives instances of sacrifice of men to heathen gods by

¹Art. Mythology, *Encyc. Brit.* Ed. XI.

burning.¹ In the *London Times*, of June 26th, 1923, it is reported as proved that a chief's son had been burnt to death in Rhodesia, in order to appease the wrath of the Rain-goddess. In a Lettish tale, "The Sailors and the Giants," a woman is burnt at the stake because she refuses to renounce her heathen belief. The tendency has been for the Orthodox Church in Russia to suppress references to paganism in folk-tales. Thus it is difficult to find a mention of Perun, the god of Thunder, in a Russian folk-tale, but easy to find one of Perkun, the corresponding deity, in the Lettish tales.

XI THE WIFE WHO STOLE THE HEART

The task set to the khan's wife exceeded in horror any undertaking required of an enamoured youth by his prospective father-in-law in western folk-tales. Absolute obedience to directions, and exhibition of surpassing courage won her the victory and complete rights as a wife, and were sufficient for success, without further assistance of the magical kind invariably accorded to the hero of the Russian epical tales. The young wife's recovery of the new heart from the magicians of the infernal regions apparently countervailed the death-sacrifice of the khan. In the fourth Samoyede tale, seven hearts taken from seven men hang on a string at night time, but the men die if their hearts are not returned to them, and a similar notion seems to underlie the action of the present story.

In an Eskimo tale, a "very obstinate man," because he did not travel round a rock but went on the sunny side, was punished by the removal of his heart, which was taken from him by an old woman. He complained of his loss to the Moon-Man, who fetched the heart from the woman and stuffed it in again.²

But in this connection there is an ancient and interesting story, or legend, of two brothers. In an Egyptian papyrus of about 1300 B.C. there is an account of two brothers, of whom the younger lived with and served the elder. The wife of the elder brother brought a false charge against the younger, which led to a terrible quarrel between the men, but an explanation occurred and they were reconciled. The tale runs that the younger brother, Bitiou, after journeying to the Valley of Acacia, takes out his heart and hangs it on an acacia flower. His wife, who is desired by the king, advises the latter to have

¹*Origin of Civilisation*, pp. 357, 358.

²Rasmussen and Worster, *Eskimo Folk-Tales*, p. 8.

the flower cut down, so that she may be freed of her lawful husband. The acacia flower is cut down and Bitiou dies. Now, before Bitiou had set out for the Acacia Valley he told his elder brother that if at any time a jug of beer or wine should suddenly froth, it would be an indication that Bitiou's heart had been cut down and fallen to the ground. A jug of beer and a jug of wine froth in Anepou, the elder brother's hand, so he knows that Bitiou's heart has been cut down. Anepou, the elder brother, after a search of several years, finds the heart, re-animates it by the use of fresh water and so restores Bitiou to life.¹ Comparably, in the Buryat tale, "The Orphan Lad," devils capture the soul of a sick boy, who, however, does not die at once and whose vitality is restored when the soul is taken from the devils and given back to him. Such ideas are consonant with the general trend of shamanist practices; thus, in a Yukaghir tale, "The Shaman," a shaman journeys underground to the home of dead spirits and recovers a sick man's soul.

The Buddhism of the Kalmucks was probably not so developed at an early period as to prevent a lively faith in shamanism; indeed, a shaman plays an active part in the Kalmuck tale, "The Orphan Bosh and his Whistling Arrow, Tosh." It is clear that the idea of the possibility of life without heart or without soul has been present to the minds of certain eastern and northern peoples.

XII THE MAN AND THE WOMAN'S ADVENTURE

In the Kathà Sarit Sāgara there is a story of a merchant's daughter that, leaving her husband asleep, goes to meet her lover, whom, however, she finds hanged to a tree and dead. She takes him down and embraces him passionately, but he, animated by a Vetala, suddenly bites off her nose. She returns home and accuses her husband of biting off her nose. But a thief has followed her movements throughout and reveals the truth.² The Kalmuck story is told realistically and may be ancient, for it is held that "Siddhi-kur" existed in a much earlier form than that which now exists.

The following story from the Panchatantra resembles (in its latter part) "The Man and Woman's Adventure." A weaver said to his wife, with whom he was walking forth to carouse, "Go home with this guest, the monk, Devasarman, and attend to his wants." The wife with a joyful countenance thought of

¹Maspero, p. 5.

²Tawney, Vol. II, p. 248.

her lover Devadatta, and returned to her home with the guest. She gave the monk miserable accommodation and, putting on her best clothes, went to visit Devadatta. But her husband, unsteady with drink, saw her, and she at once returned home. He followed and upbraided her, but she denied that she had gone out. Nevertheless, her husband, having beaten her, fastened her with strong cord to a post and fell into a heavy sleep. In the meantime, a barber's wife came to the woman and said, "Dear friend, Devadatta is waiting for you." The weaver's wife replied, "You see my position; go and say I cannot come." The barber's wife remarked, "Dear friend, your husband is overcome with drink and will not wake till the sun's rays are hot. I will loose you; bind me in your place and come back to free me when you have visited Devadatta." But the weaver soon woke and said to the fastened woman, "I will let you go, if you will not behave ill in future." The barber's wife, afraid of betraying herself by her voice, kept silence, whereupon the weaver took a sharp knife and cut off her nose; then he slept again. Devasarman, unable to sleep, had observed everything. The weaver's wife returned and said, "Has this good-for-nothing been quiet while I was away?" She then released the barber's wife. When the weaver woke, he threatened his wife, but she stoutly maintained her innocence, and said triumphantly, "By virtue of my chastity, my nose has become whole." The weaver loosed her bonds and caressed her.

The barber's wife went home perplexed and anxious. Her husband arrived and cried out to her, "My dear, bring me my box of razors that I may go and finish my business in the town." The woman stood in the middle of the room and threw him a razor, and he threw it back at her furiously. Then she rushed out and shouted, "Woe, woe! look, this miscreant, to whom I have always been faithful, has cut off my nose!" The officials took the barber before the judges and said, "This woman, who is a pearl of a wife, has been mutilated by her husband." The barber, who was weak from the blows showered on him by the police officers, could not answer the judge's question; and was condemned to be impaled. But Devasarman now came forward and, relating the whole story, secured the barber's release.¹

XIII THE STORY OF THE MAIDEN SUVARNADHARI

The kind of trickery with which the story opens is ancient, and, in some form or other, widespread. In the Russian story,

¹Benfey, II, p. 38.

"The Wicked Wife," an imp visits certain towns and causes illness among the women folk, in order that a peasant-physician accompanying him may cure the patients. In the Lithuanian, "The Crafty Wife," an evil-minded woman causes strife between a young husband and his wife by a device worthy of an Iago.

But a deceitful method, more closely allied to that of the man who entered the clay image of Chongschim Bodhisattva, occurs in Grimm's story, "Old Hildebrand." Here a woman pretends illness and gets her husband to go to church and listen to a sermon which advises him to go away, leaving a clear field for the preacher. Another form of the pre-arranged plot by which a knave may profit is that in the Buryat tale, "Old-man Ookhany." To-day such villanies occur among rogues, some of whom have been known to salt a gold mine. Pathos is infrequent in these folk-tales, but the story of the maiden Suvarnadhari has a touch of that pathos which is common to the Russian, "The Shepherd's Daughter," where a tsar exhibits wanton cruelty of an outrageous kind to his meek wife, and to the famous story, "The Patient Griselda." While the episode of the tiger is humour of the grimmest, the story, as a whole, with its tale of enchantment and its happy ending, is a nearer approach to the western fairy tale than is easily found in Siberian tales. In the Russian, "The Frog Princess," disaster and then good fortune fall to the lot of husband and wife.

XIV. THE KHAN OF CHILDISH INTELLECT

This story of astute theft seems to be the Kalmuck version of a famous tale, variants of which are widely distributed. For instance, there is the story of the "Clever Thief," in *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*.¹ There are German, Dutch, Russian and Thibetan versions, and modern variants are to be found among the Albanians, Bretons, Danes, Tyrolese, etc. An Egyptian legend from Herodotus is apparently the original story. Rhampsinitus, king of Egypt, had a strong room made by an architect, who left two stones loose, and told his sons how they might enter. One of the sons being caught in a trap in the strong room, told the other to sacrifice him by cutting off his head, in order that the brother might escape and, taking away the head, make detection impossible. The body was found and hung up in the city, but the brother made the

¹Campbell, II, p. 239.

guards intoxicated and removed it. The king requested his daughter to act as a courtesan and to induce, as the price of her kindness, each lover to relate the most extraordinary and wicked thing that he had ever done. She tried to seize the culprit when he came to her, but he put in her hand a dead hand and so escaped. The king, astounded by the man's versatility, forgave the culprit.¹ This story, which is called "The Robbery of the King's Treasury," varies in different countries, and seems to have come to Europe in the twelfth century. In *English Folk and Fairy Tales*, under the title "The Hand of Glory," three tales, from different sources, speak of the use of a dead man's hand for purposes of mysterious intimidation by persons intent on robbery.² The interest, however, of these three tales lies rather with the supposed original Egyptian legend than with "The Khan of Childish Intellect."

The following Basque legend is comparable with the "Khan of Childish Intellect." It is called "The Mother and her (idiot) Son; or the Clever Thief." A poor boy sets out to better his fortunes. He has preliminary successful experiences as a robber, and then returns to his home. The mayor of the place, who has heard of his skill, says to him, "If you do not steal my finest horse from my stable this very night I will have you killed to-morrow." The boy goes home and gets a big stick and then, disguising himself as an old beggar man, approaches the wealthy mayor's mansion and obtains a corner in which to lie down in the stable. He hears that three grooms are to stop till midnight on the three finest horses and then to change guard. At midnight he goes to the man on the finest horse and tells him it is midnight and time to get off. The man gets down and the poor boy rides off on the finest horse. The mayor next by threats causes the boy to steal the sheets from his (the mayor's) bed and all the money from a priest, who is the mayor's brother.³

XV ADVENTURE OF THE BRAHMIN'S SON

This is almost an animal story, for the mouse, ape and bear, who are saved by the Brahmin's son, are prominent characters throughout the narration. They are grateful animals of a sort to be found in many other stories in the present collection.

¹Maspero, *Contes Egyptiennes*, p. 153.

²J. Jacobs, p. 196.

³W. Webster, p. 140.

The notion of a beast's requital for kindness shown to it by a human benefactor is ancient and widespread; thus, in the Kathà Sarit Sàgara there is a story of a woman, a lion, a golden crested bird and a snake who are rescued from the bottom of a well by an ascetic. All the animals requite the man's kindness, but the woman becomes his enemy and gets him thrown into prison.¹ Such stories of grateful animals occur in the *Panchatantra*, in the *Syriac Kalila wa Dimma* and in the *Fables of Pilpay*. Clouston² gives in detail the following story from the *Jàtakas, or Birth Stories of Buddha*. A wicked prince is thrown into the water that he may be drowned. He gets on to the trunk of a tree, where he is soon joined, on account of floods, by a snake, a rat and a young parrot. During the night the potential Buddha (i.e. Gautama, in one of his many births before he becomes Buddha) dives into the water and drags the log ashore. The three animals without exception offer large gifts to the hermit. But the prince, when he finds an opportunity, has his benefactor bastinadoed. The potential Buddha is released and placed on the throne, and then the snake and rat give him of their valuable stores, while the parrot offers him rice. The animals are cared for and well treated by him, and the snake and the rat, who have been human beings previously, at their death pass into other forms and are thus suitably rewarded.

While in the present Kalmuck tale the grateful animals are a mouse, an ape and a bear, in the Kirghiz, "The Young Fisherman," they are a cat and a dog, whom a lad has generously provided with food. They recover possession of a jewel for their master. It is interesting to note that in the Gagauzy story, "The Magic Mirror," a serpent is the grateful animal; while a cat and dog, inexplicably and without any spur of gratitude, accompany their master on hunting expeditions, and eventually assist him to recover his treasure, the magic mirror; for the cat and dog kill many mice, and one mouse bargains for its safety and, according to her promise, cleverly regains the mirror. In the Finnish story, "The Dog, the Cat and the Snake," a peasant purchases the life of a snake and later gives food to a dog and a cat who get back for him the magic ring given him by the snake. The above-mentioned four stories are centred about the loss of a jewel, or magic mirror, or ring, and its recovery by a grateful animal. The

¹Tawney, II, pp. 104-107.

²*Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, p. 233

story has probably travelled, like others, westward from the Kalmucks through the Kirghiz to Finnish races and the Gagaüzy. The Bohemian variant, No. 15, in M. Leger's *Collection of Slav Tales*, tells how Jenik (Johnny), a third son and fool, departs on a journey and intercedes for a dog, a cat and a serpent, and they follow him in order. The serpent gets a magic watch for the hero, who thus obtains a princess as wife, but she steals it and returns to her father. The dog and cat recover the watch for him, and live happily with him after the violent death of the princess. This resembles the Gagaüzy version.

In the Great Russian, "The Sea King and Vasilissa," a grateful eagle carries a tsar to magical regions and assists his fortunes at a terrible price. Many grateful animals assist Ivan in his contest with the famous "Deathless Skeleton Man." In a Chinese tale, the hero saves the life of a fish, who is in truth the River god. The benevolent youth is killed by an enemy, but after many years his life is restored by the grateful deity.¹ A Danish story tells how the hero's almost impossible task is performed by grateful ants. Grimm's story, "The Queen Bee," is full of grateful animals. Sir Richard Burton pointed out that the beast fable, "The Lion and the Mouse," is found in a Leyden papyrus; he considered Egypt the earliest home of such stories, and thought that they spread from Egypt to India.²

But gratitude is not limited to normal animals. The Filipinos have a tale of a boy who was sent by his father to cut firewood. As a tree fell a monster came out and begged for mercy when the boy lifted his axe to kill it. The boy received from the grateful monster a white oval stone, which had been in the centre of the creature's tongue. The talisman was used by the boy to cut enormous piles of firewood, build a castle in three days, etc.³

It is probable that stories of grateful animals arose *de novo* in various parts of the earth, for primitive man, faced by inexorable natural laws and difficulties and surrounded by evil spirits, must have felt the same yearning for help which characterises children among ourselves. He saw that many animals around him were harmless and behaved in a manner not very different from his own. Some of them, such as the dog, were helpful and responsive to his advances, and it seems in the

¹McGowan, p. 25, et. seq.
²D. S. Fansler, p. 83.

³Quoted by Clouston, I, p. 67.

natural order of things that man should ascribe to dumb creatures feelings and ideas like his own. It is not always easy to bear in mind that many folk-tales, and especially animal stories, arose first among men whose intellects and powers of discrimination were very feebly developed.

XVI A TALE FROM ARDSCHI BORDSCHI

Ardschi Bordschi is the Mongolian form of the Indian romance, "Sinhasana Dwatrinsati: or Thirty-two Tales of a Throne" just as Siddhi-kur is allied to an Indian collection of stories, the Vetala Panchavinsati, that is "The Twenty-Five Stories of a Demon who enters the Bodies of the Dead." Jülg says that several stories from the Cukasapti, or "Seventy Tales of a Parrot," are inserted in the stories of Ardschi Bordschi, so that the Cukasapti was not unknown to the Mongols. The prototype of the ordeal is in Cukasapti. Jülg finds a striking parallel between the contents and form of the ordeal in the present story and the divine judgment in Tristan and Isolde. He finds a resemblance between the garden scene in both stories. Tristan and Isolde came together in King Mark's absence under a tree, just as Minister Ssaran meets Naran Gerel. The German scholar points out that Gottfried von Strassburg, a poet, wrote Tristan and Isolde in the early part of the thirteenth century, and that the Asiatics invaded Eastern Europe a few years later. However, it will be remembered that the Huns, under Attila, crossed the Rhine in the fifth century. They may have brought the story then. Such a similarity in the love-tale of widely separated lands is remarkable.

The similarity of the queen's oath in the Kalmuck and German stories becomes clear from the following quotations: "Iseult remained alone, sorrowful and sore dismayed at heart And a thought came into her mind. She wrote a letter to Tristan" . . . "And this Tristan did, journeying thither in pilgrim's guise, his face stained and soiled, and his appearance changed." "Iseult whispered in his ear that as he set foot on land he should fall with her." "Nay, let be," cried Iseult, "he is sick and feeble, and fell against his will." When Iseult took the oath, she said to the king, "No man hath touched this my body, hath held me in his arms, other than thou thyself and this man whom I cannot deny, since ye all saw me in his arms—the poor pilgrim."¹

¹*The Story of Tristan and Iseult rendered into English*, by Jessie L. Weston, Vol. II, pp. 81, 82, 84.

THE YAKUTS

THE Yakuts occupy a territory, about twice the size of France, in the middle Lena basin. Their language bears a close relationship to that of other Turkish or Tatar stock ; it being even said that the Yakut of the Lena and the Osmanli of Constantinople could without much difficulty understand one another. With a great talent for trade, the Yakut gets the better not only of the Tunguses, whose reindeer he often owns and whose furs he claims in advance, but also of the Cossacks. He is energetic and diligent when obliged to work or if faced with an alluring opportunity. Thus the Yakuts have increased largely in numbers, and the young Russians are glad to take wives from among their women.

The Yakuts at one time lived in a region round Lake Baikal, but were pushed northwards by the Buryats and, from having been horsemen and herdsmen like the Kirghiz, they have learned to give their attention to fishing, hunting and reindeer breeding. They can keep their cattle and horses alive in the Polar circle, and have milch mares which afford as much milk as cows. They speak of a supreme God, but do not worship him. The earth was made by such a Being, and at first it was small and level ; then an evil spirit scratched up the surface, so that there appeared hills and valleys. The Yakuts have their good and evil spirits, and the shamans deliver earnest addresses to air and water gods. He throws melted butter into the air to appease demons and express gratitude to the gods. ¹

I

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WITH FIVE COWS²

ONE morning a little old woman got up and went to the field containing her five cows. She took from the earth a herb with five sprouts and, without breaking either root or branch, carried it home and wrapped it in a blanket and placed it on her pillow.

¹Reclus, Vol. VI, pp. 393-396.

²E. A. Khudyakov, *Yakut Folk-Tales*, p. 80.

Then she went out again and sat down to milk her cows. Suddenly she heard tambourine-bells jingle and scissors fall, on account of which noise she upset the milk. Having run home and looked, she found that the plant was uninjured. Again she issued forth to milk the cows, and again thought she heard the tambourine bells jingle and scissors fall, and once more she spilt her milk. Returning to the house, she looked into the bedchamber. There sat a maiden with eyes of chalcedony and lips of dark stone, with a face of light-coloured stone and with eyebrows like two dark sables stretching their fore feet toward each other; her body was visible through her dress; her bones were visible through her body; her nerves spreading this way and that, like mercury, were visible through her bones. The plant had become this maiden of indescribable beauty.

Soon afterwards Kharjit-Bergen, son of the meritorious Khan Khara, went into the dark forest. He saw a grey squirrel sitting on a curved twig, near the house of the little old woman with five cows, and he began to shoot, but as the light was bad, for the sun was already setting, he did not at once succeed in his purpose. At this time one of his arrows fell into the chimney. "Old woman! take the arrow and bring it me!" he cried, but received no answer. His cheeks and forehead grew flushed and he became angry; a wave of arrogance sprang from the back of his neck, and he rushed into the house.

When he entered and saw the maiden he lost consciousness. But he revived and fell in love. Then he went out and, jumping on his horse, raced home at full gallop. "Parents!" said he, "there is such a beautiful maiden at the house of a little old woman with five cows! Get hold of this maiden and give her to me!"

The father sent nine servants on horseback, and they galloped at full speed to the house of the little old woman with five cows. All the servants became unconscious when they beheld the maiden's beauty. However, they recovered, and all went away except the best one of them. "Little old woman!" said he, "give this girl to the son of the meritorious Khan Khara!" "I will give her," was the answer. They spoke to the maiden. "I will go," she announced. "Now, as the bridegroom's wedding gift," said the old woman, "drive up cattle, and fill my open fields with horses and horned stock!" Immediately the request was uttered and before the agreement was concluded the man gave an order to collect and drive

up the animals as the bridegroom's gift. "Take the maiden and depart!" said the little old woman, when the stock of horses and cattle had been given as arranged. The maiden was quickly adorned, and a finely speckled horse that spoke like a human being was led up to her skilfully. They put on it a silver halter, saddled it with a silver saddle, which was placed over an upper silver saddle-cloth and a lower silver saddle-cloth, and they attached a little silver whip. Then the son-in-law led the bride from the mother's side by the whip, mounted his horse and took the bride home.

They went along the road, and the young man said, "In the depth of the forest there is a trap for foxes; I will go there. Proceed along this road! it divides into two paths. On the road leading to the east is hanging a sable skin. But on the road leading to the west there should be the skin of a male bear with the paws and head and with white fur at the neck. Go on the path where the sable skin is hanging." He pointed out the road and went away.

The girl made her way to the fork in the road, but on coming to it forgot the directions. Going along the path where the bear skin was hanging, she reached a small iron hut. Suddenly out of the hut came a devil's daughter, dressed in an iron garment above the knee. She had only one leg, and that was twisted; a single bent hand projected from below her breast, and her single furious eye was situated in the middle of her forehead. Having shot forth a fifty-foot iron tongue on to her breast, she pulled the girl from the horse, dropped her to the ground and tore all the skin from her face and threw it on her own face. She dragged off all the girl's finery and put it on herself. Then mounting, the devil's daughter rode away.

The husband met the devil's daughter when she arrived at the house of the meritorious Khan Khara. Nine youths came to take her horse by the halter; eight maidens did likewise. It is said that the bride wrongly fastened her horse to the willow tree where the old widow from Semyaksin used to tether her spotted ox. The greater part of those who thus received the bride became sorely depressed and the remainder were disenchanted; sorrow fell on them.

All who met the bride abominated her. Even the red weasels ran away from her, thus showing she was repugnant to them. Grass had been strewn on the pathway up to her hut, and on this grass she was led by the hand. Having entered, she replen-

ished the fire with the tops of three young larch trees. Then they concealed her behind a curtain, while they themselves ate, drank and played and laughed and made merry.

But the marriage feast came to an end, and there was a return to ordinary life. The little old woman with five cows, on going into open country to seek her cows, found that the plant with five sprouts was growing better than usual. She dug it up with its roots and, carrying it home, wrapped it up and placed it on her pillow. Then she went back and began to milk the cows, but the tambourine with the bells began to tinkle, and the scissors fell with a noise. Going back to the home, the old woman found the lovely maiden seated and looking more lovely than ever. "Mother," she said, "my husband took me away from here. My dear husband said, 'I must go away on some business,' but before he went he said, 'Walk along the path where the sable's skin is hanging, and do not go where the bear's skin is hanging.' I forgot and went along the second path to a little iron house. A devil's daughter tore the skin from my face and put it on her own face; she dragged off all my fine things and put them on; and next this devil's daughter mounted my horse and set out. She threw away skin and bones and a grey dog seized my lungs and heart with his teeth and carried them to open country. I grew here as a plant, for it was decreed that I should not die altogether. Perhaps it has been settled that later I shall bear children. The devil's daughter has affected my fate, for she has married my husband and contaminated his flesh and blood; she has absorbed his flesh and blood. When shall I see him?"

The meritorious Khan Khara came to the field belonging to the little old woman with five cows. The speckled white horse, who was endowed with human speech, knew that his mistress had revived, and he began to speak. He complained to Khan Khara thus: "The devil's daughter has killed my mistress, torn all the skin from her face and covered her own face with it; she has dragged away my mistress's finery and clothed herself in it. The devil's daughter has gone to live with Khan Khara's son and become his bride. But my mistress has revived and now lives. If your son does not take this holy girl as his bride, then I will complain to the white Lord God on his seat of white stone, by the lake that has silver waves and golden floating ice, and blocks of silver and black ice; and

I will shatter your house and your fire, and will leave you no means of living. A divine man must not take a devil's daughter. Fasten this devil's-daughter bride to the legs of a wild horse. Let a stream of rushing water fall on your son and cleanse him during thirty days ; and let the worms and reptiles suck away his contaminated blood. Afterwards draw him from the water and expose him to the wind on the top of a tree for thirty nights, so that breezes from the north and from the south may penetrate his heart and liver, and purify his contaminated flesh and blood. When he is cleansed let him persuade and re-take his wife !”

The khan heard and understood the horse's words ; it is said he threw aside tears from both eyes ; then he galloped home. On seeing him the bride changed countenance.

“ Son !” said Khan Khara, “ Whence and from whom did you take your wife ?” “ She is the daughter of the little old woman with five cows.” “ What was the appearance of the horse on which you brought her ? What kind of woman did you bring ? Do you know her origin ?” To these questions the son answered : “ Beyond the third heaven, in the upper region which has the white stone seat is the white god ; his younger brother collected migratory birds and united them into one society. Seven maidens, his daughters in the form of seven cranes, came to earth and feasted and entered a round field and danced ; and an instructress descended to them. She took the best of the seven cranes and said, ‘ Your mission is to go out to people ; to be a Yakut on this middle land ; you must not dislike this impure middle land ! You are appointed worthy of the son of the meritorious Khan Khara and are to wear a skin made of eight sables. On account of him you will become human and bear children, and bring them up.’ After speaking she cut off the end of the crane's wings. The maiden wept. ‘ Turn into a mare's tail-grass, and grow !’ said the instructress ; ‘ A little old woman with five cows will find the herb and turn it into a maiden and give her in marriage to Khan Khara's son.’ I took her according to this direction and as she was described to me ; but I accepted a strange being ; in reality, as appears to me, I took nothing !”

After his son's reply the khan said : “ Having seen and heard, I have come. The speckled horse with the human voice has complained to me. When you bore away your wife you spoke to her of a forked road. You said, ‘ On the eastern path there

is hanging a sable's skin and on the western path a bear's skin.' You said, 'Do not go on the path with the bear's skin, but go along the path showing a sable skin!' But she forgot, and passed along the path which had a bear's skin. She reached the iron house and then a devil's daughter jumped out to meet her, dragged her from her horse and threw her down, tore the whole of the skin from her face and placed it on her own face. The devil's daughter dressed herself in the girl's finery and silver ornaments and rode hither as a bride. She fastened the horse to the old willow; it is already a mark. 'Attach the devil's daughter to the feet of a wild stallion!' said the horse to me, 'and wash your son in a swift stream for a whole month of thirty nights; let worms and reptiles suck away his contaminated body and blood. Carry him away and expose him to the breeze on the top of a tree during a month of thirty nights. Let the breezes search him from the north and from the south; let it blow through his heart and liver!' said the horse to me. 'Let him go and persuade his wife and take her! But away with this woman! do not show her! She will devour people and cattle. If you do not get rid of her,' said the horse, 'I will complain to the white God.'"

On hearing this the son became much ashamed, and a workman called Boloruk seized the bride, who was sitting behind a curtain, and, dragging her by the foot, fastened her on the legs of a wild horse. The horse kicked the devil's daughter to pieces and to death. Her body and blood were attacked on the ground by worms and reptiles, and became worms and reptiles moving about till the present time. After being placed in a stream of rushing water the khan's son was placed on a tree, so that the spring breezes coming from the north and from the south blew through him. Thus his contaminated body and blood were purified and, when he was brought home, dried up and scarcely breathing, only his skin and bones remained.

He rode to the region of the wedding gift as before and, having picketed his horse, dismounted at his mother-in-law's house. The little old woman who owned the five cows fluttered out joyfully; she rejoiced as if the dead had come to life and the lost had been found. From the picketing spot to the tent she strewed green grass and spread on the front bed a white horse-skin with hoofs. She killed a milch cow and a large-breasted mare and made a wedding feast.

The girl approached her husband with tears. "Why have you come to me?" she asked. "You spilt my dark blood, you cut my skin deeply. You gave me up as food for dogs and ducks. You gave me to the daughter of an eight-legged devil. After that, how can you seek a wife here? Girls are more numerous than perch, and women than grayling; my heart is wounded and my mind is agitated! I will not come!"

"I did not send you to the daughter of an eight-legged devil, and when I went away on an important matter I pointed out your path. I did not knowingly direct you to a perilous place, and I did not know what would happen when I said to you, 'Go and meet your fate!' The lady-instructress and protectress, the creatress, chose you and appointed you for me; therefore you revived and are alive," he said; "and whatever may happen, good or ill, I shall unflinchingly take you!"

The little old woman with five cows wiped away tears from both eyes and sat down between these two children. "How is it that, having met, you do not rejoice when you have returned to life after death, and been found after having been lost? Neither of you must oppose my will!"

The maiden gave her word, but said "Agreed!" unwillingly. Then the young man sprang up and danced and jumped and embraced and kissed and drew in his breath. The couple played the best games and burst into loud laughter and talked unceasingly. Outside they fastened the speckled horse that spoke like a human being, laid on him the silver saddle cloth, saddled him with the silver saddle, bridled him with the silver bridle, hung on him the silver saddle bags and attached to him the little silver whip. When the maiden had been dressed and all was complete on her she was sent off. She and her husband knew as they went along that it was winter by the fine snow that was falling; they knew it was summer by the rain; they knew it was autumn by the fog.

The servants from the nine houses of Khan Khara, the house servants from eight houses and the room attendants from seven houses, and nine lords' sons who came out like nine cranes thought, "How will the bride arrive? Will she march out or will she saunter? And will sables arise from her footsteps?" Thinking thus, they prepared arrows so vigorously that the skin came off their fingers; they attended so closely to their work that their sight became dull. Seven grown up daughters like seven cranes, born at one time, twisted

threads so that the skin came from their knees, and said, "If, when the bride comes she blows her nose loudly, dear little kings will be plentiful."

The son arrived with his bride, and two maidens took their horses by the bridle at the picket rope. The son and his bride dismounted and she blew her nose; therefore dear little kings would come! Instantly the women began to weave garments. Sables ran along the place from which the bride stepped forward, and some of the young men hastened into the dark forest to shoot them.

From the foot of the picketing post to the tent the way had been spread with green grass. On arriving, the bride kindled the fire with three branches of larch. Then they hid her behind a curtain. They stretched a strap in nine portions and tied to it ninety white speckled foals. On the right side of the house they thrust into the ground nine posts and fastened to them nine white foals and put on the foals nine friendly sorcerers who drank kumyss. On the left side of the house they set up eight posts.

Wedding festivities were begun in honour of the bride's entry into the home. Warriors collected and experts came together. It is said that nine ancestral spirits came from a higher place and twelve ancestral spirits rose from the ground. It is said that nine tribes came from under the ground and, using whips of dry wood, trotted badly. Those having iron stirrups crowded together and those having copper stirrups went unsteadily. All had collected from the foreign tribes and from the tents of the nomad villages; there were singers, there were dancers, there were story-tellers; there were those who jumped on one foot and there were leapers; there were crowds possessing five-kopeck pieces, there were saunterers. Then the dwellers-on-high flew upwards; those dwelling in the lower regions sank into the earth; and inhabitants of the middle region, the earth, separated and walked away. The litter remained till the third day; but before the morrow most of the fragments had been collected, all animals had been enclosed and children were sporting in the place. Their descendants are said to be alive to-day.

II

CHARCHAKAN¹

LET us speak of Charchakan! He had a man Hairy-throat, and a man Grassy-legs, and a man Tree-leaf Breast, and another Foul-side, and another Bladder-head. And he possessed a lousy ox reaching the clouds, a withered ox reaching to Heaven, and as neighbours he had three gluttons.

The time came to eat the ox, so he was killed and cut up. Tree-leaf Breast raised the fat brisket, but in raising it injured his breast and died. Hairy-throat, in trying to swallow a part of the lungs, injured his throat and died. In order to cook the meat, Grassy-legs went to fetch water; he scooped it up and placed it on the ice, and then had to jump. Holding the pot of water and jumping, he hurt his hand. Kicking against the ice, he hurt his foot. Then he stretched out his other hand and broke it. He fell and broke his back. His head struck the ice and flew into fragments; so he died.

"Oh, it is cold!" said the man Foul-side, as he sat down to warm himself at the fire. A piece of coal jumped on to the dry grass, and nothing more was needed for Foul-side. He died. "Ah, woe! all the men have died," said Bladder-head, and scratched his head in grief; then he clawed his head with his ten fingers and died.

Charchakan was left alone and grieved, saying, "Who should eat the flesh of lousy-ox-reaching-to-heaven?" He went to find a glutton, the chief glutton. "Glutton! glutton!" said the old man, "will you eat freely?" "No, I will eat but little." Charchakan went to the middle glutton and said, "Will you eat freely?" "Eh?" the man asked; "I have altogether ceased to eat." "To the devil with you! I am not even left anyone who will eat. May the devil take you!" cried Charchakan, jumping up and running away.

He hastened to the least famous glutton, who was lying naked at the hearth and with his back to the fire. "Glutton, glutton! I have come to you, because you are known to me as a big eater. I have killed a withered ox-reaching-to-heaven and I have killed a lousy ox-reaching-to-the-clouds; but all my household is dead." "Oh, ho!" said the glutton. Wishing to go and eat, he called his wife, and said, "Girl, hand me my fur coat made of thirty bulls' skins." The woman took the

coat from a corner of the hut and handed it. "Hand me," he said, "my breeches made from seven oxen. Hand me my leathern boots sewn out of nine pairs of bulls' dewlaps. Hand me my mittens sewn out of nine bulls' dewlaps. Girl, hand me my cap made out of nine bulls'-head skins and horns. Hand me my girdle made of nine bulls' tails." He attached to his waist a leather bag made of nine bulls' hides. "Now," said he, "I will go! and if I am not satisfied I will run round the stove!"

Charchakan brought home the glutton, and the visitor sat down in the right side of the hut; then Charchakan took the bullocks' meat and served it. The glutton spat out of his mouth the horns and hoofs. "Have you called me," he said, "to eat this food?" Charchakan brought and offered him eight large dishes of Yakut meat. The glutton spat out only the skin. Charchakan brought and offered him eight large dishes of sour milk, and the glutton spat out only the birch-bark dishes. "Can this be your food?" said the glutton, and stopped eating. "I have no other," answered Charchakan. "Humph, humph," said the glutton. "Why did you call me for this? It is a vexation and an insult. What presents have you for my wife and children?" "Old man, I have none," answered Charchakan, standing and looking at the glutton. They began to run round the stove, but the strap of Charchakan's boots became untied and the glutton stepped on it. Charchakan fell noisily, and the glutton put him in a bag and said, "Here is a present for my wife and children!"

Soon the glutton went home, but found it hard to lift his legs as he walked. On the way he sat down to rest and put down the bag at the foot of a tree stump. Charchakan cut through the bag with a blunt pointed knife and crept out.

On reaching home the glutton took the bag and threw it into the granary and ran into the house. "How did he entertain you?" asked his wife. "Eh? do you want to know what sort of food I got? I ate nothing, and have brought back Charchakan himself." Here, in her joy, the glutton's wife swallowed her thimble and needle, and their descent was audible. She dragged the bag along, but Charchakan was not in it! She raised the bag and entered the hut and said, "Husband! Charchakan is not here!" "What a shame! you have eaten him and cheated my children," said the glutton, and he cut his wife open with a sharp knife. But Charchakan was not

in the woman; only the thimble and needle fell out of her noisily. "Another of Charchakan's impostures. What a creature he is! But it is a pity he has forced me to kill my own wife!" The glutton went back and found Charchakan lying on the road. "I will tread on your eight oxen!" thought the glutton, and quickly trod on his side. But a piece of bark had been driven against the man's side, and it resounded when stamped on, that was all! The glutton took Charchakan and put him in the bag. Lifting it on to his back, he went home, placed it in the granary and hastened into the hut. "My nine bald sons and my nine bald daughters! I have brought you Charchakan on a visit; lead him in." The children rose and brought in Charchakan. They placed him upon a shelf. "Would you like to eat Charchakan's fat?" said the glutton. "I will fetch you a little fine fish with which to eat it." He went out.

But Charchakan said to the children, "How can you so eat my fat? Find a sharp knife and I will make a spoon for you." They discovered an old yet sharp knife and gave it to him, and he made a spoon for each child. "Sit together and I will give to each good child a good spoon; to each bad child a bad spoon." They sat down in a row. He struck each head once with the knife and the heads fell and lay in order. Charchakan made a bed and put the children's heads on it and covered them over with a blanket. He boiled the children's flesh and took it out of the pot and placed it on the table; next he scooped up the fat into a cup. He roasted the hearts and, having drawn them out, set them on the table. Then he dug a hole with a double entrance under the house and lay down in it.

The glutton came and opened the door. "Take," he said, "this fine fish." But he did not see a single one of his children. "Take it, boys!" he cried, but they did not hear. He entered and drew in the fine fish and scattered it about. The meat and fat had been cooked and placed on the table. He cut the meat and ate. "Ha, ha!" said he, "how if this should be my relatives' bodies!" He cut the fat and ate. "Ha, ha!" he said, "how if this should be my relatives' fat!" He cut the heart and ate. "Ha, ha!" he said, "of whose kindred can this be the heart? Boys and girls, get up!" he cried. But his sons and daughters still slept. The glutton grew angry and jumped up; he dragged off the blanket to look; the children's heads had rolled together! He screamed and trembled and

trod the heads to pieces ; he sat down and wept. " What baseness ! Charchakan ! you have prowled about and deceived me ; you have forced me to eat my own children ! But I will reach you, Charchakan ! " Charchakan answered outside, " Oh ! "

The glutton flew across the bed on the right side of the hut and, going out, cried, " Charchakan ! " " Oh, " resounded within the house. The glutton flew across the house wall and, entering, said, " Charchakan ! " " Oh, " answered Charchakan, outside. The glutton flew to the right of the house and, coming out, said, " Charchakan ! " " Oh, " answered his enemy from within the house. The glutton flew to the left of the house and said, " Charchakan ! " " Oh, " answered the voice outside. The glutton flew across to the threshold and once more cried, " Charchakan ! " " Yes, it is I, " came the reply. " Where are you ? " " I lie here ; have you lost your eyesight ? " " Where are you lying ? " A head came forth from the hole. " Glutton, glutton ! enter, enter ! " said Charchakan. The glutton sought to enter, but stuck fast and began to fight ; he could not get in, and only his head and neck entered. Having cut off the glutton's head with a sharp knife, Charchakan removed the flesh and scattered it as an offering to the Sun and Moon. That is all.

III

FLYING BIRDS¹

THE flying birds which had bred in the Arctic Ocean shivered at the arrival of winter and prepared to die. Determining to select a leader, some said, " Let the stork be our lord ! " But the duck, Bogorgono, offered this objection : " If we fly whenever he cries, we shall die ! " Then a widgeon, championing the stork, got up and attempted to crush the duck, Bogorgono. The widgeon said, " Of course the stork should be lord ! Consider his impressive face and eyes and his full body ! "

However, a swan proposed an eagle as the birds' chief. " Shall we not choose for ruler a being like the lord-eagle, the cruel possessor of eyes and a face that are wonderful ? " They agreed and, having made the eagle their lord, took care that he should remain so till the present time.

¹E. A. Khudyakov, *Yakut Folk-Tales*, p. 73.

The eagle-lord sentenced the widgeon to carry the duck, Bogorgono, on his back, and called out : " Which of my crew shall be consumed as my food ? " For such a purpose they gave him the bullfinch, and said, " As you fly backwards and forwards, eat him ! "

They sent a teal to seek herbage, but though the teal sought and sought he could not find any. Then they sent a brown owl to discover some ground. The brown owl returned from his expedition, saying, " I found land nowhere, " and lay down with his wife and seemed desirous of death. But the teal hid near the owl's home, listened and did not move. The brown owl said to his wife, " Friend, I went to a fine place ! I found an unfrozen sea, where everything is warm ! Oh ! what a fine land ! warm and balmy and without any winter ! " Having heard him out, the teal uttered a joyful cry and took to flight ; he reported to the other birds, " There is such a fine land ! " On hearing the news, the flying creatures set off on the wing and reached warm countries.

The brown owl said, " Old woman ! preserve the down on your shin bones ! " Because he had kept silent about the land the other birds forced him to winter in the region which lies between the Arctic Sea and the warm countries.

IV

STORY OF THE MIGHTY HERO KEESE-SANYACH AND HIS SON THE HERO BARDAM-SANALACH †

NOT in heaven, and not on our poor earth, but in the happy region between heaven and earth, where reign eternal summer and day ; where the sun never conceals himself, even for a minute, behind strange mountains ; where no cold exists and water does not freeze and diminish ; where people live without growing cold and without dying ; where people only know of trouble and grief by hearsay, lived long ago a man called Keese-Sanyach. His riches were such as neither you nor I have seen in our dreams, and his wife, the daughter of a great lord, ruler of the middle under-heaven kingdom, was of an indescribable beauty not found on earth.

†From the Russian of *The Living Past*, 1891, No. 2, p. 170.

Keese-Sanyach received, as his wife's dowry, a tree so high and branching that it threw shadows under which, during the sultry noontide, all the herd took refuge, while all the birds under heaven flew to the branches. His house was so large and solid, that neither whirlwind nor snowstorm nor time could injure it, and its doors were so heavy and great that ten men scarcely could open them; and Keese-Sanyach himself was not a young fellow of our sort, for eighty men such as ourselves could scarcely get the better of him.

Keese-Sanyach's herd was so numerous that once when he came to our earth on a starry night he thought, "Which are the more numerous, the stars overhead or the cattle of my herd?" Although it would seem possible to live without grief or sorrow or fear, Keese-Sanyach was a man and had his grief and knew fear. He had heard that there dwell on our earth such good-for-nothings as often take what is not their own and come as uninvited guests; and he feared that somebody would steal his young wife, that marvel of beauty, and that the glance of some miscreant would fall on his wealth and defile it. He felt that a strange person penetrating his dwelling would bring him grief and misfortune. Jealousy and dread of losing his treasure gave him no rest night or day; he never took off his sables, did not let his heavy cane out of his hands, was always armed from head to foot and prepared for every accident.

What he dreaded occurred. A certain hero-magician born on our earth, by name Khara-Chogoy, unconquered in battle, having heard of the riches and fame of Keese-Sanyach and of his beautiful wife, determined to visit him. No sooner thought of than done! Having transformed himself into a raven, he flew with terrible noise and whistling to Keese-Sanyach's dwelling. Arriving, he descended on to a golden tower so heavily that the strong tower cracked under the weight of the unexpected visitor. The raven looked in all directions, and a fearful snowstorm arose and brought from all sides mountains of snow and hail to the dominions of Keese-Sanyach. All the ground and the trees were hidden under an icy covering; and a third part of Keese-Sanyach's herd became the dinner of the terrible raven. Keese-Sanyach at this time was asleep. It was his custom to sleep three days at a time and then to remain three days awake. Hearing the noise and the blows outside, Keese-Sanyach's wife shuddered, and issued from the tent to learn what was happening. She saw an unprecedented

marvel ; the earth and trees were buried in snow, fragments of the golden tower lay about, but the terrible raven was pitilessly devouring the herd.

When he saw her the raven remarked, " Send your husband hither ; I have business with him ; send him quickly, for I am not accustomed to wait." " My lord Blue-black Raven !" said Keese-Sanyach's wife, asking for compassion, " do not destroy me. My husband did not know that you would become our dear guest, and went on affairs to the north." Hearing this, the raven rose like a black cloud and flew in the indicated direction to seek Keese-Sanyach, but however far he flew and however long he searched, he could not find him. With not a little vexation, he flew back and consumed another third of Keese-Sanyach's herd. " Ah, you good for nothing !" the raven screamed to her from a field, " you thought to deceive me and conceal your husband ! Wait, I will find him, and as for you, my dear, I will unfailingly take you for myself ; know that !"

In fear, Keese-Sanyach's wife again ran to him and said, " Do not be angry, Lord Blue-black Raven ! When you flew off my husband returned from the chase ; but now he has gone again, and this time toward the south." Hearing this, the raven flew again to seek the ruler, but though he flew a long while, he returned empty handed, and the remaining portion of the herd became a prey to his gluttony. Having breakfasted, the raven flew once more in search and then Keese-Sanyach woke. His wife told him what had happened, and he was much frightened and said, " Why did you not wake me earlier ? Clearly the time has come to receive this uninvited guest !" The wife quickly prepared food for the journey and packed it up, and Keese-Sanyach, bidding farewell to her, mounted his horse and departed to meet the terrible raven on the road to four mountains.

Soon the raven returned and, even more than before, his eyes burned spitefully and, more than before, he dug with his iron claws. Not finding the master at home, he went for the third time to seek him. Keese-Sanyach's wife was expecting the birth of a child. She had given her husband all she possessed, and remained without provisions, had nothing to eat ; for the herd had been eaten by the raven or destroyed by the storm, and, in the meanwhile hunger tortured her. In irresolution she went out of doors and thus pitifully besought her

relatives—her husband's father and mother: "Ah, dear relatives, have mercy on me, a wretched orphan! I had a husband, but now surely he does not exist; we had a herd and wealth, but a terrible raven has destroyed everything. I know not what has happened to my poor husband; but this frightful raven has probably annihilated him, and I have nothing to eat, and I am with child! Remember me, dear ones, I am your near kinswoman."

After this, sooner or later, but nevertheless on the same day, there was much disturbance in the middle country between sky and the earth. Many clouds gathered over Keese-Sanyach's dwelling, and suddenly a multitude of horses and horned cattle appeared over a field; the sun lighted up as before, the fields became green and flowered anew, and the birds sang as light-heartedly as ever. Keese-Sanyach's wife now throve well and quickly bore a son, whom she called Bardam-Sanalach. The boy grew, not by days, but by hours, and towards the end of a year had become a strong and flourishing youth, who asked his mother his father's whereabouts and name? At first the mother was unwilling to tell the father's history to her son, but yielding to his questions, she acquainted the youth with her grief, and related how the terrible raven had gained a victory over them and how her relatives had endowed her afresh with riches. Then the son asked his mother for a good horse and, mounting, informed her that he would go and seek his father. However much she asked him not to go, and however much she wept and prayed, the youthful hero would not relax from his intention, and set off toward the four mountains to find his father.

As he rode along he saw a terrible raven flying near one of the mountains and pursuing an old man. Bardam-Sanalach guessed that the old man was none other than his father and that the raven was the hero-magician, Khara-Chogoy. He dismounted and cried to the raven, "Ho there, audacious fellow! what glory is there in overcoming an old man? Your duty is to measure your strength with mine, I am younger and stronger than this old man." Such audacity infuriated the raven, and he decided to punish the greenhorn. "Well," said he, "I will discover without delay if you are as strong as you say." The raven paused, and meanwhile the old man thanked his deliverer; promised his son, of whose relationship to himself he was ignorant, as a reward, half his possessions.

The raven rested and then began the battle. He rose in the air as a thick cloud, so that the sky was invisible and from the noise and thunder the echoes awoke over the whole Yakut land. The combatants contended long without advantage to either side, but at last losing strength, they rolled on to the ground. Then Bardam-Sanalach, despairing of victory, returned to the sky, and sang, "My famous grandfather! why do you live in the middle country? Help me to conquer a frightful miscreant! Thrust from heaven your spear into the jaws of this glutton, and so deliver me from immense shame, and perhaps even from death!" Scarcely had he spoken, when thunder reverberated and a spear as bright as lightning fell straight into the jaws of the raven, who was choking from malice, and who quickly perished.

Bardam-Sanalach burnt the raven's body, and the brilliancy of the raven's eyes disappeared. Putting away his spear into a bag (it was a folding spear), the youthful conqueror departed homewards. After going a short way he observed a hut unseen by him before; it aroused his wonder. He approached the hut and, peering through a chink, found that nobody was within. Letting his horse go free on the grass, Bardam-Sanalach hid in some bushes and watched to see if anyone should come to the hut. He lay for an hour, and for another hour, when suddenly out of a cleft in the mountain issued swiftly an enormous rat, which, having run to the cottage, was transformed into an old woman and entered. Stealing to a window, Bardam-Sanalach saw that the old woman dandled someone, and sang, "Ba bye, ba bye; now a second, now a year; now a second, now a year! Five years, five ages!"

All at once the youth understood whom the old witch was dandling; he turned himself into a beggar and entered the hut. The old woman nursed the infant; but suddenly the glitter from its eyes reminded the hero of the terrible raven. The old woman recognised the intruder, and said, "Fate has sent you to conquer our race! I am the sister of the chief hero, Khara-Chogoy, whom your grandfather's spear slew, but for myself and this infant I will give you a ransom. Are you agreeable?" "Perhaps," answered Bardam-Sanalach, "I shall have no objection. But what ransom do you offer me?" "Such a ransom," answered the old woman, "as you have never dreamed of; and I say in advance that you will be satisfied with it. Here is a small silk ball for you; throw it before you and go in whatever direction it rolls; time and circum-

stances will show you what you should do. Know this, you will grind iron with a stone, but you will not overcome me in battle ; so do not think to offer me conditions, I do not like them ; I am a powerful woman and have no lord and master."

Bardam-Sanalach glanced at the old woman's flashing eyes and without a word took from her hands a ball and went out. Mounting his horse, he threw the ball in advance, and followed whithersoever it rolled. He went far, and at last saw before him a palace of pure silver. The ball vanished in the doors of the mansion. When the hero approached the entrance the enormous bolt of the doors moved before him and the door opened wide. He entered the palace and saw that on soft sable skins were sitting an old man and an old woman whose hair was white as snow. Directly the hero entered the host and hostess rose from their places and, bowing, begged him to be seated. "Welcome, dear son-in-law, destined for our daughter ! we have long awaited you !" A little later they led him to a special apartment and, placing him on a sable seat, entertained him with fat horse-meat and gave him the best kumyss to drink ; afterwards they led their daughter to him and said, "Fate has intended you for each other ; live in affection and happiness !" The maiden was a marvel of mind and beauty and when the hero saw her he fell in love at once and agreed to marry her. According to custom, a feast began. At that time the Yakuts did not know wine, and drank with their meat kumyss, which they prepared better than we prepare it now. After the marriage had been thus completed the father-in-law said to the youth, "Dear son-in-law, your father and mother are alive, but do not know that you are sound and well and even married. Doubtless they will rejoice to see you and your young wife. I have set aside for you the half of all my property ; take it and set forth to comfort your relatives, who imagine a terrible raven has destroyed you, but the opposite occurred ; not in vain does the proverb say, 'Profit comes from harm !' The raven's sister pointed out ourselves and your wife to you."

The young hero went with the beauty, his wife, and the wealth which he had received to the paternal home. The old father seeing the approaching visitors, went out to meet them, but did not recognise his son. The hero said to him, "I am he to whom you promised half your property when I delivered you from the claws of the raven."

The old man had heard from his wife of a son born in his absence, but had almost forgotten, as a long while had elapsed without this son's return. The old man could also with difficulty recall that someone somewhere had saved him from what seemed likely to be inevitable destruction. He called the guests into the house, and the old woman going out to see them, recognised her son and joyfully arranged a feast in his honour. Long did they drink rich kumyss and eat succulent horseflesh. Henceforward young and old lived peacefully and happily.

V

WHY THERE ARE SPOTS ON THE MOON¹

ONCE there lived an orphan girl who, after the death of her parents, had a small home. Remaining in her tent, she did no work and for a while lived on what she possessed. Next the prince of the nomad village, her distant relative living near by, took her into his home; not from pity, but from greed; there was plenty of work to be done in his house, and he hoped to obtain assistance without payment. The orphan worked without resting day or night, but instead of gratitude from the prince's wicked wife received only blows on the back of her neck.

On a certain moonlight night, when the frost turned people's breaths into ice, the orphan went for water to the neighbouring lake. Reaching an icehole, she broke through the ice with a pick, filled her bucket with water and started homewards. But not far from some huts she stumbled against a willow and fell and upset her bucket, so that all the water was spilt. The orphan stood and pondered what she should do. The cold began to freeze her whole body, but she could not go back, because the icehole was already closed with fresh ice, and to obtain more water she would have to hew another hole, a task beyond her strength. If she returned without water, she would be beaten by the prince's wife. She stood and wept. Floating along the sky, the silvery Moon looked at the orphan girl, and was pleased with her beauty.

The orphan began to implore the Moon: "Deliver me," she said, "white Moon, from the torments which I endure in my life upon earth. Here it is so cold and the prince's wife beats

¹*Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ.*, 1897, No. 3, p. 179.

me cruelly every day, and people are wicked ; none of them will say a kind word to me."

The Moon heard the girl's entreaty, fell at her feet and, seizing her by the waist, was about to take her to his home ; but suddenly, at that very moment, the Sun also fell at her feet and wished to take her. A contest began between the Moon and the Sun, and the latter seemed the stronger, because he is considered an elder brother and the Moon is his younger brother. The Moon, overcome by the Sun, spoke thus : " This orphan entreated not you but me ; at night I, and not you, rule the universe, but you will reign to-morrow and can then consume the girl with heat ; it is night now, and she belongs to me."

The sensible Sun understood that the Moon's contention was just, and yielded up the orphan. The Moon took the girl home, together with the willow which she had grasped in her terror during the contest. The girl kept her buckets and the yoke on her shoulders, and she thus appears every night when it is bright. But when the orphan casts glances at the earth and sees the continuance of evil and injustice her face becomes gloomy. This story explains why there are dark spots on the Moon.

VI

BLACK HAWK¹

IN ancient times and in the middle world there lived the hero, Black Hawk, who had a lovely sister called Shining Beauty. Their herd was innumerable. Once Black Hawk, having gone to water the herd, saw a stallion pursuing from the west an unknown grey mare. The mare seemed likely to have a foal before long, and he drove her into an enclosure. But the next day she was not to be seen, though in the centre of the place lay a black mass. When Black Hawk broke it open out of curiosity there issued forth from it something unusual, for the front part of the body was human while the hinder part resembled a foal ; and all was of iron. Black Hawk asked its name and received no answer. He threw it, with a huge stone tied about the neck, into the river ; but next day, having found it again and in the middle of the courtyard, he dug an enormous pit and therein lit a fire, and casting the monster thither,

¹From the Russian of *The Living Past*, 1891, p. 174.

burnt it under his eyes. Appeased by this act, Black Hawk went home and lay down to sleep. However, the next morning he could not find his sister, and became convinced that the monster had stolen her, so he saddled his wonderful black horse and rode westward.

He journeyed a long while and reached a black house. When he knocked his summons was answered by a demon's daughter with one eye in her forehead, with one leg and one arm, who, seeing Black Hawk, cried out, "I have long sought on earth a young fellow who would be useful as a husband, but all my efforts hitherto have been in vain; now I know that my wooden god has sent him to me. I know that you, the hero, Black Hawk, have come to marry me. My name is Loud Voice, and you will pay my brother eighteen mares as a wedding gift. Black Hawk concluding that if he refused the marriage she and her brother would eat him, collected eighteen mares and drove them to the sorcerer's home. Living with her, he went one day to the lake where he watered the herd, and saw a woman of unusual beauty issuing from the water. "I am Khatchilan-Ko, the daughter," she said, "of eastern Soto-Toyen, and I have three brothers, the eldest of whom has ordered the demon-hero, Byeola Balkhan, to carry off your sister and marry her; and in exchange he has sent me to you. But you have a wife already, the daughter of a demon; put her to death, and then I will come to you."

Though Black Hawk begged the beauty to come to him from the water, she did not accede to his request, saying that she feared his wife. When he returned home it was already late, and his wife asked him where he had been detained so long? To which question he replied that he had been searching for a lost mare. The demons had so generously endowed Loud Voice with the gift of sagacity, that she knew already of the occurrence at the lake, and in revenge blew on Black Hawk's face when he slept, so that he lost feeling. Taking advantage of this, the female demon cut off one of his feet and fastened it to her body; took away his hand and fastened it to herself; removed from him an eye and attached it to herself, and then, tearing away the skin from her husband's face, put it on her own face and, assuming his garments, went to the lake of which we know. Arriving there, she cried, in her husband's voice, "Come out now, my friend-for-ever! I have killed Loud Voice."

Hearing this, Khatchilan-Ko swam to the surface of the water, but when she appeared the demon's daughter thrust at her with a spear. Happily the wound was not mortal, and Khat-chilan-Ko, turning herself into a lark, flew away eastwards. Loud Voice returning home, fastened anew parts of her husband's body to herself.

Waking early, Black Hawk, contrary to his usual custom, did not breakfast; he went at once to the lake, which he found covered with blood and, having guessed the cause, did not go home, but set off eastwards. The demon-hero met him on the way; and Black Hawk having talked with him, learnt that this hero was a messenger from Soto-Toyen to him, Black Hawk, with the news that his appointed wife, Katchilan-Ko, was dying from the wound inflicted by the demon's daughter, Loud Voice, and asked if he, Black Hawk, lived far away. Black Hawk answered it would be necessary for the messenger to cover such and such a distance, and hurried toward the east still quicker. When he arrived he visited his bride, Katchilan-Ko, who was scarcely alive.

Turning to the sky, Black Hawk cried, "My father! sitting on the white stone, Ay-Toyen, listen to me attentively! Let my request resound like the neighing of a young colt in your ears, which are like two moons. She who promised to become my wife, with whom I ought to live for ever, is dying! I pray you to send your shaman to cure her." This prayer had scarcely sounded when from the east there blew a warm and pleasant wind and some heavy rain fell and it thundered and lightened. Like the skin of a white horse, there hung in the sky a white cloud, out of which, in full shaman's clothing, three shamans descended and, flying over the sick woman, shamanized for three whole days—at the end of which time the patient recovered and the shamans flew away to the heavenly dwelling.

Soto-Toyen got ready a magnificent banquet, to which heroes and a number of people came from all sides. At this feast Black Hawk distinguished himself by his skill. Soto-Toyen, wishing to marry his youngest son to Tender-as-milk, the daughter of the eagle, begged Black Hawk to arrange the wedding. Black Hawk undertook the task and immediately departed to the eagle. When he arrived he saw an unusual assemblage of guests, and learnt that the heavenly hero, Byokasty, had descended from the sky in order to marry Tender-as-milk. Byokasty had ninety demon-heroes in his suite, but

Black Hawk engaged and vanquished them in battle. Seeing the defeat of his warriors, Byokasty ran, and Black Hawk, taking advantage of the situation, carried off the beauty to his father-in-law's house, where a rich wedding followed.

Black Hawk returned with his young wife, Katchilan-Ko, to his own home, where he found the messenger whom he met on his first journey to his father-in-law. This messenger had worked in the house during his stay, and to him Black Hawk gave his one-legged wife, and the pair became Black Hawk's slaves. From the second marriage of Black Hawk arose a numerous progeny, the ancestors of the present Yakuts.

VII

DYODUS¹.

IN Bostonsky, a nomad village in the Yakut territory, there lived a prince named Dyoudus, who had four wives. Every year, at the beginning of summer, Dyoudus invited visitors and had a feast. When all the guests had arrived he ordered his wives to appear as their mothers bore them; then he removed his clothes and requested his guests, without respect of sex or age, to do likewise; if anyone did not obey him such person was beaten cruelly. Children born afterwards knew not who were their fathers. At the termination of these feasts Dyoudus commanded that live stallions and bulls should have their hides removed, and then be admitted to the stalls of mares and cows.

If it happened that Dyoudus' labourers were not able to mow a sufficient quantity of hay, he summoned shamans and ordered them to beg Tangar, the chief deity residing in the seventh heaven, to send reapers. But, as Tangar did not supply the reapers, Dyoudus beat the shamans. Once Dyoudus wished to marry his son to the daughter of Khora-Raven (who dwelt in heaven) and to give his daughter in marriage to Khora-Raven's son. But Dyoudus' wishes, conveyed to the Raven through shamans whose backs soon suffered severely, were not satisfied; since Khora, the Raven, was unwilling to ally himself with Dyoudus.

At last a certain shaman was found who shamanized for a

¹*Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ.*, 1900, No. p.3 183.

period of nine days. The shamanistic process was, on this occasion, successful, and Khora the Raven agreed to send down his son and daughter from heaven, the pair travelling to Dyoudus by the aid of raven-horses. Leaving the horses in the courtyard, the son and daughter entered the house where Dyoudus was living, passed near the fire-place on not the right side, but the left, like evil spirits. When Dyoudus saw his visitors he begged them to depart to a distance, but they did not obey, and everyone in the house slept.

VIII

CONCERNING AL-IOT, THE SPIRIT OF FIRE¹

UNTIL the arrival of the Tunguses, who pushed the Yakuts nearer the Northern Sea (Baikal is for them the South Sea), the Yakuts thought that besides themselves there were no other people on earth; land began at the upper part of the Lena and finished at its outlet; that was the end. People, that is the Yakuts, at first had no knowledge of fire; they ate everything raw and suffered much from cold, for no good spirits taught them to get fire from stone.

The discovery of fire occurred thus: On a hot summer day an old man who was wandering among the mountains sat down to rest and, having nothing to do, struck one stone against another. Sparks issued from the blow and set alight the dry grass and next dry twigs. The fire extended, and people ran from all parts to gaze at the novel wonder. The further it spread the larger it became and the more the fire bred fear and horror; but fortunately it was extinguished by a downpour of rain. Henceforth the Yakuts learned to kindle fire and to extinguish it. The Yakuts worship fire as a stupendous force; and whenever any sacrifice is offered, they sacrifice in the first place to fire; they give a spoonful of all food to the fire. Thus they throw into it a portion of the first spring kumyss; they worship Al-Iot everywhere.

There are many stories of the honours paid to fire. A certain Mark, on the way to his father-in-law, visited an acquaintance, Vasily. Guests must always be entertained, and if the host has nothing then a pipe should be smoked or a pinch of

¹*The Living Past*, 1891, p. 70.

snuff taken, but on this occasion there was supper. Mark was astonished that his hostess, when getting ready the food, did not, according to the usual custom, pour from the kettle into the fire; and therefore, honouring the fire on his own account, he threw into it a spoonful from the cup served to him at table. At night Mark woke and, looking across the weak, smouldering light, saw a thin and weasened boy sitting at the chimney hearth. The man observed him constantly and heard him say complainingly, "I have lost flesh here; nobody gives me food; I am always hungry and you were the first to give me a spoonful of gruel. I will do you a good turn for this. Listen to me; depart quickly and you will see that something will happen!" Mark shuddered and, after brief consideration, went away without bidding farewell to his host. He looked round; Vassily's hut was enveloped in flames.

At Matthew Korshook's home a little of what was being cooked was given, by unfailing custom, as its share, to the fire; on which account he prospered; thus his cows calved earlier than other people's, his sour milk was thicker and his butter tasted better.

Old Paul also lived well merely because he did not forget Al-Iot and sacrificed to him. Al-Iot always swept his courtyard, took away the litter in the stalls, walked after his calves and foals and plaited his horses' manes. Paul used to see a little old man with a broom in his hands, who walked along the courtyard and cleaned up the dirt with a spade and cast the cattle's litter into the window of the stall; and when, after milking the cows, Paul poured the milk into birchwood buckets and put the buckets in the ice-house and went to sleep at the end of his labours, the little old man would go into the cellar and pour the milk from one vessel into another; from this reason, in Paul's belief, his cream was thicker and tastier than others.

Ivan Khooch was going homewards out of a Yakut town when a storm overtook him, so he called to pass the night at the nearest hut. Removing his bags and saddle and placing them under his head, he fell asleep and saw in a dream that a grey-haired old man walked backwards and forwards in the hut. This old man approached Ivan and said, "I shall come and live with you." At these words something began to move in the bag under Ivan's head. He woke and jumped from the couch, while a mouse ran out of the bag and, terrified in its

turn by a glimpse of Ivan, rushed again into the bag. Ivan understood that the spirit which had promised to come and live with him existed in the form of a mouse. He sat shrivelled up all night in the middle of the hut, and feared to move; but when his host and hostess woke he grew bolder even began to cough and altogether forgot his desire to sleep. When they arose from their beds he drew the bag to the middle of the hut and turned out all that was in it. He expected to thrust out the mouse, but found only his own things in the bag. He put them back and, without staying for breakfast, rode home. Arriving towards evening and entering his hut, he placed the bag on his bed and sat down near the chimney. Suddenly the bag moved and an enormous mouse climbed out and ran hastily under the fireplace. Sometime later Ivan learnt that the hut in which he had passed the night stood unoccupied; the owner had left it because, however often he kindled a fire on the hearth, it was always quickly extinguished.

NOTES

I THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WITH FIVE COWS

The magical horse in this story makes an extremely long speech to the young khan. But he is only one of several of his kind, others being the eight-legged horse in the Buryat, "The Old Water-sprite," who warns his master of danger and continues running on only two legs; the horse of the Deathless Skeleton-man, in the Russian, "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria," who not only speaks, but performs wondrous deeds, if fed exactly as he demands; the horse in the Gagatzy, "Concerning the Sun," who eats hot embers; and the horse in the Russian, "Water of Life and Death," who drinks up a stream of running water.

The plant mentioned early in the present story proves, as the story proceeds, to have been a maiden from heaven, who came to earth as a crane. Later the plant is turned again to a maiden, the heroine of the story. In the Russian story, "The Fiend," a girl, who not only is deprived of her relatives but who loses her own life at the hands of a fiend, because she persists in telling him an untruth, is reanimated as a flower which eventually changes into the maiden's form. Transmutation of

a human being into a plant or flower occurs elsewhere. In a German story a maiden is turned into a flower. A huntsman says, "Father, will you see the maiden who brought me up so tenderly and who was afterwards to murder me, but did not do it, though her own life depended on it?" The king replied, "Yes, I would like to see her." The son said, "Most gracious father, I will show her to you in the form of a beautiful flower," and he thrust his hand in his pocket and brought forth a pink. Then the flower was changed into the beautiful maiden.¹ Another tale of the kind is the modern Greek, "The Laurel Child."² The classical example of Daphne, who was saved from Apollo's embrace by being turned into a laurel, will occur to everyone. Other kinds of transformation are common in these tales. In the Yukaghir, "Tale of a Fabulous Old Man," a youth, previously a tooth, is turned into a pair of boots, and in the Kirghiz, "Fight between Father and Son," the hero becomes a mountain. Some of the most curious transformations are those of curses into a camel and an ass (Altaian,) and of the sun's wife into a black-beetle (Chukchi). A man is changed into a needle in the Ostyak, "Aspen-leaf," in the Bashkir, "The Water Nymph," and in the Russian, "Helen the Fair"; and a girl is changed to a lamp in the Chukchi, "Tale of the Moon"; a girl becomes a spindle in a Lapp story. But by far the commonest transmutations are into animals; thus, a devoted brother and sister become at death two little birds in the forest (Kumük); and the young mother, who being turned by a witch into a lynx, returns to human form on hearing her infant cry (White Russian). It is comparatively common for a human being in these folk-tales to become a bird (Kalmuck, Buryat, Ossetian, Bashkir, Mordvin, Yakut, Kumuk, Samoyede), or a horse (Kalmuck, Mordvin, Esthonian, Finn, Votykan), or even an ass (Kalmuck, Ossetian) or a bear (Lapp, Russian), or a dog (Mordvin, Ossetian).

The impostor-bride in this story is given so extravagantly repulsive an appearance as to bring home to us the difference in taste and mental outlook between the Mongol-Turkish races of Eastern Siberia and ourselves. When she places another person's skin upon her face, the incident is more realistically described than a somewhat similar incident in the German story, "The Goose-girl." Her iron tongue recalls "The Woman with an Iron Tail," in one of Rasmussen and Worster's

¹Grimm, No. 76.

²Hahn, No. 21.

Eskimo Folk-Tales. But the ancient Indian stories contain many horrible descriptions of rakshasas. That a devil's daughter of such characteristics should pass herself off as a khan's bride is an indication of the irrationality creeping into some folk-tales. In the Bashkir story, "Aleyka," a young wife has her clothes stolen by her child's nurse, and in consequence flies away as a goose. The nurse tells the husband that his wife was drowned, and before long he marries her. In the Mordvin story, "The Wicked Girl," a girl takes away her mistress' clothes, and at the end of the journey (the pair are proceeding on a visit) passes herself off as her mistress, and is so received on account of her fine raiment. When her crime is discovered the culprit is punished, as in the Yakut tale, by being fastened to the tail of a horse. In "The Goose-girl" the action is much the same, though less simple. A young bride is sent with her maid to the bridegroom. The maid forces the mistress to quench her thirst at the water's edge, and seeing that the mistress has become weak through loss of a talisman, makes her exchange garments, mounts her mistress' horse and, at the journey's end, passes as the bride. Eventually all is set right and the maid suffers a cruel death.¹

The wedding sports at the end of the story are remarkable. They were attended by ancestral dwellers from the upper regions, the air, and by ancestral dwellers from the regions below ground. But such details are less astonishing if viewed in the light of the Yakut story, "Black Hawk." There shamans are sent from heaven, and a super-natural hero descends from heaven with ninety demon heroes. So again in "Dyoudus" there is close communication with heaven. Shamans come from heaven in the Yukaghir, "The Shaman." In the Chukchi, "A Folk-Tale," there is an allusion to a higher people living in a small, dark, separate country.

At the end of the fourth Samoyede story there occurs an account of a seven days' journey through the air; while in the Chukchi, "Tale of a Dead Head," there is a visit of a family to the higher regions; and in the Lapp "Cap of Invisibility," a journey is taken to the stars. With such movements of living persons through vast spaces of air it is natural that ancestral spirits should reside above as well as below ground.

It is not only among the Yakuts that a myth exists concerning a heavenly crane. Among the Ainus the crane is of

¹Grimm, No. 86,

much importance and is worshipped. According to a legend, a crane came down from heaven, and one day, in the absence of the parent bird, people determined to obtain the young ones from the nest in order to offer a sacrifice. They took not only the young, but the garments found neatly folded beneath them. "Some hunters say that even now clothes may be found in the nests of cranes."¹

II CHARCHAKAN

Despite a gruesome termination, the playful style and fantastic exaggerations of this tale suggest that it is intended for Yakut children. The Kalmuck story, "The Orphan Bosh and his Whistling Arrow, Tosh," begins in a similar light-hearted manner. The level of taste being somewhat low among Siberian races, permits of allusions unpleasant to Western ears, and even the Russian tales offend occasionally in this respect. But lovers of folk-tales cannot afford to be squeamish about trifles. The hide and seek episode, recalls a similar one in the Chukchi, "Tale of the Moon." The descriptive names of Charchakan's men are comparable to the appellations Beakerman and Trencherman, Oak-twister and Mountain-leveller of Russian stories, but are more realistic. Of another sort are the Ostyak name, "Restless and Active as an Aspen-leaf"; the Yakut, "Tender as Milk"; and the Gilyak, "Son-of-the-Mother-of-Water." So in Grimm's story, "The Six Servants," there is a certain "Stout One" and another "Tall One."

The painful surprise of the glutton and his wife when they found Charchakan was not in the bag, which had been brought home by the glutton, is like that of the peasant and his wife in the Russian story, "Little Sister and the Wolf," when they learnt that the sleigh contained no dead vixen from which to obtain a fur collar. Gluttony is a subject not limited to this tale, thus Atdlarneq was a great Eskimo glutton. But once, under pain of being thrashed, he was made to eat a sackful of fish and the blubber from half a black seal, then half a frozen seal and lastly a whole black seal. After that he felt very well indeed and slept and went home.² Cannibalism is briefly treated in a Note to the Yukaghir, "A Folk-Tale."

¹Batchelor, p. 219.

²Rasmussen and Worster, p. 136.

III FLYING BIRDS

Siberian folk-tales not infrequently deal with animals. Thus, there is "The Man and the Wolf," a Buryat story in which a wolf has a terrible contest with a man, and the Chukchis have a tale concerning a fox and a wolf. The Kirghiz possess a tale about a fox and other beasts, and there is the story of "The Friendly Animals," among the Yellow Ugurs, in which a kite, a fox and a wolf agree to live together, and swear allegiance to each other before the gods.

"Flying Birds" has a parallel in the Panchatantra,¹ in which we read that the peacocks and all the other birds held a large public meeting; they said that Garuda (the Brahmany kite) could not protect them and did not know how to govern. One bird wished to choose a king from among the owls, but a crow objected, and said that through Garuda's rule power had been gained, etc.

In a German story birds determined to choose a ruler, and only one bird, the green plover, opposed the project. All the birds assembled, and it was decided that whichever bird flew highest should be ruler. When the trial was made the eagle flew higher than any other bird, except a small bird which had hidden in the eagle's breast, and dared to cry out "I am king." The other birds were so enraged at the small bird's audacity that they placed an owl to keep watch over a mouse-hole where he had hidden; they determined to starve him to death. The owl closed both eyes, and the small bird escaped and only flies at night for fear of his life. The lark was pleased because she did not have to obey the little king.²

In a Flemish tale, called "The King of the Birds," the eagle assembled all the birds that they might elect a king of their own in place of the lion. The eagle thought the strongest flier should rule; the nightingale favoured the sweetest singer. The peacock, the turkey and the ostrich had their opinions. The eagle settled that the contest should be decided by power of flight; but the golden crested wren, by riding on the eagle's back, always outdistanced the eagle when the latter came to rest. The wren took refuge in a hole in a tree and the owl failed to prevent the prisoner's escape.³

¹S. Winfred's Translation, p. 58.

²Grimm, No. 171. *The Willow-Wren*.

³Jean de Boschère, p. 109.

IV THE STORY OF THE MIGHTY HERO KEESE-SANYACH AND HIS SON

The voracious raven, who ate a third part of Keese-Sanyach's herd at a meal, is comparable, in appetite, with the eagle in the Russian story, "The Sea-king and Vasilissa the Wise." This eagle belongs to the category of grateful animals; he carries a tsar in flight to the thrice ninth land and assists him wonderfully. But long before the eagle so behaves it consumes, year after year, the tsar's sheep and cows, so that the tsar has finally to borrow small beasts of his neighbours. The eagle sent by Zeus to devour the liver of the captive Prometheus daily was able to renew his meal because the liver grew again during the night.

Accessibility of the upper regions, or heaven, is common to Chukchi, the Ostyak, the Samoyede and the Lappish tales. But if we may judge from the present story, the Yakuts make a special feature of a middle region between earth and heaven, where climatic conditions are perfect and life is a perpetual delight. In "The Little Old Woman" ancestral spirits from an upper region attend wedding festivities on earth.

The raven, who dwelt in heaven, as related in the Yakut story "Dyoudus," agreed to send his son and daughter from heaven that they might form alliances with Dyoudus' daughter and son. The pair travelled by the aid of raven horses, a mode of conveyance mentioned in the Russian, "Tale of a Goat." In the Russian story, "Golden Mountain," ravens carry the carcass of a horse and a man inside it to the summit of a mountain, but in the Bashkir version the task is performed by an eagle.

Such a legend as the "Story of the Mighty Hero Keese-Sanyach and his Son" is an instance of the heroic tales whose cult is shared by the Altaians, the Kirghiz and others. It is true that side by side with this story there can exist such a tale as "Dyoudus," which contains coarse and barbarous details. Similarly, the Chukchis have poetical, though irrational, tales at the same time as they possess certain stories necessarily excluded from this book. The mind of the Siberian barbarian appears full of contradictions to those who have advanced beyond him. Meanwhile, the Yakuts can call a maiden "Tender as Milk," and the Ostyaks can name a hero, "Active and Restless as an Aspen-leaf," an Esthonian hero (who had once mated with a chicken) can be summoned to desist from re-

moving a stone by flowers, bushes, trees and birds; and a Chukchi can liken tears to gently falling rain.

V WHY THERE ARE SPOTS ON THE MOON

The relationship of this tale to others of a similar character has already been considered. As in many Siberian and Sub-Arctic tales, the Sun and Moon are treated as familiar objects or persons. In Yakut and Chukchi tales both the Sun and Moon are male. This story is fuller and more poetical than the other versions, and is the only one which makes mention of a willow. We get here a graphic picture of life in an intensely cold climate.

VI BLACK HAWK

Marriage "by capture" is not unrepresented in Siberian folk-tales. There are signs of it in Koryak myths. In the Altaian story, "Aymanys," a bride is gained by violence. She agrees to marry if her wooer can conquer her in single combat, but he fails and she succumbs only after a long contest with the friend who battles on his behalf. Then she becomes a good wife. In "Black Hawk" the fighting is done by a hero to aid his brother-in-law; he overcomes the bride's numerous defenders and snatches her from a would-be husband. In the circumstantial account of Bashkir marriage customs, to be found further on, it becomes clear that the swain may have to invite, or rely on, help from the girl's friends, if he finds the task of winning her too great. Thus it would seem, at all events in these tales, that marriage by capture may be something other than an expedition by a solitary warrior setting out and seizing a woman and dragging her to his home. In practice, assistance was requisite.

A not infrequent allusion is to be found to marriage by purchase. The Yakut demon's daughter, Loud Voice, informs the husband whom she covets that he will have to pay her brother eighteen mares as a wedding gift. In the Bashkir tale, "The Deceiver," money is paid to a matchmaker and handed by her to the maiden's father. In the Yakut story, "The Little Old Woman with Five Cows," the bridegroom makes a rich wedding gift to his bride's only parent, her mother. In the Ostyak, "The Hunter and the Seven-headed Satyr," the elk and reindeer hunter receives the youngest of the

governor's daughters as wife, "without being asked for any payment." Among the Yukaghirs, we are told, the match-maker settles how many reindeer are to be paid by the bridegroom's father as purchase money, and how many reindeer and sledges the maiden brings as dowry.

In the Kirghiz, "Three Sons" a glimpse is obtained of the custom by which the marriage is consummated in the house of the bride's parents. In the *Ethnography of the Bashkirs* it is stated that it still sometimes obtains that the husband only takes his wife to his home after several years. In some of the Yukaghir clans the wedding ceremony is simple; a girl's sweetheart is considered to have married her if he brings his gun and bow and hunting equipment when he visits her tent at night. Among the tundra Yukaghirs, the future son-in-law works on probation for a year or two in his future father-in-law's house. The bride's seclusion is alluded to in the Yakut, "Little Old Woman," and in the Chukchi story, "The Young Shaman and his Bride," the husband says to his wife, when visitors are expected, "Only let your hand be seen, only your wrist."

Among the lowest races, such as the Gilyaks, the Samoyedes, the Chukchis and Lapps, the tales do not mention any marriage festivity or celebration, but with the less primitive, and even with the Yakuts, the wedding is accompanied by feasting and games and a holiday of phenomenal duration. In the Kirghiz story, "Kara Kos Sulu," the wedding festivities lasted forty days, and the Kirghiz hero, Kysil-batyr, had a long wedding. In the Yakut, "Little Old Woman," the celebrations were not only of immense length, but attended by numerous ancestral spirits, both from the air and from below ground. The tales imply a state of things in which divorce is to be had by the husband at will, and the khan is depicted as able to please himself freely in the matter of taking wives.

Marriage with a witch may mean union with a woman capable of being eventually converted into a beauty of good character, as in the Great Russian, "The Sorceress"; or it may mean that the wife is much like other women, except that she practises witchcraft, as in the White Russian, "The Sorceress." On the other hand, in Siberian stories the witch is apt to display physical repulsiveness, as in Yellow Ugur story, "Marriage of a Youth and a Witch"; or to become murderous and strangely unnatural, as when in the Bashkir, "The Witch

or Sorceress," she swallows first a horse and then a cart, and finally eats her daughter-in-law! But marriage may be still more uncomfortable; thus, Black Hawk's first wife (a demon's daughter) removed, during his sleep, parts of his body and used them to supply the deficiencies of her own body. Though perhaps the fantastically hideous demon's daughter, who became the false bride in the Yakut, "Little Old Woman," could scarcely figure in any Russian story, yet the Slav imagination is capable of horrors, for in "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria," maidens are married to husbands who sometimes assume the form of twenty- and thirty-headed snakes, and in a Lithuanian tale girls are mated to six or nine-headed dragons.

VII DYOUDUS

A collection of tales from such a vast land as Siberia, populated by primitive or semi-civilised races, may be expected to offer instances of polygamy and polyandry. Whether promiscuity in sexual relations was ever widespread among the human race seems doubtful, but there is occasional latitude among some of the northern Siberian races, as when, for instance, hospitality is offered to men travelling with herds. This tale gives a glimpse of a sensual freedom said to characterise love feasts among certain Russian sectaries. The story is another instance of the adherence of the Yakuts to shamanism, and of their belief that a region between earth and heaven is inhabited. The deity Tangar resides in the seventh heaven. Some of the Armenians believe in seven heavens.

THE ALTAIANS

THE Altaians, said to number forty-five thousand persons, speak a Turkish language and inhabit a very mountainous region, extending northwards from the upper part of the Irtysh river to the Sayansk mountains. The word Altai means, "Mountains of Gold," and the country is rich in various minerals, including iron and gold and coal. The people are Shamanists in religion. These stories and others were collected by Vierbitsky, who died in 1890, after nearly forty years' life as a missionary among the Altaian people. Both he and Radlov, the linguist and traveller, have described a sacrifice to Bai-Yulgen. The following brief account of the sacrifices gathered from a work entitled "Aboriginal Siberia."

A horse is to be sacrificed and its soul sent to Bai-Yulgen's abode. A shaman collects, calling each by name, spirits into a tambourine. Then he mounts a kind of imitation-goose and utters a chant. The goose answers in quacks. The shaman goes through the action of driving the horse's soul into a penfold. The real sacrificial horse is now brought and killed by the shaman and its flesh is eaten, the actual sacrifice consisting of its bone and skin. On the second day a religious drama is performed, in which the shaman exhibits power and dramatic art, descriptive of his journey to Bai-Yulgen in heaven. Merkyut, the bird of Heaven, being invoked, answers from the lips of the shaman who, among other processes, scrapes from the back of the host all that is unclean. The evil influence of Erlik is thus counteracted. The shaman receives information from Yulgen concerning the approaching harvest and the sacrifices to be made.¹

I

AYMANYS²

THERE was once a boy who had neither father nor mother. He had no clothing; was naked. He had no food and was hungry; but a widowed aunt fed him. When he had grown a

¹M. A. Czaplicka, pp. 298-303.

²From the Russian of V. I. Vierbitsky's, *Altaian Tribes*, (A collection of Ethnographical articles and investigations)

little he set forth with a purpose, and fortunately came on nine deer ; shooting at them, he killed them all. He put his booty on his back and carried it home ; then he took off the skins and made clothing ; the meat satisfied his hunger. The boy bewailed that he had no horse, but once, after waking in the morning, he went out into the street and saw a horse standing, without bridle or saddle. "Greetings, young fellow!" said the horse, "can you mount me?" The youth replied, "Why should I not mount you?" The horse approached him and the youth mounted. The aunt wept and sobbed at the sight, saying, "Do not mount, the horse will kill you ; you have neither saddle nor bridle." But the lad bid farewell to his aunt and went on a distant journey. At last he came to the seashore, where stood a beautiful birch-tree. The horse said, "There stands a fine birch tree ; let us pass the night beneath it." The youth dismounted and immediately fell asleep beneath the shade of the tree. When he awoke the sun had risen and the horse stood already bridled and saddled. The youth got up and, greeting his steed, said joyfully, "Of a truth, God is helping me ; I had no food, and juicy meat made its appearance ; I had no clothing, and proper clothes were sent to me ; I had no horse, and a good one reached me ; I had neither saddle nor bridle, and now an excellent saddle and bridle have come into my possession." The youth wept, and continued, "I have neither father nor mother ; and nobody will give me a name !" The horse said, "God will give you a name." "But where is this God ? If he were here, he would give me a name."

"Mount quickly on me ; we must hasten." The youth mounted, and after going about thirty feet heard someone cry from the birch tree, "Stop, youth ; do not ride !" The youth stopped and, looking at the tree, saw a white-haired old man sitting there, who said : "My son, I give you a name ; let it be Aymanys" ; and from that time the lad was called Aymanys. The youth said, "What kind of person are you to give me a name." "What kind of person ! I am God the Creator ! I have given a name to an orphan who had no father. The hero Tchek killed your father and took his people and his herd. You, I think, design to redeem your inheritance, but if you pursue Tchek you will die, because you are weak."

"I have resolved to recover my people and my herd, and do not fear death, because there is nobody to weep for me : I am a solitary being." With these words, Aymanys mounted and

set out. Sooner or later he came to a high mountain, and here his horse wept. "Why do you weep, my horse?" "I weep because your father's bones became this mountain; that is the reason." Aymanys greeted the mountain and travelled on. After a while he saw a multitude of people and a herd of cattle; both people and herd had belonged to his father. Approaching the owner's house, Aymanys saw within the gates a number of heroes paying tribute. He dismounted and entered and saw the owner stretching himself. Aymanys greeted him, but the owner remarked with disdain, "Who are you?" Aymanys, interrupting him, cried, "What is your name, murderer of my father?"

"What is my name? I am the hero, Tchek, rider of the chestnut horse."

"Why did you kill my father?"

"Because your father did not pay me tribute; however, your people and herd are here; if you like you can take them and we will be friends."

"You killed my father, and now I will kill you; afterwards I will take away my people and herd."

"In order that we shall not kill one another, take my sister for yourself."

"No, we will fight to the death," and Aymanys struck Tchek. A contest began, and they shot at one another. After the battle had lasted some time Tchek's sister came and said, "Cease fighting; I will marry Aymanys." The youth looked at her and saw that she was comely, so he ceased fighting and entered the house and a feast was given. Later Tchek said, "Aymanys! you have now a wife and I have none; I must marry. I know a maiden; come and court her for me." They set out, and travelling awhile, reached the bride, whose people and herd were extremely numerous. She was named "Tsar-maiden," and came to meet them and said, "Here, Tchek! let us have an encounter; if you overcome me, I will be your wife; but if I conquer, I will kill you. They began a duel. Fighting and firing at each other, they contended during seven years, after which period the hero Tchek was conquered.

Then Aymanys went out and came to blows with the maiden and fought with her for seven years. In seven years Aymanys was beaten. Then Tchek fought again with Tsar-maiden; they contended together for three years, at the end of which time Tchek cried, "I was strong, but am now weak and cannot defeat

this lady." However, they exchanged blows, and his opponent said, "My strength fails me, I will marry you." The battle ceased and Aymanys came up; then a feast took place and a wedding was celebrated; they ate meat and drank wine and feasted seven days. The hero, Tchek said, "It is time that I returned home," and the three collected the servants and cattle and set out to Tchek's home. Sooner or later they reached it. Riding up to the gates of Tchek's house, Aymanys noticed a black horse standing there and exclaimed to his companions, "Wait here, and I will see if the newcomer is a hero or an ordinary man." Aymanys entered and found a hero seated, who said "Greetings, Aymanys! You have taken my bride." Aymanys replied, "What is your name and who is your father?"

"I have neither father nor mother, and my name is Altyn-Aypgek, the rider of a black horse."

"I will not surrender my wife; let us do battle with one another, and let the stronger take her."

They seized each other and fought; they discharged arrows, and in the course of time Aymanys weakened. Weeping from vexation that he could not slay Altyn-Aypgek, he said, "Kill me quickly and take my wife." But Tchek came and said, "Do not kill Aymanys, but rather kill me." Altyn-Aypgek fought and contended with Tchek for three years, and Tchek perished. Aymanys renewed the struggle; they fired from bows and they fought with swords. Again Aymanys weakened, but his adversary did not succeed in overcoming him completely, although Aymanys asked to be killed and to have his wife taken from him.

Just at the time when Aymanys lost strength two singers approached the antagonists and sang "Aymanys must not die; kill us instead." They continued to sing, until suddenly Altyn-Aypgek and his horse were transformed into stone cliffs. Approaching the singers, Aymanys greeted them and said: "Whence do you come?"

"We are servants of your father. We have neither father nor mother: we appeared on earth without them."

These old men resuscitated Tchek; then they entered the house, partook of meat and wine and held contests and feasted for three days. After the banqueting Aymanys returned with his wife and servants and cattle to his aunt's house, and here a feast was held, at which Aymanys' wife distributed clothing to the poor. After the feast, they lived peacefully and travelled no more.



II

ALTYN-ARYG¹

ONCE there lived a tsar named Kara-Kan, who, while he had many subjects and herds, possessed but one daughter, Altyn-Aryg. When this tsar grew old he said, "I have no sons and my strength is leaving me; my daughter cannot govern a numerous people, and will not be able to look after so many cattle. Let the underground father take for himself half my people and half my herd. The daughter retorted, "Why cannot I rule all the people and manage the whole herd?" "The task is too great." "If you will not give me my people and my herd, I will not live with you; I will depart to another land."

Setting forth, despite her parents' grief, she arrived at the kingdom of a certain hero, and called at his house. They greeted one another, and the hero said, "Tell me whose daughter you are?" The maiden answered, "I am the daughter of Kara-Kan and by name Altyn-Aryg; and what is your name?" The hero answered, "Maiden, I am called 'The Well-meaning Altyn-Kan.' Whither are you going?" The maiden replied I have come a long way and will go further; I must find and kill the Tsar-snake. If he is fated to die, he will die; if I am fated to die, I shall die. He, the Tsar-snake, is strong and has overcome many tsars; he collects tribute from many lands; foreign heroes fear him, and weep and pay him tribute." Sooner or later Altyn-Aryg reached the domain of the Tsar-snake and caught sight of him in an uninhabited valley. The tip of the Tsar-snake's lower jaw lay on the ground and the tip of his upper jaw reached the sky.

Altyn-Aryg, like the others, approached and entered the jaws, within which she saw many live persons and birds and beasts. Having reached the Tsar-snake's heart, she turned to the heroes, said, "How could one kill him?" One of them answered, "Lady, we cannot kill him; but will you not test your strength?" The girl called for a sword and a hero handed her one. Then she struck at the Tsar-snake's heart, but did not kill him, because the sword broke. Taking out her own sword, she cried to the heroes, "See what will be."! With these words she struck and the Snake died, whereupon she issued forth from his jaws, the birds flew away and the wild beasts ran off. When the heroes came out they said, "Your life will be

¹Verbitsky, p. 161.

indestructible and your grave renowned! You have done a beneficent action, and saved us; we will pay you tribute." The girl answered, "Heroes! I do not require your tribute. Go and resume your former lives."

Altyn-Aryg took away with her the herdsmen and the cattle, and returned to the home of her father and mother, who, at the moment of her arrival, were celebrating a feast; eating and drinking and making merry. The father said, "Where have you been, my daughter?" She related how she had slain the Tsar-snake. Praising her highly, the father said, "It is well that you have used your strength to free the souls of birds and beasts and heroes. I give you now my people and my herds, for I am weak and expect to die." The maiden received the full inheritance, and when her father died she buried him and had a funeral repast; then, weeping and sobbing, she grieved over her loneliness. After some time had elapsed a hero approached and, greeting her, said "Will you be my wife?" She replied, "What sort of person are you and have you a father and a mother?" The answer came, "I have neither father nor mother and my name is "Katkauchyl, the rider of the lion-horse." Altyn-Aryg agreed to the proposal, but after a banquet the hero confessed that he had no domain; however, he would be willing to live on his wife's estate. The wife replied, "My people and my property will be at your disposition." And they began to live.

III

THE CREATION OF THE EARTH¹ (A legend)

BEFORE the earth was made all was water, and there was no earth; heaven was not, and sun and moon were not. God flew around; moreover, a man flew around, and a pair of black geese flew around. God was thinking of nothing; but the man, rousing the wind, stirred up the water and spattered water in God's face. This man thought to lift himself higher than God, but he stumbled and fell into the water. In his descent, he said, almost choking, "Ah, God, save me!" God replied, "Rise from the water." And now the man lifted himself out of the water into the height. God said, "Let

¹From W. Radlov, I, p. 175.

solid stone arise!" And from the bottom of the sea a hard stone came forth, and on its surface man took his place and lived together with God.

God said, "Climb down to the bottom of the sea, and bring up earth." After the man had descended, he seized earth in his hand and gave it to God, who threw it on the surface of the sea and said, "Let this be land!" So originated land. Next God said, "Go down and bring up more earth." Man thought to himself, "If I descend there I shall take care to bring some earth for myself." He let himself down to the bottom of the water and took two handfuls of earth. He rose and brought one handful to God, but from the other handful he had put earth in his mouth; he intended to make land secretly, apart from God. God took the handful and strewed it, so that earth became thick. The earth which man had put in his mouth swelled and he was about to suffocate; a rattling began in his throat and he almost died. He now flew away from God, and thought he had gone far, but when he looked round he found that God stood at his side. He was nearly choking, and said, "Ah, God save me!" God enquired, "What are you trying to do? Did you imagine that you could take earth and hide it in your mouth? Why did you conceal it?" The man said, "I took earth into my mouth in order to make land." God said, "Spit it out," and what was spat up by man became marshy hillocks. And now God said, "You have sinned; you thought to do me harm. The inner thoughts of the people subject to you shall be wicked. But the thoughts of people subject to me shall be holy. You will see the Sun and the Light. I shall be called the true Kurbystan, but you shall be called Erlik. Men who have concealed their sin shall be yours; they shall be the people of Erlik: and men who have refrained from your sin shall be mine."

A single tree was growing without twigs, and God noticed this. "It is not pleasant," said he "to see a tree without branches; let there be nine twigs!" Nine branches arose. "At the foot of the nine boughs let there be nine men, and from them let there arise nine races of people!"

When Erlik came there sounded a noise of many unknown things, and Erlik spoke to God: "Whence comes this noise?" God said, "You are a prince and I also am a prince, and these are my people." Thereupon Erlik said, "Now, give me your people." God replied, "No, I will not give them to you; you

must wait." But Erlik said to himself, "Stop, stop; I will look at God's people," and he went and reached the place. He looked, and saw all men and wild creatures and every living thing. Erlik said, "How has God made all? I have said I would take all, but could I bring it about? How are these people nourished?"

When Erlik saw that they ate from only one side of the tree and not from the other, he said, "Why do you eat only from this side?"

A man answered, "This is our food, which God has assigned to us; God has said to men, 'Eat not the food of these four branches: there are five branches whose food you may eat after sunrise.' After he had so spoken, he rose to heaven. He set a dog at the foot of the tree, and charged him thus, 'If the Devil comes, seize him.' Besides, he set a snake here and gave this order, 'If the Devil comes, bite him.' Moreover, God said to the dog and to the snake, 'If a man comes for the fruit of the five branches which lie here after sunrise, let him approach, but if he wishes to eat the food of the four branches, do not let him approach.' That is why this is our food."

When the Devil, Erlik, heard this, he went to the tree and found a man with the name Töröngoi, and said to him, "If God tells you that you may eat from these five branches and not from the four branches, it is a lie, and not true. The food from the four branches is the proper food; the food from these five branches is not for you."

When the Devil had so spoken he dragged in the snake. The Devil urged the snake, and said to him, "Climb up this tree!" The snake climbed up the tree and ate the fruit which God had said mankind should not eat. With the man Töröngoi lived at the same time a maiden called Edji; and the snake said to them, "Töröngoi and Edji, eat this!" Töröngoi said, "No, now shall I eat of it; God himself said 'Eat not!' I will not eat." Thereupon the snake gave the fruit to the maiden, Edji, and she ate it. When she ate it the fruit was very sweet; Töröngoi did not eat it. Thereupon Edji stripped the fruit off and put it in Töröngoi's mouth. Now the hair fell from her body and she felt shame. One hid behind one tree and the other behind another tree.

Hereupon God came, and everyone hid from him, and he called out: "Töröngoi, Töröngoi! Edji, Edji! where are you?" When God called, they answered, "We are on trees

and will not come." God said, "What has happened, Töröngoi?" "Edji has put in my mouth the forbidden food." God said, "Why have you done this, Edji." Edji said, "The snake said to me, 'Eat.'" God said, "snake! why was it?" The answer came, "The Devil entered into me; but I did not say it; the Devil said it." God said, "How did the Devil come into you?" The snake replied, "The Devil came to me while I slept." God then cried, "Dog, what happened to you that you did not drive the Devil off." And the dog answered, "I did not see him."

God now said to the snake, "Oh, snake, now you have become the Devil; men may show enmity to you, strike you and kill you." And he said to Edji, "You have eaten the bread which I told you not to eat; you have listened to the snake's advice and you have eaten the snake's food: now you shall bear children and feel strong pains, and death will come on you." Moreover, God said to Töröngoi, "You have eaten the Devil's food, and not obeyed my command and have listened to the Devil. Men who have followed the words of the Devil are in the land of the Devil; men who have not obeyed my word will not see my light, will not receive my favour, and will be in darkness. The Devil is now my enemy; you also, Töröngoi, are my enemy. If you had not eaten the Devil's food, if you had followed my commands, you would have been one day like me, but now you must beget nine sons and nine daughters. I will create no more men, they must originate themselves."

God now said to the Devil, "Why have you betrayed my men?" Erlik replied, "I begged you for them, but you refused to give them to me, so I stole them. I took them by craft; if they spring on horseback, I will throw them down; if they drink spirit, I will make them quarrelsome; I will let them fight and strike each other with sticks. When they go on the water, I will throw them in; when they climb trees, I will let them fall; when they climb rocks, I will push them off."

God now said, "Under three layers of earth is the Land of Darkness where there is neither sun nor moon; I will throw you down there, and now I will give no more food; nourish yourself through your own strength; I shall come no more to converse with you, but shall send Mai-Tere; he will teach you to prepare everything.

Mai-Tere came to them and taught them to grow all sorts of things—barley, radishes, onions. Thereupon the Devil said,

“ Mai-Tere, fly for me to God ; I would go aloft and rise to God’s side.” Mai-Tere bowed before God sixty-two years. God said, “ Yes, if you do not show enmity to me and if you do not cause evil to men, then come !” And now Erlik rose to Heaven and bowed down before God : “ Give me your blessing that I may complete heaven, O God !” God gave the blessing and said, “ Complete the heaven.” And now Erlik made heaven with God’s blessing and in the Devil’s Heaven there grew a great multitude.

There lived also a man of God, Mandy-Schire, who thought privately, “ Our men live on earth, and Erlik’s men live in heaven ; that is very bad.” Thus thought Mandy-Schire, who was angry with God and went to war with Erlik. Erlik came against Mandy-Schire and struck him with fire and drove him off. Mandy-Schire flew homewards, and God asked him, “ Whence do you come ?” and received this answer, “ Erlik’s people live above in heaven and our folk live on earth ; this is very bad. I thought to throw Erlik’s people to earth, but lacked strength and could not push them down.” God said, “ Nobody is stronger than I, but Erlik is stronger than you ; your time is not yet come ; if your time comes, then I will say ‘ Now, go !’ but you will be stronger then.”

When Mandy-Schire had lived quietly a long time he began to think, “ The day of which God said, ‘ Now go !’ is come.” God saw Mandy-Schire and cried, “ You will expel him, you will carry out your idea, you will be strong, you will be very strong ; my powerful blessing will fall on you.” Mandy-Schire rejoiced and laughed and said, “ I have no flint, no quiver, no spear and no sword. Only a single red hand have I ; how shall I proceed ?” God said, “ What do you require ?” Mandy-Schire said, “ I have nothing ; I will tread him down with my foot, I will sling at him with my arm.” God said “ Take this, take a spear.” Mandy-Schire took the spear and went to heaven, attacked Erlik and drove him away ; shattered Erlik’s heaven with the spear and threw down all which was found there.

Before this time there was no stone, there was no rock, there were no mountain woods. But when the fragments of Erlik’s heaven had fallen to earth, then arose rocks and stones and mountain forests and high mountains and mountain ridges created by God ; the level ground was all bad. Next Mandy-Schire threw Erlik’s subjects from heaven down to earth.

Some fell on erect trees and died, some fell on stones and died ; all died.

Erlík begged for land from God. " You have," said the Devil, " destroyed my heaven, so now I have no land ; give me a little." God answered, " No, I will give you no land." " Give me but a field." " No, I will give you no land whatever." " Give me five fathoms of land." But God did not give five fathoms of land. Erlík now pushed into the earth the stick which was in his hand, and said, " Ah, my God, but give me as much land as is pressed by the point of this stick." God laughed and said, " Take as much land as lies under the stick."

Erlík began, on this little morsel of land, to build a heaven. But God said, " Descend ; build under the earth ; there confine yourself. Go down to the territory of hell and surround yourself with layers. I will burn above an inextinguishable fire ; and you will never again see the sunlight or moonlight. I will direct you once to the end of the world ; if you behave well, I will lead you into my light ; if you are wicked, I will remove you once more afar ; so shall it be." Erlík said, " I propose to take all dead men with me " ; but God replied, " I will not give them to you." The Devil said, " Oh, God, then I shall have no subjects ; I am now to descend into earth ; but what shall I do alone ?" God said, " Why do you ask me ? Make what you think proper ; you can create men." Erlík bowed low before God : " If you give your permission, then I will create." God gave the blessing. Erlík made bellows and put them under pincers and struck with a hammer ; from beneath the hammer sprang forth a frog. He struck again, and a snake curled about. Once more he struck, and a bear rose up and ran away. At the next blow a wild boar came. Again the hammer fell, and an evil hairy spirit started up. At the next stroke a camel appeared.

God now came and threw Erlík's bellows, pincers and hammer into the fire. A woman arose from the bellows, and a man arose from the pincers and hammer. God took the woman, and spat upon her ; she became a bird—a heron—with whose wings one cannot feather arrows, whose flesh a dog will not eat ; a heron which makes a marsh unpleasant. God spat upon the man, who became a rat, with long feet and small hands, whose house is dirty and who devours the soles of old boots.

Next God said to men, " I have made cattle for you, I have made food for you, I have allowed pure, clear water to flow on

the surface of earth, that you may drink ; do now some good for me ! I am departing and shall not quickly return. Schal-Jime ! you are one of my men ! You are a man who has drunk spirit, and who has small children, colts, calves and lambs ; take care, Schal-Jime, that you receive folk who have died well ; but thrust forth—do not receive—those who have killed themselves. Bring those into my land who have died in conflict with others. Do not receive folk who have stolen anything from the rich, or been hostile to others ; thrust them forth. Bring into my land such as have died for my sake and for the sake of the ruler. I have helped you, and driven out the Devil, and separated him from you. If the Devil comes to you, give him food, but do not eat his food. If you eat the Devil's food you will become the Devil's subjects ; do not forget my words. If you implore me you shall sit on the skirt of my coat. I will now depart, but, even if I remain away for a long while, I shall return ; remember that I shall return. I am going far, but when I come back I shall see the good and the harm which you have done. Japkara ! Mandy-Schire and Schal-Jime will help you. Japkara ! see to it well ! If Erlik should take away dead men, you must tell Mandy-Schire, who is strong and can overcome Erlik. Schal-Jime ! see to it that wicked spirits remain underground. If they ascend to the surface, you must tell Mai-Tere, who is strong and can conquer them. Podo-Sunku can control the sun and moon ; and Mandy-Schire shall guard heaven and earth. Mai-Tere will keep the good from the wicked. Mandy-Schire, you must fight and, if force comes against you, you must call on me. If you consider that a ruler is wicked, do not reject his subjects as wicked. Though you consider a prince is good, you must not think all his subjects will be good. Instruct man in all which is well ; teach him to angle for fish, to catch fish with nets, to shoot squirrels, and to pasture cows ; and lead him to all good, as I should lead him.

Thereupon God departed.

Mandy-Schire, remaining behind, made a fish-hook and angled, spun hemp, made nets, made boats and fished with nets ; made powder and a gun and shot squirrels. He did God's bidding and instructed men in all things. One day Mandy-Schire said, "The wind will carry me off to-day." Truly enough a whirlwind arose and carried him off.

Japkara said : "God himself has taken Mandy-Schire ; seek

him not, for you will not find him. I, who am God's envoy, will now turn back to the land where God lets me live. Do not forget what you have learnt or the strength given you by God." Having said this, he went.

IV

KHAN BEJITTY AND HIS HUNDRED WIVES¹

KHAN BEJITTY had a hundred wives. Once upon a time, when an eagle flew into his domains, the khan said to him: "Why have you flown to us?"

The eagle replied, "Far away there lives a hero-tsar, whose daughter resembles the sun and the moon; go to this hero-tsar and take her!"

Khan Bejitty, who already possessed a hundred wives, did not himself go for the proffered maiden, but commissioned his son to fetch her. The son, setting out according to his father's order, journeyed far and reached the hero-tsar's kingdom. The hero-tsar said to his visitor:

"Why have you come, my son?"

"I have come to court your daughter."

"Very well! But if you desire to have me as your father-in-law you must first bring me some golden sand from the great lake which lies on the edge of the sky. If you do not accomplish this task you will not get my daughter."

The youth executed the commission of his future father-in-law. Climbing up to the great lake, he brought thence some golden sand, received the hero-tsar's daughter and set out with her homewards. The father came out and met the son about a mile away from the house, and when he saw the girl wept because she was a beauty resplendent as the sun and bright as the moon. On entering the house, the father exclaimed:

"I must take her as my wife."

"No! I brought her for myself and not for you," was his son's reply.

"If you wish to have her you must first pull out and then bring to me the horns of a black bull, who is pastured far away, beyond seven mountains and at the source of seven rivers."

The young man took a three-pronged spear and, mounting

¹Verbitsky, p. 66.

toward the sky, crossed seven mountains, and reached the source of seven rivers; there he saw a black bull that rushed out furiously to attack him. But the youth, without faltering, approached the bull and, piercing his side with a spear, killed him and detached his horns. These were, however, so heavy that the young man could not raise them. He therefore led up five horses and, having set the horns on a sleigh, brought them away. He reached home with them. Bejitty hacked off with an axe the broad ends of the horns and polished the sides. Then he ordered his hundred wives to distil a large quantity of wine and to make kumyss from cow's milk. He poured these liquids into the horns, and began to entertain everyone at home. All became intoxicated. Then Bejitty rose and, taking his sword, killed his son and the hundred wives and married the beauty, his daughter-in-law.

V

HUMAN BEINGS TRANSFORMED INTO
BEASTS AND BIRDSTHE BEAR¹

THE bear once had human form, was strong but rather stupid, and ate so much that his family denounced him. Becoming angry because of their reproaches, he set off with some string into the forest to get firewood. Instead of returning he transformed himself into a wild beast—that is, a bear. His string, to this day, hangs on trees (the hops are interwoven with it). On the bear's front paws, above the claws, there are evidences of woolly bands which the bear wears because of rheumatism.

THE CUCKOO

IN ancient times there lived in a certain Altaian family a maiden called "Cuck." Once, being thirsty, she asked her sister-in-law for drink, but the latter, who for some reason or other was angry, sent her to the Devil; for which cause the maiden transformed herself into a bird and flew up into a hole

¹Verbitsky, p. 137.

above the hut. Someone in the family wishing to catch her, seized her by the foot, but in the hand of this person there remained only one of the girl's shoes. Hence it is the general belief of the Altaian natives that the cuckoo has one foot red and the other black. The cuckoo is unable, to this day, to build her nests, as this accomplishment did not enter the circle of a maiden's occupations. That she may be recognised she constantly pronounces her former name, "Cuck! Cuck!"

VI

THE ORIGIN OF THE CAMEL AND THE ASS¹

In an unknown place there lived a people, the Tebet-tanat. The Chinese knew from books of their existence, but not where they were settled. The Tebet-tanat were an unusual folk, eating chiefly the buds of trees and doing little but strive for heaven, for the attainment of which they stood praying.

The Chinese sent travellers to find the land of Tebet-tanat, but their emissaries, though they found the land, could not penetrate into it, because a multitude of flying copper-heads, which can shoot through a man, surrounded and defended it. However, one of the Chinese offered to penetrate the land, and his offer was immediately reported to the king, who summoned him and said, "Reveal how you managed to reach it!" The man, without explaining the means of entering the land, asseverated that he could succeed again. The king said, "In order that you should not deceive us, and in order to satisfy us that you have been in the land of Tebet-tanat, lead from there a man to us. The man agreed to this proposal, and set out and reached the land after a favorable journey. He was unharmed by any snake. Many snakes struck at him, but they all fell back.

On entering the country of Tebet-tanat, the Chinaman saw people of both sexes standing and praying; and repeating only one word, "Kootay." They had no houses or dwellings and suffered from no diseases. The Chinaman took a man from among them and returned with him to China, but as, after the departure of the pair, various illnesses appeared among the inhabitants of Tebet-tanat, the people sent curses to China;

¹Verbitsky, p. 137.

they collected the curses all together and made a heap of them and sent them by air.

The Chinese knew of this proceeding somehow from books, and they collected a great quantity of curses and sent them to the kingdom of Tebet-tanat. These two bodies of curses met and entered into a conflict. They nibbled and gnawed and bit and tore to pieces and used each other so badly that the heap of curses sent from the people of Tebet-tanat swelled to the size of a camel and, becoming that animal, entered into China. But the heap of curses from the Chinese grew only as large as an ass and entered, in the shape of an ass, the land of Tebet-tanat. Till now camels thrive among the Chinese and asses among the Tebet-tanats.

NOTES

I AYMANYS

This tale has an orphan boy as hero, besides several subsidiary orphan characters. Aymanys, like many others of the hero kind (nine instances are included in this book) becomes possessor of a magical horse.

A white-haired old man, who is God the Creator, gives the hero advice, somewhat as other white-haired old men appear to assist the weak in certain of these tales.

The horse remarks that the bones of the boy's father have become a mountain. It will be found in a Kumuk legend that two lovers are transformed to stone; while in a Georgian legend, "The Stone Chariot," a cart is removed to a far distance at night and becomes petrified. In a Kirghiz legend the hero, Aydagul, survives in a rock. The Lapps speak of a stone which was a whale and previously a man, and an Armenian tale has a hero who was petrified. A girl is swallowed up by a rock in a Yukaghir story. In "The Deathless Skeleton-man" Bulat the brave is turned to stone; compare Grimm's "Faithful John." A voice speaks from the stone in a Gagauz tale, "Sacrifice at Bridge-making." Finally, in "Aymanys," a man and his horse are transformed to stone cliffs.

The characters in the tale take a vast delight in fighting, and their contests are sometimes continued for seven years. An inordinately prolonged single combat in an Ostyak tale lasts

three years, and in a Samoyede story the duration is a winter. Even a maiden in "Aymanys" contends with a hero for seven years. This story is marked by a tone of magnanimity and altruism rare in folk-tales. Here are indeed knightly valour and chivalrous conduct. Even two singers who appeared on earth without parents offer their lives to save Aymanys.

II ALTYN-ARYG

The enormous dimensions of the Tsar-snake's jaws are comparable with the immensities of the Norwegian and Finnish stories. The Amazon, Altyn-Aryg, is of the very essence of bravery, with which virtue she combines generosity to a possessionless wooer. She deserves a high place among mythical heroines. Tsar-maiden, who plays an important part in the Altaian story, "Aymanys," overcomes her wooer Tchek after a seven years' contest, next overcomes his friend after another seven years' conflict, and lastly, at the end of three years' further fighting, agrees to marry Tchek. There is an Amazon of heroic proportions in the Kirghiz, "Fight between Father and Son."

III THE CREATION OF THE EARTH—A LEGEND

This detailed and complex account of the Creation relates that "man" and a pair of black geese existed before the creation of heaven and earth. "Man," acting like the duck in the Buryat version, is sent under universal water by God to bring up earth. Tangen, it will be remembered, is God's opponent in the Chukchi legend, and "Man" becomes Erlik, the Devil, in the Altaian account. Here, as in the Buryat, the origin of evil is traced to the trickery of a superior being. The Creator's importance is not great at first, but it increases. A new man and a maiden are created. Again, as in the Buryat account, the dog plays a definite part; according to an Eskimo narrative, he was created before the sun.¹ There is a scene not unlike that of the garden of Eden, but the fruit-tree, with branches on the right and on the left, and the snake approaching the man and woman, recall the small and finely carved Babylonian depiction on a gem in the British Museum. Erlik, the Devil, brings a blight upon men, but is forgiven and completes heaven. However, Mandy-Schire declares war on him and Erlik is driven

¹*Eskimo Folk-Tales*, Rasmussen and Worster, p. 16.

forth, but is permitted to build beneath the Earth and in Hell, and to create animals. From Erlik's bellows and pincers God creates man and woman again. There are more gods in the Altaian than in the Buryat version; thus, Mandy-Schire instructs men in useful arts and Schal Jime is specially commissioned by God to keep wicked spirits underground. God, who makes a heron from woman and a rat from man, exhorts men to behave well and departs, but promises to return.

There is a legend among the Ainus that the island of Yezo was made by two deities who were deputies of the Creator. A male deity was set the task of making the south and eastern parts and a female deity was set to make the west coast, which remains rugged and dangerous because she neglected her work.¹

The Altaian legend of the Creation, as to the multiplicity of creative agents, may be compared with a myth known to the Thompson-River Indians, which begins somewhat as follows: At first in the land there were no trees, nor berries, nor fish. People were mostly animals in human form, gifted in magic and numbering among them many cannibals. Certain men appeared who travelled about driving bad people out of the country or transforming them into birds, fishes, animals and trees. The Old Coyote was the chief transformer, but three brothers also worked miracles and were at last transformed to stone. The Coyote's son also was a wonder-worker. The Old Coyote disappeared. Then the "Old Man," separating good from bad people, turned the latter into birds and animals. The present-day Indians are descended from the good people.²

IV KHAN BEJITTY AND HIS HUNDRED WIVES

Heroic tales are popular among the races of the Altaian regions. In "Khan Bejitty" tasks are set, in regular folk-tale style, by the father-in-law and by the father, and are performed by the son. The number seven is a favourite. Thus, to mention but a few instances, there is the Ostyak story of the "Hunter and the Seven-headed Satyr," and, in the Ostyak tale, "Aspen-leaf," there is a seven-headed wood devil; there is a seven-headed devil in the Bashkir story, "The Three Brothers." Sometimes the number one receives importance; thus, in a Samoyede tale there is a one-legged, one-handed and one-eyed old man. Or the number nine becomes prominent, as in the

¹Batchelor, p. 38.

²Jas Tait, pp. 19, 21, et seq

Altaian account of the Creation, where the tree has nine branches and man is to beget nine sons and nine daughters. The Altaian youth, Aymanys, meets nine deer and shoots them all. So in the Kirghiz, "The Child Taught by the Mollah," there are thirty-nine children and a period is fixed at thirty-nine days. In the Bashkir, "Golden Knuckle-bone," there are nine days' rejoicing. In the Gagaüzy, "A Younger Brother Saves two Elder Brothers," the numbers forty and twenty occur repeatedly. But the number three is of special frequency; thus, there are three dragons and three daughters; the successful fool is always the third son, and the successions of like incidents, three in number, is past counting.

Khan Bejitty's treachery to his son is comparable with that of the Armenian "Traacherous Mother" to her son, and with the treachery of the tsar to his son in the Gagaüzy story, "Concerning the Sun." Each instance occurs under the influence of passion. Treacherous breaking of a promise is to be found in the Finn stories, "Four Hairs from the Devil's Beard," and "The Merchant's Sons"; in the Great Russian, "Right and Wrong," and in the Little Russian, "The Flying Ship."

V HUMAN BEINGS TRANSFORMED INTO BEASTS AND BIRDS

Transformation of human beings into animals is common in these folk tales. It is often brought about by a blow, as with a whip or the hand, or by stamping on the ground; but while in folk-tales the change is temporary, in origin myths it is permanent. The Buryats have a tradition that the camel was derived from a witch who mutilated herself strangely in order to annoy God. This is a very different origin from that credited by the Altaians, and herein related. The Buryats believe that a certain sorcerer who had chosen to change himself into the shape of an eagle was forced by lack of good food to eat carrion. The effect was untoward, for the contaminated eagle could not return to human form. According to the Lapps, the whale-stone at Imandra was first a man, then a whale, and lastly a stone.

THE TARANTCHI-TATARS

THE Tarantchis are the chief inhabitants of the fertile valley of the Ili, which runs into Lake Balkhash from the east. They were brought from Eastern Turkestan by the Chinese in the second half of the eighteenth century to develop the country, and are a Turkish race (with Aryan admixture) speaking the dialect of the Kashgar Sarts. But nominally Mussulmans, they have little knowledge of the Koran, and their women do not veil their faces.¹ They are settled near Kuldja, the scene in modern times of terrible massacres and racial extermination; thus, all the Kalmucks of the Ili plain are said to have been ruthlessly destroyed in 1758 by the Manchus. During the Dungan rebellion of 1871 the Manchus were slaughtered, and afterwards the Tarantchis submitted to Russia.²

I

THE FOOLS³

In a certain town lived many foolish persons, one of whom had a son who was by no means a fool. The father found a wife for this son and, after two or three days, the mother ordered her daughter-in-law to milk the cow. But as the girl sat down to her task she hiccoughed. Thereupon she wept and implored the cow thus: "Ah, I did that unintentionally; please mention it to nobody! If you speak of it and the news should reach my husband, the affair will be for me, who have only lately come to him, a great reproach." She begged and implored the cow to mention the occurrence to nobody.

Now, the mother thought, "It is a long time since my daughter-in-law went milking; why does she not return?" and she went out herself, to find the girl kneeling before the cow and entreating her. The mother said, "What is the matter, child?" and the reply came, "While I was milking

¹E. Reclus, VI, 232.

²Andreevsky, *Russ. Encycl.*

³From the German of W. Radlov's *Specimens of Folk-tales of Northern Turkish Races*, VI, p. 257.

the cow I hiccoughed, and now I am asking her not to speak of it." The mother entered the house and fetched a plate of bran and, giving it to the cow, desired her not to allude to the sad accident. After a time the father came and said, "How now?" The mother related what had happened and explained that the girl was praying the cow not to speak of the misfortune. The father went into the house and, obtaining some bran, gave it to the cow. Then all three sat and grieved and entreated the cow.

Later the son returned and, on entering the house, found it empty. He went into the stable and saw his father and his mother and his wife wailing before the cow and beseeching her. He approached his relatives and enquired what had happened. When his mother explained, he became incensed and said, "If to-day I find three persons as foolish as you, I will not kill you; but if I do not find them, then I shall kill you." He set out to look for fools.

As he went along a road he came on four men who were unable to take a tree into a house, because they carried the beam cross-wise against the door, and could not move it further than the door-posts. The men lay down and took counsel together. Two of them said, "We must cut the beam in two pieces," but the owner of the beam cried, "I need a beam of this length." Thereupon the others replied, "Very well, we will destroy the door." The youth appeared just as they were about to cause much damage, and he enquired what was their purpose. When they had related everything, he said, "If you carry the beam lengthwise, will there be any obstruction?" So they introduced the beam into the house lengthwise. Rejoicing, they thought that a man who understood a thing so well must indeed be clever. If he had not arrived the door would immediately have ceased to exist.

As the young man went further he saw that a fool had planted some cotton shrubs, which had been watered by him and grown high. But a camel had entered the field, and the owner reflected: "If I expel the camel it will tread down the freshly watered plants." He called together ten or fifteen fools and explained the situation. They said, "We will throw the camel down and bind its feet and drag it," but, despite all their efforts, twenty men could not haul the camel away. The young man arrived and asked what had happened. The proprietor of the cotton-field replied, "This is my cotton, and I have just watered it, but a camel has wandered in. If I drive it

out it will destroy the plants, so we have fastened its four feet together and are about to haul it away." The youth laughed. "Are you not fools? Cannot someone lead the camel out by a halter? It will not tread down much. If all of you who have thrown it down and fastened its feet drag it, you will trample the plants terribly and do much injury." They unbound the camel's feet and led it away with a cord. Everybody was glad and marvelled at the youth's cleverness.

Thereupon he said, "In this town there are a great number of fools, so I shall not kill my father and mother and wife." He went home.

II

SCHINGILTAK AND PINGILTAK¹

THERE lived in a town seven Schingiltaks and one Pingiltak. The seven Schingiltaks had one barn of maize, and the one Pingiltak had seven barnfuls of maize. The Pingiltak had his seven barnfuls completely cleared by purchasers, but the the Schingiltaks had been unable to sell their one barnful. The Schingiltaks said, "Pingiltak has seven barns of maize and he has emptied them but we seven Schingiltaks have been unable to dispose of the contents of our one barn; let us go and ask Pingiltak how he has done it." Thereupon all seven came to Pingiltak and said, "We have been unable to find a customer for our barnful. How have you managed with your seven barnfuls?" When they had spoken Pingiltak replied laughingly, "I burnt my maize with fire, then I removed the ashes and sold them in the town for silver." He was asked: "Will the people still buy?" Pingiltak replied, "If you take it there they will buy; I set fire to my maize and burnt it, then I put the ashes in sacks and took them to town, intending to sell the ashes for silver; the people bought them."

The Schingiltaks then burnt their maize, put the ashes in sacks, took them to the town and cried, "Ashes to sell for silver!" But the people said, "Who will give silver for ashes! Take your ashes beyond the town and empty them!" With these words they struck the men and drove them off. The men now held a council and said, "This Pingiltak has let us burn up our maize; let us go and kill him!" So the seven

¹W. Radlov, VI, p. 219.

Schingiltaks went to Pingiltak's house. When they arrived a beautiful girl sat there. They said, "Whose girl is this?" And Pingiltak replied, "This is my wife." They said, "When did you marry her?" Pingiltak replied, "I have taken her lately; I killed my former wife, and took her to the town and asked if they would give living for the dead; and for my dead wife they gave me this girl." The men enquired, "Will the townspeople take our wives if we kill them?" Pingiltak replied, "If you kill them and carry them to the town the people will take them; if you arrive there and cry, 'Who will give living for dead,' they will bring you a beautiful girl, and take your dead wives in exchange."

All seven went away and, having killed their wives, took them to the town and cried, "Will you give living for dead?" The townspeople shouted in reply, "Why have you not buried your dead in the steppe? Why have you brought them to the town?" and cudgelled the seven men soundly.

The seven Schingiltaks decided, once more, that they would go and kill Pingiltak. When they drew near Pingiltak was minding his sheep, and the men asked how he had obtained them. The reply came, "My father gave them to me and told me that the parents of the Schingiltaks have become very rich, and wish their sons to know that they will, if applied to, give their sons sheep." Then men said, "Where, then, are our parents?" Pingiltak answered, "I am going now to beg for sheep; come with me! I will show you the sheep which your parents will give you."

When he had so spoken they rejoiced, and he led his sheep and themselves to the edge of a lake. The sheep drank and other sheep were visible in the water. "You now behold the sheep which your father will give you." Then the eldest cried, "I will enter first; if he gives us sheep, I will call; then, you others, come!"

The eldest Schingiltak plunged into the water and, as he dived, struggled with the poor things. Pingiltak cried out, "See, he calls you!" Together the other six sprang into the water and all seven were drowned. Only Pingiltak remained alive.

III

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD ANIMALS'
CONVERSATION.¹

ONCE a friend came to a man who was acquainted with the languages of all animals and expressed a wish to have the knowledge imparted. The man said, "I will teach you the languages; but if you afterwards communicate your knowledge to anyone, even your wife, you will die." The friend replied, "I will not tell anybody, not even my wife." The instruction was given and in time the friend had learnt the language of all animals. He owned a cat, a dog, an ass and two oxen.

One day he went home and discovered his dog and cat in conversation. The dog asked the cat, "What do you desire most?" The answer came, "I desire most that my master and his wife should be blind and that his house should be made of meat and cream, so that I could feast on it all; that is my wish." Next the cat in turn put the same question to the dog, who answered thus: "If my master were rich, then I would keep awake at night time and only guard his goods. My master would be pleased with me and feed me well; that is my wish". The master laughed at the words of the cat and the dog, and, moreover, he struck the cat and drove her forth.

His wife said to him, "You have been away a long time; then, on your return, you sat and laughed by yourself, next you struck the cat and expelled her; you are certainly evil-minded to behave so; tell me the truth. Have you not some wicked intention?" The woman scolded her husband, and he was left in perplexity, for he knew that if he told her the secret he would die, and if he did not tell her she would be disagreeable. At last he decided to say nothing, and only struck his wife with the whip, after which she asked no further question.

One day this man had to plough, so he yoked the oxen and ploughed till evening, at which time the ass approached the oxen and said, "Where have you been to-day?" The oxen answered, "Our master has cared for us well during the winter, because he intended to plough in the spring. Ploughing-time has come, and to-day he harnessed us." When the ass heard these words he laughed. "You are very stupid," said he; "ploughing will last a long while; he will torment you till the

¹W. Radlov, VI, p. 250.

whole of the land is ploughed." "What are we to do?" cried the oxen. The ass answered, "When our master has ploughed several days one of you must become ill! If he gives you grass, do not eat it; and mind that you refuse water; if you act thus, you will escape the plough."

The oxen asked the ass how it went with him. The ass replied, "I have nothing to do; I sometimes visit a mare, and I often roll about among the flowers." Now, the master understood what passed between the ass and the oxen. Next morning he harnessed the oxen to the plough and returned home before nightfall. But one of the pair sickened; ate no grass and would not drink. Next day the man not only yoked both oxen but harnessed the ass; moreover, he rode the ass without cessation till evening, and ploughed; and when the ass did not go well the master struck him with the stick, and by evening had tired the ass thoroughly.

When they returned home at night one of the oxen noticed that the ass said nothing and that his ears were hanging down. The ox said, "What is the matter, ass?" and the ass replied, "I am your well-wisher and the protector of your souls. Our master said to-day, 'One of the oxen has sickened'; and he has sold you to a butcher who will kill you to-morrow. For this reason I am sad and say nothing and let my ears droop." The ox enquired, "In that case, what shall I do?" The ass answered, "Appear healthy, eat grass and drink water; then he will say that you are sound and will not let the butcher kill you."

The man laughed heartily at the ass's words; and his wife said, "Why are you amused?" He replied, "Without cause!" Whereupon she remarked, "You do not laugh without a reason, you have something in your mind. You laughed before, and when I questioned you as to the cause of your laughter you struck me; and now you laugh again! If I do not ask you the cause you will not tell me. I shall leave you; let me go!" So she fastened a quarrel on her husband, and as she became very violent there was nothing left for him but to tell her the truth. He said to her, "You have questioned me persistently and as I have not answered you have chided me; but if I tell you the truth I shall die." His wife said, "Tell me the truth, even if it costs your life!" So he related how he had learnt the language of animals and how the ass had advised the oxen to appear ill. He communicated everything as it had occurred

and then he died ; whereupon his wife became very sorry she had extracted the truth from him and wept bitterly.

IV

THE OLD WOMAN'S TRICK¹

ONCE upon a time an old man had a beautiful daughter, called Sakit Tjamal, with whom a youth was in love ; but she married the son of a vizier. Thereupon the youth wept over his loss and remained in retirement. The son of the vizier, in order that the maiden should not be exposed to men's gaze, took her to Seven-Rivers, and made it impossible for anyone to reach her.

The youth now went to an old woman and said, " I am in love with the daughter of a rich man, but the vizier's son has married her and has built her a house in Seven-Rivers ; could you find a means to carry me to her ?" The old woman replied, " How can I take you there ?" The youth laid before her a bar of gold and cried, " Do what you can !" " A plan has occurred to me," she said, " Come to me to-morrow." When the youth arrived on the morrow the old woman had a chest bought in the market and had plaited her hair like a girl's. She led the youth to the hunting-place belonging to the vizier's son and made him get into the chest ; but she herself behaved as if she had come with a petition. The vizier's son approached and saw a prayerful person, beside whom was standing a chest ; he said to his companions, " Go and bring her ! Who can she be ?"

The men went, and the woman with white hair stood and made her request. To their enquiries she replied, " As a maiden I was driven out of the town forty years ago, and I pray here in the desert." The men went off and reported to the vizier's son, " It is a white-haired woman with a petition ; we asked her who she is, and she replied, ' I am a maiden and have been unseen by the eye of man since I left the town forty years ago.' " The vizier's son went to the woman and asked her what she was doing in the desert. She replied, " If I am seen by men, I shall be ashamed ; I have been meditating and praying to God during forty years." The vizier's son enquired what she had in the chest, and she answered that the chest contained her

¹W. Radlov, VI, p. 187.

winding-sheet ; and she then asked him if he was either a man or a married woman. The vizier's son replied, " I am a man." " Then," said the woman, " I must repel you, or I am dishonoured ; I have avoided men for forty years, and live in the steppe." The vizier's son believed her tale, and said, " I keep my wife far from men, and have built a house for her at Seven-Rivers and taken her there. Go now to my wife, and become her companion !" The woman asked whether there was any man in the house. The vizier's son replied that, except himself, there was no male near his wife. The old woman agreed to go. She lifted the chest and went to the young man's house situated at Seven-Rivers.

The vizier's son said to his wife, " This maiden has kept herself from men's eyes, and has long withdrawn herself from the town ; I have now brought her to you as a companion." The wife replied that it was well, and the old woman remained till evening. In the morning the vizier's son went to the chase, and the old woman spoke with his wife upon one subject and another, and added : " The vizier's son keeps you here between the rivers ; it were well if, in such a lonely place, you should begin a love affair." The wife said laughingly, " How could I have a love affair when nobody comes here ?" To which the old woman answered, " A certain youth is in love with you ; I myself know that he is infatuated with you. If I bring the youth, will you admit him ?" The wife agreed, and the other fetched her chest, opened it and brought the youth out. Then the wife and the youth passed several days in happiness.

One day the vizier's son, while out hunting, saw a calendar asleep. Out of the calendar's bag came a beautiful woman and after her followed a youth. The pair went away from the calendar and lay down together ; and then, having returned, both climbed into the calendar's bag. When the vizier's son saw he said to himself, " Ah, this man thinks to keep his wife-pure and takes her in a bag with himself. The wife, however, takes the youth about with her secretly. Women have many tricks ; the old woman whom I took the other day for a maiden has certainly tricked me ; there was doubtless a youth in the chest supposed to contain her winding sheet ; she has brought him to my wife ; and my wife, of course, has had a love affair with him. Now, I will take this man with me and observe the tricks of these women !"

So the vizier's son went to the calendar, called and awakened him and asked him concerning his occupation. The man

replied that he was a calendar and followed his occupation. The vizier's son said, "My house is at Seven-Rivers, come with me to it." The calendar agreed, and accompanied the youth to the house. The host cried, "Bring three plates of food," and the cook prepared a dish for three persons and brought it to her master, who turned to the calendar and said, "Eat with me and call the man to come from your bag to eat the third plate of food." The man replied: "I have no man in the bag." "If you do not bring him out I shall kill you!" said the vizier's son. The calendar answered, "My wife is in the bag, but it would be shameful if I should take her out." Then the vizier's son cried, "There's no dependence on women; and, even if you contravene custom, fetch her forth." Then the calendar took his wife out. But the other continued, "There is still someone inside; draw him out," and, in spite of protestations he forced the calendar to look in the bag and drag forth a youth. The man almost lost his reason because of the behaviour of his wife. Next the vizier's son summoned his own wife. "Eat the food on this plate!" said he; and then called the old woman and said to her, "Fetch the chest with your winding-sheet." She exclaimed, "What will you do with the chest, if you have it brought here? It contains nothing but my winding sheet." But the vizier's son cried, "Bring it here, or I will kill you." The chest was brought and opened and a youth found within it. The husband said, "The youth must come out of the chest and eat with my wife."

Then the vizier's son remarked to the calendar, "Women are unfaithful; in order to keep my wife pure I built her a house at Seven-Rivers, but she kept a youth in a chest. You, to preserve your wife's honour, kept her in a bag, but your wife called a lad to herself in the bag, and has taken him with her. The women of this world are faithless; let us forsake them and withdraw from the world and wander about!" With these words the pair departed together and the women remained behind with their lovers.

NOTES

I THE FOOLS

As might be expected, stories of fools occur in many lands. This Tarantchi-Tatar tale is perhaps not so diverting as the following Little Russian story; but in each a son or husband who is distracted by folly at home departs in search of a different order of persons: An idle daughter wept because it occurred to her that if she should marry and have a child a chisel might fall on his head from the top of the stove and kill him. Her father and mother grieved in sympathy. Growing angry with these relatives, a son went into the world to find more sensible people. He arrived in a village where some men were dragging a cow to church with cords, a dying woman having bequeathed it to the pious. He instructed the men to sell the cow and give the money to the proper authorities. In the next village the young man saw a woman beating a hen because the hen, after hatching fifteen eggs, did not feed them with milk. He set the chickens under a foster mother and went further. He came upon some Lithuanians who were carrying light in sacks to a church; the young man made a window in the church and, as a reward, was elected priest. The tale continues in a similar strain.¹

The incident of throwing the camel down and dragging it with cords in the Tatar story is comparable with that of dragging the cow with cords to the church in the Little-Russian.

There is a story in Grimm, called "Wise Folks," in which a woman sells three cows to a man and accepts one of these cows as security for the debt. Her husband departs for a three days' search to find someone who is stupider than his wife; if he is unsuccessful he will return and beat her. He finds a woman who stands in a cart to make it lighter. There is a likeness in the Little-Russian story quoted above to one of the chief incidents in the English tale, "The Three Sillies."² In the Russian the daughter fears that if she should marry and have a child a chisel may fall on his head from the top of the stove and kill him. In the English the girl is afraid that if she marries and has a son who grows up he may go into the cellar to draw beer, and that an axe may fall on his head from the ceiling and kill him. Mother and father show deep sympathy to their daughter in her trouble in both the Tatar and English tales.

¹Sumtsov, p. 131.

²*English Fairy and Folk-Tales*, Hartland, p. 260.

Much consideration is also extended by those around her to the apprehensive girl in the German tale, "Clever Elsie," who while drawing beer would sit in front of the barrel and weep and say, "If I get Hans and we have a child, and he grows big and we send him into the cellar here to draw beer, then the pickaxe will fall on his head and kill him."¹

In a Roman tale, a girl who was drawing wine spoke somewhat thus: "If I am married, I shall have a child and he will die and I shall cry all day, "Petrillo, where are you?" and as she cried the wine ran over. Her mother came and took up her complaint and the wine still ran over. The girl's suitor would only marry her if he discovered three people as simple. While staying at inns he finds a man who cannot draw on his stockings, another who puts walnuts into a sack by sticking a fork into them, and chances on a third man equally foolish. The marriage occurs and the wife follows her husband out shooting. "Pull the door after you," he says to her. She drags the door after her all day, even up into a tree where they climb up to sleep. The woman accidentally drops the door on some robbers and so frightens them away and secures their rich booty.²

II SCHINGILTAK AND PINGILTAK

Grimm's story, "The Little Peasant," in its latter part is like this story. The little peasant sells his cow's skin for three hundred thalers, whereupon the other peasants hasten home, kill their cows and seek to sell the skins to advantage, but make a great loss. In order to punish the offender, the peasants prepare to drown him enclosed in a barrel full of holes. But when a shepherd comes near with some sheep the little peasant calls out, "I will not do it." The shepherd enquires what the little peasant will not do, and the latter replies, "They will make me mayor if I allow myself to be put into the barrel." The shepherd enters the barrel (the top of which is then shut down by the little peasant; and it is thrown by the others into the water, and the shepherd is drowned. Later the peasants meet the little peasant driving a flock of sheep. He tells his fellows that he obtained the sheep on a meadow at the bottom of the water. The mayor and the peasants see reflected in the water some small clouds which look like sheep. He and his friends after him plunge into the water and are drowned. There is

¹Grimm, No. 34.

²Busk, p. 367.

another German version, in which "The peasants determine to throw one of themselves into the water and if he sees swine at the bottom he must throw up his hands. The drowning man throws up his hands and the others all spring in after him."¹ In the Irish legend of "Little Fairly,"² a hostile stepbrother puts Little Fairly in a sack and takes it toward the Bog of Allen. The youth who is groaning in the sack is questioned by a farmer, and replies that he is going straight to Paradise. The farmer offers his horse and five hundred pounds to be allowed to get into the sack. The brother throws the sack into the river and later asks Little Fairly where he obtained such fine oxen. The reply was, "It is very easy to get them from the bottom of the Bog of Allen." The brother forthwith throws himself into the water and loses his life. In an Indian version, a man who has been ill-treated by his six brothers sells a bullock very favourably, but his brothers copy his action at a great loss. They burn his house to ashes and he changes the ashes by a trick to bags of gold. When they burn their houses they cannot sell the ashes. They try to drown him, but he escapes and makes his way to some cattle, which he alleges he found at the bottom of a tank. The brothers, in the hope of obtaining similar cattle,³ allow him to drown them. In "Sirdon," a story told among the Ossetes, a tribe of Caucasian mountaineers, the trick performed by Sirdon, who has been bound by enemies to a tree, is to call out, "I will not come!" He makes a shepherd believe that he, Sirdon, refuses to be made khan, and prevails on the shepherd to be bound to the tree. The shepherd hopes he will thus become khan, and discovers his error too late. In the Votyak tale, "Aldar the Trickster," a man induces two enemies to be sewn up in sacks and thrown by him in the river, that they may then purchase a cow cheaply under the water. In the Russian story, "Foolish John," brothers allow the fool to drown them because they hope they may thus secure a magnificent grey horse at the bottom of the river. In the Lettish story, "How the Foolish Brother was Drowned," the fool makes his brother believe he has found cattle and sheep at the bottom of the river. They ask him to lower them into the river and are drowned. In one of the *Tales from the Norse*, "Big Peter and Little Peter," Big Peter is thrown in a sack into the river.⁴ Comparing these

¹Clouston, II, p. 249.

³Idem., II, 273.

²Idem., p. 231.

⁴Dasent. 2nd ed., p. 387.

different versions, one sees that in the Indian, the Tarantchi-Tatar and the Ossetian, there is gross trickery practised upon one or more arch fools, but the detail of the sack, or barrel, which a man willingly enters that he may be cast in the water is absent; that episode occurs in the Votyak, the Russian, the Lett, the German, the Norse and the Irish versions. The sack episode appears to have been added as the story travelled westward after reaching Russia. Burning the house or corn to ashes occurs in the Indian and Tatar versions, but not in the others. The incident of killing the seven wives by the Schingiltaks, who demand new wives in exchange, resembles the deed of nine men in the Bashkir tale, "The Deceiver," who kill their mothers and then cry that they will exchange dead women for new.

III THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD ANIMALS' CONVERSATION

The faculty of understanding animal's speech is exhibited in several of these folk-tales. In the Kalmuck, "What Happened to the Poor Man's Son," a youth overhears two dragons reveal an important secret concerning the annual tribute which they demanded, and so is able to overcome them. The Buryat, "Orphan Lad," listening to the conversation of some crows, learns how to save the life of a khan's son. A child in the Russian, "Language of Birds," understands the meaning of a nightingale's song and receives communications from the little bird during a voyage at sea.

Not only in the Tarantchi-Tatar story, but elsewhere, a wife's insistence on being told her husband's mysterious secrets brings her or himself to suffering. Straparola relates how a wife determined to hear the cause of her husband's laughter when animals talked. One day a man was riding in Naples on a mare who was in foal; and a woman sat behind him. A foal following far behind cried to its mother not to go so fast as it was young and weak. The mare answered that she was carrying the foal's brother within her, and carried also her master and a woman expecting an addition to her family; if the foal could not keep up, let it stay behind. The man understood this conversation and laughed aloud. The woman insisted on knowing why her husband laughed, even if the revelation should cause his death. He chastised her soundly, because he overheard a cock explain to a dog how he kept his numerous hens in

order with judicious discipline.¹ A Bulgarian tale which begins like the well-known "The Peasant and the Snake," develops into a story much like that of Straparola.² A tale of somewhat similar kind is reported from Central Africa by Kölle in his "Kanuri Proverbs and Fables." A husband is asked by his wife at night why he had laughed. The reason was that he heard a rat, who had just fallen from the roof, explain to its mate why the pair had fallen to the ground from the roof on coming together.³

Trouble may come from a wife's determination to be told even a spirit's remarks. In an Eskimo tale a wifeless man is told by a "Fire Man" that so long as he does not reveal the secret of his information he may choose a seal every day. But the Eskimo marries, and his wife insists on learning the reason of his hunting successes. He at once becomes poor.⁴ Grimm's "Three Languages" concerns a youth who learnt first what the dogs said when they barked, then what the birds said when they sang, and, lastly, what the frogs said when they croaked. His peculiar accomplishment brings him fame and fortune; he is even elected to the pope's throne. It may be noted that in the Kalmuck tale first mentioned above comprehension of the dragon's conversation is a precursor to the election of one of two youths, after various adventures, to a khanship, so that while the Tatar tale is related to the Italian, the Kalmuck has a connection with the German. The above are instances of understanding animals' speech, but not of talking with them.

In the Czech story, "Golden Locks," an old woman brings to a king a snake in a basket and tells him to have it cooked. When he eats it he will understand whatever any creature says. But the king's servant, George, eats a little of this wonderful food, and when the king and his servant ride forth they both understand what their horses say to each other.⁵

IV THE OLD WOMAN'S TRICK

In these tales there are instances of marriage among mere children, so that the love-stricken youth in our story did not

¹Straparola, Night XII, Fable 3.

²Leger, p. 109.

³Quoted by Dasent, *Tales from the Norse*, p. 13.

⁴Rasmussen and Worster, p. 53.

⁵W. W. Strickland, from Erben, p. 22.

necessarily form a heavy burden. The non-resistance and resignation of the two husbands may be due to Oriental passivity in the face of misfortune, or to a complaisant generosity to their wives of the kind exhibited by the young husband on the first night of his marriage in the Kirghiz tale, "The Three Sons." Treachery, violence, deceit and seeming unreason are common to folk-tales, and they are frequent in those of Siberian origin. A hero who agrees to single combat with a witch, big or little, will either previously destroy her weapons or push her into danger at a crucial moment of the ordeal. A character will unblushingly support his purpose by repeated lying. As regards his dealings with a wild animal, man's word is often flagrantly broken. But a wild boar or an ox will lay down its life for him! Serpents and bears often behave well to man, and any animal who is rescued from ill treatment shows its benefactor gratitude. Proceeding further eastward, we find among the Buryats definite sympathy expressed for the rights of a ferocious beast; and in a Gilyak tale a hero meets a dignified lord of the bears, whereupon a duel occurs and both antagonists succumb. Dragons remain universally beyond the pale of consideration. Women are often treated with harshness and cruelty; sometimes callously murdered, sometimes torn to pieces for crime, and sometimes invited to submit to torture for the benefit or ransom of a lover or husband! However, just as there is an extreme instance of man's recognition of a wolf's rights in the Buryat tale, so in the present Tarantchi-Tatar story, and in the Kirghiz, "The Three Sons," we have remarkable instances of man's tolerance of a woman's independence and acknowledgment of her right to complete freedom.

The incident of a lover who is carried by a woman in a chest will be found in a tale from the Panchatantra, quoted in a Note to the Russian story, "The Wicked Wife."

THE YELLOW UGURS

THE Ugurs, a Turkish tribe, came from the east and ruled in Kashgaria in the tenth and twelfth centuries. Their dialect belongs to the eastern division of the four branches into which the Turkish language has been divided by Radlov according to their phonetic system. It is allied to the Altaian. A poem written in Kashgar, in the year 1065, exists in an alphabet, comparable with the Mongol and Manchu alphabets and of fourteen letters, which was derived from a Syriac source and probably introduced by Nestorian missionaries.¹

The Yellow Ugurs live near Mount Gandjo, on the northern boundaries of the Nan-Shan Mountains. They long ago embraced Buddhism, but have not discarded shamanism. Their folk-tales are said to resemble those of the Chinese and Mongols, and several, including the four translated below into English, were reported in Russian by C. E. Malov on an expedition for demarcation of the boundary between Russia and China, in 1909.

I

THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUTH AND A WITCH²

IN times past an old woman had a son who went to an idol-temple to learn reading and writing. On his way to and fro the youth to used rest beside a great stone. Once when he had put his books on the stone and gone to sleep a pretty woman approached from the neighbouring mountains. She looked fixedly at him as she passed ; and he gazed long after her before he proceeded to the temple. In the evening he returned home, where his mother, now, as always, eager to see him, had boiled some tea and cooked dinner. He ate and drank but little. On the morrow he set out early to the temple, where he studied all day with longing in his heart. Grieving still for the woman, he returned home in the evening. His mother awaited his coming and had prepared tea and food, but the youth drank a single cup of tea and ate nothing.

¹*Encyc. Brit.* Vol. XXVII, pp. 473, 564.

²From the Russian of *The Living Past*, 1912, No. 3. p. 467.

The woman noticed the change in her son, and said to him, "What ails you? Last evening you grew quite sad, and earlier in the day you were not gay. Why have you become so gloomy?" "I forgot in the evening what I had been taught the same morning, and in consequence am troubled," answered the lad, but he did not tell the truth. "Get ready some cakes for me to-morrow, mother; I shall be going to see the teachers." His mother prepared the cakes and gave them, and the youth, after he had wrapped five of them in a cloth, set out on his journey. Arriving at the stone, he observed indications of the woman's footsteps. He followed in her tracks and reached the summit of a mountain, where there were no more footprints. The youth thought to himself, "All traces of her have ceased. . . . I am ill from thinking about that woman! Does she pine for me?" He went on further and arrived at the end of the mountain. Here he saw a fine house, out of which a grey-haired old woman came and asked the youth the reason of his visit. He replied, "I have walked to this place by chance." "Then enter the house; a certain woman who only lately came from the steppe is ill here." The youth put his hands behind him and walked into the house, near the entrance of which a woman was lying; he saw she was the woman who had been near the stone. He said to her, "What is the matter?" She answered, "I lately returned from the steppe, where I fell in love with you." "I also saw you," he said, "and from that time have had no rest; I have come to visit you." The woman said that she now felt better; and when the youth took from his breast the five cakes the pair ate them and became more cheerful. Then the youth said, "Let us go and live together," and the woman agreed. Having spent several days in her company, the lad prepared to go home. The woman asked him how many days he had passed there, and he replied, "I have been here three or four nights." She said, "You have been here a whole month!" and added, "Your mother has grieved over you and wept; her tears have made her blind, but I will give you a stone with which, when you return home, you must rub her eyes; then they will open." The youth said, "If I yearn for you, what will happen to me?" "I will give you a fan," was the reply, "When you long for me, tap three times with your left foot on the threshold of the house, wave this fan thrice, and I will appear to you."

The youth went home and found his mother asleep. "Mother,

mother," he cried, "open the door!" "You are dead, dear son; it is your soul which has come. Go away! I will set before the gods some candles in your memory." He replied, "Mother, I did not die." The woman answered, "My son is dead; a whole month has passed since his death; to-morrow I will buy gold and silver paper and put prayers for you." "Dear mother, I am not dead!" She opened the door and struck him so severely that he fell. But the next morning, having risen from his couch, he rubbed his mother's eyes with the stone and opened them. Afterwards she grew cheerful, and the youth breakfasted and once more set forth to his studies at the idol-temple.

The monk asked where he had been, and the lad replied that he had gone hunting in the mountains and had seen a woman. The monk said, "You saw a woman?" And the youth, having replied "Yes," passed a considerable time in reading and writing and in learning prayers. At that time his mother died, and he continued his studies at the temple. Before long he reflected that there was nobody at home to prepare his food and to warm the stove-bench; he remembered the woman's words that she would come if he thrice tapped the threshold and thrice waved the fan. He waved the fan three times and tapped the threshold of the house three times and read a page from a book, but the woman did not appear. He again tapped the threshold thrice and waved the fan thrice and read a page of a book; the woman did not come. He tapped the threshold again and waved the fan and read from the book, and the woman at last came in sight. He remarked, "You said that you would visit me if I tapped thrice on the threshold and thrice waved the fan, but I have waved thrice three times, that is nine times, and you have only come now!"

The woman began to keep house. "As I am the only mistress," she said, "I will move these things away, and bring in others from the courtyard; afterwards I will take off my clothes and put on new ones"; and so the evening arrived. In the morning the youth went to the temple and invited the monks to come and drink tea and eat with him; the woman was a good cook. The monks arrived. The woman boiled some nice food and made a dish from herbs. The monks ate and went home.

On the morrow the youth again set out to study in the temple, and one of the older monks asked him how he had

obtained his wife. He replied that he had found her beyond the mountains. The monk said, "Your wife is not a real human being; she is a witch. When later you go home, look through the window and notice what she is doing." The youth set out and, having rested on the way, reached his home and glanced through the window. He saw that his wife had lighted two candles, each of them about fourteen feet long, separated her head from her body and taken it into her hands and, so sitting, was combing her hair. Much frightened, he ran back to the temple. The monk asked why he had returned, and the youth answered, "I was afraid of my wife," "What was she doing?" The youth replied, "She had lighted two long candles and taken her head in her hands and was combing her hair." The monk said, "Go home and banish fear; she loves you dearly." When the youth reached home he found his wife had prepared some food and tea and was awaiting him; she said, "You used to return earlier. Why are you so late to-day?" The young man said untruthfully, "Many persons visited the monks to-day and stayed a long while; when they departed it was already evening." Then he drank tea and ate. He drank again and read a little and at last, feeling tired, lay down to sleep. During his sleep his wife moved nearer to him but he moved away. She again approached him, and at last they were close against the wall. They embraced and slept, but during his slumber the youth was afraid and trembled; he saw that something in the house shone. As he lay upon his back he caught a glimpse of his books at the window; he rose and, seizing them, ran till he reached the temple. He informed the monk that he had come early because he was afraid of his wife. "Do not fear her, she loves you greatly; you have no reason to be afraid; to-morrow will be the tenth day of the month, and there will be singing in the temple; set out now homeward and, later, bring your wife to hear it; I will meet her." The youth returned home and said, "To-morrow will be the tenth, and prayers will be sung in the temple; will you not come and listen?" "Perhaps, I will come," his wife replied, adding, "You go first and then I will come." The youth started out on the morrow and said to the monk, "My wife will arrive later."

The monk prepared three arrows and watched near the door. When the woman came the people in the temple, instead of listening to the singing, looked at her because she was beau-

tiful. She approached the temple doors and the monk let fly an arrow, but she caught it in her hand. He discharged a second arrow and wounded her in the foot. When he fired the third time dust rose and the woman and arrows were hidden.

Then the youth turned his attention again to learning. But once again he reflected that there was nobody to warm the stove bench and to get ready his food and tea ; he set out to visit the woman. Arriving at her house, he entered and saw her lying upon the stove-bench. " Why have you come ? " He answered, " I longed for you. " " You and the monk intended to injure me, " she said, and added, " Is your monk well ? I have raised a swelling in his back and he has become a hunch-back. Go and look behind the door ! " The youth, on looking, saw that the woman had bound the monk's hands and feet with cord and having so bent him, she was burning candles on his back. The young man bowed to the woman, and said, " Liberate my monk ; he has taught me during seven years ; he has given me good instruction in everything. " The woman yielded to the youth's request and freed the monk. Then the young man said, " Come back with me ! If you do not come I shall remain here. " " Go home ! " He replied, " I will go home, but shall be weary without you. " The woman said, " If you yearn for me, I will send you a whirlwind ; when you are at home and long for me, cover this whirlwind with a basket and you will catch me. " The youth returned home and being desirous of seeing the woman, covered with a basket a whirlwind which appeared ; he caught her. But he did not see her and, in order to do so, opened the basket. Suddenly a strong whirlwind arose from the basket. A neighbour swept the whirlwind with a broom and perished, and afterwards the youth died.

II

THE BOY WHO WAS THE SON OF A GOD¹

A CERTAIN chief had a daughter who went one day to the steppe that she might dig up edible roots and grasses. She collected a bundle of them and returned homewards, but on reaching a stone god sat down to rest. Suddenly feeling a pain

¹*The Living Past*, 1912, No. 3. p. 466.

in her foot, she addressed the god in the following words : " If you take these grasses and roots home for me I will be your wife ! " " I will transport you home," said the god. He bore the girl and her burden homewards, and at night came to the maiden and slept with her. Later, her father noticing her condition, said, " I will kill you ! " and, despite her entreaties, frequently repeated his threat.

But the mother did not desire her daughter's death, for the girl had explained her position thus : " When I was collecting firewood a god came to me and I conceived a child." The maiden had an uncle, who took her home and sheltered her, and in his house she bore a son. When he was six years old the boy could already lift things which were heavy for grown persons. One day a panther began to eat the sheep belonging to a shepherd. The boy without delay set forth to pasture the sheep, and on being attacked by the panther, struck the beast and killed him. When the king's attendants heard of this deed they looked at the boy and wished to take him with them. Two horsemen arrived from the king and asked the child how he managed to kill the panther. " He wanted to eat me and I killed him." " If this is true," one of the horsemen said, " put the dead panther on my horse." " Certainly ! " The child lifted the panther's body on to the horse, but had scarcely completed his task when the horse fell dead from the burden. The horseman said, " Give me your horse ; you have killed mine." " Here it is, I give it you," answered the boy.

The child informed his uncle that the two royal horsemen intended to present him to the king because he had killed a panther ; he also told how he had killed a horse, and begged his uncle to give the horseman another horse.

" Give him the dark grey ! " said the uncle. Having received the grey horse, the royal horsemen said to the uncle, " Let us have this child." " Take him ; I give him." The horsemen journeyed with the boy to the king but when they camped for the night the child ran away and reached an idol-temple. An old man, a lama, was living here, to whom the child said, " I will be your son and become a lower assistant in the idol-temple." " I accept you as my son." A monk's yellow clothing being brought, the child dressed himself in it and began to learn the prayers. " You will come into the temple on the fifteenth day of the month ! " said the priest.

Now, among the dwellers in the temple there was a certain

old assistant. "Take the duty outside the temple and let this young assistant come inside," was the head priest's direction to him. Having entered the temple, the young assistant said to one of the gods, "Lift up your feet; I am about to sweep." When he had swept he said again, "Now lower your feet." As the assistant spoke the god raised and lowered his feet. Next it was the turn of a sleeping god. "Lift up your head; I wish to sweep near you." The god woke and raised his head, and the child came near, but said nothing. The old assistant, observing that the god did not sleep, reported the news to the chief priest. The lama did not believe him. "Do not tell stories, but depart and learn what is proper!" The sleeping god gave signs of life, and the lama coming to look at him, saw that the god was awake. The lama began gently to reproach his young assistant, who, submitting to no affront, immediately killed him. But there were many assistant-priests in the temple, and they bound the child assistant and putting him into a box, threw him into a river.

A certain Chinese lama came to the river and cried out, "If you are a god, swim nearer to me and I will draw you out." The blue box approached the bank and the Chinese lama drew it out of the water, saw the little assistant inside the box, took him out and carried him to a Chinese idol-temple. The Chinese servants at this temple said laughingly, "You have neither father nor mother, and were taken from the water!"

The little assistant wept so sorely on account of this insult that from his sobs the door of the temple fell. Scarcely had the chief lama arrived and said, "I will beat you," than the little assistant killed him. The Chinese soon sent a letter to the king, who required the presence of the assistant. The king made the little priest an important person and treated him as a son. When the king died and became a god the assistant was made king.

III

THE CLEVER YOUTH WHO EXCHANGED A MOUSE FOR A HORSE AND A BEAUTIFUL WIFE

AN old woman had a son. When he was seven years of age his mother died and he lived with relatives; he helped them to

collect brushwood for use as fuel. Once, when a few years older, he found a mouse under a shrub. He caught her and then going a great distance, reached a house, and asked, "Have you a cat?" The master of the house answered, "No." Suddenly a cat appeared and ate the mouse; whereupon the youth and the man had a violent dispute and, in order to pacify the lad, the man gave him the cat. The youth took the cat and went further. On reaching the next house he asked the owner, "Have you a dog?" The man replied that he had not a dog. Suddenly a dog appeared and ate the cat. The lad at once raised a claim, and in order to satisfy it the man gave him the dog. The youth put a leash on the dog and departed. He came to a third house, before which a horse stood fastened. To the youth's question, "Does this horse kick?" the reply came that the horse did not kick and was quiet. But all of a sudden the horse lashed out with his hind feet and killed the dog. The young fellow was so angry that to pacify him the master gave him the horse.

The youth reached a sandy place and saw in a Chinese grave an old woman who was dead. He set her body on the horse and went further. Arriving at a house near which sat a beautiful maiden, he approached her with this request, "Bring me something to drink; my mother is asleep and I cannot leave her." The girl procured him a cup of water. When she came close the youth cast the dead woman from the horse. "Why did you frighten," he said, "my mother in her sleep? Now she has fallen and been killed!" He overwhelmed the girl and her relatives with abuse. The parents, in order to appease his wrath, promised him the beautiful girl as a bride. He took her and rode home. This is how the young fellow obtained a horse and then as his wife a beauty.

IV

THE FRIENDLY ANIMALS¹

IN ancient times, a hundred versts away from this spot, there stood an idol-temple, upon whose roof settled down a kite. Before long, a hungry fox approached and noticed a moving object on the roof. He climbed up and caught the

¹*The Living Past*, 1912., No. 3. p. 475,

kite, and was about to eat him, when the kite said, "Do not eat me; let us be brothers!" They sat together. The next night, while they sat on the roof, a wolf drew near and observed the kite and the fox. He seized and was about to eat them, when together the fox and the kite said, "Do not eat us; rather, let us become brothers!" The three became brothers, the fox being the middle brother and the kite the third.

Then the wolf said to the kite, "Rise up aloft and see if there is a flock of sheep anywhere!" The kite rose in the air and, flying away, reached a spot where a great flock of sheep were grazing. He communicated the news to the wolf, who reached the scene and seized a sheep. The wolf said to the fox, "I will eat the meat; you drink the blood," and he said to the kite, "You, eat the entrails; we are now brothers and will live in unity." The wolf ate the meat until he could eat no more, the fox drank blood till he was satisfied, and the kite ate entrails to repletion. Then they entered into conversation, and asked each other toward what idol-temple they should set out. The fox said, "Come! a thousand versts away stands an idol temple; let us make for it!" They set out like three people. Arrived at the idol-temple, they swore henceforth to do each other no harm. The wolf said, "If I do the fox any harm, may I grow blind!" The fox said before the gods, "If I behave badly, may my ribs be broken!" The kite exclaimed before the gods, "If I do evil, may my legs be broken!" The end.

NOTES

I THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUTH AND A WITCH

The Ugur witch remarks to her youthful lover, who says that he has been in her company only three or four nights, "You have been here a whole month." Such a supernatural flight of time occurs in a Chinese tale; thus, Wang Chih, before he became one of the holy men of the Taoists, wandered in the mountains and watched two aged men playing chess. One of them said to him, "You should go home now." When Wang Chih reached his home he found that centuries had passed since he left it.¹ An hour or two had become many thousands of hours. Liberties are taken with time in the lives of Russian

¹Hartland, *Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 178.

and Siberian folk-lore heroes, whose period of growth is marvellously compressed. In a few months or a year from birth they become powerful men.

The magical summoning of the wife has a parallel in a Chinese tale; a young lady named Li informs a young man that he will only have to shake her little embroidered slipper, which she gives him, to bring her immediately. He shakes the little slipper and she, without delay, pays him a visit.¹ At the end of the Ugur tale, when the witch visits her husband she arrives in the form of a whirlwind. In Russia the whirlwind has a magic significance; thus, in the story called "The Wizard" a man throws a hatchet at a whirlwind and it becomes embedded. The next morning he find his hatchet on the floor in a wounded man's cottage and thereby knows that the sufferer is a wizard. Other instances of the wind's powers and personification are given in a Note to the Kalmuck "Story of the Bird-Cage Husband." Whirlwinds are sometimes thought to be demons or spirits. In districts so far apart from one another as the Highlands of Scotland, Germany, Slavonia, Esthonia, South America, Sumatra, Borneo, Australia and East Africa the natives believe that whirlwinds and eddies contain hostile fairies or evil spirits.² The witch's temporary removal of her head without injury to herself recalls other stories which deal with the severing of that organ; for instance, the direction of military operations by a head in the Lettish, "The Sailors and the Giants." According to a legend, St. Denis walked in Paris several miles while he held his head in his hands.

II THE BOY WHO WAS THE SON OF A GOD

THE notion of a divinity who descends to earth is by no means absent from Siberian stories. In the Kalmuck tale, "The Adventure of the Brahmin's Son," the following words occur: "If you are really and truly a magic stone, arrange (as I am unmarried) that a daughter of Brahma shall come hither from the kingdom of the gods to be my wife." Scarcely had the Brahmin's son spoken, when a daughter of the gods, surrounded by a large bevy of play-maidens, appeared before him. At the beginning of the Ostyak tale, "Aspen-leaf," it is stated that one day a man who was dissatisfied because he was childless directed much smoke heavenward. Turum conse-

¹H. A. Giles, I, 170.

²Frazer, *Golden Bough*, I, p. 329. seq.

quently sent down "the much-travelled and skilled" Pairaxta, to whom he said, "There seems to be some displeasure and anger below; go and discover the cause." Turum and Pairaxta gave the man three grains as large as a cherry stone and the wife, after eating them, became with child.¹ In the Yakut story, "Dyoudus," Khora, the Raven, sends down from heaven his son and daughter, who travel to Dyoudus by the aid of raven-horses, and come for the purpose of marrying Dyoudus's daughter and son. In the Kalmuck, "What Happened to the Poor Man's Son," Cuklaketu, the son of a god, visits the wife of a khan. Again, a strange marriage ceremony between the god Keremet and the Earth-wife is said to have occurred among the Votyaks.² In Babylon, Egypt and ancient Greece gods were married to women.³ The chief events of the present story occurred in an Ugur temple, on the border of Chinese territory. The phenomenally rapid growth of the child is common to many other folk-tale heroes.

III THE CLEVER YOUTH WHO EXCHANGED A MOUSE FOR A HORSE AND A BEAUTIFUL WIFE

The Buryat tale, "Old-Man Ookhàny," offers a parallel, and has in addition a final retributory incident. Another parallel is presented by the following story from Lorraine, "The Man with the Pea," which runs thus: A lazy labourer receives a pea from an employer at the end of the vintage harvest as a recompense for his idleness. He prevails upon a neighbour to care for this pea, but a hen swallows it. The labourer claims and receives the hen. He leaves the hen in another neighbour's stable, and a sow eats her. The labourer's threatening attitude forces the neighbour to give him the sow. The lazy man places the sow in another stable, where a colt, feeling his legs nibbled by the sow, kicks her to death. The man's truculent bearing wins him the colt as a recompense. At the next inn his colt is led to the river by a young girl, but falls into a hole and is drowned. As compensation he receives this girl in a bag. Happily, the child gets her god-mother to substitute a dog for her. The dog strangles the man when he opens the bag⁴. The story is widely disseminated, but the retributory denouement is often absent, as it is indeed

¹Patkanov, Chap. VII; Appendix, p. 8.

²J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough*. Ab. Ed., p. 143.

³Idem., p. 142.

⁴Cosquin, No. 62

in the Ugur tale. Cosquin quotes parallels from Brittany, Hanover, Italy, Sicily, Flanders, Transylvania, Esthonia, Russia, Kaffraria. The substitution of a dog for the girl in the tale from Lorraine resembles that of a tiger for the maiden in the Kalmuck, "Story of the Maiden Suvarnadhari." The trick of taking a dead woman on to a horse and pretending that another person has killed her occurs in the Buryat, "The Orphan Lad," and recalls an incident in our fifth Samoyede tale.

Here is a Filipino parallel: A wandering boy picked up a centavo and with this coin bought a cake. A chicken ate part of the cake and the boy, after a dispute with the chicken's owner, was allowed to take away the chicken. A dog ate the chicken, and the boy captured the dog. An iron gate fell on the dog and killed him. The boy claimed and received one of the gate's iron bars. He lost the bar in a river, and claimed the river as his own. Then he required the hand of a princess who bathed in his river. The princess' father, charmed by the young adventurer's wit, gave her to him.¹

IV THE FRIENDLY ANIMALS

This story is of the same species as the Chukchi, "The Fox and the Dog," and the Yakut, "Flying Birds," but is less finished and animated than are the Russian tales of animals. The natural craftiness of the fox is scarcely indicated, though there is a clear portrayal of the wolf's sagacity. A Lithuanian peasant woman related to the present writer a scene which she once witnessed from her cottage window. A wolf, baffled in his effort to reach a horse's throat, whisked his tail in the horse's face, so that the animal tossed its head; in an instant the wolf turned and, seizing the vulnerable throat with his jaws, before long had killed his prey. The behaviour of the kite which instead of flying away obeys the wolf's command to rise aloft and search for sheep, brings it within the category of a "grateful animal," whose life has been previously spared. Similarly, the fox voluntarily imparts knowledge concerning the distant temple. In the Russian story, "The Fly's Apartment," various insects and a mouse and a frog arrange to live together.

¹D. S. Fansler, p. 262.

THE KIRGHIZ

THE Kirghiz inhabit an area almost as large as European Russia, and form the most numerous nomadic race in Asia. They are divided thus: the first portion consists of the Kirghiz-Kazaks in the Ob and Aralo-Caspian basins, and the other, far smaller, is formed by the Kara-Kirghiz in the upland Tianshan and Pamir valleys. They consist of four hordes, of which the Little Horde stretching westward beyond Astrakhan is the most important. Each small community lives independently under supreme Russian control. But "elders" are elected by the clan to settle disputes. We are told that even a child of eight can repeat its genealogy for seven generations. The Kirghiz, who have affinities with both Mongols and Tatars, are of brown or tawny complexion with small oblique eyes and low nasal bridge. The men are of heavy build and strong, but indolent; the women, on the other hand, follow laborious lives. These nomads pack up their tents and move off with their herds at short notice and on slight pretext. Of a peaceful disposition, they yet for a hundred years intermittently resisted the Russians. In the chase they find objects of pursuit in the wolf and the fox, and train falcons for such purpose. But nominally Mahomedan, they are highly superstitious, dread the evil eye and see omens in the most trifling occurrences. So they offer sacrifices, or small objects, such as rags or ribbons, suspended on reeds, to wicked spirits. The wealthy Kirghiz are polygamists, and girls are carried off in conflicts. Impressive and long-continued rites are observed in connection with burial of the dead; thus, relatives beat their breasts and utter lamentations before a lay figure clothed in the dead person's clothes. In the interior of the steppes wealthy kazaks or khans possess many thousands of fat-tailed sheep and large herds of horses and camels. The horses are extremely hardy, trot long distances and live on what they can procure.

The Kara-Kirghiz, or Buruts, on the slopes of the Tianshan Mountains, differ little in speech and customs from the Kirghiz of the Steppes, but are physically like the Kalmucks. Their condition is debased and their habits are drunken and

dirty. Nevertheless, they retain traces of an old civilisation and can still weave fine materials, forge iron and build wind-mills. Their poets sing of past glories and mighty heroes in lofty strains. ¹

I

KARA KOS SULU²

A CERTAIN khan was served by a vizier who, without leaving his home, knew all that occurred in the khan's house. Once the khan's son when bathing in the river saw forty maidens pass in a boat. One of the maidens stood up, and the youth fell in love with her. He called out, "Who are you?" At that moment the maiden was combing her hair with a golden comb, and when the young man repeated his question she put the comb in front of her eyes.

Still ignorant who the maiden might be, the youth returned home and spoke to the vizier. "I have seen a maiden whose affections I would win; then I should be happy. I asked her to tell me her name, but she only combed her hair, and when I repeated my question she placed the comb before her eyes." The vizier replied, "The maiden is Kara Kös Sulu. If she combed her hair that means she comes from a town situated higher than ours." The youth asked how he should court the maiden, and the vizier answered, "Lie down and pretend to be ill, but when your father appears do not mention any special pain; and if your mother comes do not describe your pain." The youth went home and became ill and when his father and mother came he said nothing. Thereupon, the khan sent for the vizier and asked him why his son was prostrated. The vizier answered, "He has seen a maiden and desires to court her." The prince said, "How shall he court her?" and received this answer: "Give sixty maidens and youths, give sixty loaded camels and send me with them."

The khan said, "I will not send you; my son must go without you." He merely agreed that the youth go. But the son said: "Father, keep the sixty maidens and the sixty youths and the sixty camels, but lend me the vizier. If you let the

¹E. Reclus, Vol. VI, pp. 226-231.

²From Dr. W. Radlov's *Proben der Volksliteratur der Nordlichen Turkischen Stamme*, Theil III, p. 402.

vizier accompany me I will set out ; but without him I will not go." The father replied, " Even if you stay here I will not send him." The youth remained lying down, and after several days the father sent him off with the vizier, but without the sixty maidens and sixty youths.

The khan's son rode and rode and came to Kara Kös Sulu's town, and there spoke to an old woman in a dark house. " Enter and visit us !" said the old woman, and helped them to alight and ushered them in. He gave her money with which to buy food.

The vizier said to the old woman, " Will you go to Kara Kös Sulu ?" " Yes." " Will you speak to her ?" " No, I will not speak, for were I to do so she would cut off my head." The vizier said, " But I will give you money." Then the old woman remarked, " What shall I say ?" " Say that a merchant is here for trade and that he goes home to-morrow ; say that and report to me the maiden's answer."

The old woman went to the maiden and waited and was given food. Standing by the door, she said, " A merchant is lodging with us to-day for trading purposes, but to-morrow he returns home." The maiden cried to the young women around her, " Seize the little mother and do not let her feet touch the earth nor her blood drop on the ground !" When the old woman heard, she fled. The vizier, interrogating her, heard that the maiden had said, " Seize the little mother and let not her feet touch the earth nor her blood drop on the ground." He remarked, " That is good !"

Thereupon the khan's son went to Kara Kös Sulu's house and took his place by the door ; after sitting awhile he slipped in. The maiden came and, looking at the youth, knew that he was in love with her ; she placed in his bosom a token. As soon as it was dawn the youth woke up frightened and ran home, whereupon the vizier said to him, " Did the maiden come to you ?" The youth replied, " No, she did not come." " Do not lie ! she came of a certainty. Undress !" As the boy unrobed the dice fell from his bosom. " What is that ?" said the vizier. " You have slept, beyond a doubt."

The vizier spoke once more to the old woman ; he said : " I will give you two dilla if you will carry my message to the maiden." She agreed. " You must say that a merchant is stopping here to-day for business, and that to-morrow he will depart." The old woman went and gave the message. Again

the maiden said to the young women surrounding her, "Seize the little mother; let not her foot touch the earth nor her blood drop on the ground!" The old woman fled home and reported the maiden's speech to the vizier. He exclaimed, "That is well said." When evening arrived the youth went again to the maiden. She came to him and he held her fast and took her to a certain place and made love to her. But two soldier-watchmen came and seized both maiden and youth and put them in prison.

The khan had gone hawking, and one of the soldiers sought him and said, "Oh, Khan, your daughter has made love to a youth and we have thrown both into prison." The khan replied, "Keep them, and when I return I will learn who he is." The soldier returned to the prison, and the maiden said to him, "I will give you my earring if you will go into the town and call out, 'The master of the ox has come into the stall.'" The soldier agreed, and went. When he came to the vizier's house, he cried out, "The master of the ox has come into the stall and will kill him."

The vizier knew the meaning of these words; he put a dilla in the soldier's hand, and, carrying with him a sack, bought bread in the market and took it to the prison. The soldier said, "Are you selling this bread?" "Yes." The soldier bought the bread for half a dilla, and said, "Stay here, I will take the bread home and bring back the sack to you." The vizier agreed and remained, and the soldier bore the bread away. In the soldier's absence the vizier put the youth's clothes on the maiden and the maiden's clothes on the youth and said to the maiden, "Without letting the soldier see you take the sack and depart!" The soldier came, gave the maiden the sack and she went home.

When the khan returned from hawking he said, "Let the soldier bring my daughter hither." The soldier brought the vizier and the youth. Then the khan cried in a rage, "This is not my daughter! Did you not say that my daughter had been love making?" And he had the soldier's head struck off. Then said the vizier, "Oh, Khan, my people have been overcome by an enemy. I have an only sister and have given her to a husband who has fallen into the hands of the enemy. I have fled with my sister, and we entered your daughter's house, but a soldier arrested us both and threw us in prison. That is my crime." The khan said: "Take at once your sister into my

daughter's house. She should live with Kara Kös Sulu." So the youth lived now as a girl with Kara Kös Sulu.

But Kara Kös Sulu had an intended husband, who came to the town; a tent was erected for him on the steppe and food was taken to him there. In the morning Kara Kös Sulu said to the youth who was disguised as a girl, "Go to my future husband and say, "If your face is beautiful, you must wash with water! but if your face is ugly, you should wash it with kumyss. So has Kara Kös Sulu said." The future husband replied: "Very well, I will do as the maiden says." The pretended maiden went to the water with the future husband, and when the future husband was about to wash in the water the youth dressed as a maiden pushed him into the water and, having thus killed him, returned to the Kara Kös Sulu's house.

The vizier saddled his horse, got himself ready and came to the maiden's house. There he dressed the youth in handsome princely clothing, set him on horseback and brought him to the khan. The vizier entered with the youth and bowed; he said, "Oh, Khan! this youth is my sister's husband; he has escaped from the enemy. I pray that you will give me back my sister, who is in your daughter's house." The khan assented to the proposal. He sent a man to fetch the girl. But the messenger came back, saying, "The girl is not there; she took food to Kara Kös Sulu's future husband and did not return." The khan cried, "If that is so, then go to the husband and the girl and bring them both hither." The messenger returned from the place and said, "The husband is not there, and the girl is not there; the tent is empty!" Then the khan exclaimed: "Oh, woe! we are disgraced; my daughter's husband has taken the girl and fled with her." Thereupon the vizier said, "What can we do now?" The khan answered, "I will give Kara Kös Sulu to your brother-in-law!"

They arranged games for thirty days and kept up wedding festivities for forty days. They loaded property on sixty camels and sent them off. After four days' journey the youth and his wife reached home. When his father and mother were dead he took his father's place on the throne and became the head of the people.

II

THE YOUNG FISHERMAN¹

ONCE a youth was fishing in a stream. On no single day had he obtained a bite from more than one fish ; but at last he caught two. Said he, " I have never caught more than one fish and to-day I have caught two ; the God who has thus favoured me will give me something else. He fished every day, and henceforward always caught two fish. Once he rose early, and after washing his hands and face was about to throw his hook in the water, when a yellow dog ran up to him. The youth said, " Oh, God, how many years have I fished every day and caught only one fish and lived well ! Now that I am catching two fish a day, one of them must be intended for the dog." He kept the dog as a companion, and the pair lived together, and God gave them always two fish as food, one of which was eaten by the boy and the other by the dog.

One day the boy caught three fish with his hook. " Oh, my God," said he, " another companion will now come for me and the dog." Every day he caught three fish, one of which he ate, one he gave to the dog and one he set aside. One morning, when both of them had risen and the youth had washed his face and hands, a cat ran to him. " Oh, God," said the youth and the dog, " this is a fine cat ; God who has sent this cat will give something more." All three lay down at night and rose in the morning, and when the youth had cast his line and caught as usual three fish the companions ate them.

One day the three deliberated together and said, " We will not live in this way any longer ; let us acquire a property." The youth exclaimed, " Dog and cat, I have no friends and am acquainted with nobody, but if you know of a land where one can find cattle, find it." The cat said, " Over there a rich man is living ; let the dog come with me, for I cannot go through the water ; he will take me on his back to the further side. The rich man over there has a precious stone, which I will bring here. If I bring it here God will give us cattle and servants. The dog and cat went forth and the dog bore the cat on his back to the other side of the river. There the cat said to the dog : " Dog ! remain here ; I will go to the village." The cat ran to the village, and found that the people there were giving a feast in honour of a dead man. " A cat is come," said someone,

¹W. Radlov, III, p. 395.

and gave her meat. The cat ate her fill and gathering up what was left of the meat, ran back with it to the dog. "Dog!" said she, "eat this flesh, and when you have eaten it remain here! If you were to go to the village the dogs would begin fighting with you; I will bring you food. When I reach the village everybody cries, 'Pussy! pussy!' and gives me meat."

The cat ran to the village and everyone gave her meat, much of which she brought to the dog, saying to him, "Eat this meat and I will go and fetch the precious stone." Then she ran to the rich man's house. He said, "That thievish cat has arrived with the intention of stealing my jewel." The women drove her away and would not admit her. The cat ran off, and the rich man said, "Give me the jewel, as the cat will steal it; I will put it in my mouth and lie down!" But the cat knew what he had said. The rich man took the precious stone into his mouth and lay down to sleep.

In the night the cat returned, and finding the rich man lying on his back, sprang on his chest; next she jumped down and dipped her tail in a jug of water standing on the ground. Once more she climbed quickly on to the rich man's chest and touched with her wet tail the sleeper's nostrils. He sneezed and the jewel fell out of his mouth on to the ground. She immediately snatched up the prize and fled, and though the rich man followed he could not catch her. She ran to the dog.

Said the cat, "I have brought the precious stone." "Then let us be off," replied her companion. The cat mounted and the dog swam, but in the middle of the water the dog said, "Give me the jewel; the glory of having got it is yours, but I should like to feel I have carried it." The reply was, "Dog! I would give you the jewel, but you are swimming in the water and will open your mouth and the precious stone will fall into the water." The dog exclaimed, "If you do not give it me, I will throw you in the water." The cat in her alarm gave up the stone; and when the pair arrived at the bank the jewel fell out of the dog's mouth into the water. As they climbed up the bank the youth met them, and the cat said to him: "I had succeeded in bringing the jewel, but the dog has behaved like a dog; he demanded the stone of me when he was half way across. I promised to give it him when we came out of the water, but he would not listen; he said if I did not give him the stone at once he would throw me in the water. In my terror I gave him the stone, and it fell out of his mouth into the water."

The youth scolded the dog, but the cat said, "Do not be angry! If God wills, we shall find the jewel." All three lived by fishing; all three caught a fish and ate. But one day the youth was angling and he hooked a blind fish. "I have hooked a blind fish!" cried the lad, and the cat asked why the fish was blind. At God's command speech came to the fish, which said, "A dog and a cat once carried a precious stone over where I was lying motionless near the bank of the stream and the stone fell out of the dog's mouth and struck me, so that I lost my sight." The youth cried, "In what place where you when the jewel fell upon you?" The fish showed the spot. Then the youth asked, "Will you find the jewel there, dear fish?" The fish answered, "I will find it; set me free and I will bring it here."

The youth set the fish free and it dived into the water and swam away. Now, the cat ran up and observed where the fish had dived, in which direction it went and how it touched the jewel. Then she said to the youth, "There is the jewel." The lad said, "Where?" and she answered "There!" He said to her, "How shall we get it?" and she replied, "If the dog does not fetch it we shall lose it." The cat showed the place to the dog, and he dived and recovered the precious stone.

Thereupon the cat said to the lad, "God will now give us cattle and servants." The youth bathed thoroughly in the evening, placed the jewel in his bosom and prepared to rest. "Oh, God," said he, "give me cattle and servants! give me a long life." Such was his supplication. Then he lay down and fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning, a comely wife lay in his arms, a tent was over his head, a mattress was stretched beneath him, he had a thousand horses, a thousand sheep, a thousand cows, a thousand camels and a thousand goats. Also he found ready fastened beside the tent a black ambling steed, with a silver saddle and saddle cloth, a silver bridle and a silver crupper. Beside the saddle stood a silver gun. When he arose that morning he was enormously rich.

He mounted his black ambler and, leaving his wife alone at home, went hunting every day. Nobody bestowed any care on the cattle, which came and went of their own accord. One day, as usual, he had gone hunting and his wife sat at home alone. An old woman arrived and said, in reply to a question, "I am a poor old woman with no house in which to dwell; you will be alone with your children, let me remain as your friend and cleanse your scalp!"

The old woman remained, and when the husband returned from the steppe he enquired concerning her and heard she was to be his wife's companion. One day, while the youth was at the chase, he came upon a man whose rapid flight had raised a cloud of dust. The youth said "Who are you?" "Who am I? I am a fugitive from a terrible dragon, behind whom there is a conflagration." The youth remarked, "Have no fear! I will strike the dragon dead." When the dragon had approached the young man fired and the dragon fell in two pieces and died. The newcomer said, "I will be your friend, if God permits; if you should meet with any misfortune, come to me, my name is Dschylan-Baba. Now, farewell!" and they separated.

The young man returned home after this occurrence, and the next morning said to his wife, "What kind of old woman is this who is now with us?" Take care she does not steal the jewel. The youth set off again to the chase, and the old woman said to his wife, "Child, I am departing; we thought of living together, but our ideas differ." The youth's wife replied, "Why are you angry?" and the reply came, "I am angry because you have hidden something from me." The old woman departed, but the wife followed her and cried, "Do not go away, I have concealed scarcely anything from you, only a little thing, but I will show it you." She lifted the jewel from the box and exhibited it to the old woman who, snatching it quickly, put it in her mouth and vanished.

In the evening the youth returned and his wife did not speak. When he arose in the morning he had neither cattle nor wife; all had vanished: he was alone.

In the morning he stood up, washed his face and hands, said his prayer and wept. "I have a friend; shall I not seek him?" he said, so went off, and after a time found his friend. He came to a herdsman of horses. "Whose horses are these?" "These are the horses of Dschylan-Baba (The Snake-Father). What do you require of him?" "I am his friend." Then the herdsman said, "Whither are you going?" "I am going to Dschylan-Baba's house." "When you get there what will you ask of him?" "I do not know. How can I learn what he possesses?" The herdsman said, "I will tell you! When you reach your friend, he will say, 'Take half of my goods.' But you must not accept the gift. He has a jewel; demand it, and accept nothing else! If he gives you the precious stone, it will bring cattle and servants."

The youth separated from the herdsman, and after riding a long way reached the house of Dschylan-Baba. When he arrived at the rear of the house two snakes came out. He dismounted and visited Dschylan-Baba, who greeted him. All the snakes in the house became human beings, one being his wife, another his daughter-in-law; his son was there and his daughter; they arranged a meal and gave capital food. In the morning they arose, and Dschylan-Baba asked, "Friend, what have you come to demand?" The youth answered, "I do not know what you have." Dschylan said, "I will give you half of my cattle; take it!" The youth said, "No! I own already many horses; if you give me anything, let it be the jewel." Dschylan-Baba brought it and said, "Here is my jewel in a case; only open it when you reach home!" The youth went home and there raised the lid; instantly out of the casket came cattle and servants. Thus he became rich, for he had a thousand horses, a thousand camels, a thousand cows and a thousand sheep, and he lived amidst wealth till he died.

III

THE THREE SONS¹

FORMERLY there lived a man whose three sons inherited at his death three hundred roubles. But the cattle died, and the sons, after deliberating, acted thus: they buried the three hundred roubles and hired themselves to a rich man. At the end of three years' service they returned home, and without delay sought their treasure; but their search was unsuccessful and they did not know who had deprived them of their wealth. After making an investigation each of the three said to the others, "Who can have taken it but you? Speak the truth!" Then the eldest brother said, "No, I have not stolen it. Both of you were present when we buried the money, and nobody else looked on. Could anyone rob us who did not see? One of you has taken it. But what is to be done now? Let us go to the khan; he will discover the culprit!" When the eldest had spoken the others assented, and said, "Yes, let us go to the khan."

¹W. Radlov, III, p. 339.

On their way a man approached them. Greetings were exchanged, and the three asked him whither he went. He replied, "I have lost a camel and am looking for it." The eldest brother said, "Was your camel light in colour?" ; the middle brother said, "Was your camel blind, or able to see?" ; and the youngest said, "Was your camel lame or did he go steadily on his feet?" All four men came to the khan and accosted him. The man said, "I have lost a camel and met these three men and we greeted each other. 'Whither are you going?' they asked. 'I have lost a camel,' said I. The eldest youth said, 'What was your camel like, was he light coloured?' I said he was light coloured. The middle one said, 'Was he lame?' and the youngest said 'Was he blind?' It seems as if these men had taken the camel; pray settle my affair for me!"

The khan said to the eldest of the three, "How did you know that the camel was light coloured?" "Lord!" came the answer, "when the camel rolled it left hair on the ground." The khan questioned the middle youth thus: "How did you know that the camel was lame?" "Lord!" was the reply, "when it moved away I observed the hoof prints in the track." The khan said to the youngest, "How did you know that the camel was blind?" "I knew from the way in which the grass had been eaten; on one side it had been cropped bare and on the other it had been left untouched; so I said to myself..." Then the khan said to the camel's owner, "Your camel has gone off of its own accord; go and look for it!" The man mounted a horse and rode away.

Bread and meat was set before the rest of the party, and the khan left, whereupon the eldest of the three said, "The khan is a Slav," and the middle brother said, "That is dog's flesh"; and the youngest said, "This bread grew over human bones." The khan overheard, and went to his mother. He held in his hand a knife. "Acknowledge the truth," said he; "did you, in my father's absence, ever make love to anyone? A man now in the house has called me a Slav." She replied, "My son, if I do not speak, I must die; and if I speak I must die; when your father was away I allowed a servant to approach me." The ruler left his mother and, hastening to the shepherd, said, "As to the meat cooked to-day, what meat is it? Speak the truth, or I will cut off your head." "Oh, Lord," said the man, "if I speak I shall lose my life, and if I do not speak I shall lose my life! I will tell the truth; this meat was the lamb of a

young sheep, which at first had no milk, so I let a bitch suckle the lamb on the day it was born; this meat was that lamb."

Leaving the shepherd, the ruler hurried to his ploughman. "Speak the truth! If you tell a lie I will sever your head from your body! Three youths who have come to our house say that the bread which I gave them grew over the bones of dead men." "I will speak truly, Lord! In ploughing I turned up a man's bones where unwittingly I had once sown wheat; the wheat grew and later was made into bread."

The khan left the ploughman and returned to the house where sat the three youths. He said to the eldest brother, "Youth, how knew you that I am a Slav?" The young man replied, "Oh, Ruler! I knew you were a Slav because after you had brought the food you went out." The khan asked the middle brother, "How did you know, my lad, that the meat here today was dog's flesh?" "It had an evil odour like dog's flesh." Then, he asked the youngest, "How did you know that this bread had grown over the bones of a human being?" The youth answered, "How did I know? It smelt like dead men's bones, and so I knew. If you do not believe me, ask your ploughman! He will say that I am right."

The ruler now said, "Well, young fellows, which way are you going?" This answer came from the elder brother: "We three had a father, who died and left us three hundred roubles. Our cattle died and we buried this money in a place which only we three saw and nobody else knew of. Then we hired ourselves to rich men and now, at the end of our engagements, have learned that the money has been stolen. One of us has taken it, and when he denies the theft he is lying. We have come in the hope that you may indicate the robber."

Here the khan said, "Wait! I will relate something. Listen! After I have told a tale I will help you! Once upon a time each of two youths set up house, and one of them became father of a son, the other of a daughter. Each youth sent his child to school, and there the children read and said, "It were well if we were betrothed." The father of the girl and the father of the youth agreed to the marriage. "I will give my daughter to your son," said one of them, and the other was agreeable. But the boy's father died. Then the girl said to the boy, "If my father should not betroth me to you, I will nevertheless be yours!" So they lived. But when the girl came home her father determined to give her to another youth,

They spread a bed for the girl's bridegroom, and the sister-in-law brought the girl to him. The girl said, "Oh, Sir, when you are mine and I am yours I shall beg a favour of you; will you grant it?" Her husband said, "Yes, I will." "As you are kind," she replied, "I will tell you my request. I read in school and next me was a boy, and we read together. We exchanged a vow: 'If I do not keep my vow,' said I, 'you must complain to God; and if you do not keep your vow, then I will complain to God.'" The husband said, "Go to the bridal feast!"

She drew her husband's clothes on him and put his cap on his head and his girdle about his waist; then she mounted a horse and arrived at the youth's house. "Stand up!" said she, and woke him. He replied, "What is it?" The girl said: "I made you a promise and have come to fulfil it. My father has given me in marriage and I have begged my bridegroom and spoken thus: 'I have a friend; let me go to him.' My bridegroom has sent me. Well you now accept me in my purity or not? I am come to give myself to you." The youth replied, "What profit should I have if I consent? Your bridegroom has exhibited magnanimity in sending you to me; I too will be magnanimous. He will think that we have formerly made love, that you have given and I have taken. Go, and farewell!"

When the girl heard she returned homewards, but on her way at night forty robbers met and seized her. "What are you doing?" said they. "Tell the truth, and we will let you go home."

The girl said, "I will speak the truth, even if you do not set me free. Listen! one day I read in school with a youth. He was a fine lad, and while reading I said to him, 'If my father does not give me to you yet will I offer myself to you; complain to God if I do not keep my promise!' My father gave me not to this youth, but to another. When he had so given me I said to my bridegroom, 'Let me go; I want to visit a boy, for I have given him my word.'" The bridegroom let me go. I went to the youth and offered him my purity, but he did not accept it, and said: 'As your bridegroom has acted nobly, so will I act nobly. If I were to embrace you now your bridegroom would imagine that we have long courted one another; besides, it would be useless to me to embrace you only once.' Then I returned homewards and met you. I have spoken the truth."

The forty robbers deliberated, and one of them cried, "Let her belong to all of us." Nevertheless, the youngest of them said, "Desist! What profit would be ours? The girl's idea is pure and lofty, so is her bridegroom's, so is that of her friend, the youth; let us send her home. This girl has a noble soul. Let her return home!" and he added, "Farewell!" The other robbers agreed with him and cried, "She can go!"

The maiden went to her father's house, and the bridegroom took her to wife and afterwards led her to his own country.

"Now," said the ruler, to the eldest brother, "Oh, youth, which of these three persons had purity of idea, and which one had wickedness of idea?" The eldest brother replied, "The bridegroom had purity of idea." "That is correct," said the khan, and he turned to the middle brother with the question: "Middle brother, tell me, which of these three had a pure idea, and which had not?" The middle brother answered, "I will tell you! the idea of the youth who had read with the girl at school was the purest." Lastly, the ruler said to the youngest brother, "Tell me, my lad, whose idea was pure and whose was base?" The youngest brother replied, "I will tell you, Khan! the bridegroom's idea was not pure, nor was there purity in the idea of the youth with whom she had read at school. The idea of the forty robbers was pure and, if I had been there, I would not have shown her any mercy."

Then the ruler stood up and said, "You have stolen the money; disclose where it is! You have an evil mind."

The two elder brothers rose and said, "Lord, we are beholden for your services." All three departed, and when they reached home the youngest brother restored the money.

IV

HOW GOOD AND EVIL WERE COMPANIONS. †

ONCE upon a time Good and Evil, provided with horses, clothing and food, travelled together as companions. During their journey both partook of the good man's food, and his provisions came to an end. Then said the evil man, "Good fellow! your food is finished. What will you do?" The answer came, "Wicked one! you know." "Very well," said

†W. Radlov, III, p. 343.

the evil man, "as I know, then let us kill your horse!" They killed the good man's horse, and both of them ate its flesh, but their food again came to an end. "What will you do now, good fellow? Your horse-flesh is finished." "Wicked man! pray decide once more." "If I am to settle the matter, my good fellow, I say: Cut off your ear; I will cook it and give it you. Will you eat it?" "Yes, I will eat it, wicked one." The good man cut off one of his ears and it served as nourishment during one day. Then the evil man said, "I will give you the other ear; it will serve as food for a second day." But the ear was soon consumed. "What shall I do now, my good fellow?" "You know best, wicked one." "If I am to decide, then I will remove one of your eyes and give it you as support for one day." The wicked man plucked out not only one eye, but, later, the second eye, and gave them to keep his companion alive.

The good man's horse, coat, provisions, ears and eyes were now lost, and the wicked man had enjoyed his share of them all. But when all was consumed the wicked man gave nothing from his own stock of provisions to his companion. "My good fellow," said he, "we have slaughtered and devoured your horse, and I have taken your ears and eyes and provided you with food for four days. Good one! what would you like to do now? You have no other ear and no other eye. I shall forsake you." The reply came, "Wicked one, if you leave me, let it be in a dark and thick wood." The evil-minded man took his companion to a dense forest where there was hardly any light and left him.

As the good man sat in the forest a tiger, a fox and a wolf deliberated thus: The wolf said, "Tiger, you never issue from this forest. Why are you here?"

"In this wood," was the reply, "are two great aspen trees, which should give eyes to an eyeless one and ears to an earless one; I guard them, Wolf!"

Then the tiger said: "Wolf, you never leave this place; why are you here?"

"In this country there is a rich man with a thousand sheep. He has a black dog, and I would take the bones of this black dog to restore the soul to a dead man."

The wolf said: "Fox, you never leave the hill; what are you doing there?"

"In the soil of this dark hill is gold as great in quantity as a horse's head, and I guard it."

The good man heard the words of the three, and roaming about in the interior of the wood he came upon two aspen trees ; against them he rubbed his eye-sockets, and new eyes came to him ; he rubbed the sides of his head against them and obtained new ears. The good man went out of the wood and came to a black hill guarded by a fox ; there he gathered up gold of the bulk of a horse's head. When he had taken this gold he went to the house of the man with a thousand sheep. " Sir," said he, " will you sell your black dog ?" " How much will you give for him ?" " I will give gold of the bulk of a horse's head !" " I will sell him to you for gold of the bulk of a horse's head." The good man took the black dog for the gold, and led him away into the steppe and at a certain place slew him. Then with the aid of fire-steel he lit a good fire and burnt up the black dog, so that only the bones remained. The good man took the bones and rubbed them till they became white, and ground them, and put their powder in a side pocket, and went to the residence of a khan.

" What sort of person are you ?"

" To anyone without a son I would be a son ; to anyone who is daughterless I would be a daughter."

The khan's wife said, " If you will be a son to one who is sonless, then become my son, for I have none. The khan is ill."

" I will be your son."

He was her son, and as such went to the droves of horses. When at evening he returned home the prince was dead and the princess sat weeping. The good man, coming from the horses said, " Weep not, he will live, the bones of the black dog will give to the dead man a soul !" The good man gave the princess a little powder from the bones of the black dog. " Take this," said he, " and lay it in the prince's mouth !" The princess did as she was bid and the khan stood erect and cried, " I have been fast asleep."

In the morning the khan assembled his people. The good man said to the princess, " If the khan should ask if anyone has cured him, say nothing concerning me." Then the good man went to the horses.

To the khan's enquiry answer was made that nobody had cured him. The people dispersed and the khan asked if anyone remained, whereupon the princess said : " Prince, as you lay there ill I adopted a youth ; he is with the horses and all alone ; call him !"

The prince summoned the good man and sought to learn if there had been any treatment.

"I did very little; I merely gave the princess a white powder and she put it into your mouth. You rose and said you had been fast asleep. Besides that, I afforded you no assistance."

The khan said, "Is it true that he gave the powder?" "It is true," replied the princess.

The khan descended from his golden throne and gave it to the good man. He had a daughter as beautiful as the moon and as splendid as the sun, and he gave this, his only daughter, to the good man. He also gave his benefactor the half of all his cattle and installed him as son-in-law.

While the good man was tending the horses he was met by his former companion, the wicked man, who said, "Good fellow, what have you done to become such an important person?" The other related all that had happened.

Then the wicked man said, "Good one, take me into the dark, dense forest and leave me there! Perhaps I also, like yourself, shall become an important person: I took away both your eyes and both your ears and left you in the forest, but you have been fortunate. Now pluck out my eyes and cut off my ears, take me to the forest and forsake me!"

The good man took the wicked man and left him in the middle of the forest.

The fox, the wolf and the tiger, all three penetrating to the interior of the forest, found the wicked man and devoured him. Satisfying their appetites, they said, "Good brings good and evil brings evil."

V

THE CHILD TAUGHT BY THE MOLLAH¹

THERE lived formerly a mollah who taught reading to thirty-nine children, all of whom had parents, except one child that had neither father nor mother. The eight and thirty children visited one another's houses, but when the day came on which it was the turn of the orphan to act as host he had neither house nor food. Thinking over the situation, he took a stick in his hand and set off after sunset. In time he came to

¹W. Radlov, III, p. 364.

a town, where, begging alms, he collected a skirtful of bread and returned homewards.

This boy, who was handsome, met a pretty girl in his way. The youth observed the girl's comeliness and she noticed his good looks. She ate the bread out of the skirt of the boy's coat, and ran off, but he stopped her and took her cap, and went with it to the mollah. "Mollah!" said he, "You shall have this cap, if you will give food to all the other children for one day." The mollah said, "But how did you obtain the cap?" The boy replied, "I went to the town and there begged alms and received bread, but as I came hither a maiden met me, ate my bread and ran way; I followed her and tore off her cap."

The mollah replied, "I cannot buy the cap, as I am not rich. Take it and sell it to the khan; only a khan can buy it." The boy went to the khan's house. "Hail to you, Lord!" said he. "Hail also to you. Whither go you, my child?" "Khan, I have a little business to carry out; I have brought you a cap which I desire to sell." "Give it me, child; let me see it." The boy drew the cap from his bosom. "Where did you get it, boy?" "Khan, I have no father or mother; I learn to read of the mollah. We are thirty-nine children, and we sometimes entertain each other. But I have no house to which to invite the others, and have no food for them. I went to a town and begged bread as alms and returned home with it. But a girl met me and snatched the bread from my coat and ran off. Then I followed and took her cap."

The khan said, "Can you find this girl? If you cannot I will cut off your head."

The boy came homewards in tears, and spoke to the thirty-eight children: "The khan has taken my cap; he said, 'If you do not find the girl, I will cut off your head.'"

The thirty-eight children went together with the orphan to the khan, whom they greeted. "Oh, Khan! do no injustice to this child; he is an orphan, possesses neither father nor mother, and has nothing to eat and no clothes to wear. Do him no harm; rather than injure him injure us thirty-eight children; we have fathers and mothers and food and clothing." The khan replied, "No! if the boy who brought the cap does not find the girl I will cut his head off." The eight and thirty children said, "Take us for nine and thirty days as hostages; let him find the girl in nine and thirty days; if he finds her, or

does not find her, and himself does not come, then strike off the heads of us thirty-eight children!" The khan agreed.

The thirty-eight children went home, and the orphan separated from them and went to seek the girl. One day he came to a town and entered the house of an old woman, whom he greeted and from whom he received food. "Whither are you going, my child." "Little mother," he replied, "what matters it that I should tell you? I am a wretch, having neither father nor mother nor food nor clothes. Where I learnt to read we were nine and thirty children, and we used to entertain each other; but when my turn arrived to entertain I went to a town. Begging alms, I collected bread, and as I carried it home a maiden met me, and after greeting me she ate the bread which I had in the lap of my coat, and ran away, but I pursued her and snatched the cap from her head. The khan took the cap from me and says I must find the girl, its owner, and that if I do not find her he will cut off my head. I am searching for this girl now. The eight and thirty children have remained as guarantee; if I find the girl and bring her, he will not kill us; but if I do not bring her he will cut off the heads of us thirty-nine children."

Then the old woman said, "I will find her." The boy was overjoyed. "Little Mother, if you find her I will be your child." "Will you really be my child? Speak the truth." "I am speaking the truth, Mother; I will be your child." "It is well!" said she, and added, "Child, stay in this house; in four days I will come back, but if I do not come back, after four days you must seek me."

From the boy she took a few written words, saying that he would be her child. Then she went out and the boy remained in the house. After he had remained four days he rose in the morning, washed his hands and face and went out. On looking back he saw that the old woman had brought the girl. "Are you well, little Mother?" he said. "Thank God, yes." The boy greeted the girl and took her by the right hand. She knew him, and both of them entered the house and spoke. "Where are you going?" she asked. "I am seeking you." "Why do you want me?" The boy replied, "The khan has seized the cap which I took from you, and he has charged me to find you. If I cannot find you he will cut off my head. Eight and thirty children have remained as hostages for me." The girl said, "Very well, I will marry you," to which the boy

answered, "You must already have a husband." "Yes, I have a husband, but a bad one; I love you, and if I go he will court the sister who remains behind me." "Very well," said he. The youth married the maiden, and after the marriage ceremony they lay down in the old woman's house and were her children, living there thirty-eight days. Then the old woman said "Did you not seek someone when you hastened from your country, and did you not leave eight and thirty children behind you as hostages? They will die to-morrow." The youth sprang up. "You are right and I am foolish; let us go!" He took his wife with him. "Farewell, Mother; if I do not die, I will return." "Go, my child! If you keep safe you will not forsake me." "Certainly not, Mother."

He took the maiden with him and went to the eight and thirty children and greeted them. "That is well!" said they. "If you had not come we should have been killed." The nine and thirty children brought the girl to the khan. "Lord," they said, "we have brought her. Have we forfeited our lives?" The khan replied, "You are now free." He took the girl to himself and sent the nine and thirty children away. But the girl said to her husband, "You will hear to-morrow morning that the khan is dead; do not come to the funeral, but stay at home. After the khan's death I will come out, and you must await me at the cross roads; then we will go to our country." The youth agreed, and departed to his dwelling place. When he rose the next morning news arrived of the khan's death, but instead of going to the funeral he stayed at home. Later he went to the crossway and having there found his wife, he set forth with her to their mother's house. Their cattle increased in number and brought them riches.

VI

THE TRICK OF THE FOX:

A WOLF, a tiger and a fox, who were companions, found a pail of butter and lay down not far away from it. The fox said, "My eldest brother lives here, and his wife has borne him a child; I will go and give it a name." The fox hurried away and ate a finger's breadth of the butter which all three animals

had together buried. When the fox returned he said that he had called the child "Finger's-breadth."

After a night's rest the fox told the tiger and the wolf that he would go and name the new born child of his second brother, who was living near by. The fox ate half of the butter, and when he returned said, in reply to a question, that he had called the child "Middle of the Back."

The next morning the fox visited his youngest brother to name a new-born child, and licked up the rest of the butter. Then he returned and told the tiger and the wolf that he had called the child "Lick-lick."

The three animals met a camel-herdsman and bought from him a camel, for which they were to pay five hundred roubles the following year. A dog-fox arrived and asked to be allowed to join in the adventure. The four animals killed the camel, and then the fox cried, "The dog-fox has begun to eat!" The wolf rushed at the dog-fox, who fled and was pursued by the wolf and the tiger. The fox stayed behind and divided the camel and buried it. On their return the wolf and the tiger found neither camel nor fox, and later heard from the fox that he knew nothing about the camel, as he had followed the tiger and the wolf.

The fox in the night ate the whole of the camel except a little skin. "What have you been eating?" asked the wolf and the tiger. "A little of my hind-quarters." "Are you not dying?" enquired the wolf. "No," was the answer. "Then come and eat my hind-quarters," said the wolf. The fox ate the wolf's bowels, and having thus killed him, ran away. The tiger followed and caught the fox and placed him in his mouth. "O Tiger, say 'magyt,' and then swallow me." The tiger opened his mouth and said 'magyt,' and the fox escaped and could not be caught.

The fox reached a place where he lived in comradeship with a quail, who said, "Fox, hold on to my tail with your teeth, shut your eyes, and I will carry you to a country where there is plenty of food."

The fox agreed, shut his eyes and grasped the quail's tail with his teeth. The quail said, "Do not open your eyes until I tell you." The quail flew to a town and, having reached a spot where some men were standing, said, "Fox, open your eyes!" The fox opened his eyes and knew that he had been betrayed. The quail laughed and flew away. The men killed the fox.

VII

KHAN SCHENTAI¹

(A HERO-TALE IN BRIEF).

THERE lived in former times the old hero Karys Kara, and his wife. He had ten thousand horses, but enemies (that is Danon Kara Bagys, and Kunar Kara Bagys, and Kensha Kara Bagys, with the good Foxhorse) came and took his horses away. The old hero followed, but was captured and thrown into a deep hole. He left behind him a ten-year-old boy, who determined to go and seek his father. Immediately his father's huge yellow horse came and said to him, "I am your father's horse, and will lead you to your father, who is a prisoner." Horse and boy came to a spot where forty men guarded the captive; the boy struck off the men's heads. He discovered his father and sent him home on the yellow horse, while he, the boy, went to recover the stolen herds. He came to the house of an old woman, who gave him to suck at her breast, and said that he should be her fourth son. He lived with her as a son. Her eldest son arrived and said, "Shall we shoot or wrestle?" The pair wrestled, and the eldest son was overcome. Then the child conquered the middle son. Then came the youngest son on the capital Foxhorse, and he too was vanquished. But the child spared the three sons because their mother had nourished him.

The three sons agreed to accept the child as their brother. When they found wives for themselves the child insisted that he also should obtain a wife. His mother told him that Aina Kan, living at a distance of forty days' journey and beyond a fiery desert, had a beautiful daughter. The boy asked for the loan of Foxhorse and the three brothers granted it, but told the horse to rear soon and throw the boy and return home. Before departure the boy asked his mother to give him a name. She called him "Khan Schentai," the hero, and blessed him. Before long the boy-hero met another hero, who had sought to court Aina Kan's daughter, and who now tried to dissuade Khan Schentai from continuing on a hopeless mission, and said that Foxhorse was but a poor horse. Next the child met a youthful hero, Dschas Bala, whom he helped, after a severe conflict, to gain a wife.

Then Khan Schentai set out to win the hand of Aina Kan's daughter. When he reached the burning desert his horse, The

¹W. Radlov, III, p. 317.

Fox, said, "I have become your property, I cannot forsake you; take off my saddle and let me roll!" The Fox rolled on the ground and rising refreshed, said, "Now mount me and I will race through the fire." But the heat burned The Fox's feet, and he said, "Khan Schentai, I am dying; farewell!" The boy wept long, and then remembered a dark powder given to him by his mother. Saying, "In the name of God, the all-merciful, this is not my hand, but my mother's hand," he spread the powder over the dead horse, and The Fox rose as fresh as when he left home.

Khan Schentai joyfully mounted his steed and rode further. One day The Fox said, "We will not ride thus. People will be afraid of us; let us go along quietly and obtain the maiden. I will change myself into a brown colt; you change yourself into a scabhead." They transformed themselves and learnt from a man that Prince Aina Kan was bestowing his only daughter in marriage that day and that three heroes, Schagyrkai, Scharkai and Kaktyrkai, were each of them intimidating him and wishing to take his daughter. The child-hero arrived at the banquet and found three horses bound to posts; he dismounted and hung up his wretched sword beside the swords of the others. He found fault with the dishes, and if food was not given to him he helped himself. The host treated him well, but Scabhead ate meat as he liked and struck the servants, and his brown colt kicked the horses. After behaving outrageously, the boy left the feast and went out.

There sat the daughter of Aina Kan with a maiden who saw the youth and spoke about him. Aina Kan's daughter asked his name and listened and heard of his skill. The maiden told her that her present suitors would not love her, and advised her, if she liked Scabhead, to tell her father that she desired to marry the victor in a wrestling contest, a hero whose horse was swifter than all other horses. Aina Kan spoke to his daughter and heard her desires. He instituted horse races, and seven thousand horses assembled, and Khan Schentai determined to enter Fox as a competitor, but could find no rider. At last a woman offered him her seven-year-old boy to rider the horse.

Seven thousand horses were despatched from the starting place, and the dust caused by them continued seven days. Scabhead's horse, Fox, easily beat the black horse belonging to the bridegroom, who then said, "He will vanquish me in a wrestling match; let us summon hither the mighty hero

Sasyk Kara." Scabhead and Sasyk Kara contended together seven days and seven nights, and then rested. Hereupon Fox broke the rope by which he was tethered, and coming to his master, advised him to press two heavy stones in his armpits when he renewed the contest. Scabhead followed the advice, and soon sat on the hero Sasyk Kara's breast.

The prince brought Scabhead into the house, and the people shouted that the youth must be chosen as bridegroom. The maiden friend of Aina Kan's daughter said she thought that Scabhead must be the hero Khan Schentai. "Transform yourself!" she cried to the youth. Forthwith, proving his power, Scabhead changed himself first into a blue pigeon and then into a blue hawk. Lastly, he shook himself and stood forth as Khan Schentai. Aina Kan's daughter begged her father to find her such a husband. The prince agreed and gave her sixty speckled camels, forty youths and forty maidens and sent her forth. But, by Fox's advice, Khan Schentai insisted that the prince should add three golden carpets to the dowry. The three heroes who had unsuccessfully wooed Aina Kan's daughter now attacked Aina Kan, and he applied for help to Khan Schentai, who quickly overcame the enemy.

When on the homeward journey Khan Schentai reached the fiery sea, he laid down a carpet and rode over it. Then he laid down a second carpet and crossed the fiery steppe, and with the third carpet he crossed the sandsea. Next he met three heroes, who, soon after he left his home, had dissuaded him from continuing on his adventure. They had arrived to see the successful hero and his wife. Khan Schentai said to them, "Stay behind with my wife; I will go forward and indicate by a circle where you are to camp at night. I will draw a long line in the direction in which you are to advance."

When Khan Schentai had gone forward the subterranean hero, Kara Tun, who was an enemy of Aina Kan, came to the surface of the earth and swallowed Khan Schentai's wife, the forty girls and forty youths and the sixty speckled camels.

The three heroes tried to follow him downwards, but the earth closed in and they immediately lost their feet and hands. Khan Schentai dreamed of a disaster and on waking rode back and asked the three heroes what had happened. "A devil has swallowed her," they replied. Khan Schentai wept bitterly, then fastened his horse to a post, and attaching a cord to his hips, said, "I will let myself down; if I pull this cord, draw

me up." Khan Schentai descended, and found himself in an uninhabited place. He left the cord and, going in the direction of the setting sun, reached a house in which he found a seven-headed devil, who was wont to sleep seven days and seven nights and now was slumbering. Khan Schentai's wife was sitting by the devil's side and weeping. She said to her husband, "You will die," but he answered that he would fight. Khan Schentai and the devil contended for seven days and seven nights. Then they agreed to rest, and Khan Schentai feared that his strength would not endure. But now a white-bearded man came, and having upbraided the devil for swallowing the whole world, struck him and destroyed his seven heads; took the soul of the seven-headed devil.

Khan Schentai cut open the body of the devil and freed all the people who had been swallowed and were alive within it. He drove all of them to the hole in the earth; moved the cord to and fro, drew the three heroes towards himself, but could not fetch up the other men and cattle and women to the upper world.

So Khan Schentai stayed with all his property under the earth. One day when out walking he arrived before an immense aspen tree; he slept, and then heard cries from the top of the tree. A dragon had climbed up the tree and was about to devour some young birds in a nest. Khan Schentai said, "This dragon is like the devil who swallowed my wife, and I will kill him." Khan Schentai cut the dragon in two pieces, and then related to the young birds how he could not get to the surface of the earth. The young birds replied that their mother was a huge bird, named hero Kara Kus, and that she could fly in both worlds. Their mother would carry him wherever he wished to go. Khan Schentai climbed up the tree, and they covered him with feathers. The huge bird arrived and offered to transport him, if he would provide her with sixty male elks as food. Kara Kus, now as a hero, consumed thirty elks and loaded thirty more and let Khan Schentai mount and flew away. Khan Schentai reached the place where his wife was and took her and his cattle and people on his back. Kara Kus said to him, "If I look round, you must put the flesh of an elk in my mouth." Khan Schentai obeyed the direction, but the food was insufficient for a long journey, and he cut the thick flesh from his thigh and placed it in Kara Kus' mouth. Khan Schentai's three companions died of starvation, and he

gave them to the bird to eat. She then vomited them up alive and made Khan Schentai's thigh whole. Lastly, she said farewell and flew away. Khan Schentai took everything home. He conquered subjects for several heroes, but it was long before he could find his father and mother. However, he discovered them in a state of extreme age and misery, but the sight of their son restored them to youth and happiness. Khan Schentai reigned a hundred years, conquered many enemies and expelled many folk.

VIII

THE FIGHT BETWEEN FATHER AND SON

A CERTAIN Mahommedan named Galy greeted the Russian damsel Daryga. Galy was ninety feet high, but Daryga had attained a stature of one hundred and eighty feet. The maiden's strength was such that she overcame everybody. Galy challenged her. Collecting a million of her people, she had herself carried to the place of contest, which lasted fourteen days, at the end of which period Galy, being almost overcome, was separated from his antagonist by Daryga's suite. Galy retired to a mountain to pray, and was assured by the prophet Gabriel that God had strengthened him. Meanwhile, five hundred horses bore the maiden on a golden throne to the spot chosen for the second contest. Galy was now the victor, and as Daryga's father had once upon a time, before his death, told her to marry the man who should defeat her, she married Galy and, with her people, embraced the Mahommedan faith.

Galy went to Medina for religious devotions, but when departing told his wife that in nine months and ten days she would bear a son, and that the boy must be called Cadelda. When the child attained the age of a year he not only ran, but was so strong that he could kill any other boy by a buffet on the forehead. A year later he knew more than the mollah who had been appointed to teach him.

Forcing his mother to tell him where his father had gone, Cadelda, before he was three years old, set out to find his parent, and meeting a rich travelling Tatar, who recognised him as Galy's son, was taken into the caravan. Cadelda soon

¹From the *Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ.*, 1890.

saved his host's life by killing an enormous snake with a small stick, after which occurrence the caravan settled down in winter quarters. In a dream the child was told to seek his father in Mecca, and hither he eventually made his way. Games were proceeding there, and he wished to encounter everybody. He overcame nine sons of Galy by a former wife, and next conquered Galy himself, but did not know that his antagonist was his father. "Whose son are you?" asked Galy. "My father is (Saint) Galy." Galy, overwhelmed with joy, embraced his son; but Cadelda, in fearful distress because he had conquered his father, rushed away to a high mountain, and striking it with his stick, created an abyss. Cadelda said, "Because I overcame my father and now feel shame, I had better enter the earth." A lofty peak arose where he threw himself.

IX

THE HERO KYSYL-BATYR¹

IN former times a certain khan had a daughter so beautiful that all the tsars, the heroes and prodigies fell in love with her. One of the maiden's admirers, who was a marvel of might, sent a match-maker to ask for the hand of the khan's daughter in marriage.

"I have never given any daughter of mine to the son of a tsar," replied the khan to the envoy, "nor will I ever give one to an unbeliever. Moreover, I have accorded my daughter full liberty; she can marry whom she pleases."

When the match-maker returned and delivered the khan's answer, the prodigy became furious, and decided to make war on the khan. Collecting a great army, he marched to the khan's town, but beheld, on approaching it, numerous forces; evidently the khan had made full preparations for a conflict.

A bloody war ensued, and lasted several days, but the prodigy finally gained the victory and occupied the town.

When the khan's daughter learnt of the tsar's victory, she formed a plan to save the town from ruin, and sent him her servant with an intimation that she was ready to marry such a hero as the tsar had shown himself, but only on one con-

¹From the *Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ.*, 1906, No. I, p. 119.

dition ; he must celebrate her wedding with a holiday of forty days duration, and then make the people merry for a further period of forty days, since she was a khan's daughter.

The tsar agreed to the beauty's offer, and prepared the wedding festivities, towards the conclusion of which he was about to marry the maiden according to heathen custom. But a certain hero called Kysyl-batyr arrived in the town with his immediate following, and going to the palace of the khan's daughter, called her into the street.

Learning of this summons, the prodigy arrayed himself in complete armour, mounted his horse and rode straight to the maiden's palace, that he might present her with Kysyl-batyr's head. As the tsar drew near to the palace he saw the khan's daughter in conversation with Kysyl-batyr.

"Oh, Kysyl-batyr," said the prodigy, as he approached, "you are a representative of Mussulman heroes, and I am one of the tsar heroes, and we are both enamoured of the same maiden. I have no wish to shoot you unawares, but burn with impatience to measure my strength with yours."

"You speak to the point," answered Kysyl-batyr.

"Since I am older than you, I will shoot first," remarked the tsar.

"Shoot !" answered Kysyl-batyr.

When the tsar shot at Kysyl-batyr, the latter's warhorse sprang so high in the air that the arrow flew under him and failed to harm Kysyl-batyr.

It had now become Kysyl-batyr's turn to discharge his weapon. He let fly and killed the prodigy. Then Kysyl-batyr immediately married the khan's daughter.

It appears she had purposely made the condition that the wedding festivities should last eighty days, in order to allow her beloved Kysyl-batyr to arrive and, having saved her, to conclude with her the marriage which her prudence had made possible. Not in vain is it said, "The reward of patience is gold."

X

THE BLIND MAN:

IN former times a certain man blind in both eyes claimed the wife of a man who could see.

"Oh, just people!" called out the blind man to the villagers, "my wife being dissatisfied with me on account of my blindness, made the acquaintance of this stranger, and ran away with him. For a long time I did not know where she had hidden herself, but I have found her to-day by chance"; and tears appeared in the eyes of the blind man as he seized his wife by her dress.

All who gathered in the street, and heard the blind man's cries, were satisfied that he spoke the truth.

The blind man led the woman and the stranger to the judge and said, "Oh, Sir! This woman was my wife, but this man, dragging her from the road, took her to himself. I only found her to-day and have led her to you. Oh, Sir, look into the affair and return my wife to me."

"What have you to say to this?" said the judge, turning to the woman and to the man with sound vision.

The woman replied, "I am the wife of this man who can see, and am unacquainted with the blind man."

The man who could see, said: "This woman is really my wife, I married her and paid for her. I harboured this blind man in my house from pity, wishing to perform a beneficent action. He now requites my kindness strangely."

After brief consideration, the judge confined each of these three persons in a separate tent and as quietly as possible placed listeners outside, that they might note what passed within.

"Oh, God! how angry I am with you for sending me this blind man! Oh, God! do not let me fall into the hands of this blind man!" sobbed the woman in her tent.

"Oh, perfidious blind man! may the God of the Universe punish you, may you receive from him your just reward! Why do you take vengeance on me for my kindness?" So with many sighs cried out the man with sound vision.

"Ha, ha! my scheme is good; if God but helps me, I shall get a wife," the blind man said aloud maliciously.

The listeners reported the different remarks faithfully to the

judge, and told him that the woman belonged to the man who could see.

When the judge called the three parties to the suit before him and informed them how they had revealed their thoughts during their confinement in the separate tents, the blind man, vexed at his carelessness, and ashamed of his position, bit his finger till the blood came.

The judge surrendered the woman to the man who could see ; moreover, he punished the blind man for slander.

XI

KIRGHIZ TRADITIONS CONCERNING MOUNTAINS:

AMONG the Altaians and the Tarbagataians there are many legends concerning the transformation into mountains of persons, animals and other objects. Nearly every summit has its tradition.

I

The Kirghiz call a certain extinct volcano "The Old Woman's Spindle." An old giantess possessed five goats which were always pastured by herself. Once, having led out her goats to graze, she sat on Mount Tarbagatai and placed her feet on Mount Altai. But a wolf attacked her flock on the Steppe, and in order to save them, the old woman, who was spinning, threw her spindle at him. It fell on the very spot where now stands the extinct volcano, which indeed is the old woman's spindle.

II

One of the summits of Tarbagatai is called Taz-tag, which means "The baldheaded or naked summit." Taz-tag is distinguished from a row of other mountains by its beautiful conical form, while on its very top a cap-shaped rock is visible from afar. At one time on this height (as say the Kirghiz), the hero Aydagul inhabited a chamber constructed of stone in a perpendicular rock. Aydagul did not walk, but flew, and every spot was accessible to him. His riches were inexhaustible.

From the *Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ.*, 1893. No. I, p. 145.

Honouring this hero, the Kirghiz even now in the spring of every year bring an offering as a duty. This necessary sacrifice is explained by the Kirghiz thus : Once upon a time, the herds became afflicted with falling sickness, from which many cattle were lost. At that time a revered and highly honoured old man saw Aydagul in a dream, and was ordered by him to collect old men and young early on the morrow and to go with them to the foot of Taz-tag ; he must see to it that every one was accompanied by a sheep as a sacrifice. All the men were roused early, and when each of them had taken a sheep the party set out to the place which had been indicated by the hero Aydagul. On the morning of that day began a noisy feast that finished in the evening with a sacrifice. Afterwards the disease among the cattle ceased ; and from that time sacrifices in honour of the hero Aydagul must be made yearly by the Kirghiz at the foot of Taz-tag.

The Kirghiz believe that Aydagul's treasure and himself survive to the present day in that rock. They say that those who pass by Taz-tag and such as dwell near the summit hear at night a human groan issuing from under the mountain ; this comes from Aydagul, who is praying for the welfare of the Kirghiz.

NOTES.

I KARA KÖS SULU

The ground work of this story of clever intrigue occurs in " The Conversation by Dumb Signs," the first tale of the Bytal Pacheesee, or " Twenty-five Tales of a Demon (or goblin)," a collection of legendary stories still popular, relating to Raja Vikramaditya, a famous person in Hindu Annals.¹ These tales are to be found in the Katha Sarit Sagara, an ancient and voluminous collection of tales in Sanskrit verse by Somadeva, which dates from the eleventh century. Even earlier appears to be the Vetala Panchavinsati, or Twenty-five Stories of the Vetala (or demon). The Hindu tale, which is more voluptuous than the Khirghiz, tells of a visit of a ruler's son and a minister to a princess, with whom the youth stays before imprisonment. In the Khirghiz version the maiden slips out of prison dressed

¹*Bytal-Pacheesee, in Hindu and English, by Capt. Hollings.*

as a youth, and the prince in a woman's clothes is sent by her father to live with her, through the minister's representation that the prince is his, the minister's, sister. In the second part of the intrigue the minister represents the prince as the husband of his, the minister's, sister. Since the minister had brought with him only the prince and has made of him, first, a sister and then the husband of that sister, a diminution of persons by one has to be brought about. This is effected by the fictitious flight of one of the pair, the sister, with the princess' betrothed husband, who has been purposely drowned. The princess is now given in marriage to her lover with great ceremony. The Kalmuck "Tale from Ardschi Bordschi," contains an incident recalling the intrigue in Kara Kös Sulu. A princess and her lover, a minister, are imprisoned; then she escapes in disguise, and by an ingenious subterfuge convinces her father that she is innocent. The learned orientalist, Benfey, says the Vetala Panchavinsati was well known to the Kalmucks.

II THE YOUNG FISHERMAN

This Kirghiz tale of grateful animals, a dog, a cat, and (later) a pike, all of whom speak, suggests in some respects the Kalmuck, "The Adventure of the Brahmin's Son," in the Note to which the subject is considered generally. In both tales a jewel is recovered from a rich man who is asleep; in the former story by a cat, and in the latter by a mouse. The theft of the talisman by the old woman recalls a similar incident in a Gagäizy story of grateful animals entitled, "The Magic Mirror." The magic casket full of cattle and servants is comparable to the small red trunk in the Russian, "Sea King and Vasilissa the Wise," from which cattle issued so generously that there was hardly standing room for them on the island. When the jewel is stolen in "The Young Fisherman," both wife and cattle vanish, just as the palace and all possessions vanish when the hero sells his jewel to the caravan leader in the "Adventures of the Brahmin's Son." A dragon is mentioned in "The Young Fisherman," and there is a tribute-demanding dragon in the second Kalmuck tale. There are dragons in Finnish, Russian, Lithuanian and Lettish tales, but apparently not in the stories of the more savage races, such as the Chukchis, Gilyaks, Ostyaks. Devils or evil spirits there take the place of dragons. The Note to the Finnish, "The Dog, the Cat and the Snake," alludes to "The Young Fisherman."

III THE THREE SONS

This story bears a likeness to the Georgian, "The Tsar and his Three Sons," in which three young men who have been left by their father a priceless jewel as inheritance accuse each other of its theft. They travel to a Western tsar for a verdict, and on their journey the eldest son finds indications that a one-eyed camel has passed that way. The tsar's daughter gives them sagacious counsel by means of a parable, the recounting of which meets their difficulty, much as the narration of a tale leads to detection of the thief in the Kirghiz version.

In the Panchatantra there is the following story of a dispute Subhutti discovered a buried treasure and told Dushtabutti. The latter said, "Let us bury it." Subhutti consented. Dushtabutti, having alone carried the treasure to his home, then said, "Let us go and bring home the treasure and accuse Subhutti of having taken it." The king decided the affair should be settled by arbitration. Dushtabutti places his father in a hollow tree and tells him to give false evidence. But Subhutti sets fire to the tree, the father steps out and confesses, and Dushtabutti is impaled.¹

In the Katha Sarit Sāgara two brothers Dharmabuddhi bury gold dinars at the foot of a tree, and then each accuses the other of having taken them. The story proceeds as in the Panchatantra. After Dushtabuddhi has been forced to restore the gold the officials cut off his hands and tongue.²

The episode of the young husband's generosity to his wife on the first night of the marriage is comparable to that in the eleventh tale of the Vetala (a demon who enters dead bodies). Mandanasena, making a rash promise to Dharmadatta, says, "When I am married I will pay you a visit." Later, her husband, Samudradatta, gives her leave to go where she will, after she has explained to him that she gave the promise to Dharmadatta in order to bring her father the merit of bestowing his daughter in marriage. Dharmadatta, however, sends her back.³

IV HOW GOOD AND EVIL WERE COMPANIONS

An allusion to the companionship of travellers is made in the Note to the Kalmuck story, "Massang's Adventure." It will

¹S. Winfred's Translation, p. 32.

²Tawney's Translation, Vol. II, p. 40.

³*Katha Sarit Sāgara*, Tawney, Vol. II, p. 278.

be noticed that as regards the chief feature, the callous brutality of the wicked man, the present Kirghiz tale bears considerable likeness to the Russian tale, "Right and Wrong," which is, however, characterized by a more clearly ethical tone. The Kirghiz tale was possibly a link between the Kal-muck and the Russian. "How Good and Evil were Companions" is in some respects an animal story, and is the more welcome because Siberian animal stories are not very common. The beneficent attitude displayed by the tiger, the wolf, and the fox is unnatural in wild creatures and suggests an Indian or Buddhist origin. It recalls the glamour cast over the character of the wolf in the Buryat tale, "The Man and the Wolf," and is one of many instances of tolerance on the part of primitive and partly civilised man for animals.

The cure of the blind man's sight by rubbing his eyes against a tree is comparable to the restoration of the vixen's sight by application of a piece of birch bark to her eyes in the Lappish tale, "The Fox and the Peasant." The use of strictly healing measures is far less frequent in the tales than the use of those which restore life; the latter is considered in the Notes to the Buryat "A Tale like the Quest of the Holy Grail." In the present story the bones of a black dog are the means which restore the prince to life. It might be considered at first that bones are insignificant for such an important purpose, but an animal's bony framework is a fundamental part of its existence. In the Armenian tale, "A Wedding of Wood-spirits," after the wood-spirits have assembled together its ribs and other bones, they revived a slaughtered ox. Bones are preserved by certain Indians that animals may return to life, as is mentioned by Frazer.¹ Black is a chosen colour of the animals, such as a bullock, cow, or horse, sacrificed to procure rain among savage races. There is a supernatural black dog in the Mordvin tale, "The Fool and the Calf." Huge black cats and dogs occur in Grimm's story, "The Youth who went forth to Learn what Fear was," and black animals figure in several other folk-tales. The effect of fire in aiding revivification has been treated in the Note to the first Samoyede tale.

The peculiar form of expression, "To anyone without a son, I would be a son; to anyone who is daughterless, I would be a daughter," may be compared to the remark of the robber in the Mordvin tale, "The Girl and the Robber," "Whoever has done

¹*Golden Bough*, Abr. Ed., p. 529.

this shall be my wife," followed by the further remark, "Whoever has done this shall be my sister." A similar passage occurring in the Russian tale, "The Norka," begins "If thou art an old man, thou shalt be my father; if a middle-aged man, my brother, etc."¹

The last part of the story, which deals with the revivification of the khan, is represented in the Russian tale by the cure of a princess who, having washed in water in which an image of the Divine Mother has been dipped, was relieved of the torments inflicted upon her by an unclean spirit. The moralising and religious tone of the Russian story, "Right and Wrong," suggests that it may be an adaptation of the Kirghiz tale, a view supported by the presence in the latter of the wild animals' colloquy, a sign of antiquity.

V THE CHILD TAUGHT BY THE MOLLAH

The cumulative principle in tale-telling is here employed, as in the Russian story, "The Little Egg," and in English nursery tales, such as "The House that Jack Built." Cumulative success due to craftiness or chance is considered in the Notes to "Old Man Ookhany" and "The Pig's Head Magician." But to pass on to the present story. A cap is stolen by a girl from a boy, who is one of thirty-nine companions, and the girl is taken to an old woman, in whose house she is married to the boy. These details suggest comparison with the outline of a story in the Arabian Nights, "The Story of Alee Sher and Zumurru," but it must be acknowledged that if one of these stories has been taken from the other there has been a shuffling of the cards. In the latter tale a member of a gang of forty sharpers steals a turban and places a female slave who loves its owner, her master, with his old mother. The girl escapes and marries her master. If the story has been transmitted it is an altered form. The "Child Taught by the Mollah" exemplifies also in several ways the "marriage" conditions in these tales. It offers an instance of a schoolboy's precocity comparable with that in the Yellow Ugur story, "The Marriage of a Youth and a Witch." Again, little difficulty is here made by a girl forsaking her husband, for she feels assured that he will marry her sister. Other remarks on marriage in Siberian tales occur in a Note to "Black Hawk." Lastly, the Kahn without a word takes the boy's wife for himself. We get a

¹Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 75.

further glimpse of the favour with which certain numbers are viewed ; thus, there are thirty-nine children and thirty-nine days. Both in the Kirghiz story, "The Three Sons," and in a Bashkir tale there are forty robbers. But three, seven and nine are the favourite numbers. Twenty and forty are comparatively rare.

VI THE TRICK OF THE FOX

So far as the butter is concerned "The Trick of the Fox" is comparable with the Russian tale, "The Vixen-nurse," and other tales. Several are mentioned in a Note to the latter. But the Kirghiz story introduces fresh material ; for instance, the ancient incident of inducing an enemy to open his mouth and let something drop from it. The betrayal of the fox by the quail recalls the frequent episode in Russian stories of the peasant's treachery to a helpful fox. In a Note to the Russian, "The Raven and the Crayfish," a Burmese tale is outlined in which a crane offers to carry a crab with dire result to himself.

VII KHAN SCHENTAI

This hero-tale is comparable with certain Russian epic tales ; as, for instance, "The Waters of Life and Death," in which a youth sets out to obtain a remedy for his father's threatened blindness. Foxhorse, who turns round and speaks to his rider, offers a parallel, not only to the magical horse in "The Waters of Life and Death," but to the grey wolf in the Russian tale, "Prince John, the Fiery Bird and the Grey Wolf." The liking of Siberian tales for a special number is seen in the frequency with which the number seven occurs in the account of the sports and in the episode of the seven-headed devil. The powers of the subterranean hero, Kara Tun, in swallowing living beings, transcends the resources of the "Witch or Sorceress" in the Bashkir tale by that name, and place him among the heroes of tales whose marvels are limitless. Once more a mysterious white-bearded man acts as a benefactor and deliverer. Khan Schentai's descent into the lower world and his contest with a seven-headed devil and escape on the back of a huge bird, whom he feeds with flesh from his thigh, are comparable to similar events in the Ostyak story, "Aspen-leaf."

VIII THE FIGHT BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

The physical proportions of Galy and Darya are truly remarkable, but as to the mere duration of the damsel's contests with her adversary, she is far surpassed by the Altaian heroine, Tsar-maiden, in the story "Aymanys," and by the Altaian maid, Altyn-Aryg, who slew the mighty Tsar-snake. Marriage of a maiden to her victor in battle is exemplified in "The Fight between Father and Son," and in the Altaian story, "Aymanys." Moreover, in the Bashkir tale, "Aleyka," a maiden says, "I will marry the one who kills the other." There is an instance of marriage by capture in the Yakut story, "Black Hawk," and a description of such a marriage custom in the account of the Bashkirs. The rapid development of an infant prodigy (such as Galy) is considered in the Note to the Ostyak tale, "Aspen-leaf." As to the lofty mountain which arose on the spot where the son, Cadelda, threw himself, the incident recalls the Altaian story, "Aymanys," in which the bones of a man have become a mountain and a man and his horse are turned into stone cliffs. But the fight between father and son is more than paralleled in the Esthonian tale, "The Man with Strength Hidden under a Stone." In the latter story the father throws himself into an abyss after slaying his son.

IX THE HERO KYSYL-BATYR

This is one of several tales which deal with heroic times. Its tone may be compared with that of the Yakut, "Keese-Sanyach." The Kirghiz hero's steed does not speak, and thus differs from most heroes' horses, but he protects his master's life. The use of the bow and arrow occurs also in the Gilyak, "The Brave Gilyak and the Grateful Tiger," in the Buryat, "A Shaman Tradition"; in the "Story of the Maiden Suvarnadhari," to be found in the Kalmuck "Siddhi-kur"; in the Buryat, "Bosh and his Whistling Arrow, Tosh"; in the Yellow Ugur tale, "Marriage of a Youth and a Witch"; in the Bashkir story, "Aleyka"; in the Ostyak tale, "The Hunter and the Seven-headed Satyr"; and in the Russian, "The Prophet Ilya and the Archer." The sword is the favourite weapon in the Ostyak, "Aspen-leaf," but the axe too is used. The spear and the knife are wielded in Samoyede tales. Sword and dagger figure in the Ossetian, "The One-

eyed Giant." The spear is the weapon of the Gilyaks, but a youthful hero fights the lord of the bears with a sable. The mace is employed by Prince Ivan in the Russian, "The Waters of Life and Death," and the poisoned tooth is used fatally in the Ostyak, "The Hunter and Seven-headed Satyr," and in the Russian, "Prince John and Princess Mary." In the Kirghiz, "Kara Kös Sulu," murder is committed by drowning in water, and a sorceress is drowned in kumyss in a Buryat tale. Lastly, a man or woman is burnt alive in the Kalmuck, "The Painter and the Wood-carver," and in the Chukchi, "A Gun Contest," and in the Lettish "The Sailors and the Giants." Guns are rarely mentioned.

X THE BLIND MAN

There is little in this story to mark it as ancient, and it may be compared with a few Russian tales which deal with modern life and, being devoid of what is epic, marvellous or weird, rely on feats of strength or on humorous narrative to hold their hearers' attention. There is, however, definite mention of purchase of a wife, in which connection some interesting details occur in *The Ethnography of the Bashkirs*, and there is an avowal of anger with God, which recalls the beating of their idols by dissatisfied or disappointed savages.

XI TRADITIONS CONCERNING MOUNTAINS

Dreams play a definite, though small, part in these folk-tales and legends. An old man receives in a dream an order from the mighty hero Aydagul that the Kirghiz shall sacrifice sheep to him every year. Again, in the Kirghiz, "Fight between Father and Son," the child, Cadelda, is directed in a dream to seek his father in Mecca. In the Kumuk legend, "The Healing Pitcher," an old man sees a departed princess in a dream and receives a revelation from her. Aleyka, the hero of a Bashkir tale by that name, in a dream has a little ring placed on his hand by a beautiful maiden. When he wakes he has lost all power of speech, and subsequently a ring is given him by a mysterious and all-powerful old man with directions to find the maiden. Belief in dreams as prognostications of coming events exists apparently among the Tunguses, one of whom confidently drew an augury concerning his future success from events in a dream. Speaking of interpretations of things seen in dreams,

Tylor says, "A whole Australian tribe has been known to decamp because one of their number dreamt of a certain kind of owl, which dream the wise men declared to forebode an attack from a certain other tribe."¹ More wonderful than a transient dream is the vision of wealth and prosperity vouchsafed to the unhappy Maiden Suvarnadhari in a Kalmuck story. The marvellous palaces and rich objects and her parents, all of which disappear utterly when she wakes from her sleep, have yet existed so effectually that they have been visited by her enemies and detractors, and thus become the means of conferring renown upon the solitary and friendless queen.

¹*Primitive Culture*, I, p. 110.

THE TURKOMANS

The Turkomans dwell to the east of the Caspian and to the north of Persia and Afghanistan. Their land is the home of lawless and unsettled peoples of Mongol-Turkish stock, speaking a Turkish dialect. The word Turkoman conveys the idea that the nomad is pre-eminently Turk, the suffix "men" answering to the English "dom," as in kingdom, or freedom, or to the "ship" in friendship. A. Vambéry,¹ who travelled across the Turkoman Desert on the eastern shore of the Caspian, speaks of the Turkomans as inhabitants, not only of partially productive soil along the Oxus, Murgat Tedjend and other rivers, but also of an immense and awful desert, where the traveller may wander for weeks without finding a drop of sweet water or the shade of a single tree.

The Turkoman is remarkable for his bold penetrating glance and proud bearing, independence and unconstraint. His tent is of the circular form used throughout Central Asia, and consists of a wooden framework, easily set up and quickly taken to pieces, and of a felt covering. The Turkoman woman packs it on the camel and follows on foot. The Turkoman's life includes predatory excursions and surprises, and in matters of conflict he is greatly superior to the Persians who form his prey. His horse is wonderful, and said to be more prized than are his wife and children. The nomad in his home life is the picture of indolence, broken by visits to a neighbour for discussion on recent events. But in the evening hours of winter he listens to fairy tales or stories, or to the songs of a troubadour and the accompaniment of a two-stringed instrument. Vambéry describes an interesting marriage ceremonial. The maiden, in bridal costume and holding the carcass of a lamb or kid, seeks, on a fleet courser, to escape the bridegroom and his friends, also on horseback. She does not allow them to approach near enough to snatch away her burden. A newly-married couple are separated after three or four days, to live together permanently at the end of a year.²

¹*Travels in Central Asia*, p. 302 et seq.

²*Idem.*, Chap. XVI.

I

THE FORTY STORIES¹

A CERTAIN khan possessed an only daughter. As nobody had won the maiden's affections, or obtained her consent to marriage, the khan at last took the matter in hand himself. Collecting his people, he said to them: "Whoever will relate forty stories which do not contain a single word of truth shall receive my daughter's hand."

One man told five stories, another told ten, a third, fifteen; but could think of no more. Then a simple, bald-headed lad came to the khan and said, "If I relate forty stories, will you give me your daughter?"

The khan replied, "But if you are unsuccessful, what is to happen?" The youth said, "Let my head be removed!" The khan had previously stipulated that if the narrator should fail in his task he must lose his life. The khan now said to his ministers: "This simple youth is about to tell forty stories; count them carefully!"

"Having been born earlier than my father, I pastured my grandfather's herd. Lying down to sleep, I used to examine his ears; and when getting up, I examined his feet. On a certain beautiful day two of the ears and four of the feet were missing. I decided to go in search of them. I sought them energetically and sometimes galloped; I ran, I grew red; with God's help I flew across a valley, my skirts at my back and my spittle on the ground. Nearing a high hill, I climbed up and looked; nothing was to be seen. I thrust my crook into the mountain and, climbing up, saw on the other side of the sea a mare and a foal at pasture. Then out of my knife I made an oar, and out of the sheath a boat, and crossed the sea. I mounted the foal and, driving the mare, crossed the sea again. Under a plant which had not grown lay a hare not born of its mother. I struck its cap till the hare squeaked, and I jumped down from the foal and seized it.

"Continuing on my way, I called at a tent and became a guest. We nailed up my hare, and, having skinned it and ripped it open, from one kidney I extracted seven pounds of fat and from the other kidney three pounds of fat. I greased one of my boots with seven pounds of fat and for the other boot I used three pounds. Then I lay down to sleep. Suddenly a

¹From the Russian of *The Living Past*, 1912, No. 4, p. 475.

quarrel arose in the tent. I got up and found my two boots fighting with each other. I said, 'What is the cause of your contest?'

"A boot answered, 'Though you smeared only three pounds of fat on me, you used seven pounds of fat on the other boot.' Here, I fell asleep in the bosom of the boot on which had been placed seven pounds of fat. When I got up in the morning I wished to put on my boots, but one of them had vanished. I said to the other boot :

" 'What has become of it?'

"The answer came, 'It has gone away in anger, because you greased it so sparingly.'

"I went out, after putting one boot on both feet ; fine snow had fallen ; but I set out in the hare's tracks and came on a nomad encampment in which stood a godly table, at which my boot served. When my boot had fed me, I winked to it." Here the khan said :

"Concerning the hare not born of a mother, the hare which lay under a plant that had not grown, will not that be a pimple?"

"It will ; yes, it will, khan!" answered the lad, who continued :

"We loaded a castrated camel, and drove it along, but its head and tail dragged along the ground."

"Will not what you call a 'castrated' camel be a two-year old camel?"

"It will ; so it will, khan!" answered the lad, and continued :

"The camel pastured itself and knocked the tops off a forty-fathom plant."

The khan remarked : "Will not, perhaps, what you call a forty-fathom plant be wormwood?"

"It will ; so it will, khan! The stone which falls from a child's head in the morning reaches the ground in the evening."

The khan said : "That is a day of but a brief duration."

"If it is, so it is," said the lad, and continued : "The cow, visiting a bull in the morning, leads home a newly-born calf in the evening."

Here the khan gave his daughter to the simple youth and made arrangements for a wedding feast. The young man, having uttered forty fictions, married the khan's daughter, and the pair lived happily.

A NOTE

I THE FORTY STORIES

This tale was written down in 1908 by A. Samoylovitch, as it was narrated to him by a young man of the tribe of Kangla, in the Khyvynsky-Uzbek dialect. The Turkomans, like the Darvashes and the Tchuvashes, are represented in the present collection by a single tale, because no other material was available. Mr. Samoylevitch says that the Turkoman version, as here given, differs in several particulars from Uzbek and Kirghiz versions, and is the only one which includes the solving of riddles, as found in the latter portion of the tale. The present story contains two story-themes; first, the winning of a girl's hand by narrating fictions, and, secondly, the winning of a girl's hand by proposing riddles; and, in respect to the latter, the victory lies not with him who solves, but with him who proposes, soluble riddles.

There is a parallel to the Turkoman story in the "Tales from the Norse." It must be said in advance that the Norse "Boots" is the youngest son of the family; he lies idle while all work, but when the real time arrives he girds himself to perform a feat. In the tale, "Boots who made the Princess say 'That's a Story'" a king, whose daughter was very untruthful, promised her as wife to anyone who should make her say "That's a story." Boots narrated a series of about thirty fictions, which concluded with such an invention concerning the king that the Princess spoke the expected words and was given as a wife to Boots, with half the kingdom.¹

In the Katha Sarit Sagara, a riddle which puzzles the learned men is propounded by a princess, in order to enable a prince to win her. Ralston says that riddles have always enjoyed great popularity among the Russian peasantry and that during the Christmas festivals the guessing of riddles resumes some of its old dignity. He gives this Slavonic riddle version of Humpty Dumpty: "A golden ship (the moon) sailing across the (heavenly) sea, crumbles into fragments (the stars) which neither princes nor priests can put together again." We are told that in the Government of Pskov the bridegroom and his friends, on the occasion of a marriage, may not enter the bride's cottage until they have answered all the riddles propounded to them by her friends.²

¹Dasent, p. 123.

²Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 346-353.

A German tale concerns a proud princess who proclaimed that if anyone could set her a riddle which she could not guess in three days that man should be her husband. The princess, being unable to guess a suitor's riddle, steals into his room and learns the solution from him when he is half asleep. He claimed that she could not have found the explanation of the riddle otherwise and, as her mantle was left in his room, he was adjudged victorious and received the princess's hand.¹ "The Cunning Little Tailor" is another tale from the same source and dealing with the same subject.

¹ Grimm, No. 22.

THE TCHUVASHES

THE Tchuvashes are settled about the Volga, in the neighbourhood of Kazan, as well as in communities scattered through the Governments of Simbirsk, Samara and Saratov. They number under a million, and are probably of Finnish origin with a Tatar strain. Though nominally Christian, the Tchuvashes have not altogether forsaken Shamanistic beliefs and practices. They are agriculturists, hard working and law abiding. Their language belongs to the Turkish group, but has been influenced by Finno-Ugrian dialects. The Tchuvashes have the broad type of head, the somewhat flat features, and the light eyes of the Finns.

THE ORIGIN OF AGRICULTURE

(A LEGEND)¹

LONG ago, when forests covered the banks of the Sviaga and the Sura, and darkened all the country through which these rivers flow, when people still lived by killing wild beasts and by obtaining the honey of wild bees from the hollow of trees, when the hand of the godless had not yet touched holy Keremet, and when the great and powerful Tora still helped people to get food, at that time two brothers lived on earth.

The elder was called Yakish, and the younger, Velyuk. Yakish was wicked; his evil mind had built a nest for itself in his bosom.

Velyuk was good and like a child. Yakish killed wild beasts and fed on their flesh.

Velyuk collected honey, and so nourished himself. Once Yakish went hunting, but did not kill a single animal, since Tora at that time was unwilling to help a wicked man. Hungry, and therefore yet more wicked, Yakish came to his brother, who was eating honey taken from the hollows of trees which were known to him as the haunts of bees.

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1914, p. 175.

The elder brother begged for some honey, and the younger willingly shared with him his dinner.

Suddenly Yakish asked where the bees were living which had amassed such sweet honey. He pretended that his brother's mode of life interested him when, in fact, it did not interest him at all. "Tell me," he said, "where are the bees' nests?"

Simple-minded Velyuk led his brother into the forest and pointed out some hollow trees.

In a few days Yakish, having stolen honey from a hollow, took a piece of comb and began to eat. But he had not carried the first piece of comb taken from the hollow to holy Keremet, he had not placed it on the sacred form of the chief tree. Tora was angry, and ordered the bees to kill Yakish. They came from all the hollows and every one of them stung the impious thief.

Yakish died and the bees died, because they had left in him their stings. When Velyuk saw his dead brother and the dead bees he began to weep; he grieved for the loss of his brother and his benefactors, the bees.

With tears in his eyes he fell asleep, and only woke when he heard in a dream the voice of Tora. Tora commanded him to take a calf and pour water upon it; then to mingle the dead bees with the drops of water which fell from the calf.

Velyuk caught a calf and poured water on it; the calf shook itself and the water fell in bright drops to the ground and were lost to view.

Then Velyuk, in order further to fulfil Tora's command, separated the dead bees and dug them into the ground.

This was the first arable ground and the first sowing.

Soon, out of the ground appeared grass, on which grew ears. Some of the ears were covered with stings similar to those with which the bees killed Yakish; on other grasses hung grains, much as a swarm of bees hang upon a tree. At the period of the year when Velyuk had formerly collected honey the ears ripened. Velyuk shook out the grains and placed part of them on the tree sacred to Keremet; then, having ground the remainder between two stones, he mixed the fine product with water and ate it instead of honey. Such was the origin of corn.

Yakish was carried away by an evil spirit into the lowest regions. There the evil spirit made from his wicked heart the

worms which now kill young bees, and fashioned from his body the mice which thievishly devour man's bread.

A NOTE

THE ORIGIN OF AGRICULTURE

In this beautiful legend wickedness is punished by Nature, and without human strife. Keremet is the chief god of the Tcheremisses, a neighbouring Finnish tribe, and respect is shown to him by the Tchuvashes. The reporter of the legend, E. M. Pronin, made the following statement in 1914: The Tchuvashes till lately were wont to souse an ox or calf with water before sowing, and the inhabitants of the village assembled for this ceremony and inspected the animal. If it shook off the water, a good harvest was foretold; if it did not shake off the water, there would be a bad harvest. After the omen the animal was killed and eaten. It is said that this custom is still observed in the remote villages, but only in secret, on account of fear of Russian disfavour;

THE KUMÜKS

The Kumüks live in Daghestan, to the north of Derbend and along the shores of the Caspian. A. Vambéry thinks that such has been their dwelling place since the eighth century, while others identify them with the Kamaks known to Ptolemy. From time to time invading Turkish hosts from Central Asia left behind them small populations settling in the highlands and valleys of the Caucasus. Such was doubtless the origin of the Kumüks, who are found also on the right bank of the lower Terek river. They occupy fertile parts of a plateau, and have long been more civilised than the neighbouring Tatar tribes.

Vambéry gives, as a specimen of Kumük culture, an amusing and poetical dialogue between a youth and maiden at one of the games or festivals. Alluding first to the philandering of the deer, the youth asks what the maiden would do if he tried to kiss her. She replies that she would change into a white pigeon and fly to heaven. But what would she do if he pursued in the form of a hawk? She would change into a fish and swim in the deep sea. And what would she do if he became an iron hook and kissed her in the water. If he caught her at the bottom of the sea, she would transform herself into millet seeds on the grass. And if he became a hen and ate the grains, what would she do? If he always pursued her, in the sky, under the surface of the sea and on the grass, she would die and conceal herself in a damp grave, where friends and relatives would see her no more. His answer is that if she should bring such a fate on herself he would compensate himself by lying beside her for ever.¹ The subject of pursuer and pursued who transform themselves successively exists among the tales of the Kalmucks, the Gagaüzy, and many European races.

¹A. Vambéry, *Das Turkenvolk*, p. 561, et seq.

I

BROTHER AND SISTER

(A LEGEND)¹

IN former times there lived in a house of the village Borogan a brother and sister, who were much attached to each other, and whose property consisted of one little house. The brother's occupation was that of a carrier: he transported goods. Once his horse, unnoticed by anyone, escaped from the yard, which, among the Kumüks as among other Caucasian mountaineers, is enclosed by a wattle fence, it having an opening in place of a gate. As the house was situated on the edge of the village, beyond which stretched impenetrable forests, it was natural for the young man to suppose that the horse had entered the forest, and he set out in search. He wandered unsuccessfully a long while in the forest, till at last worn out he exclaimed in despair, "At yok, at yok!" which means, "The horse is not there, the horse is lost."

A whole day passed and night arrived. The youth did not return home, and his sister awaited him in fear and disquiet. At dawn she set forth in search of him. Having wandered in the forest all day and finally relinquished hope of finding him, she wrung her hands and said in a prayer to God, "Oh God, I have lost for ever the only person in the world who is dear to me; take my soul to yourself till the day of general resurrection of the dead. Life here has become to me a matter of indifference; I heard from afar my brother's cries, "The horse is not here, the horse is lost!" Now let people come and seek me and exclaim, "Kys yok, kys yok." ("The girl is not here, the girl is lost!")"

Tradition adds that not only did God hear the prayer, but that, by the will of Providence, the souls of these affectionate beings were incarnated as two birds grieving pitifully. In our time, in the forests of Borogan, there is visible a special race of tiny and exquisite birds. They are met with nearly always in pairs, and usually perch on different bushes at no great distance from one another. They are evidently strangers, and between them is neither friendliness nor antagonism; nevertheless, they are inseparable; between each pair exists, as it were, a sure bond. In the cry of one are heard with ineffable clearness the sounds, "At yok, at yok," and in the cry of the

¹From the *Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1910, p. 144.

other the sound "Kyz yok, kyz yok." People know these birds, from whose plaintive utterances the legend has arisen.

II

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TWO LOVERS INTO
SACRED STONES¹

(A LEGEND)

In a village now occupied by Ingushes there lived in the good old times a rich and famous family, which was proud of a beautiful daughter. During some wedding festivities the maiden became acquainted with a handsome young fellow, whose family lived in a neighbouring village, and she quickly fell in love with him. The young man had a similar feeling of tenderness for the maiden, and the pair pledged their troth. When the youth's parents offered to bring about a marriage with the girl, her parents refused; they mentioned his poverty and insignificance. But the young people continued to love each other in secret, and as years went by their attachment, far from weakening, became stronger and more tender. The maiden's parents still firmly opposed the match, and did not wish to hear anything more of the young man. Then the lovers decided to elope, the youth being obliged to carry off the maiden from her parents' home. On a dark and disagreeable night, by the help of servants whose connivance had been purchased, he seized his love and hurried with her into the mountains on swift horses. But the parents missed their daughter and organised a pursuit; the infuriated father with a cavalcade of horsemen hastened after the fugitives.

The young people foresaw the ill-success of their endeavours to escape; they heard the outcries and shouts of the pursuers, next the loud snorting of their horses; in another minute the pursued would perish. The lovers prayed before Almighty God that he would not deliver them into the hands of their enemies; wished that he would strike them both dead on the spot and transform them to stone. God granted their prayer. These two stones into which the young people were changed have the shape of Mussulman gravestones. Believers distinguish upon these stones vaguely indicated hair and portions of the body,

¹From the *Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1910, p. 146.

and continue to place the young lovers in the category of holy beings agreeable to God, and to regard them as beloved servants who have obtained his mercy. At the present time the graves are eagerly visited and are worshipped by pilgrims.

III

NOCTURNAL ENCOUNTERS WITH THE UNCLEAN POWER¹ (LEGENDS)

A KUMŪK horseman was returning on a dull night from the outlying village of Khasav Yurt to his home in the village of Aksi. Riding at a quick trot, he saw clearly at some distance a glade to the right of the road, for a pile of wood burning with a clear flame lit up the whole neighbourhood, as if it had been daytime. Crowding around the fire stood innumerable beings like men. Sounds were heard of stringed instruments and drums, and singing and dancing took place. The scene was a festive celebration by friends of a wedding in the manner usual among the Kumūks. The Kumūks believe that the Fiendish Power, on the occasion of weddings, funerals and other ceremonies, imitates in behaviour and in clothing, the manners and customs of the circle or folk amongst which it lives and acts; and that in such an assembly of fiends it is possible to recognise individuals by their peculiarities; as, for instance, by a slightly one-sided face, mouth or nose; by the hands, by the tail, by the small horns, by the feet like horses' hoofs and by speech, which presents some absurd mixture of impossible dialects and appears a meaningless gibberish.

The fiends immediately noticed the horseman, and ten or a dozen unclad women with drums in their hands advanced towards him by the road along which he was riding. Terror took possession of the traveller and, foreseeing misfortunes, he urged his horse vigorously forward. The women cried: "Tell the girl, Azhy-Buzhy, to show herself to us." They pronounced deliberately the girl's real name, "Azhy," and added the words "Buzhy" as an imitation of a Russian name in dialect. The horseman, whose spirit was nearly destroyed by fear, reached home toward morning, and he only then noticed that his

¹From the *Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1910, p. 149.

horse had been wounded. Saying nothing of what had occurred to him, he took a light meal and fell asleep, but the same strange apparitions pursued him unceasingly in a dream ; he seemed to dance in the crowd of fiendish shapes and to embrace affectionately persons of disgusting appearance ; at last he rescued his spirit from these embraces, and under the oppression of a frightful nightmare woke.

In the morning in the presence of visitors, who had come to congratulate the host on his arrival, his wife, who was aware how uneasily her husband slept, began to question him ; she asked if something had not happened on the previous evening. Then he spoke freely of his encounter with the fiends. The guests sat on carpets in places of honour against the wall, near the entrance, and their hosts occupied places beside them. Around, on shelves made of boards which were arranged along the length of the walls and supported on clay pedestals cemented into the floor, lay, at a height of about a yard from the ground, folded mattresses with blankets and pillows and with coloured curtains hanging from them to the floor. The host had not finished his story when, from under such hangings, several women unexpectedly jumped up with cries of alarm ; they ran out of the room and were lost to view. Everyone in the room grew cold and almost petrified, being reduced to silent astonishment and terror.

Possibly the hero of this tale did not belong to the number of the daunted, but remained an ordinary person, despite this strange occurrence, but the old men among the Kumüks aver that in such scenes arranged by the Fiendish Power, in former times the boldest ran off, mounted their horses and galloped away. On dark nights in the steppes and forests brave persons came upon similar revels of fiends and witnessed like weddings and other orgies of the Unclean Power ; on such occasions the travellers' horses snorted, pricked up their ears in fright, stood as if rivetted to one spot and would not advance ; only a salutary prayer or a deafening report from a gun or a pistol dispersed these apparitions and evil influences of the Unclean Power.

In tales of other tribes of the Caucasus besides the Kumüks ; as, for instance, the Tchetchenses, Avarts, Andiets and other mountaineers, the Unclean Power plays a not unimportant part, figuring in them in the form of fiends, magicians, witches, wood-spirits, etc. The Avarts say that a Hodji, called Hasan, riding

by night from the town Hasavtent to the village Endry, and further to the Avar village Tcherky, perceived upon a huge prickly bush which grew beside a workman's dwelling the seated figure of a Hodji in white clothes and a white turban with a red summit. Having noticed this figure, the traveller's horse snorted and looked round terrified, with its hair on end; the horseman himself was frightened and in his ears at the moment sounded these words, "Say your prayer, Hasan, whatever it may be, ha, ha!" The Hodji prayed and rode away in hot haste, guessing this was none other than a manifestation or apparition of the Evil Force.

The Andiets relate that in former times natives arriving for trade and other business in the Kumük and Tchetchen plains and then travelling back sometimes met in the mountains women of gigantic stature, dressed in the costume of the Andiets and wearing enormous bags on their heads, instead of kerchiefs, and with long breasts, which they would throw upon their backs; these creatures would issue from crevices and caves and terrify even the boldest mountaineers. They, at first, deceived the wayfarers by altogether natural requests, but afterwards, when the traveller had reflected upon the matter, and was riding away at full speed, they overwhelmed him with monstrous curses. Some bold persons, through imprudent curiosity, became victims to deceit and perished in the hands of these giantesses.

It is related also that, in a certain village, among the mountains of Andia, a woman expecting to give birth to an infant, and left at home because her husband had gone on business to Shemach, was at night, when asleep on her stove bench, carried on to the floor and back to the stove bench by people who pronounced some unintelligible phrases and then suddenly escaped, although all the doors and windows were closed and locked.

IV

THE HEALING PITCHER

(A LEGEND)¹

AT one time in the village of Borogan, a prince's young daughter was nursed and brought up in the family of a certain

¹From the *Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, p. 144.

inhabitant and later, in consequence of the death of her parents, was obliged to stay in the family till she married. When the maiden reached the age of seventeen, she became betrothed to a young and comely Tcherkess prince. The young couple were delighted with one another and the bridegroom had already sent his wedding gifts when, on the day of the marriage something unusual occurred. In the presence of numerous joyously disposed and merry persons there arose a terrible storm; the sky became covered with threatening clouds and in indescribable confusion the terrified company scarcely knowing one another hastened away in all directions.

When the storm passed away and the sky cleared, the princess was not there, she had inexplicably vanished. The festivities were thus capped with an unspeakably bitter ending. The frightened crowd separated homewards, overwhelmed and saddened by the strange disappearance of the princess at what should have been the happiest moment of her life. Two months elapsed. The general grief had not yet lightened when once, at night, the foster father of the bride, that is the husband of her former wet nurse, a respectable old man, saw in a dream the princess looking more joyful and more radiant than she had ever been in her life. Her nurse was no longer alive, but the princess comforted the old man with tender expressions and begged him not to be uneasy concerning her; she was happy and living in mountain heights, where she could mediate for people with the Almighty Creator, and she added that, in connection with her disappearance and present visit, people should remember a clay pitcher which would be found in the morning on the old man's hearth, since water poured from it would always serve as a means of healing sickness. The old man's dream was strangely verified; for, in the indicated place, in the morning, he actually found a wonder-working pitcher. According to the statements of eye witnesses, this pitcher, through the course of a whole century, has exhibited indubitably healing qualities. It is said to be kept secretly, even now, in pious hands.

NOTES

I BROTHER AND SISTER

This beautiful legend, with its tradition of re-incarnation of a brother and sister in the shape of two little forest birds, forms, as it were, a link between mere story and the famous philosophical doctrine of transmigration of souls. Making use of such a collection as the present, one might adduce considerations in support of the existence of a firm underlying belief in likeness of, and fellowship between, animals and man. For instance, several stories revolve about voluntary surrender of life by an animal in favour of a man or woman, which may be taken as an embodiment of the view that animals can be as beneficent as the best man. Then there is a story of a man, who having become temporarily a wolf, continued to suffer pitifully as if he were a man. In a Buryat tale, a wolf prays to God like a human being, and is accorded certain rights to food by the Deity at a rich man's expense. There are several stories of an animal that has taken its first origin from a man or woman, and of men who, being transformed by witchcraft into animals, behave as if inspired by human motives. Magic horses speak like trusty counsellors to their riders. Sometimes wild animals, for instance the bear and the wolf, act as willing and free servants of man. There are stories of the ready recognition by man of even wild animals' rights. An authority reports that certain Indians of New Mexico pay great respect to sacred turtles, thus an Indian is reported to have said, in allusion to a turtle in a parlous state, " ' I tell you it cannot die ; it will only change houses to-morrow and go back to the home of its brothers.' Turning to the blinded turtle again : ' Ah ! my poor dear lost child or parent, my sister or brother to have been ! Who knows which ? Maybe my own great grandfather or mother.' " ¹ With this passage before us, it is not so astonishing that in a certain Lapp folk-tale, human characters act in accordance with the commands of their frog-mother. The frequency of transmutations of pursuer and pursued into a succession of animals in the " Master Thief " series and the extremely widespread belief in the assumption of animal forms by witches is another argument. Looking about at haphazard, we find the Armenian belief that spirits assume human form and Gilyak belief that spirits assume animal form.

¹J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough*, Abr. Ed., p. 503.

There is apparently little limit to the credulity of wild or savage races concerning transmutation.

A story of the origin of the goatsucker bird among the Ainos offers a parallel to our Kumük legend. Long ago a woman placed her baby in a cradle, which she left hanging to the branch of a tree. The cradle and baby disappeared utterly, but after many days a voice was heard to cry in the garden, "Mother, suckle me; grandmother, feed me." Then all the people in the village dreamed of the lost child, who said that it had been seized by a demon and turned into the goatsucker bird. They went to the place and saw a bird shaped like a cradle and giving utterance to a sound like the above mentioned child's cry.¹

In a Chinese tale entitled, "Metempsychosis," a learned man relates how in a previous state of existence he had been, as punishment, sent back to earth by the king of purgatory and transformed into a colt. Devils from behind lashed the colt with all their might. Growing into a horse, he was so ill treated by the servants that he refused food and died. The king of purgatory now changed him into a dog, who purposely bit his master's leg and got himself destroyed. The culprit, who reappeared on earth as a snake, after an accidental death was allowed to come back as a man.²

II THE TRANSFORMATION OF TWO LOVERS INTO SACRED STONES

The solemn prayer made to God by the lovers tends to lift the story into the category of poetic legends. On the other hand, transformation of human beings to stones is heathen. In the Lapp story, "The Whale Stone at Imandra," a man became first a whale and then a stone. In a Gagäüzy tale, a woman thrown into the foundations of a bridge is said to have given signs of life in the stone. A Kirghiz legend assigns animation to a mountain, and a Georgian legend speaks of a cart which was wafted through the air and became petrified. The hero is changed to stone in a Russian and in an Armenian narrative, while in an Altaian story two different characters and the horse of one of them are petrified. Moreover, quotations may be made concerning far-removed races. "In the Banks Islands there are stones of a remarkably long shape, which go by the name of 'eating ghosts,' because certain

¹Rev. J. Batchelor, p. 185.

²H. A. Giles, 2nd Ed., p. 386.

powerful and dangerous ghosts are believed to lodge in them."¹ Again, "Near Lake Baikal is a sacred rock, which is regarded as the special abode of an evil spirit and is consequently much feared by the natives."² It is clear that our tales embody beliefs which are widely spread concerning stones.

III NOCTURNAL ENCOUNTERS WITH THE UNCLEAN POWER

These legends convey the idea of a wide belief in the Caucasus, concerning the existence of non-natural beings who appear, it may be, in grotesque and hideous shape, or in some unusual human guise, or as gigantic women scarcely less repulsive than Indian rakshasas, or even as ordinary people. Similarly, according to an account of the Elizavetpol district in Armenia, it is there held that spirits may assume the form of men and women. Seeking to compare the credence placed in spirits in different parts of the vast Russian empire, one finds that its intensity increases steadily from west to east. It is probably not universal, nor is it generally intense among the Russian peasantry; among the Caucasians, Armenians, and Tatars it is expressed seemingly in definite stories, but it plays a far larger part in the life of the Chukchis, Yukaghirs and Gilyaks.

IV THE HEALING PITCHER

This pleasing legend is an instance that among wild mountaineers, scarcely less than among definitely savage races, there is a belief in the soul's active life during a dream; the old man received a message from the dead in a dream. The Kirghiz have a legend that Aydagul conveyed to a dreaming man an order for sacrifices. In consequence sheep are slain in honour of the hero annually at the foot a mountain. A Tungùs averred that a certain bear seen in a dream was the soul of a shaman; the same man found that dreams surely prognosticated coming events. The following is an example of the intensity of the savage's belief in his activity during dreams: "A Macusi Indian in weak health, who dreamed that his employer had made him haul the canoe up a series of difficult cataracts, bitterly reproached his master next morning for want of consideration in thus making a poor invalid go out and toil during the night."³ Other instances are mentioned in a Note to "Belief in Dreams" among the Tungùses.

¹J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough*, Abr. Ed., p. 190.

²Lubbock, *The Origin of Civilisation*, p. 295.

³J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, Abr. Ed., p. 181.

THE GAGAÜZY

THE Gagaüzy have dwelt in Bulgaria, on the Black Sea littoral extending from the mouths of the Danube southward to Cape Emon, for many centuries; but some of them comparatively recently, that is more than a century ago, took up their abode in Bessarabia, where to this day they speak Turkish. They profess Christianity. Under the auspices of the distinguished ethnologist, Dr. W. Radlov, Mr. V. Moschkov was able to carry out researches among these little known Gagaüzy. In his investigations Mr. Moschkov employed a young man, who spoke, besides his native Russian, several other languages including Turkish.

The genealogy of the Gagaüzy is not clear. There is, however, good reason to think that they do not belong to the Osmanli-Turks, who came into Europe by way of Asia Minor, but that they are descended from nomad Tatars who dwelt in the South Russian steppes, before the Mongol invasion, signalled by the battle of Kalka, in 1237. They are Christians, and it is clear that if they had come into Europe as Osmanli-Turks they would have professed Mahommedanism. Some have thought that the Gagaüzy are descended from the Polovtsy, a Turki tribe who were dwelling in the south of Russia when the destruction of Russia was brought about by the Mongol invaders under Baty Khan. Some of the Polovtsy were then destroyed, some were made slaves and others crossed the Danube. But the view put forth in Dr. Radlov's work is that the Gagaüzy are representatives of a Turkish tribe called the Uzy or Torki, who lived to the east of the Urals and, in alliance with the Hazars, pressed the Pechenegs westwards. In the tenth century the Pechenegs occupied an enormous stretch of country from the Don to the Danube, while the Uzy-Torki were nomads between the Don and the Volga. In the eleventh century the Polovtsy came from Asia and pushed the Uzy-Torki westward, and the latter forced the Pechenegs beyond the Danube. The Uzy-Torki were driven by Russian princes on to the Balkan peninsula and crossed the Danube in 1064, and part of them became subjects of the Byzantine Empire. There was blending of the nomad Turkish tribes with South Russians, just as the Great Russians



blended with the Votyaks, Tchuvashes, Moldvins, and Tcheremisses.

But how did the Uzy, having reached the Black Sea littoral, come to be called Gagaüzy? The simplest explanation is that, in some way, the word goge, which in a Rumanian etymological dictionary is said to mean "blockhead," or "simpleton," became permanently associated with their racial designations. But another explanation is that the Uzy or Guzy are descended from Turki hordes, the Oguz, and that the reduplication of the letter g marked some characteristic of the tribe. The Gagaüzy consider themselves predecessors of the Turks in the Balkan peninsula, and hold that their own language is separate from and other than the Turkish. The Gagaüzy entered Turkey by way of Russia long before the Osmanli entered Turkey by way of Asia Minor.

The Bulgarian colony in Bessarabia is said to number seventy-six thousand persons, of whom one third are Gagaüzy. Every village has its own elected headman, who has a clerk and chancellor, and all headmen in the district and their offices are subject to the district headman and his rule. The Gagaüzy beyond the Danube live scattered on the western shore of the Black Sea, in all the territory of the mouths of the Danube and Silistria to Cape Emon. Their population has diminished by emigration to Bessarabia, where Komrat is large and important enough to merit the name of a town. It has a large orthodox cathedral, a parish church, many good stone buildings belonging to rich landed proprietors (both Gagaüzy and Moldavians), numerous general stores, a post office and some schools and gymnasium. In Komrat the Gagaüzy appear to preponderate over the Moldavians, Bulgarians and Arnauts. Bolgrad is another centre of important trade and, between these two centres, are grouped Bulgarian and Gagaüzy colonies.

The Gagaüzy relate the following story as the explanation of their entry into Russia from Bulgaria: "Our forefathers came hither to Bessarabia from across the Danube, from a place called the Dobrudscha. One of us Gagaüzy, a captain Dmitri, saved the life of the emperor from a certain Arab, who made an attempt on his life. The emperor, out of gratitude, invited the Gagaüzy into Russia and allowed them to settle on free land. The Osmanli disliked this emigration; so the fugitives had recourse to craft, and moved their convoys only at night. By day they arranged their waggons as if leaving Russia. If the

Osmanli asked the emigrants whither they journeyed, the answer was, 'From Russia.'

An article in Andreevsky's Russian encyclopædia says that although the Gagaüzy profess the orthodox Russian faith, yet that, on Church festivals, they celebrate kurbany, a kind of heathen sacrifice. Several of the stories exhibit a survival of pagan ideas side by side with clear evidences of Christian belief. There has not been with this people a complete suppression by the Church of that Nature worship on which the orthodox faith was grafted in Russia.

I

THE MAGIC MIRROR:

ONCE there lived a widow who had a son named Juvàn. She said to him, "Harness the ass, go into the forest, and obtain wood to heat the stove!" Juvàn harnessed the ass and drove to the forest, in the middle of which he met a serpent who was swallowing a whole ram. But the ram had great horns, which hindered the serpent from carrying out his intention. Suddenly the ram said to Juvàn, "Slaughter this serpent, then I shall be saved and will carry you home on my horns."

Juvàn was afraid that the ram would kill him. "Break the ram's horns" said the serpent, "and I will eat him and give you all you wish." Obeying the serpent, Juvàn took an axe, broke the ram's horns and the serpent finished the act of swallowing. The serpent then said to Juvàn, "Now let us go to see my relatives!"

Before they arrived at the relatives' the serpent instructed Juvàn thus: "Ask for a mirror! They will give you money, but do not take it! They will offer you a number of horses; do not accept them, but ask persistently for a mirror!" The relatives arrived, and Juvàn asked for a mirror, and though they offered him money and horses he would not accept them. There was nothing to be done by the serpent's relatives except to give the mirror. The serpent next instructed Juvàn thus: "Hide this mirror under your tongue and give it to nobody; go into the forest and say to the mirror, 'Bring me more firewood

¹From the Russian of V. Moshkov's *The Bessarabian Gagaüzy*, in W. Radlov's *Dialects of the Turkish Races*, Vol. X, No. 45.

than the tsar has ever possessed.' Say that and lie down to sleep."

Juvàn reached the forest, gave his order to the mirror and went to sleep. He woke up to find himself in the courtyard, the ass and sledge in the shed and the yard full of wood. In the morning Juvàn's mother got up and asked him where he had obtained so much wood. "In the forest," was his answer. "I will go," said the woman, "to the tsar and say you have taken an immense quantity of firewood, and that he ought to put you in prison." She went to the tsar and reported the matter, and he sent an official to call Juvàn. The servant arrived and said, "Come with me; the tsar summons you." Juvàn replied, "I will come to-morrow."

In the evening Juvàn took out the mirror and commanded it thus: "Take the tsar's daughter and her palace; take me, my dog and my cat, and carry us out to a wilderness." Lying down, Juvàn slept day and night, and when he opened his eyes saw that the tsar's daughter lay beside him. He kissed the maiden, and got up and looked; out of doors was a desert. He entered the bed chamber; woke the tsar's daughter and said to her, "I am going hunting." "Go," she answered.

Juvàn took the cat, the dog and his gun and went hunting. In the evening he returned and brought a heron, which was cooked and eaten, then everyone lay down to sleep. In the morning Juvàn once more went shooting. Every day for seven months he acted in a similar manner and saw in the forest no human habitation, but only wild beasts, such as a lion, a wolf, and a bear.

The tsar, whose daughter Juvàn had carried off, promised half his kingdom to anyone who should find her. Thereupon a woman appeared and said, "I will find your daughter." "If you succeed I will give you half the kingdom." The woman started on her mission. She continued her task, and after six months entered the forest. Juvàn met her in the wilderness while he was hunting, and wondered whence she had appeared. "I have been living here so long without seeing anyone. Could you become my servant?" he asked her. "My wife lives alone in a palace." The woman agreed, and he took her by the hand and led her home. His wife rejoiced when she saw the woman.

In the morning Juvàn rose and as usual went hunting, and at once the woman began to disturb the maiden by saying, "Ask your husband the nature of his secret, and when he tells

you report it to me." In the evening Juvàn came home, and his wife said, "Tell me your secret!" "Why should you know my secret?" he asked, and lay down to sleep. In the morning he rose, and having washed himself, he prayed to God and went to the chase. When he returned home in the evening his wife was ill; the woman had instructed her to complain of illness. Juvàn said to his wife, "What is the matter, dear?" "If you will tell me your secret," she whispered, "I shall recover." His sole answer was, "Look at this gun!" Juvàn supped and went to sleep and rose in the morning and went shooting. The woman said, "What did your husband say?" "He merely called attention to his gun." The woman replied, "It is not his gun; you must appear worse."

Juvàn's wife seemed to become very ill, and when he came home in the evening she lay as one dead. He said, "What is the matter?" and she replied, "Tell me your secret and I shall recover!" "It is the mirror hanging on the wall!" He had his supper and lay down to sleep, and in the morning took his gun and dog and cat and, forgetting the mirror, went hunting. The woman enquired again and heard: "He says the mirror is his secret." "'Tis possible," the woman muttered, and taking the mirror down, she gave it this command: "Take the castle, the tsar's daughter and myself and transport us to the tsar." She hid the mirror beneath her tongue.

When Juvàn returned, all he found was the site of the palace; he wept and, taking with him his dog and cat, went away. He walked a great distance and at last arrived at the tsar's palace, where he learned that the woman had received half the kingdom, and noticed her sitting on a balcony. She saw Juvàn, and said to the tsar, "Kill that man!" The tsar, on looking at Juvàn, noticed the youth's handsome appearance and, unwilling to kill him, ordered him to be thrown into a pit. Here the young man's dog and cat killed many mice. But one mouse came to Juvàn and made this proposal, "We will give you all you wish if you do not kill us." Juvàn inquired if the mouse knew where the woman hid the mirror. Whereupon the mice assembled and enquired of one another, but nobody knew. But at last a lame mouse volunteered the information that the woman kept the mirror under her tongue. "Cannot you steal the mirror?" suggested Juvàn. "I will steal it," she answered, and limped off into the woman's kitchen, where she saw that everyone was asleep. Twelve candles were burning around the woman;

and the mouse, having extinguished eleven, took the last one on to the bed. The woman heard nothing. The mouse climbed up on to the woman, whose mouth was open. She peeped into the mouth, but could not see the mirror. She trust her way into the nose, and the woman, sneezing loudly, spat out the mirror, which was seized by the mouse and borne off to Juvàn. He gave this command to the mirror: "Take me and the woman, the tsar's daughter, and transport us to the desert." Then he concealed the mirror under his tongue and went to sleep. On waking he saw the tsar's daughter beside him. He kissed her and went to the woman, bound her to a tree and burnt her alive.

II

THE DEMON, "OH" ¹

A POOR man had a son whom he determined to make a workman. With this purpose he set out from home and, on the road, reached a well which had no bucket. He climbed down into the well, but hurt his foot and groaned; thereupon a demon named "Oh" came out and said to the father, "Whither are you taking the lad?" The reply was, "I am going to make a workman of him." Then the demon "Oh" made this proposal, "Give him to me!" and the father agreed and went home.

Two weeks later, when the father came to the demon for money, the demon "Oh" led out three oxen and said, "Do you know which is your son?" The father looked, but as all the oxen were alike and resembled one another closely, recognition was impossible; nevertheless, he replied, "The middle one." "You knew your son!" said the demon. "Well, now, go home and come again in a month; then I will restore your son and give you money."

A month passed, and the father came again to the demon, who took out three doves and said, "Which is your son?" The father replied, "The middle one." There was no escape for the demon, and he gave up both son and money. The son said, "I learnt everything at the demon's. I shall become a wolfhound. Sell me, but do not sell the chain." The lad turned somersault and became a wolfhound. Taking the dog, the

¹V. Moshkov, No. 40.

father entered the bazaar, where a certain lord came and asked the dog's price. The answer was, "Fifty roubles." The lord gave the amount and took the dog, but the father said, "You receive the dog, but not the chain." "What do I want with your iron chain, when I have my own silver one?" The father took chain and money and returned home.

The lord went hunting and, catching sight of a hare, let the dog go; it overtook the hare on a hill, but, striking against the ground, was transformed to a lad. The lad went along the road and sat down, and the lord approached him and said, "Have you seen a wolfhound pursuing a hare?" "No, I have not." The lord went on further in search of the dog.

The youth arrived at his father's and said, "I shall become a horse. Sell me, but keep the bridle." The transformation took place, and the father led out the horse and offered him for sale in the market place. But the demon was in the bazaar and, seeing the horse, knew it was the boy. He sought to purchase both horse and bridle, but the man would not part with the bridle. "Give me the bridle," said the demon; but the father refused. Then the demon offered eight hundred roubles for the bridle, and two thousand for the horse. The father sold horse and bridle to the demon and went home.

The bridle was now transformed to a bird and flew away, but the demon became a hawk and pursued it. When the bird grew aware of the pursuit it struck the ground and was changed to a hare. The demon now turned into a wolfhound and chased the hare which, on becoming conscious of the pursuit, rushed into the water and assumed the form of a fish. The demon, becoming a much larger fish, plunged into the water to catch the lad, who jumped from the water and was changed to millet. The demon took the shape of a hen; she picked up the grains, and collected all except two grains, which she could not find. These two grains of millet became a fox, who devoured the hen. In vain the demon strove to destroy the lad; on the contrary, the lad destroyed the demon and set out home. His father said, "Why have you come back so late?"

III

A YOUNG FELLOW OF TERRIBLE STRENGTH¹

THERE was once a priest who planted a strip of land with maize and hired a man to guard it. But there occurred a terrible noise; whereupon the man departed and announced to the priest that he would not watch the maize any more. The priest hired another man for the task, but the noise was repeated and the watchman refused to continue his occupation. The owner then took charge himself, but a she-bear came at night and, seizing him, drew him into her den and begot by him a son. Father and child remained in the den, while the bear went hunting; on going forth she used to place a great stone at the entrance to the den.

The son grew, and his father said to him, "How would it be if you should go forth from here? You might see how people live!" The lad pushed the stone, and moved it, and in the evening the bear saw that the stone had been shifted. The next day she went hunting and, as usual, blocked up the entrance, but the lad again pushed the stone aside. In the evening when the bear arrived the stone was lying on one side, but she entered, fed the child at the breast and in the morning again went to the chase. The lad pushed the stone and threw it down; then he went out with his father and both ran away.

The bear returned, and not finding her captives, followed fast in their tracks and came up with them. The son killed her. It was night when the pope and his son reached home and knocked at the window. "Who is there?" asked his wife. "It is I." The pope's wife opened the door and found her husband standing without clothing. He dressed and said to his wife, "My son is with me; give him garments." They dressed the lad. He was a bear from the waist downwards, but above, a man. The pope's wife noticed this, and sought to persuade her husband thus, "Kill this lad, otherwise I shall fear him." The pope devised a plan by which he should take the boy's life. He determined to excavate a well, and set his son to cover the walls with stone, a task which the child executed by packing the stones with one hand and throwing away superfluous material with the other.

Unable to kill the boy in the well, the pope sent him into the forest with four oxen to hew wood, and hoped bears would eat

¹Moshkov, p. 126.

him. The lad harnessed the oxen, entered the forest, unyoked his team and began to cut wood. Two bears came and ate a pair of oxen, but the lad caught them, fastened them to the shaft and continued to hew. Two wolves arrived and ate the remaining oxen, but the lad caught the malefactors and tied them to the shaft. Then he cut wood and, after loading a large quantity harnessed the bears to the cart, fastened the wolves in front and drove off.

Issuing from the forest, the young fellow reached a bridge near which stood two demons, one of whom said to the other, "I will frighten his team and break the axle of his wagon." This demon sprang out and frightened the animals; he broke the axle, but the lad seized him and forced him to support the axle all the way to the house; he drove, and the demon held the axle, and thus they reached the house. "Open the gates," cried the lad. The pope's wife answered, "The demon will open them." "The demon is occupied," answered the lad; "he is holding up the axle." He himself opened the gates and entered the yard.

The pope and his wife, on seeing the bears, were alarmed, but the lad fastened up his team in the stable. Then the pope and his wife wept and called out, "How shall we free ourselves from him?" They sent the lad to the demons' mill to grind corn, and heaped up sacks with ashes in order that the demons might destroy him. But when the demons saw him they were terrified, and said, "On what errand does he come to us?" The lad went to the mill and as it did not work efficiently he beat the demons. Striving to remedy the defect, one of the demons made cogs for the millstones, and the other got the sails in order.

When, however, they sought to pour the grain into the receptacle, they saw not grain but ashes. "How shall we grind flour for you, when you have sent us ashes?" "What do you mean? I have brought you wheat, not ashes," said the lad, and he began to strike them with a hunting whip. The demons in fear ground flour of the best kind out of their own store of wheat, filled the sacks and loaded them on the sledge. Then the lad once more harnessed the team and went home, and the pope and his wife, on searching the sacks, found in them the best flour.

IV

THE SUN'S COURTSHIP¹

A CERTAIN well-to-do man had three daughters and a drove of horses. He announced that he was going to hire a herdsman for three years to pasture his horses. Thereupon the eldest daughter said, "Is that necessary? I will pasture the horses."

She baked for herself some bread and, setting out, reached the edge of the village with the horses. But here her father, who had transformed himself into a bear, came forward and terrified her. The girl forsook her horses and ran home. The father asked, "Why, my daughter, have you returned?" "A bear came out and frightened me."

The middle daughter now offered to do the work. But when she reached the village boundary her father appeared in the form of a wolf. The girl was alarmed and, leaving her horses, ran home and said, "A wolf appeared and alarmed me terribly."

At last the youngest daughter undertook the care of the horses. She went to the old woman and said, "Mother, father is looking for someone to pasture his horses; what must I do to fit myself for the task?" The woman replied, "Ask your father for his marriage garment and his pistol, strew burning coal into the frying-pan and place the pan among the horses. If anyone of the horses eats the coal, seize the horse and mount it."

The girl went home, put on her father's coat, fastened his pistol to her waist, took a pan of hot embers and set it down in the middle of the drove. A thin mare came and ate the embers, and the girl seized and mounted her and collected the horses. She took them to the limit of the village, whereupon her father rushed forward and threatened her. But she took out the pistol and would have shot him, so he said, "Stop, daughter; it is I. God will help you for three years to pasture the herd."

When the girl went into the fields the Sun loved her because she was pretty; he followed her for three years without knowing whether she was a man or a woman. He came to her mother and said, "Mother, there is a handsome person who pastures the flock; but I cannot learn if he is a man or a woman." The mother replied, "Remark carefully how he behaves." The Sun noticed that the girl behaved like a man,

¹V. Moshkov, p. 42.

and he reported this to her mother. She advised that he should go with the girl to the bazaar and watch whether she purchased things suitable for a man or for a woman. Now, the girl had a treasured amulet, which said to her, "You will be tested to-day; do not take women's things, look only at men's."

They came to the bazaar, and the Sun led the girl to where women's things were on sale, but she did not glance at them, she only looked at things for men. The Sun went again to the mother, and remarked, "I made the test; he took only men's things, not women's."

Three years passed, and the girl set out homewards. The Sun passed beside her where, entering a stream and taking out her plaited hair and exposing her breast, she said to the Sun, "Behold my hair and my bosom." The Sun was astonished, and went to the mother and said, "She is altogether a girl." The reply came, "Construct a golden swing, and let it down in the girl's village." The Sun let down a swing, and when the girl climbed into it he drew both her and the swing upwards.

The girl's amulet now counselled her thus: "Do not speak for seven days." But she thought she was not to speak for seven years, and for that space of time said nothing. The Sun noticed that the girl said nothing, so he brought home another girl and prepared for a wedding. The second maiden said to the pretty one, "Go, and take Mother Sunday's closest sieve!" The pretty girl went to Mother Sunday, but a dog ran out and barked. Mother Sunday came out and said, "If you are a person, come; but if you are not a person, then keep away from my house." The girl begged for the sieve, and the answer was, "Mother Friday has taken it." The girl went whither she was directed, and the dog barked. Mother Friday came out and said, "If you are a person, come hither; but if you are not, keep away from my house." The girl begged for the sieve. Mother Friday answered, "Mother Wednesday has taken it." The girl came to Mother Wednesday, who said, "A vampire has taken the sieve," and added, "Here are a brush and a piece of linen for you." The girl took these things and went.

When she came to the house of the vampire he said, "Why have you come?" The girl answered, "To fetch the sieve." "Here is a fiddle," was the reply; "play upon it until I come." The girl played on the fiddle, but the vampire went out to sharpen his teeth, in order that he might eat her. Then a

mouse appeared and said, "Maiden, the vampire will eat you. Let me jump from string to string while you take this stone and depart."

The girl took the stone and went, while the mouse played for her on the fiddle. When the vampire came the mouse disappeared into its hole. The vampire tore the ground to pieces, found the mouse and killed it, and starting in pursuit of the girl, overtook her. The girl threw down a piece of linen and it became a river. The vampire put one lip to the ground and the other to the sky, drank the water and went on further. He was gaining rapidly in his pursuit. But the girl threw down the brush, and it became a thick wood. The vampire rained blows at this forest during the whole night, and again was overtaking the fugitive. She threw down the stone, and it grew into a great stony place which was impassible for the vampire. The girl reached home, bearing with her the sieve and took a seat.

The Sun's second bride said to her, "As you are so silent, take this pot and let your tongue be cut off and fall in it." The Sun at this moment was cutting up a sheep; but when he heard his second bride's words he rushed with bloody hands to look. The beautiful girl became a swallow and the second bride a goat, and both departed by way of the chimney. And the Sun to this day has not married.

V

CONCERNING THE SUN¹

A CERTAIN tsar who had three sons said to them, "Shoot some arrows and learn your fate; it will be indicated by the way in which the arrows fall." The brothers shot their arrows; those of the two elder fell near two maidens, but the younger brother's arrow reached earth beside a tortoise. The youth took the tortoise home and left it there, and then went hunting. When he returned for his dinner, he saw that the loaves were baked, the dishes were cooked and everything within the house was clean. A beautiful girl had come out of the tortoise and later gone back to it. When, in the evening, the young man returned from the chase all was again ready for him.

¹V. Moshkov, No. 39.

On the following day, hiding at a distance, he kept silence and watched. When the girl came out of the tortoise he approached her quietly and, seizing her by the arm, said, "Whence have you sprung?" "From a tortoise-shell," was the reply. The young man took the shell and threw it away. Now, the tsar, the lad's father was a widower, and seeing the youngest bride's beauty, he went to her and said, "How shall I kill my son?" "I know not," she answered. The tsar issued this command to his son. "Go to the other world and bring me your mother's ring."

The lad wept, but the maiden comforted him and said, "Weep not and fear not; go to the sea; there you will see a hole in the ground. Shout into this hole. My mother will come out; ask her to give you the keys of the earth and to show you the locks. She will give you the keys and point out everything." The youth came to the sea, found the hole in the earth and shouted. The maiden's mother came, gave him the keys of the earth and showed him the locks." The youth opened the door, entered the earth and began his journey. He arrived at a meadow which was altogether dry, but the cattle pastured there were so fat that they could not move. He went further and saw another meadow in which were hay and water in abundance, but the herd of cows at pasture was so thin they could not walk. The lad reached a sea. In it were no fish whatever. The sea said to him, "Whither are you going?" "I am going," he replied "to God, to get my mother's engagement ring." The sea enquired thus: "Do you know why I am without fish?" "I know," he answered. Then he went further and saw that in a certain place a man sitting near the water was alight. Two sheep, one black and the other white, came to extinguish the fire. They disputed, one of them saying, "I will put it out," and the other saying, "Let me do it"; they even began to fight. The man who was on fire said to the youth, "Ask concerning me why I burn and why these sheep fight?" "I will ask," answered the youth, and went further.

He looked before him and saw a castle shining like the Sun. He went to the castle and from it the Sun's mother issued and asked, "What do you require?" The youth replied, "I have come to get my mother's token-ring." "The Sun has the ring," said the Sun's mother; "he will arrive in the evening and then you can take it." The youth waited till evening. When it grew dark the Sun came home and wept. The mother said:

“Why do you weep?” “What am I to do?” answered the Sun. “I came over a town and saw everyone going about his private affairs; I came to a field where people walked openly and paid no attention to me. Henceforward I will travel no more.”

The Sun lay down, but rose in the morning, restored the ring and departed afresh. The youth took the ring and went on his way. He met a certain old man, to whom he said, “On my road I passed by a sea, and it asked me if I knew why there were no fish in it.” The old man answered by asking, “Why has the sea not yet eaten a man?” The youth continued thus: “In a certain land I saw a dry meadow, but the herd which was pasturing there could not walk, it was so fat.” “These,” said the old man, “are the people who have given alms.” “In another country I saw a meadow covered with grass, but the cattle were so thin they could not stir. Why was it?” “Those were the people who had given alms and looked round.” “In a certain place I saw a man who was burning, but two sheep extinguished the fire. One said, ‘I will put it out,’ and the other said, ‘I will.’” The reply came; “This was the man who was judged once unjustly and the next time justly.” The youth returned home and gave the ring to his father, who took it and died immediately.

VI

HUMAN SACRIFICE AT THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BRIDGE¹

TWELVE men were building a bridge; they toiled hard, but in spite of all their efforts, could not obtain a secure foundation. The chief constructor then announced, “The wife who first brings food to-morrow shall become a sacrifice.” The workmen said to their wives, “Do not by any chance bring food to-morrow; we are going to put the first bringer of food as sacrifice.”

In the morning they began to work. Dinner time arrived, but no one brought food. Now, the name of the chief constructor was Paul; and Paul saw a certain woman coming.

¹V. Moshkov, p. 167.

When she approached nearer he saw she was his wife. He stopped and prayed silently, "God, send a two-headed snake!" Immediately a two-headed snake appeared and said to Paul's wife, "The grass will not grow on the spot which you pass." "I shall return quickly," Maria answered. She was a mother and had only just given birth to a son, Juvàn, but nevertheless she came and brought food. Paul said to her, "Give me my silver flute. I will play and you shall dance." He played and she danced. Then he threw his arms round her and hurled her alive into the pit dug for the foundation. "Why have you thrown me here?" she cried. Paul replied, "Search for my engagement ring"; and while he spoke they began to complete the bridge. "Paul! what are you doing?" cried his wife, "Who will wash little Juvàn; who will give him the breast?" "Rain will fall and wash him; winds will blow and rock him to sleep."

While the bridge was being completed girls dragged stones, and one girl walked behind all the others. They said to her, "Yana, Yana, do not bring any more stones, the bridge is finished." Yana threw the stones from her head and they fell on the ground and lie there to this day; the marks of her fingers as she impressed them on the marble of the bridge are still visible. When Juvàn had reached fourteen years of age he went one day along the bridge, and a voice addressing him said, "Juvàn, come hither!" He went nearer, and his mother spoke thus: "Go to the priests and tell them to come here to a victim and to place a basin; three drops of milk are flowing from me."

Juvàn went and told the priests. Priests came to see if it was true, and a voice said to them, "Approach and pray!" They assembled and performed mass and placed a basin. Maria let fall three drops of milk, and to this day traces remain of them. The bridge is called Paul's-bridge and it crosses Maria-river.

VII

THREE SISTERS¹

ONCE when three girls who were sisters had gone to a fountain to rinse some linen the tsar's son rode by. The eldest girl said to her sisters: "If the tsar's son would take me, I would put his army into a walnut shell." The prince heard these words and smiled and passed on.

A little time later he rode by again. The middle girl said, "If the prince would take me, I would encircle his whole army with thread." The young man laughed and rode on.

Once more it occurred that the tsar's son rode past this place where the girls were washing linen. The youngest sister said, "If the tsar's son would take me, I would bring him two infants, a son and a daughter; on the boy's head should be a sun and on the girl's head a moon." The Prince heard, and having married the youngest sister, lived with her six months; but when a war broke out he went to fight and remained away a whole year. To his wife were born two children, a girl and a boy, and on the daughter's head was a moon and on the son's a sun.

But in the neighbourhood there lived a certain old gipsy woman, who took the children, put them in a box and let it float down into a river; lastly, she set two puppies beside the tsaritsa. It was long before the prince returned, but when he arrived he saw the two puppies. Terribly perturbed, he took his wife and dug for her a hole in the middle of the street, buried her up to her waist, and ordered that a load of small stones should be brought. Passers by, whether on foot or riding, spat on her and stoned her.

Before long a certain miller took the children and brought them up. They were five years old when their mother recognised them as they chanced to pass, but they did not know her. When the children came near the mother cried, "Maiden, approach me!" She besought the boy to take off his cap and the girl to unfasten her kerchief. The girl removed her head-covering and instantly light shone in the darkness. The tsar's son, who was passing, recognised his children, and drew his wife from the hole. Then, having led out the old gipsy woman, he fastened her to the tails of two horses.

¹V. Moshkov, p. 65.

VIII

DISASTER FORETOLD¹

A SON was born to a certain man. Foreteller-maidens arrived to decide his fate, and while they wrote and spoke the child's mother listened. She began to weep. Her husband came and said, "Why do you weep?" She answered, "How can I do anything else? The foreteller-maidens have written down that when he has grown up he will marry his mother." The pair began to think how to act. The husband said, "Let us make a box, place the child in it and throw it into the sea, because we should not like to kill him." They threw the box containing the child into the sea. The wind and waves rose and carried it to another country, where some monks, coming to catch fish, found the box and opened it; behold, within was an infant!

The monks rejoiced and said, "We will educate the child to be one of ourselves." They reared him and taught him to read and write; he learnt so easily that he completed a course of study. At the time appointed by the foretellers for the youth to return to his own country he said to the monks, "I will not live here, but will go away somewhere." He set out and arrived in his father's country where, approaching his father's village, he said, "Wherever I go, I shall find lies, it will be better for me to stay here." He remained and hired himself out as watchman of vineyards; but made this condition: if anyone should enter a vineyard the youth would give warning three times and if no answer were given would use his gun. He began to perform his duties. His father entered the vineyard and climbed into a vine to collect grapes. The watchman challenged him thrice, but receiving no reply, fired and killed, because such was the arrangement. His mother remained a widow. Some time afterwards people began to press the watchman to marry her. The marriage came about. Living together, they once had a discussion. The wife asked her husband whence he came. "I do not know where I was born; monks found me in a box in the sea and brought me up; I know no more." The wife suddenly thought that he was her son. She said to him, "You are my son; when you were little the foretellers predicted that you would marry me. Your father and I threw you into the water that you might not sin." When she had spoken

¹V. Moshkov, p. 96.

he was struck with grief and shame and went away in the first direction open to him. Once more he found himself with the monks and related to them the sin he had committed with his mother. The monks devised this form of penance: "We will put you in confinement, lock the door and throw the keys in the sea. If the keys are found, we will open the door and you will be freed. If you agree to such a penance your sins will be forgiven." He agreed.

They put him in a prison, locked the door and threw the keys into the sea. Some days later a fisherman cutting up a fish took out of it some keys. One of the monks, who was standing by, recognised them. The monks opened the door and found the prisoner alive. His sins had been forgiven.

IX

THE WORKMAN AT FATHER SUN'S¹

A LAD hired himself as a workman to a certain man, who agreed to let him sow a piece of ground with wheat. When the lad's wheat had grown hail fell and struck his strip of land, but elsewhere did no injury. Next year the youth hired himself to another master for a stone which lay beside a fence, but before the year had passed the stone melted away. The youth had no luck. The master found a wife for the young man and the latter built a house on some waste ground and went to work at a distance. A man appeared and took away the wife.

The lad came home, and not finding his wife, went in search of her. He walked perseveringly and, on reaching a house inhabited by Father Sun, found his wife there. Father Sun saw him and said, "Why have you come?" "To hire myself as a workman." "Hire yourself to me!" "I agree." In the morning the young man's master said, "The Sun has come for you; set out at once! As soon as breakfast time arrives Saint Ilya will bring you something to eat, and at midday Saint Peter will bring your dinner. In the afternoon there will be three roads for you. Do not go along the lower road, or you will burn the gardens; do not go along the middle road or you will dry up the wells; proceed straight on!" The workman listened, and set out with the Sun. In the morning Saint Ilya

¹V. Moshkov. p. 15

brought breakfast, but the workman seized the Saint and thrashed him. At midday Saint Peter brought dinner. The workman beat him severely, and going further, reached some roads which separated. Following the lower road, he burnt up the gardens.

In the evening the young man came home. His master said, "Well, did you get on nicely?" "Nicely," answered the workman.

Next day the master went to see how the workman performed his duties. At breakfast time Saint Ilya arrived, but, without approaching the workman, cried out, "Take the food, I will leave it here." "Bring it hither," said Father Sun. Saint Ilya replied, "I will not come, lest you beat me as you did yesterday." So Saint Ilya did not approach. Midday arrived, and Saint Peter brought dinner, but called out, a long way off, "Come and take your dinner." "Carry it hither," said Father Sun. The reply came, "You will strike me again, as you did yesterday!" The master went further, and reaching the adjoining paths, saw the burnt-up gardens. He grieved at the loss. In the evening when he returned home he said to the workman, "Why did you strike Saint Ilya?" "Because I hired myself as a workman for a piece of wheat, and he destroyed with hail no other wheat but mine." "And why did you attack Saint Peter?" "I hired myself for a stone, and he made the stone melt away." "But why did you burn the gardens?" "You grieve over the burnt gardens, but I grieve for the loss of my wife." "Is this your wife?" said Father Sun. "Take her and depart." The lad took his wife and went away.

X

GOD ALLOWS PEOPLE TO TAKE VENGEANCE ON ONE ANOTHER¹

In a certain place there was a fountain. God and St. Peter approached it, and God said to Peter, "Let us remain near this fountain; something will take place here to-day." They sat down and watched. A horseman rode up and dismounted; he then took out his money, placed it on a stone and began to wash. When he had washed he mounted and rode away, but

¹V. Moshkov, p. 20.

forgot his money. A lad who was passing the fountain took the money and entered the forest. Afterwards an old man came to the same fountain, drank copiously and ate.

The horseman having felt for his money, found himself without it. He returned to the fountain and, seizing the old man, cried: "The money, rascal!" "I have none," answered the old man; "I have not taken it." The horseman dismounted and slew the old man.

Peter said to God, "Why did you allow such a deed to occur?" God answered, "This old man had killed one of the relatives of the horseman and on that account was slain. Moreover, one of the relatives of the horseman had stolen from a relative of the lad who took the money at the fountain. Now each has suffered in some way, and there will be no investigation in the terrible law court."

XI

WHY PEOPLE CEASED TO KILL OLD MEN¹

WHEN the world was created people thought that old men were useless, and killed them in order that they should not consume food. But a certain man who would have been sorry to kill his father hid him. Afterwards, when God sent seven years of bad harvest, people ate their corn to the last grain, and there was nothing left for seed-time. Nobody knew whence to obtain seed grain, for there were no old men to be interrogated. The man who had concealed his father said, "What is to be done?" The father replied, "Go to the field where the cattle were enclosed, plough it up, perhaps some grain has remained." The son obeyed and soon became rich. Henceforward old men were no longer killed, for it was recognised that they know much.

The following is in no way like the above tale. A certain man had an old and bedridden father. Tired of looking after the old man, he said to himself, "Why do I hold up his head? I will throw him away, otherwise he will not die." He took a hay basket from the cattle stall, placed his father in it, lifted it on to his back and carried it to the marsh. This man had a little son, who followed him as he went along. The father took the basket and the grandfather and threw them into the marsh;

¹V, Moshkov, p. 176,

then he returned home. The boy said, "Why did you save the basket?" The father made no reply, and the child said, "Father, when you grow old, in what shall I carry you?" The man reflected, "My son will do with me as I have done with my father." He fetched his father home, put him in the bed where he had lain and cared for him to the day of his death.

XII

AN OLD MAN AND AN OLD WOMAN WHO WERE
CANNIBALS¹

THERE lived an old man and an old woman. The man had a son and the woman had a daughter. Once the man went hunting and walked far, but killed nothing. When he returned home he saw a crow on the top of a tree, and thought, "I will kill this crow." He loaded his gun and fired; then he went home and said to his wife, "Here is a crow; clean and cook it while I go out shooting." The woman kindled a fire and set a pot of water to boil that she might cook the crow. When the water boiled she dropped in the crow, boiled it, took it out of the pot, felt it, cleaned it properly, placed it on the stove and went to other work. But the cat came and ate the crow. What was to be done? The man would return from the chase and want to eat. The woman, who was frightened, looked this way and that, and could think of nothing except to take a knife and cut off her breast and cook it. When the man returned the woman gave him to eat. He was pleased and said, "How well this crow tastes!" "That is not crow," she remarked. "What is it then?" "My breast." The man reflected and said, "Where is the crow?" "I kindled the fire, boiled the water and cooked the crow, cleaned it, placed it on the stove, and went to work in the yard. When I had finished I came into the cottage, but the crow had disappeared, the cat had eaten it. I searched without avail. What was to be done? I was afraid that you would beat me, so I took a knife and cut off one of my breasts and cooked it; that is why the dish tastes so well." The man said to the woman, "Imprison your daughter, and I will imprison my son, and we will live on them; this human food is good." The woman confined her daughter and the man shut up his son; these parents fed

¹V. Moshkov, p. 159.

their children for a month, after which the woman, being crafty, said to her husband, "Let us cut up the boy first." The man agreed; the boy was cut up and eaten. Then the man said, "Woman's flesh tastes better than this; feed your daughter; give her vodka and wine and meat; she will be fat." The woman gave her daughter vodka and wine and fed her better. After a month had passed the mother left the door open and went into the vineyard. The girl escaped from her room. When the man returned and looked he found the doors open, but nobody there. As soon as the woman entered the man said, "Where is your daughter?" "I do not know," she answered. "This morning I shut the door and went into the vineyard." "You let her out," said the husband. "No," was the reply.

Some time later the man said to his wife, "Go and search for your daughter, otherwise I shall kill you." "But where shall I find her? I will not go." The man repeated, "Go and look for her." "I will not." The man took a knife and killed his wife, ate her flesh and made a drum out of her skin.

XIII

CONCERNING VAMPIRES¹

I

IN a cemetery there was a stone grave, from a hole in which a vampire used to issue. Making its way to some fat sheep, the vampire sucked their blood through its nose, and returned to its own quarters. A certain man had a small ikon—so small that it could scarcely be seen, but able to safeguard the man as he walked past the vampire. The owner of the ikon placed it in a pitcher. One morning people went to the cemetery and found the hole through which the vampire was wont to climb. They tore open the grave and out of a dead man within it took the heart on which the vampire had been feeding. Having placed the heart in the pitcher, they poured hot water on it. The vampire grew pale. The people killed and buried it and it ceased to exist.

¹V. Moshkov, p. 36.

II

A certain woman was a vampire. She went away to another country and married. Fifteen years later her brother arrived in the town where she lived, met his sister in the street and said to her, "Why sister, I thought you were dead! What are you doing here?" She answered, "Brother, I became a vampire; please be quiet, mention it to nobody. I walk about all the week except Saturday. On that day I lie still." The brother told people. They seized the woman and burnt her together with a bush of thorns.

III

"In the year 1830, in our village, Beshalma, and in Comrady, there was an outbreak of cholera. In Comrady there existed a wise man. "This plague," said he, "is caused by a vampire." Taking his ikon, he said, "Follow me; this ikon will find the vampire." He went whither the ikon led and the people went after him. They reached Beshalma, passed the village, but found no vampire. They entered a field, but many of the people went back. Some gipsy tents stood on the edge of the village and the ikon was exhibited before them. The gipsies struck their tents and dispersed; then the ikon was carried about, but nothing was found. Then the ikon was taken to the cemetery. It stopped before a grave, where, after some digging, was found the body of a girl who had been buried forty days previously. Upon examination the remains were found to be as well preserved as if the burial had occurred the day before. Three stakes were driven through the heart, and the body was buried again."

XIV

THE CYCLOPS

THE GAGAÜZY story of the Cyclops is briefly as follows: Some men once thought of going to worship in Jerusalem. On the road they sold their horses and proceeded on foot. At sunset they reached a forest where Tepyagos, who had some wood on his back, was driving a flock of sheep. He called the pilgrims into a cave and set a stone at the entrance, then he kindled a great fire, took a pilgrim, removed his clothes, roasted

and ate him and went to sleep. A pilgrim heated the spit red hot, put it into Tepyagos' eye and another drove it home with a stone. Tepyagos roared with pain and tried to seize the men, but they, putting sheepskins on their backs, deceived him. Tepyagos removed the stone and let the sheep out. The men thus escaped.

XV

A BRIDEGROOM AND A BRIDE
DISTORTED BY A CURSE¹

WHEN our forefathers came here to Bessarabia a man was herding cattle in the forest. A wedding party drew near, and the man went on to the road, but he was offered no wine and therefore grew incensed. He knew a spell. Selecting two oaks which grew beside one another, he intertwined two of their branches and said, "As are these oaks so let husband and wife become." Then he went away. When the wedding party reached home bride and bridegroom lay down, but their arms and legs were so distorted that everyone who looked at them wept. In the morning the man got up, and going to the oaks saw that they were twisted together. Blood issued from them, and he took pity and turned them in the opposite direction. Bride and bridegroom lost their deformity.

XVI

WHY THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN
WOMEN'S CHARACTERS²

ADAM and Eve had many sons and one daughter. All the sons wished to marry her. "Wait," Adam said to them; "I will find you a wife." He took a sack, went into a field and began to collect bones. He collected bones of every kind which he could find, wolves', dogs', cats', cows' bears' and horses'. Having filled the bag with bones, he carried them home, and asked God to create from them wives for his sons. God created women from these bones and Adam married his sons to them. That is why women possess various characters; some are like cats, others like dogs, others like cows, and others like horses.

¹V. Moshkov, p. 189.²V. Moshkov, p. 27.

XVII

THE WOMAN BEWITCHED THE MAN¹

A CERTAIN man entered a forest to cut a load of wood. On the way he passed a village and saw there a woman striking a man. He stopped and looked, and then said to himself, "If this were my wife I would kill her." But the woman heard and called him, "Come here; perhaps you are hungry; I will give you a loaf to eat. Pay no attention," she said, "to our conflict." The man unyoked his oxen, had a meal and stayed ten years with her. She deceived him, but both the men obeyed this one wife. In ten years' time she became ill and said, "I shall die. In the garret I have a pot; place it under my head in the grave." She died and they carried her into the cemetery to bury her. When they placed the woman into her coffin the man said, "Put this pot under her head." "What is in it?" they enquired. "I do not know." "Break it open!" said the priest. When the pot was opened, a hundred different reptiles issued forth; they included a snake, a frog, and a lizard. After this the man came to himself and said, "What do I need now? Where are my oxen and cart?" He went home, saw his cart, but his oxen no longer existed. He put to and departed.

XVIII

THE COMPACT OF THE DIVINE MOTHER
WITH SHAITAN²

(A LEGEND)

THE Mother of God concluded an agreement with the Devil to this effect: dead people should belong to him, but the living should belong to the Mother of God. Taking the agreement, the Devil set out to Hell, and the Divine Mother went to God. "I have made a compact with the Devil," said the Divine Mother to God, "that living people shall be mine, but the dead shall be the Devil's." "You have not done well," answered God, "because, as everyone will die, everyone will belong to the Devil." There was nothing to be done; God sent holy Ilya into the Devil's service in order to steal from him the agreement. But after the lapse of some time Ilya had not succeeded in obtaining the compact, and God said to him, "I will cause a conflagration on earth, and you must say to the

¹V. Moshkov, p. 183.²V. Moshkov, p. 22.

Devil, 'Let us go and bathe.' When the Devil immerses himself I will freeze him. Then you must take the agreement and fly upwards with it." God caused a conflagration, and holy Ilya said to the Devil, "Let us go and bathe!" The Devil assented. They went to bathe. The Devil undressed and plunged into the water, but holy Ilya did not remove his clothes. The Devil dived under the water and God covered it with two feet of ice. The Devil tried to jump of the water, but failed in his effort. Holy Ilya seized the compact and flew upwards.

XIX

A YOUNGER BROTHER SAVES TWO ELDER
BROTHERS FROM A SNAKE¹

AN old man and an old woman had two sons, for whom the father found wives. When in due time children were born, life became difficult, for the grandfather and his wife were already old, and the family occupied itself but little with the cultivation of the soil. "My sons," said the old man, "we shall not be able to exist; you had better go in search of work, and I will remain at home with the women and children. If you earn fifty roubles, feed yourselves and your families."

The old man's sons went away to find work, and when a certain autumn arrived three years had passed without news of them. Now, the old man's wife had not given up hopes of bearing yet another child, and she had a desire to eat some lentils. She spoke to her husband, and he entered the bazaar and purchased three grains of lentil and brought them to her. She ate them and in time bore a son, who was christened under the name of "Lentil." The infant grew as much in a day as other infants grow in a year; and in twenty days he was already twenty years old. He would go to sports, and there dance, and the lads who danced with him said, "You had two elder brothers, but years have passed without news of them; their wives and children have stayed here." "Indeed!" said Lentil, "I have seen two women and some children at home, but did not know who they were."

In the evening Lentil went home and said to the old people, "I went to-day to the sports, and the lads told me that I have

¹V. Moshkov, p. 80.

two elder brothers who disappeared, and that you have received no news of them. I will go and look for them." "Do not go, dear son," said the grandfather; "otherwise you will perish as they have perished." "I shall not perish!" In the morning Lentil went to a gipsy and ordered a mace one hundred and twenty pounds in weight. The gipsy assembled forty assistants, who began the work. They forged a mace with forty hammers and finished it in forty days. Lentil took the mace from the gipsy and returning home, said to his mother, "Bake me a loaf, but mingle together in it twenty kinds of meal, and heat the stove with twenty sorts of firewood; when you have done your task I will seek my brothers!"

When the bread was made it was placed by Lentil in a bag; then he hung the mace at his girdle, grasped a sabre, and bid farewell to his parents. They wept and howled. Time passed, twenty years and twenty autumns; he crossed twenty rivers and traversed twenty forests. At the end of the twentieth forest he saw a hut and entered it, to find two windows at which sat two men, who drew small stones out of the walls with their teeth. The backs of their hands were fastened with chains, and they wept and sang a song which was as long as my story. Lentil said, "Why do you sit here, bound?"

These men were his elder brothers, and they replied, "A snake has confined us here, and in the evening he will confine you." "How do you know of his arrival?" "He has a club," the brothers answered, "sixty pounds in weight; and if he has to cross even twenty rivers he throws his club forward, so that it brings us the news; then the snake's mother unfastens us, and one of us heats firewood and the other brings water. The snake's mother cuts up an ox, we put it in the kettles, and when we have kindled a fire under the kettles the snake's mother fastens us up afresh."

Lentil explained to the brothers his relationship to them and unbound them; then they together cut up an ox, cooked it, and set the table and, sitting down to supper, laughed and talked in expectation of the snake's arrival. The snake's mother slept in the hut, and they did not wake her. Suddenly the brothers became aware that the leaves on the trees moved and made a noise. The noise woke the woman, and Lentil killed her and hung her by her breast to a hook. Then the snake's mace entered the house, but Lentil seized it and threw it back, so that it met the snake on the road and, passing him,

flew across twenty rivers and forty fields and penetrated eight yards into the ground. Such was Lentil's strength!

The snake stopped half way from fear. "If I," thought he, "pursue the mace, I shall have to go far. In spite of my fear, I will return home." When he arrived he saw that his mother had been killed and hung up by the breast on a hook and that strangers were enjoying themselves at table. His terror was such that he could not utter a word. Lentil called him to supper and the snake sat at table, and if Lentil took a bone from the meat he threw it at the snake's head. They ate till they were satisfied and then Lentil killed the snake and led his brothers home. Thereupon grandfather and his wife and the brothers' wives rejoiced. Embracing each other, they feasted for forty days; moreover, they gave a ball and found a wife for Lentil. I went to the wedding and drank till I could not drink and, being blind, could not see. Lentil stayed there, and thus ends my story.

NOTES

I THE MAGIC MIRROR

It is not at first clear in the story why the cat should accompany Juvàn on a hunting expedition. But if the Finnish tale, "The Dog, the Cat and the Snake" be examined, it will be found that there the cat is a "grateful animal" which accompanies the peasant saviour of her life. The two stories, the Gagauzy and the Finnish, are apparently variants of the Kirghiz tale, "The Young Fisherman," in which a dog and cat are the grateful animals, and in which a jewel is the talisman. In the Finnish version a ring replaces the Gagauzy mirror and the Kirghiz jewel. There is a grateful serpent also in the Kirghiz, but he appears in a separate episode toward the end of the tale.

Once more the folk-tale device of a woman's pretended illness figures, as in the Russian robber-lover tales and the Kalmuck, "Sunshine and his Younger Brother," and once more a woman insists on being told a secret, as in "The Deathless Skeleton Man" and in a Tarantchi-Tatar tale. Once more a mouse (introduced late in the narrative) plays an important rôle, as in a similar story of recovery of a jewel in the Kalmuck, "The Adventure of the Brahmin's Son." In "The Witch and the Sun's Sister," a mouse causes a witch to believe her

brother is still in the room when he has in effect escaped from a deadly danger, but a fuller account of the mouse's kindly conduct on different occasions will be found in a note to the Russian "Baba Yaga."

II THE DEMON "OH".

The following tale in brief from the Norse bears a definite likeness to "The Demon 'Oh.'" An old woman told her husband to take their son Jack and apprentice him to someone who should teach him to be a master above all masters. The pair departed and met Farmer Weathersky, who accepted Jack as apprentice, and together they flew in a sledge and horse through the air. The father returned home without particulars concerning Farmer Weathersky, and was sent forth by his wife to find him. The old man visited one old hag after another, and at last was aided to fly on an eagle's tail to Farmer Weathersky. The eagle then bore the man and a hare to the man's home, and the hare, on being sprinkled with Christian mould, turned into Jack. His mother was delighted to see him, but insisted that he should show himself a master above all masters. Jack changed himself into a bay horse, and told his father to sell him at the fair, but not to forget to remove the headstall. A horsedealer bought the horse, but not the head stall, and Jack changed himself into his own shape and ran home. Jack next day transformed himself into a brown horse, which was sold as before. On the third occasion the man forgot to take off the headstall, and when the horse tried to escape he was pursued by Farmer Weathersky. The horse jumped into a duckpond and changed into a little fish. His pursuer turned himself into a great pike. Jack became a dove, and his enemy a hawk. But a princess rescued the dove, who transformed himself into a ring, which the princess slipped on her finger. The king fell ill, and Farmer Weathersky asked for the ring as his fee for curing the king. The princess threw her ring into the ashes. Farmer Weathersky became a cock that searched for the ring. Then Jack changed himself into a fox that bit off the cock's head.¹

Although the princess and the ring do not figure in the Gagaüzy tale, the successive transformations of the master and pupil in it bear a tolerably close resemblance to the successive changes in the Norse. But the likeness of the Gagaüzy tale to

¹Dasent, *Tales from the Norse*, p. 290, et seq.

the "Frame Story" in the Kalmuck Siddhi-kur is unmistakable. There the younger brother turns himself into a horse and has a conflict with the seven magicians; then successive transformations take place of both conflicting parties. It is noticeable that although in the Kalmuck no mention is made of the headstall the horse is not to be sold to the magicians. That direction or command is an important factor of the Kalmuck story, and it represents the embargo on the sale of the bridle in tales of other races.

III A YOUNG FELLOW OF TERRIBLE STRENGTH

A version from Lorraine is briefly as follows: A wood-cutter's wife, who expected to give birth to a child, was seized by a bear and carried to his den. She bore a son, half-bear and half-human, who, when he reached the age of seven years, was strong enough to remove the stone that closed the mouth of the cave. The pair fled and reached the wood-cutter. After a few years John of the Bear went to work at a blacksmith's, where he made for himself a mace which weighed five hundred pounds. Going away, he met three men, first, John of the Mill, who played quoits with millstones; secondly, Prop-mountain, whose movement backwards caused a mountain to fall; and lastly Oak-twister, who bound his fagots with oaks. The four men set out as companions and came to a castle. They dined and then determined by casting lots that John of the Mill should stay behind while the other three went hunting. A giant arrived and threw down John of the Mill and departed. John of the Mill made an excuse to explain his injuries to his companions.

Next day Prop-mountain stayed on guard when the others went off to the forest. As before, the giant arrived and overcame him. Prop-mountain invented an excuse for his weakness. Next day Oak-twister remained in charge of the castle, and the giant once more gained a victory. Next day John of the Bear was on guard, and as soon as the giant appeared lifted his mace and knocked the giant into two pieces. When the three men returned John of the Bear reproached them for having hidden the truth, but pardoned them. Soon John of the Bear discovered a deep hole under the castle. His three companions descended by a rope one after another into enchanted regions, but were terrified, and each of them returned. Then John of the Bear descended and sent up three princesses,

whom his companions appropriated as wives. When the hero wished to mount the three men cut the rope, but he escaped from the deep hole and rescued the princesses from his late companions. With three magic balls which he had obtained as gifts from three princesses John of the Bear satisfied certain requirements of a king who later proved to be the princesses' father. So the hero won enormous wealth and the most beautiful of the princesses as a wife. His three companions were burned at the stake.¹

The above story from Lorraine will be found to possess a remarkable likeness to the Kalmuck tale, "Massang's Adventure," in which Massang, a youth of half-human form, travels with three extraordinary companions. They have adventures with a witch comparable to those above described. Massang descends to an abyss and cannot escape, owing to the treachery of his companions, who cut the rope. Nevertheless, the hero is enabled to issue forth, and then finds that the three men are married. He reproaches and forgives them. While the Kalmuck story has an incident with a hammer and an iron chain, which precedes a mythological termination concerning the origin of the Great Bear constellation, the French story has an incident of three iron balls which are forged in a smithy; and finishes like a fairy-tale. It is probable that the French has derived from the Kalmuck, which is characterised by marks of antiquity.

Reverting to the Gagaüzy, we may say the first portion resembles the French "John of the Bear." The terminal portion recalls the visit to the mill in the Russian robber-lover tale, "Prince John and Princess Mary." Cosquin has made an extensive study of the widely distributed John of the Bear story, which exists in Germany, Greece, Russia, Hungary, Dardistan, Syria and other countries.

A Serbian story runs as follows: A bear married a woman and a son was born to them. When the boy was strong enough to pull up a beech-tree he was allowed to go out into the world. He ate the dinner of hundreds of ploughmen, and so won a wager from them of all their iron implements. The bear's son had an enormous mace made with all this iron and, throwing it high in the air, caught it on his back. He wooed a maiden, who, however, was promised to a lover, Moustachio, in whose moustache were three hundred and sixty-five birds' nests. The

¹Cosquin, No. 1.

bear's son attacked Moustachio ineffectually and fled from him. He was hidden by a sower in a sack of seeds, taken into the sower's mouth, where he hid in a hollow tooth. The bear's son learnt that this tooth had been broken thus : In the course of an adventure the sower and his companions strayed into a man's head which lay in a vineyard. The keeper of the vineyard came and threw up the head in order to frighten some starling from the grapes. The head rolled down a hill and the sower's tooth was broken. ¹

Mexican folk-lore has a story of which the following is an outline. One day, while her husband was at mass, a woman going to milk her cows, met a tiger, who carried her to his cave. During a captivity lasting many years she lived on raw meat and bore a son of human form, but possessing his father, the tiger's, strength and ferocity. At seven years of age the boy killed his father with blows from a pole. The woman was received by her former husband and lived happily with him. The boy learnt of hidden treasure from ghosts ; he ill-treated his companions and was lowered into a well by them. Thence he sent up successively three beautiful maidens, who were claimed by the companions as wives. By biting the ear of a negro who was with him, Juan, the hero, was enabled to escape from the well and to reach the royal father of the three maidens. The king ordered the treacherous companions who had married the three maidens to be executed ; the maidens were allotted to Juan, and the latter was made the king's heir. ² This tale offers a parallel to " John of the Bear."

The following is the outline of a story which occurs among the Ainos. It is called, " The Man who Married the Bear Goddess." A poor and hungry boy walked along the sea shore and found the carcass of a large whale. Next he went inland, and having entered a house, met a man and a woman of divine appearance. The woman was dressed in black. The boy was allowed by them to eat whale's flesh, and then gave a bag in his possession to the man, whereupon the latter went away to get treasures in exchange. The woman now said, " You lad ! listen to me while I speak. I am the bear goddess." She described her husband as a dragon-god and advised the boy to say, when the man came back, " We need not exchange treasures ; I wish to buy the woman." The boy complied with her directions.

¹E. L. Mijatovich, p. 1.

²F. Boas, p. 241, *Journal of American Folk-lore*, Vol. XXV.

The husband made a noise like a clap of thunder and disappeared in a rage, and the woman then said, "Now we can live together." That is why the bear is a creature half like a human being.¹

IV THE SUN'S COURTSHIP

This is another of the remarkable myths which permeate the minds of so many races—the Chukchis, the Tunguses, the Yakuts, the Buryats, the Ostyaks, the Lapps, the Lithuanians, the Letts, the Bashkirs, and are not absent from the conception of the Russians, the Little Russians and the Armenians. The Sun in our story is as human as in "The Northern Lights" of the Lapps, and yet, while he admires feminine beauty, he reveals himself as an unmistakable astronomical personage. Many folk-tale features are included in this short tale—three daughters who successively offer services, a father now shaped as a bear and now as wolf, love-making with the Sun, a magic horse, a speaking amulet, an ascent heavenward, an appearance on the scene of three semi-demoniacal old women, a cannibalistic vampire of heroic proportions, a helpful mouse and a magic journey! A sieve occurs in the story as in the Russian, "Baba Yaga," and the Lettish, "The Dog's Snout People." The vampire sharpens his teeth like Baba Yaga, and puts one lip to the ground and the other to the sky, like the serpent in an Altaian tale. The remark, "If you are a person, come hither; but if you are not, keep away," refers to the possibility that the applicant is an evil spirit. With respect to the women named after the days of the week, it may be mentioned that "Mother Friday" is the name of a legend included among the Russian tales.

Here is an abstract of a story from Epirus, it is entitled "The Maiden at War." A certain old and weak king who had three daughters was called to war. He obtained no offer of help from the two elder daughters, but the third daughter put on a man's clothes and, mounting a good horse, fought and overcame the enemy. She met a prince and went to his castle. He asked his mother if his companion was not a woman. The mother told him to make observations, but he failed to come to any certain conclusion. The prince put on old clothes and, providing himself with various articles for feminine use, entered the bazaar. The princess bought a neckcloth of him, the price

¹Chamberlain, B. H., *Aino Folk Tales*, p. 12.

being a measure of beans, which he immediately let fall. Conversation ensued with the princess's maidens and he obtained a lodging for the night; then he entered the princess's room and carried her off to his own country. When she woke she did not speak for three years. The prince's mother reproached him for marrying a dumb person and arranged a union with another maiden. At the wedding the princess burnt her hand with a candle, and recovered her speech; thereupon the prince married her and rejected the second bride.¹

V CONCERNING THE SUN

The episode of the arrow that falls near a tortoise resembles the beginning of the Russian story, "The Frog Princess," and of Grimm's story, "The Three Feathers." The second episode, the dangerous task of visiting the other world, which is set by the tsar to his son, in order that the former may obtain his son's bride for himself, is comparable with the undertaking of pulling out the horns of a far-distant black bull, imposed by Khan Begitty on his son in an Altaian story, with a similar nefarious purpose. The bride comforts her despondent husband, as in the "Frog Princess," and again, as in the "Frog Princess," the hero meets a certain old man of a mysterious nature, like the old man benefactor of the poor boy in the Darvash, "The Magic Object," and in the Altaian, "Aymanys." Aymanys, the youth, meets "God the Creator," so in our present tale the young man says, "I am going to God to get my mother's engagement ring." In both stories there is an allusion to the deity. Yet almost the next moment, in "Concerning the Sun," the wandering youth reaches the Sun's castle, and the Sun's daily itinerary is mentioned in a very definite manner. The story reflects a stage between paganism and Theism.

VI HUMAN SACRIFICE AT THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BRIDGE

Tylor quotes several legends of foundation sacrifice. He says, "The old Slavonic chiefs, founding Datinez according to old heathen custom, sent out men to take the first boy they met and to bury him in the foundation."²

In the Government of Archangel an animal is killed and buried on the spot when a new house is built.³ "Even Trajan,

¹Hahn I, No. 10.

²*Primitive Culture*, I, p. 95.

³Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 126.

when Antioch was rebuilt, sacrificed Calliope and placed her statue in the theatre."¹ A similar sacrifice is that recorded in I Kings, xvi, 34; we are told that "Hiel laid the foundation of Jericho in Abiram his firstborn." The Rev. S. Baring Gould enumerates several instances in which a human skeleton has been found walled up in the foundations of a church or a castle or rampart or bridge gate, in England or Germany or Denmark. He also mentions sacrifice of animals in comparatively recent times in English rural districts in order to stay murrain.²

A Modern Greek legend tells how, when the tower-pile of the bridge of Arta was built by day it fell down by night. The master builder dreamed that a victim and his own wife must perish. So he ordered a messenger to tell her to dress and deck herself and come. When she arrived he sent her down to pick up his wooing-ring; next he struck her with his mallet and earth was heaped upon her.³

Paul's wish in our story that a two-headed snake might appear was probably due to the hope that it would prevent his wife's approach. The snake's remark to Paul's wife that grass would not grow at that spot has some light thrown on it by a note of Afanasief, who speaks of a tradition concerning a certain snake, which not only can impart a knowledge of animals' language, but appears in flame, so that when he crawls the grass is burnt beneath him.⁴ The two-headed snake in the story seems to have possessed a like evil influence. The sacrifice of the young wife follows a "Jephthah's vow," another instance of which occurs in the Russian tale, "The Sea-king and Vasilissa the Wise."

VII THE THREE SISTERS

A "puppy-substitution" story is here presented in its simplest form. It agrees in essential particulars with the opening episode of the Ostyak, "The Wise Maiden," and with the Russian tale "Silver to the Knees and Gold to the Elbows." The treatment meted out to the supposed unfaithful wife is always terrible. The young wife in such a story may be persecuted by her two elder sisters or by a step-sister, or by a step-mother or the queen mother. Parallels from Sumtsov and

¹Lubbock, *On the Origin of Civilisation*, p. 358.

²*A Book of Folk-lore*, p. 118, p. 88, et seq.

³Sir Rennell Rodd, p. 278.

⁴*Russian Folk-Tales*, Tale 139.

Grimm and from Cosquin's *Contes de Lorraine* are given in a note to the Ostyak, "The Wise Maiden." Cosquin quotes a Sicilian version, in which the youngest sister says, "If the prince would take me I would clothe the whole army with a piece of cloth," which is comparable to her remark in the Gagäüzy version, "I would encircle his whole army with thread." In Straparola (sixteenth century) the youngest maiden says, "I would have two maidens and a boy at once, each with long hair, a necklace upon the neck and a star on the forehead." Three puppies are substituted. Cosquin has brought together in a note several like stories from collections pertaining to the Deccan, Bengal and Mesopotamia, and one from "The Thousand and One Nights."

VIII DISASTER FORETOLD

The fore-teller maidens in the Gagäüzy tale recall the three "deciders of human fate" in the Armenian, "Concerning the Sun and Moon." The mournful story of *Œdipus* is a theme handled by ancient Greek and by modern French and English dramatists.

IX THE WORKMAN AT FATHER SUN'S

There is here a strange mingling of paganism with Russian orthodoxy. Saint Ilya and Saint Peter jostle with the Sun. The latter's part is double; he steals the hero's wife, but also scorches the fields, and comes in the morning for the workman. The story is allegorical, but less clearly mythological than the Lapp, "The Northern Lights" and the Gagäüzy, "The Sun's Courtship." The workman's animosity to Ilya is due to the latter's exercise of his powers as the producer of thunderstorms; the attributes of Perun having been assigned to the Prophet Ilya, or Elija, by the peasants. Saint Peter is brought into the story through the meaning of his name—a stone.

X GOD ALLOWS PEOPLE TO TAKE VENGEANCE ON ONE ANOTHER

This brief legend begins as if it were of orthodox Russian origin, but ends in a manner decidedly pagan. Similarly, the tone of the Georgian, "The Prophet Ilya as Shoemaker," is scarcely austere. In an eastern legend the spiritual element may depend on mere association with a monastery, as in the

Georgian, "Stone Chariot," or on ideal and poetic human devotion, as in the Kumuk, "Brother and Sister." The Gagaüzy are probably but nominally Christian, just as the Tcheremisses remain partly heathen and partly Mahommedan, and there are both Buddhists and Shamanists among the Buryats.

XI WHY PEOPLE CEASED TO KILL OLD MEN

The ancient custom, to which allusion is made of killing the old in order to save food, may be compared with the custom revealed in the Chukchi tale, "Voluntary Death." A Russian legend narrates how important information concerning past crops was sought from the oldest man.

XII AN OLD MAN AND AN OLD WOMAN WHO WERE CANNIBALS

This is as realistic and terrible a tale as the Mordvin, "Baba Yaga." The woman's self-mutilation is comparable to the chief incident in the Buryat, "Origin of the Camel."

XIII CONCERNING VAMPIRES

These three stories may be compared with the Russian tale, "The Vampire," where the vampire, in contradistinction, has the outward semblance and bearing of a man.

XIV THE CYCLOPS

This Gagaüzy tale may be compared with the Russian, "The One-eyed Evil," in a note to which versions from different countries are mentioned.

XV A BRIDEGROOM AND A BRIDE DISTORTED BY A CURSE

There are several other instances in this collection of tales of the efficacy of a curse. In the Buryat, "The Spots on the Moon," a stepmother's curse is sufficient to send a girl to a terrible fate. In the Russian, "The Spell-bound Princess," a curse causes a soldier to be borne by the wind to a far country, and in the Finnish, "The King's Son goes Bear-hunting," a peasant so effectually curses his horse as to bring on himself a calamity.

XVI WHY THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN WOMEN'S CHARACTERS

This strange story indicates a vague belief in totemic descent. In another Gagaüzy tale, "A Younger Brother Saves Two Elder Brothers from a Snake," parentage is ascribed to a lentil. In the Kalmuck, "Massang's Adventure," there are three men who were born respectively of Forest, Turf and Crystal.

XVII THE WOMAN BEWITCHED THE MAN

This cynical story has a sententious quality comparable with that exhibited in the Gagaüzy, "God Allows People to Take Vengeance." In the Ostyak tale, "Aspen-leaf," numerous reptiles issued from a witch's body when it burst asunder.

XVIII THE COMPACT OF THE DIVINE MOTHER WITH SHAITAN
(A LEGEND)

This legend conceives of the Devil as a very important personage, and may be compared with the Lettish belief that the Sun and the Moon were made by the Devil, and with the Buryat accounts of the Creation. The legend exemplifies strikingly that the Gagaüzy, although long resident in Turkey, belong to the Greek Church.

XIX A YOUNGER BROTHER SAVES TWO ELDER BROTHERS
FROM A SNAKE

The use of the lentils as an aid to conception is paralleled by an incident in the Ostyak story, "Aspen-leaf." There "three grains as large as a cherry" had the desired effect. "We are told that among the Maories a barren woman had to embrace a tree (one associated with definite mythical ancestors) with her arms, and that she received a male or female child according as she embraced the east or west side."¹ "Among the Kara-Kirghiz barren women roll themselves on the ground under a solitary apple-tree in order to obtain offspring."² Sacrifice of deer in order to bring offspring occurs in the Chukchi, "Tale of a Dead Head." The frequency with which the number twenty, or a multiple of twenty, occurs in this tale recalls this second Samoyede tale, in which the number seven occurs many times. Some vaguely mystical effect is

¹Frazer, *Golden Bough*. Abr. ed., p. 119.

²Idem, p. 120

intended probably by such repetition. The snake's mother in the present story is comparable to the woman who married a snake in the Armenian, "The Treacherous Mother." It is noticeable that though it is brief this Gagaüzy tale, in which the hero is armed with a mace weighing one hundred and twenty pounds and effects mighty deeds, had an epic purpose, and that the feasting after his return home was on a heroic scale. The quality of colossal strength in the hero survives in certain of the more modern Russian folk-tales, such as "The Inn," "The Bear at the Inn."

THE BASHKIRS

THE Bashkirs, a people of Turkish race, live chiefly on the western slopes and the adjacent steppes of the Urals. But toward the end of the sixteenth century the greater part of the country between the Kama and the Volga, as far as Samara and the Orenburg, belonged to them. By some authorities they are held to be Finnish. The Bashkirs are described as hospitable, but lazy, living in winter partly on gruel and a badly prepared cheese. They have large heads, black hair, small foreheads, ears that stick out and a swarthy skin. Among them are prosperous agriculturists, as well as many poor nomads who rear cattle on the steppes. Castren derives the name Bashkir from beekeeping. The Bashkirs are famed as trainers of falcons and sparrow hawks, which they sell at good profit to the Kirghiz.

I

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF THE BASHKIRS¹

THE parents have almost unlimited power over the children, and in marriage unions pay little or no attention to the wishes of either bride or bridegroom. The young people do not see each other till the conclusion of the marriage, and, among some Bashkirs the husband does not see his wife's face for several years; but the latter custom is becoming less frequent.

Well-to-do Bashkirs make matches for their daughters while these are still in their cradles. A prosperous Bashkir having a son a year or more old, applies to a rich neighbour blest with a daughter, and begins negotiation concerning her price. The price consists of horses, horned and small cattle (five to twenty head of each), shirts, chintz curtains, pairs of boots, kerchiefs, besides women's head dress and many other things for the bride's use. The father of the husband must give the mother of the bride a fox fur.

When negotiations are completed the parents drink honey and water or some kumyss. From that moment the bride's

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1892, No. 2, p. 216.

father is powerless to alter the arrangement, however badly the youth may behave. Occasionally the father, on paying the whole price, has been allowed to break the contract.

When the bride has reached eleven or twelve years of age a wedding day is fixed by the bridegroom's parents, to whose house friends are invited, and then the mullah completes the Mohammedan ceremony. The next day, a mare, especially brought for the purpose, is killed, and when she has been torn open women summon all who may wish to see whether the mare is fat ; the friends go in their best clothes for the inspection. Then boisterous behaviour occurs, which not infrequently ends in a fight. The husband's father pays half the price and the husband begins to visit his wife in her parent's house, but she in no way shows her face to him ; any departure from this rule would be keenly resented. This arrangement lasts several years and till the husband pays the rest of the purchase money ; then he takes his wife to his parents' home.

When the husband first arrives to visit his wife her friends conceal her, and he must carry his search to a successful issue, even if two or three evenings are consumed in the task. To gain his end he may find it necessary to give presents ; but to fail is to disgrace himself. When discovered the wife runs with all her might down the street, and perhaps has to be caught by some swift-footed woman. She then goes quietly with the party, including her husband, to her parents' house, at the entrance to which two women stand and hold a cloth in such a way that it must be torn by the wedded pair as they pass the threshold.

II

ALEYKA¹

LONG ago there lived a rich man and his wife, who had an only son called Aleyka. Every day the father and mother sent the lad to observe a herd of horses. They said to him, " Inspect the herd and drive it to the Ilkyar field ; if the field becomes full, then the herd is entire ; but if it is not filled, then some members of the herd are missing." Every day the youth drove the herd to the field ; it always became full.

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Great Russian Folk-tales of the Perm. Govt, with the Addition of Twelve Bashkir Tales.*

But once he lay down and fell asleep, and a beautiful maiden passed and placed a little ring on his hand. When the lad woke and stood up he was speechless, could say nothing.

He went home to the cottage and wished to speak, but was unable. His father and mother said, "What has happened to you?" But all he could say in answer was, "Bring the old man with the white beard!" Nobody understood what old man he meant, and the father and mother cried aloud, for he was their only son.

The father pondered and then mounted a horse and set out to find an old man with a white beard. After going a long way he at last saw an old man with a curly white beard who was seated. "I want you; come home with me; my son cannot speak." The old man answered, "Go and collect people and kill animals in order to entertain your guests; when all is ready I will come."

Aleyka's father, having returned home, invited everyone in the village, and killed all the oxen and sheep which were at hand. The old man with the white beard came, but Aleyka could not speak to him.

They all feasted, and the host said to the old man with the white beard, "This is my son; he is powerless; he begged me to fetch you." The old man approached the youth, took him by the right hand and looked at him; then he said to the father, "Go quickly, choose from the herd six pair of piebald horses, a pursuit is necessary." Aleyka's father exclaimed, "I can take not only six, but sixty pair of piebald horses from the herd." But when he went to the herd there was not a single piebald. He searched thoroughly, yet could not find one. Returning home, he said to Aleyka, "Boy, I cannot find a single piebald horse." The lad answered, "One of our mares went to mount Kaz-tau; they doubtless have all gone there." The father set off again and looked; all the piebalds had collected in one place, at which were no horses of any other colour. He gave an order and six pair were caught and led home.

The old man with the curly white beard said, "Mount quickly; we must go in pursuit." He himself caught a chestnut, mounted it and rode forward; without drawing rein he pursued. Aleyka's horse stopped and his father's horse stopped, but new steeds were taken. When these horses grew tired their riders mounted fresh ones; then Aleyka and his father mounted the last pair, but in time were forced to stop altogether.

The white-bearded old man went constantly forward. At length he dismounted and said to Aleyka, "Mount my chestnut and do not look back; strike the horse with the whip thus, first on one side and then on the other, so that the blood comes. You will reach a river; stop to pass the night. When you get up in the morning a maiden with a teapot will come to the river for water; give her this little ring."

Aleyka reached the river, stopped for the night and tethered his horse. He slept, rose in the morning and looked; a girl came with a vessel in her hand for water. Aleyka approached her and said, "Come to me. Have you a sister?" "I have." Aleyka showed her the little ring; and she said, "This is my sister's ring, where did you get it? My sister's wedding is about to take place."

Aleyka gave the girl the ring and said, "When you pour water on your sister's hands put this ring on her hand with the water." She took it and went away. Aleyka remained and was uneasy.

The maiden reached her home and fetched water to wash her sister's hands. She slipped the ring into the water, and when the sister came and the water was poured out the ring went on to the hand. The sister was astounded and exclaimed, "Where has my ring come from?" "A fine young man gave it me." "Shew him to me!" said the bride.

The girl led her sister toward the river and to the spot where Aleyka was standing. Aleyka and the sister got to know each other, and fell in love; they mounted the chestnut and, departing homewards, escaped.

The father and the son-in-law, who was called Kybikty-Kara, learnt of this and rushed in pursuit. They rode furiously and overtook Aleyka.

The bride said to Aleyka, "What can you do? Show me your powers. He sang this answer.

"Upon this isle took thirty poplars root,
But all will fall, as soon as I shall shoot."

He lifted an arrow and, at a shot from his bow thirty black poplars fell; the arrow had cut down twenty-nine of them and was embedded in the thirtieth tree. Again the youth and the maiden went forward.

The pursuit continued behind them. The girl's father and the son-in-law reflected thus: "Why have these poplars fallen?"

and ate him and went to sleep. A pilgrim heated the spit red hot, put it into Tepyagos' eye and another drove it home with a stone. Tepyagos roared with pain and tried to seize the men, but they, putting sheepskins on their backs, deceived him. Tepyagos removed the stone and let the sheep out. The men thus escaped.

XV

A BRIDEGROOM AND A BRIDE
DISTORTED BY A CURSE:

WHEN our forefathers came here to Bessarabia a man was herding cattle in the forest. A wedding party drew near, and the man went on to the road, but he was offered no wine and therefore grew incensed. He knew a spell. Selecting two oaks which grew beside one another, he intertwined two of their branches and said, "As are these oaks so let husband and wife become." Then he went away. When the wedding party reached home bride and bridegroom lay down, but their arms and legs were so distorted that everyone who looked at them wept. In the morning the man got up, and going to the oaks saw that they were twisted together. Blood issued from them, and he took pity and turned them in the opposite direction. Bride and bridegroom lost their deformity.

XVI

WHY THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN
WOMEN'S CHARACTERS:

ADAM and Eve had many sons and one daughter. All the sons wished to marry her. "Wait," Adam said to them; "I will find you a wife." He took a sack, went into a field and began to collect bones. He collected bones of every kind which he could find, wolves', dogs', cats', cows' bears' and horses'. Having filled the bag with bones, he carried them home, and asked God to create from them wives for his sons. God created women from these bones and Adam married his sons to them. That is why women possess various characters; some are like cats, others like dogs, others like cows, and others like horses.

¹V. Moshkov, p. 189.

²V. Moshkov, p. 27.

XVII

THE WOMAN BEWITCHED THE MAN¹

A CERTAIN man entered a forest to cut a load of wood. On the way he passed a village and saw there a woman striking a man. He stopped and looked, and then said to himself, "If this were my wife I would kill her." But the woman heard and called him, "Come here; perhaps you are hungry; I will give you a loaf to eat. Pay no attention," she said, "to our conflict." The man unyoked his oxen, had a meal and stayed ten years with her. She deceived him, but both the men obeyed this one wife. In ten years' time she became ill and said, "I shall die. In the garret I have a pot; place it under my head in the grave." She died and they carried her into the cemetery to bury her. When they placed the woman into her coffin the man said, "Put this pot under her head." "What is in it?" they enquired. "I do not know." "Break it open!" said the priest. When the pot was opened, a hundred different reptiles issued forth; they included a snake, a frog, and a lizard. After this the man came to himself and said, "What do I need now? Where are my oxen and cart?" He went home, saw his cart, but his oxen no longer existed. He put to and departed.

XVIII

THE COMPACT OF THE DIVINE MOTHER
WITH SHAITAN²

(A LEGEND)

THE Mother of God concluded an agreement with the Devil to this effect: dead people should belong to him, but the living should belong to the Mother of God. Taking the agreement, the Devil set out to Hell, and the Divine Mother went to God. "I have made a compact with the Devil," said the Divine Mother to God, "that living people shall be mine, but the dead shall be the Devil's." "You have not done well," answered God, "because, as everyone will die, everyone will belong to the Devil." There was nothing to be done; God sent holy Ilya into the Devil's service in order to steal from him the agreement. But after the lapse of some time Ilya had not succeeded in obtaining the compact, and God said to him, "I will cause a conflagration on earth, and you must say to the

¹V. Moshkov, p. 183.²V. Moshkov, p. 22.

cleverly. Where she walks dig a hole, so that a person may go in and out ; put a nice bed there and lay the child in it. Next take up a position so that you shall not be seen. She will come to the infant and lift and nourish it. When she is nursing the child you will be able to catch her."

Aleyka did as he was directed. His wife approached the infant and wished to sit by it, but again flew away in fear. However, when she saw that she was surrounded on all sides, she settled on a tree, and gradually came down. At last she took off her covering of feathers and became a woman ; then clasping the infant, she began to nurse it. When the child was satisfied it fell asleep, and next the mother slept. Aleyka held her gently. Upon waking she knew him ; he put clothing on her and led her home.

III

THE OLD MAN AND THE WOOD-SPRITE

LONG ago there lived an old man who was very poor ; he owned nothing. Taking a stick, he would go out, though he could not walk firmly. Then he would search for nests of magpies, or ravens and gather their eggs ; in some such way he lived.

Once he was issuing from a field whither he had gone to collect eggs. Suddenly a wood-sprite met him, and said, "I will devour you." The old man replied, "Do not eat me yet ; let us see which of us is the stronger ! Look," he said, "take this stone and press it ; if you can make a yellow liquid come, then you shall eat me ; but if the yellow liquid comes only from my stone, then I will eat you !" The wood-sprite agreed.

The old man took an egg in his hand and not a stone, he pressed and yellow fluid escaped. Then the sprite took a stone, and squeezing with all his might, broke it, so that dust came, but no liquid.

The old man said, "I will eat you !" and he was hungry. The sprite was afraid. "I will give you gold," said he. "Please do not eat me !" The old man shook his head. "I will eat you !" said he ; "you know you agreed."

Then the wood-sprite took the old man home, in order to get

the gold. They walked a long while, not merely one day, and at last arrived at a cottage where the sprite's mother was alone. Having said to her, "Here is a visitor! Place the samovar!" the wood-sprite related what happened. They ate and drank freely.

Night came on. "We must sleep," said the sprite; "come and lie down in the cottage." They set a bed, but the old man remarked, "No! I am not accustomed to sleep in a cottage; I will go under the roof." He feared they might do harm to him, so he climbed into the garret and lay down.

In the night, having descended quietly, he noticed a light in the cottage. He looked in at the window; the sprite was sharpening an axe and saying, "I will cut him down at once and there will be nothing left at which to cut a second time." He was speaking to his mother, who answered, "Do not move! you do not know what kind of person he is; perhaps he is holy! Take care that evil does not befall you!" The reply came, "I am not afraid."

The old man took a tree-stump about the size of a man and put it on the floor beneath the roof, and wrapped it up in a peasant's smock so that a man seemed to be lying asleep. He climbed down and again looked in at the window.

The wood-sprite had clambered into the garret with the axe in his hands. He struck once, and then a second time, but only caused dust to fly; then, not stopping to talk, he came down. Entering the cottage, he said to his mother, "That shows what kind of man he is; only dust came from him!" Then the pair lay down to sleep.

When they were no longer awake the old man mounted once more aloft, and removing the smock frock, put it on himself. Next he descended and went to the window and cried loudly, "Get up! Why do you sleep so long? Open the door!" They were frightened, and hastily opening the door, lit a candle and placed the samovar.

The old man drank tea and grumbled about the conditions in the garret; and the others drank much tea. The wood-sprite cooked some flesh; he had killed a human being. The old man sat at table and was given a head, both flesh and bone; he tore it with his hand, and dragged something to his mouth but hid it slyly in a hole. After sitting some time he remarked, "Enough! I have eaten my fill."

"Now," he said, "I must receive payment." Though he

spoke with determination, he felt uneasy. The wood-sprite cried, "Take as much as you can lift when I bring the gold!" But the old man answered, "I have seen many fools, but never before a person so foolish. As much as I can lift, indeed! Why, I will drag away you and your mother and the house; I will drag away all of you! I will hold you as a slave, and your mother as a cook! You will have to take as much as you can lift!" They went out, the old man walking behind.

The sprite was terrified. He raised a great deal of gold on his shoulders and was bent double. "Come, put on more!" said the old man. The wood-sprite exerted his strength, but reached the limit of his powers. They started homewards, the old man again walking behind. The wood-sprite was about to fall, and said, "Let us leave a little of the gold, for it is heavy to carry." "No," said the old man, "drag it along; do not leave it!"

They came toward the cottage. "Stay here," said the old man, at the gates, "I will tell the woman to place the samovar." The old man then gave this direction to the woman, "When I order you thus: 'Put the meat to boil!' you must ask me; 'What meat?'"

The old man now went out, and said to the sprite, "Come on, advance!" And the sprite brought the gold into the cottage. The woman had set the samovar, and they sat down to drink tea. The old man suddenly said to the woman, "Come, put the meat to boil!" She asked, "What meat am I to put to boil?" "Put the old wood-sprite's head and the middle one's breast and the young one's feet! Here he sits!" and, stretching out his hand, the old man was about to seize the wood-sprite by the throat. The sprite grew frightened, and knocking against a corner of the cottage, ran away.

There was joy at his departure, and the old man began to repair the injury to the cottage. Rushing away in fear, the wood-sprite met a fox, who said, "Whither are you going at such a rate?" "An old man wishes to catch me and kill me." "You simpleton; if I strike him but with my feet, he will fall; then I will sip his milk, and his sour cream and run! And you, a powerful creature, fear that old man! Let us go, I will lead you. Hold my tail for me!" The wood-sprite took the fox's tail and held it.

Now, the old man while repairing the cottage glanced round and saw the pair approaching. "Ah, fox!" he said, "you

have brought me someone ; you wish to pay me a debt ! Come along, bring him quickly." The wood-sprite was afraid and became enraged with the fox ; he twisted her tail, struck her to the ground, and ran away swiftly. The old man took the fox and made off as well as he could.

IV

THE WITCH OR SORCERESS¹

LONG ago an old man and an old woman had a daughter-in-law possessing three brothers. The old woman was a witch. The daughter-in-law baked some cakes to take with her as dainties, for she wished to go on a visit to her brothers. She baked every day, but the mother-in-law always consumed the cakes. The daughter-in-law used to harness and put to a horse, that she might start on the journey, but whenever she looked she always found that the cakes had been eaten ; in such a way was she tormented ! However, once she heated the stove and made her preparations but did not bake ; she put to the horse and baked afterwards. Having cooked the cakes, she set forth, taking her three little boys with her.

But although the daughter-in-law drove many miles, yet the witch pursued and constantly strove to overtake her. The old woman sang :

" Little daughter, stop and rest,
I pursue by care oppressed. "

The witch came nearer and nearer, and was about to clasp her prey with her hands. The daughter-in-law threw her a cake, and the witch stopped for a second to eat it, but again came on and sang as before :

" Little daughter, stop and rest,
I pursue by care oppressed. "

Once more the old woman overtook the fugitives and once more the daughter-in-law threw her a cake ; but at last she had thrown all her cakes. She threw her whip, but the witch swallowed it and came on, singing :

" Little daughter, stop and rest,
Golden-hoof is care-oppressed. "

¹D.K. Zelenin, *Russian and Bashkir Tales*, p. 468

The daughter-in-law took a wheel from the cart and threw it, so that the cart had to go on three wheels. The witch swallowed the wheel. Then the daughter-in-law threw her three sons to the witch one after another, and the other cart wheels, and then the cart itself ; at last she had to ride astride. The witch swallowed all, but was a long time swallowing the cart, so that the daughter-in-law got a great distance ahead.

She looked back ; again the witch was coming in sight, again she pursued and overtook, singing :

“ Little daughter, stop and rest,
Golden-hoof is care-oppressed.”

The daughter-in-law was afraid. She took off the horse's collar and threw it. The witch stopped a minute, ate the collar and came on. Again she drew near had almost seized her prey, when the younger woman threw the reins on the road. The witch was a long time swallowing them ; but after losing much ground continued the pursuit. The daughter-in-law threw the kerchief from her head, and then all her clothing, except one garment.

Again the witch pursued ; it was useless to throw anything more. The witch seized the horse's tail and tore it off. The horse ran badly and the witch came up and tore off a leg. The horse ran on three legs. Again the old woman tore off a leg ; then the daughter-in-law dismounted and ran on foot. The witch ate the whole horse and fell behind.

Meanwhile the village was getting near, and at last the daughter-in-law reached it. Her three brothers were living in separate houses, and the fugitive sang before the eldest brother's house :

“ O, prithee, little brother, open !
'Tis I, your sister, Bibi-Gaysha,
Escaping from the wicked mother.”

The eldest brother replied to her, “ My sister does not travel at night.” It had already become dark. The eldest brother did not open the door and, alas, the witch had come close.

The daughter-in-law sang before the middle brother's house :

“ Oh, prithee, little brother, open !
'Tis I, your sister, Bibi-Gaysha,
Escaping from the wicked mother.”

But the brother answered, “ My sister does not move about at

night-time." He did not open the door, and the witch was coming up fast.

The daughter-in-law sang before the third brother's window :

" Oh, prithee, little brother, open !
'Tis I, your sister, Bibi-Gaysha,
Escaping from the wicked mother."

" Go to the sheepfold," answered the youngest brother, thinking the singer was not his sister.

The daughter-in-law took refuge in the sheepfold, and the witch entered it and walked about and sniffed. She caught the daughter-in-law and ate her, but hung certain portions of her body as if they had been reins, on a pillar outside the youngest brother's house and went home.

In the morning the brothers rose. The middle brother called on the youngest brother and looked at what was hanging on the pillar. " God's will has been done!" said he, " on some poor creature." As he played upon the violin he took home the intestines, which he thought must have belonged to some animal, and made from them strings for his instrument.

He began to play and, with clear articulation the violin said :

" O prithee ! little brother, play not !
I writhe in pain, in tortures lasting,
Thy sister, Bibi-Gaysha asks thee,
Oh, play not, little brother, play not !"

He played and played, but the violin always repeated the same words. Wondering deeply, he took the violin to his younger brother, and summoned the elder one. He played before them, and the three brothers wept, saying : " Truly, it is our sister !"

" Let us," they said, " invite the father-in-law and mother-in-law on a visit!" When the old people came the brothers caught the witch and killed her. But they kept the old man as their guest.

V

GOLDEN KNUCKLEBONE¹

LONG ago there lived an old man and an old woman. They had only one son, and he was called " Golden Knucklebone," for he had a golden knucklebone, and when he played with children at knucklebones he always won.

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Bashkir Tales*, p. 485.

Once his father went to the lake to water his cattle. He drove the herd to the water, but the cattle did not drink; they whisked their tails and fidgeted their feet and twitched their muzzles, but would not drink. Someone in the water seized the cattle by the chin and dragged them by the lip. This was the old woman Yboor, a witch and sorceress.

The man cried out to her, "Let go my cattle; do not hold them!" "Then give me what only you possess!" "I will give you a flock of sheep." "No, give me what only you possess, give me that!" The man said, "Well, I will give it you." Then she released the cattle.

The man decided to migrate with his family to another locality. He took the golden knucklebone belonging to his son, buried it in some ashes and departed.

They settled in another neighbourhood, but the son said to his father, "Where is the golden knucklebone?" The father answered, "Enquire of your mother." The boy asked his mother, and she replied, "It remains in the land where we lived formerly; we buried it in the ashes."

The son asked his father what horse he could mount in order to go in search of the golden knucklebone. The father answered, "Shake a lasso and shake a bridle." The boy shook a lasso and shook a bridle. A poor colt glanced at him. The boy cried out "Father, Father, what horse can I mount?" "I have already told you, shake a lasso and shake a bridle." The boy again shook first a lasso and then a bridle. Once more the same miserable colt glanced at him. Then the boy saddled the colt and mounted him, and the colt became at once a fine horse. The boy rode off.

On arriving he saw an old woman seated and playing with his golden knucklebone. "Granny, give me the golden knucklebone!" "No, my child, my back is sore, dismount and take it yourself." Upon this, the boy's horse bent down, took the golden knucklebone from Yboor and ran.

Then the old woman spat, and so obtained a pestle; spat again, and so obtained a mortar; sat on the pestle and drove in the mortar in the track of Golden Knucklebone. Golden Knucklebone sat on a small dun horse, but Yboor was on a great dun horse. Yboor's horse came to a standstill and sang:

"My legs won't move at such a rate,
Dun-coloured brother, kindly wait!"

The small horse sang in reply :

“ Pray, stir your legs until you drop ;
Dun-coloured brother, I won't stop !

Yboor listened well, and said, “ What is this ? ” Then she mounted again.

Soon the dun colt stopped and said to Golden Knucklebone : “ Now, I cannot go further. Climb this tree.” Having said this, he plunged into the water.

The old woman, Yboor, having come up, spat and so obtained a whetstone ; then spat again, and obtained an axe. She hewed the tree on which Golden Knucklebone was sitting and began to sing. When she had hewn through about half the tree a fox came and said, “ Granny, cease hewing and let me hew ! ” Yboor replied, “ No ! I will hew ! ” The fox said again, “ Granny, stop and let me hew.” The old witch lay down to sleep, and the fox threw the axe and whetstone into the water ; next the fox watered over the hewn spot, and the tree became whole.

The old woman, Yboor, got up and said, “ What do my eyes behold ? ” She spat, and obtained a whetstone ; spat again, and obtained an axe ; and at once began to hew. She had hewn through half the tree, when a second fox appeared and said, “ Stop, Granny ! I will hew ! ” “ No ! ” said Yboor, “ there was a fox here just now, he deceived me and ran away.” “ But I will not deceive you ! What was he like, Granny—was he red-coloured ? I will not deceive you.” The old woman gave up the axe and went to sleep. The fox threw the axe and whetstone into the water, then he watered over the hewn spot, and the tree became whole.

The old woman got up and said, “ What is this I see ? ” She spat, and so obtained a whetstone ; spat again, and obtained an axe ; then she began to hew. She had hewn through half the tree, when another fox ran up and said, “ Granny ! let me hew ! ” “ No ! they have deceived me twice and run away,” said the old woman. “ What were they like, Granny ? ” Yboor answered, “ One was red and the other was black.” “ But I, as you see, am of a different colour. The others were dark-coloured and had evil intentions, but I am altogether light-coloured and have good intentions.” “ Well, hew away ! ” said the old woman as she lay down to sleep. The fox threw

the whetstone and axe into the water ; then he watered over the hewn spot, and the tree became whole.

Yboor got up and said, " What is this I see ?" Then she spat, and thereby obtained a whetstone, spat again, and obtained an axe, and began to hew.

A raven flew to the boy on the summit of the tree and said : " Your dogs, Akkylak and Sakkylak, send you greetings." The boy said in reply, " Tell my dogs to come to me." The raven answered, " No, Yboor had better kill you ; then I shall at least get a spoonful of blood !"

Next a sparrow flew to the boy : " Akkylak and Sakkylak send you greetings." " Tell them to come to me." The sparrow replied, " If I see them, I will tell them." Though the old woman, Yboor, poured lead into the ears of Akkylak and Sakkylak, the sparrow pecked the lead out.

Dust rose on the road. The old woman, Yboor, saw it and said to Golden-Knucklebone, " Lad, lad, what dust is this on the road ?" " This, Granny, is joy for you, but grief for me." The dust was due to the dogs advancing at their utmost speed. The old woman asked again, " Lad, lad, what is that dust on the road ?" " It is joy for you and grief for me."

Akkylak and Sakkylak ran forward. The old woman, Yboor, threw the axe into the water and herself dived. Akkylak and Sakkylak said to the boy, " If we kill Yboor, you will see black blood, but if Yboor kills us, then brown blood will come." They spoke and plunged into the water. In a short time brown blood welled up and the boy wept, but a little later black blood rose and the boy laughed.

Next Akkylak and Sakkylak issued from the water, they had killed Yboor. Brown blood had come at first because Yboor had torn off an ear from one of the dogs.

The horse on which the boy had ridden followed the dogs out of the water, and Golden Knucklebone mounted on him and set forth. He reached home, and for nine days there took place a great gathering, with races and contests and feasting on cooked meats. The horse took part in the races, and the boy became richer.

VI

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD AND THE
CREATION OF MAN¹

DEMONS flew over the darkness, and amidst fearful noise the Great and Strong said, "Be still!"

The demons were dumb, sound died away and there was complete silence.

"First, let there be Earth," said the powerful Alla, "and then I will create Heaven and Light."

The Almighty blew, and the vapour of his breath became stones which grew into mountains; when the mountains had reached an immense height, they were overthrown and plains were formed.

Looking at the Earth which he had created, Alla rejoiced.

"It is well," he said; "there shall be people on it."

But he remembered Heaven; he must create Heaven.

Alla's eyes flashed, and the air from his eyes flamed and burned; darkness changed to light.

The Lord ordered the fire to melt stones.

As the stones burned, green smoke from them stretched upwards, and the firmament of Heaven was formed in seven rows.

Alla was pleased with the created Heaven.

"Heaven is yet finer than Earth," he said; "it is well for people to live on earth, but life for my prophets shall be even better."

Having made small balls out of the firmament, Alla blew upon each of them; the balls whirled and (how wonderful are the deeds of Alla!) grew into human form.

After a time they ceased, like the dead, to grow any more.

Then the Almighty introduced sacred fire into each of the statues and said:

"My prophets, hear me!"

Hearing the cry of Alla, the prophets fell face downwards and wept and said:

"We hear, we hear!"

The Lord descended on to the Earth.

Taking a handful of soil into each hand, he blew on it and said:

"Earth, I am your Lord."

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1900., p. 132.

From his open right hand there fell upon the Earth a ball which twisted round and gradually assumed human form.

Alla did not introduce the sacred fire into man after the manner in which he had introduced it into the prophets, but touched man and said, "Live!"

Then opening his closed left hand, he in a similar way created woman.

Alla called man Yadyrn and woman Ava.

"I have given you the whole Earth," he said to the first people, "but alone you will not succeed on it. The presence of many people is necessary in order to employ the earth to advantage and to preserve it."

"You, Ava," thus Alla commanded the woman, "must bear people and beget as many as possible."

And strong Alla directed the man to unite with the woman and to beget children.

"Omnipotent Spirit!" said the first man, "how shall we live?"

The Great smiled, and seizing a stone, squeezed it so powerfully with his hands that water flowed. Much water ran from the stone and formed enormous rivers and lakes, into which Alla threw a handful of earth; such earth became fish.

"Catch and eat them when you are hungry," said the Almighty.

He took green smoke from Heaven and coloured Earth with it; the Earth became covered with grass and trees. The trees grew and flowers and fruit appeared on the trees.

"The fruits are for your use and comfort," said the Lord to the people.

And the first people rejoiced and said, "How good it is for us to live with You! We are happy!"

"Wait, I have not created all," said Alla, graciously. "I will give you assistants and labourers."

He took clay into his hands and created animals and birds.

A bear growled ferociously and frightened people so that they ran away, but Alla stopped them and told them to approach the bear without fear. Yadyrn advanced and the bear came to his feet as peacefully as a lamb. Ava meanwhile was surrounded by a flock of fat goats and sheep, and fed them from her hands.

The Powerful drew near to her and said:

"Henceforth thus let it be: as the male, you, Yadyrn, will

be brave and strong and the ruler ; and you, Ava, must manage the household affairs. Live and use my gifts and be fruitful. I will go to Heaven and observe from there how you live. I will make plenty of windows in Heaven and look through them at the world ; you will call these windows stars."

And great Alla departed to Heaven and stayed there ; and Yadyrn and Ava stayed alone on Earth.

And people began to live.

VII

BUJYRMARAN¹

A POOR couple had an only son called Bujyrmaran. The boy asked his father to make him an arrow, and when his request had been granted he went out and shot a magpie. Having come home, he cooked half the magpie, but kept the remainder to eat on another occasion. They all partook.

On a second expedition the son killed a duck ; and before long he developed into an expert shot—one of the first shots. Once when he had gone out shooting he saw a fire burning on the road. Bujyrmaran went up to the fire, and finding a snake lying there, he pushed it out of the fire with his arrow.

The snake said to him, " Thank you for that ; come to us on a visit," and the snake explained whither and how to come. " When you arrive in the cottage, say to my father, ' Greetings ! ' and he will entertain you ; moreover, when you depart home, he will give you a box of whatever kind your soul desires—red, green or black. If you take a black box, it will be full of snakes ; if you take a green box, it will be full of lizards ; if you take a red box, it will contain fire. Take a white box."

They arrived at the home. Bujyrmaran said, " Greetings ! " " If you were not a rustic," said the father, " I would tear you in two portions and swallow you." However, he began to entertain the boy, who remarked : " Thank you ; it was your son who sent me here." When he was leaving the visitor said, " Farewell." The snake's father replied, " Stop, I will give you a present ; take whichever box you please ! " Bujyrmaran chose a white box. " Do not open it until you reach your own ground." " Very well," said the boy and set off home.

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Bashkir Folk-Tales*, p. 477.

Bujyrmaran carried the box away and opened it according to the directions of the snake's father ; immediately a house sprang up and a wife and everything necessary for a home. The house was magnificent, finer than the tsar's. Having become rich, the youth took his father and mother to live with him.

But the tsar was angry with the man who had such a splendid house, and he sent a soldier to Bujyrmaran with this message : " Get ready for war with me ! " The soldier spoke and Bujyrmaran looked at the door and wept ; then glancing at his fine house, he laughed. His wife said to him " Go to my father and request him to give you some arrows for war ; he will give them you. " " Agreed ! " He went. The tsar had fixed an interval of ten days before the conflict.

The youth went to his father-in-law and begged for some arrows. " Certainly, " was the answer, and three thousand arrows were given him. " There ! " said his father-in-law, " my daughter knows what to do with them. " The young man carried the arrows home and gave them to his wife, who took them to a lake in order to wash them. When they had become white she put them in a row under the window.

Time passed, and the tsar's soldiers assembled. Bujyrmaran was directed by his wife to climb on the roof and sit there. The arrows began to move, firing of their own accord. Then the tsar's sharpshooters fired, but fell as they continually advanced against Bujyrmaran. Soon they no longer existed as a body. In fifteen minutes the whole of the tsar's regiment had stopped firing ; they were dead.

But the tsar did not cease to wage war. He said, " Let us renew the contest ; I have a seven-year-old bull, you shall fight with him ! " Bujyrmaran glanced at the door and wept ; but next looking at his beautiful house, he smiled. His wife said, " Why do you scream ? Fear nothing ! Carry the arrows to my father (the arrows had all come back after their flight) and ask him for a sash. "

Taking the arrows, Bujyrmaran went to visit his father-in-law, and said, " I need a sash. " The father-in-law gave him a silken sash, which he accepted. He reached home and his wife instructed him thus : " When you come to the gathering they will give you meat ; eat it ; and, if they do not give you any, snatch some and eat ! Whether you are pushed or not pushed, in any case fall ! When the bull butts at you throw this sash on his horns. "

Bujyrmaran arrived at the gathering, and at once snatched some meat and ate it ; and if anyone pushed against him and moved him but a little he fell. The people laughed and said, " A fine wrestler indeed ! "

The hour arrived for the contest. The tsar's servants led out a seven-year-old bull. The beast butted viciously, rushing strongly and straight at Bujyrmaran, but the youth threw the sash on to the bull's horns and turned him aside ; he could lift the animal easily. He turned the bull round several times and then threw him a hundred feet, and so killed him.

All the people were astounded, and the gathering came to an end.

Ten days passed and the tsar sent again to Bujyrmaran and said, " Let us have a trotting match ; if my horse comes in first, I will cut off your head ; if your horse comes in first, my head shall fall. Bujyrmaran looked at the door and wept ; then glancing at his fine home, he burst out laughing. He said to his wife, " What are we to do now ? " " Take back the silk sash to my father, and he will give you a horse of amazing swiftness. "

He went to his father-in-law and said, " We are to have a trotting match and I require a horse. " " Here, " was the answer, " is a little wonder ; take him and blindfold him ! Strike him once and then look ! " The youth covered the horse's eyes, and, having struck once, immediately arrived at his cottage.

The gathering began and the trotters were started on their way. Bujyrmaran's swift courser went far in advance and behind him the tsar's horse could not be seen. Seven silk strings were stretched across the end of the course. The swift courser tore six of the strings and stopped only at the last one. The tsar's horse arrived much later.

Bujyrmaran became tsar.

VIII

THE THREE BROTHERS :

LONG ago there lived an old man and his wife who had three sons. The woman died and the man, having become very ill, called his sons together and spoke to them thus : " As soon as

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Bashkir Folk-Tales*, p. 464.

I am dead take my sword and travel to the town where the khan lives. If, on the road, you have to pass the night in open country, one of you must stand on guard while the other two rest."

The old man died, and on the third day after his death the sons assembled and went to the town. In the evening, having stopped in a field and drunk tea (they had a teapot with them), the elder brother mounted guard and the others slept. At midnight a great snake appeared, flew overhead near them and tried to swallow them all. The brother on watch struck with his sword, but almost missed; however he cut off the snake's tail and put it in his pocket. He said nothing of this adventure to his brothers, but woke them at dawn; then all drank tea and set out again on their journey.

At the end of the second day, when they stopped once more to pass the night, two of them lay down to sleep and the middle brother watched. Suddenly a fire appeared at a distance and came nearer to them. "What is it? I will go and see," said the younger brother. He went to the fire and found a devil with seven heads sitting on it. The devil said, "Why have you come hither? I was just setting out for your village. I have never slept well from the time you were born; I will swallow you all."

The devil jumped out and seized the middle brother by the throat. But the young man tore himself away, swung his sword and cut off the seven heads; these he collected together and put under a stone, but from each head he cut off an ear and placed it in his pocket. He desired to show what can happen to anyone.

He went back and woke his brothers. All drank tea and set forward. As they approached the town they decided not to enter it at once, but to spend the night outside, to save the cost of a lodging; they stopped in a field and the youngest brother remained on guard.

He stood and they slept. Hearing a conversation, as if of a whole gang, he came out on to the road and waited. Men arrived to the number of forty. "Why are you standing here?" he asked them. "We are going to kill the khan. What are you able to do?" "I am a good climber; however high a thing may be, I can get up on it." "Come with us! We want such a person," they said, and took him with them.

They reached the town and found that it was difficult to

climb into the khan's house. But the youngest brother had a cord and a hook. He threw the hook upwards and ascended by means of the cord. "Come up," he said to them. "Which of you can climb?" He began to draw them one by one along the cord and, as he finished helping each conspirator he cut off the man's head and threw it on a shed. He cut off forty heads and put them in a heap on the shed. Then he cut off an ear from each head and placed it in his pocket.

Next he climbed down from the roof and went toward the khan's apartment. No sentry or soldier was visible, but a little dog stood alone and fastened up. As the dog began to bark the youngest brother killed it.

Then he descended into the khan's house. In the first room were sleeping the khan's three daughters. He took a ring and a kerchief from each of them and put them in his pocket. Then he went to the chancery and wrote a note, "Look, Khan, you are not managing well, you do not place a single sentry near your house, you rely on a small dog. If it had not been for me to-night you would have lost your life; if you do not believe me, examine in the morning the roof of the shed; you will see!"

He set forth to his brothers.

The three of them arrived next day in the town, and found a lodging in the extreme end of it. The khan in the morning came to table and saw the note; he read it through and thought, "What has happened to me?" Then his three daughters arrived and said, "Look, Father, last night a ring and a kerchief were taken from each of us; they are lost." "I also am astounded," he said; "someone has left this note for me. Can it be telling the truth?"

The khan summoned his councillors and sent soldiers to examine the shed. Was the news true? The shed, on being searched, proved to be full of bodies, while from each of a heap of heads an ear was missing.

He began to collect more of the people and to get together all who were in the town. "Let whoever has done this speak, and I will give him my empire and my daughter." The whole people assembled and began to ask, "Who has done this deed?" But the person was not found.

"Does nobody else remain in the town?" Those who had gone to gather the people said, "Three brothers are here, but they could not have done the deed." "Who knows that? We must call them! I ordered you to assemble everyone, to pass over none."

They sent to the brothers and said, "The khan has summoned you before him." The elder brothers were frightened, and said, "Why has he summoned us?" But the youngest brother was silent. All three arrived. But the khan did not leave them among the crowd; he took them into his own room, for he thought they had done the deed.

The three brothers sat at a table and related what had occurred on their journey to the town, and the khan counselled them to take care how they spoke.

The eldest brother said, "This is what happened the first night, when I was on guard. A huge snake appeared and tried to swallow all three of us. I swung my sword, but only cut off the tail. Here it is!" He drew the tail out of his pocket and laid it on the table.

Then the middle brother spoke. "I also killed a devil. I put the heads under a stone after I had cut off an ear from each of them." He placed the ears on the table.

The khan listened to what they said.

Then the younger brother spoke. "Something happened to me; a strange event. I was standing on the road when a gang of men came along. As they approached nearer I stopped them and said, 'Whither are you going?' They answered, 'We are going to kill the khan.' Well, I accompanied them, and climbed in front and drew them up one by one and cut off each man's head and set it down. I came to the khan's house and found a little dog, but no sentry. Everybody was asleep. It was fortunate for the khan that I came, otherwise he would have been killed. 'Look!'" he said, as he drew out of his pocket forty ears and laid them on the table.

The brothers expressed their astonishment to each other. The khan heard them all and said, "You are wonderful young fellows. You have accomplished magnificent deeds! Nobody has ever performed such feats."

As the khan had promised, so he now wished to give his empire to the youngest brother. But the youth refused, saying, "If you desire it, let my elder brother take my place." The khan gave his eldest daughter and his empire to the eldest brother, his middle daughter to the middle brother, and the youngest daughter to the youngest brother. He gave all three daughters, and they are alive now.

IX

THE MERCHANT'S SON¹

A RICH man once said to his only son, "Here are a thousand roubles; go to the fair and use the money to advantage." The young man went willingly. Finding two or three companions, he took an apartment with them in the town. First they drank tea and then, entering the bazaar, strolled about for a long time but bought nothing.

It had grown dark, when the rich man's son, seeing a light somewhere, said to one of his companions, "Here are lights and plenty of people, let us enter; we may find something to do!" The other replied, "They are playing draughts." "I shall go in," said the rich man's son, "Why not come?" "I have no more money," was the reply.

The youth entered alone, and asked if he might play. "Have you any money?" "I have a thousand roubles." "For a thousand roubles we will teach you to play in a month." They instructed him till, at the end of a month, his money was finished. He was obliged to return home, but when he departed from the house he was given an ass.

Approaching his own village, the young man left the ass on the road, for he imagined that if he appeared with it people would laugh at him. When he arrived his father grew wrathful. "Where is the money? What have you brought?" "I have brought nothing; I lost the money on the road."

In the course of time the father said to him, "Here is another sum of a thousand roubles. Go back to the same place; try your hand at trading again and don't lose the money!" The youth took what was given him and went; he arrived in the town and spent the night with his friends. In the morning when he visited the bazaar with a companion he asked, as they stood before a building, "What house is this? What takes place in it? Are there many people here?" "Every kind of play is carried on here, but more than all, the game of cards." The youth at once asked his friend to enter with him and play cards, and received the reply: "Don't go in; you will only lose." He would not listen, and entered.

Playing at cards continually, the youth spent all his money. Then to return home—and he had to go far—he asked for an ass, and when they had given him one he mounted and set out. Arriving at the village, he left the ass on the road.

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Bashkir Folk-Tales*, p. 456.

"What have you brought?" asked his father. "Nothing! and I have lost all!"

Next the father sold the house for a thousand roubles, and remained homeless. Again he gave his son the money. "Set out, but return, and this time don't lose the money! If you lose it, I shall starve!"

The young man departed and reached the town; there he visited the bazaar, and saw a man playing on a violin. He asked to be taught the violin for a fee of a thousand roubles. The money was taken and the instruction given. But the month and the money came to an end, and when it grew necessary to return home the young man had no means. He once more begged successfully for an ass.

He left the ass on the road, and arrived on foot. Not knowing where his father lived, he only found him after a long search. "Where is the money? What have you brought?" "I have brought nothing and lost the money." "Where are we to go? All is lost, both money and home are gone!" said the father, who conceived the idea of selling his son as a workman.

And he sold his son as a slave. The youth went with his new master, who was owner of a train of wagons. On the roadside there was a well, where they stopped to unharness the horses and feed them, and to rest themselves and drink tea. But the well was deep and they could not reach the water, the cord being too short. What was to be done? The master said to the youth: "Climb down and I will lower a bucket. Fill it with water and clamber up afterwards by help of the cord."

He let the youth down into the well, but there was no water. However, there was plenty of gold. The youth filled the bucket with gold and cried, "Draw up!"

The master piled up a cartload; and then, forsaking the young man, went home with the gold. But the youth found a certain passage and followed it. Soon he saw an old and blind man holding a violin. The youth took the instrument and began to play; and immediately the old man looked up and his sight became restored.

The old man said, "Youth, where do you come from?" "I am a workman and came with my master, but he has left me here." The old man said, "Come with me: I will take you to your master; he cannot have gone far." The old man led

him to his master, who was frightened and said, "How did you come? I left you in the well." After thinking, the master wrote a letter and, giving it to the youth, said, "Go forward, greet my wife and tell her that I am coming." The youth went and, opening the letter, looked at what was written. He read, "When this young man comes, kill him!" Having torn up the letter and thrown it away, the young man wrote, imitating his master's handwriting, "Marry this youth at once to my daughter."

The young man arrived in the village, and gave the letter to his master's wife. She read it and called the mollah, and the couple were married forthwith. In three or four hours the master came. "What have you done?" he said to his wife. "I wrote so and so. Where is the paper? No, I did not write this! I wrote . . . Well, there is nothing to be done, as the marriage has taken place."

The youth lived here a week, and then the girl said to him, "The khan is dwelling over there in a great house and plays at draughts; he will give his daughter to the man who proves his superior, but anyone who is beaten in the game by the khan will lose his head." The youth said, "I will go there, I can play well." The girl said, "Don't go! He will kill you!" "I am not afraid!" was the reply.

He went and said, on arriving, "In what game are you engaged? I have come to play with you." "Do you agree that I shall cut off your head if you lose?" "I agree." They began to play. The youth beat the khan, who gave him the girl, and without delay the second marriage was celebrated. The young man lived with the khan as his son-in-law and, moreover, took his place when the ruler died.

Then the youth summoned his former master. The man came. "Do you remember that once upon a time you wrote a letter? Was your action proper? At that time I was a workman, but now I am khan, and have the power to take your life. Do you agree?" "No," was the answer, "forbear! I will give you all the gold which you obtained for me." "Bring it!" The master brought the gold, which amounted to several hundredweight, and said, "Take it all!" "No, I spoke in jest. Live, and receive back the treasure, but in future do not ill-treat a workman. I will not accept the gold. I was married to your daughter; bring her!" The girl was surrendered by her father. The young man is living now.

X

THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN¹

A WORKMAN was seeking employment in the town of Petrovavlovsk, when a Tatar came up to him in the bazaar and said, "Are you looking for work? What wages do you want?" "I am asking ten roubles for the month." The master agreed and, taking the workman home, said to the cook, "This is a new workman; give him food and drink!"

Then the employer showed the man his work. "Here are a pair of horses, a cart and another pair of horses. Be up early. Harness the horses at twelve o'clock; and here," he said, going into a shed, "is a fat mare, fasten her on behind." When the master had given his directions he entered a cottage and left the workman to enter the kitchen in another.

At twelve o'clock, the master woke the man and said, "Harness the horses." The workman prepared everything properly, harnessed and put to four horses and attached the mare behind. The master took with him four bottles of wine and a goose; and the cook gave the workman a bottle of wine and a duck. They got in and departed. After driving a long way, they finally stopped near a mountain. The master killed the mare, and gave the man a piece of meat and told him to cook it. "Place the samovar and let me know when it is ready." Having performed his tasks, the man shouted, "All is prepared."

The master approached and gave the workman a glass of wine and another glass, and a third. When the man was intoxicated the master dragged him to where he had killed the mare and put him into her belly and sewed up the rent. The mare was lying there, but her intestines had been removed. Next the master watched from a distance and saw an eagle arrive and bear off both workman and mare to the top of the mountain.

The master had put a knife in with the man; and thought, "When he is sober he will come out." The master waited a long time, and at last the man issued forth and cried, "Why am I here?" The master replied, "There is golden store up there; throw it down here!" The man began to throw down and the master loaded the cart. Then the man cried, "Is that enough?" "Enough!" was the reply.

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Bashkir Folk-Tales*, p. 450.

"How shall I climb down?" said the man. "You cannot," was the answer, "get down from up there. The eagle is finishing the horse and will next finish you."

But the man found in time a way of escape. He raised a stone, underneath which was a hole. "Well, what must be, will be! I will descend here." He went down and came out at last exactly where his master had killed the horse. His difficulties were past.

Having reached Petropavlovsk, the man walked again into the bazaar. The same master approached him and said, "Workman, will you hire yourself to me?" "I will. How much will you give me for the month?" "Ten roubles," said the master. They agreed. The master took the man home, and said to the cook, "Give this workman food and drink; I have engaged him." "Drink some tea," said the master, "and I will show you your work." He went again to the man. "Look," he said, "here is a pair of horses for you, also a cart. Harness up to-morrow early; we will start at twelve o'clock." Then he pointed out another cart and another pair of horses. "Put to these horses as well!" Then he pointed out a fat mare. "Attach her on behind." The master entered his own room and the man went into the kitchen to sleep.

At midnight the master woke the workman. "Get up, put to the horses and let us set forth!" The workman put to, as his master ordered. Next the employer took four bottles of wine with him and the cook gave the workman a bottle of wine and a duck. They started.

Having travelled a long while, master and man stopped again at the Golden Mountain. The master killed the mare and having told the man to cook some meat, said, "When it is ready, call me, I will come and dine." The man prepared everything, cooked the meat and cried to his employer, "All is ready." The master came, sat down with the man, poured out a glass of wine and handed it to him. The workman drank. The master filled another glass and passed it to the workman, who this time did not drink. "Master," said he, "why do you not drink? Why do you only entertain me?" The employer drank some wine and again passed a glassful, but the man did not drink. On the contrary, he threw the wine on the ground. Then the master helped himself to wine, but poured it on the ground. Whereupon the man said, "Why

do you not drink, Master? Why pour the wine on the ground? You paid for it." The employer took some more wine and drank.

In the course of time the master became intoxicated. But the workman remained sober, and going to the mare, exclaimed, "What has the master been preparing to do?" He found there a needle and thread ready. "Well," said the man, "I will do with him as he intended to do with me." The employer lay helpless, and the workman managed to drag him along and push him into the mare's abdomen and then to sew it up. He placed a knife inside, and thus did everything as had been done to himself. He went away and observed from afar. An eagle flew to the spot and carried the employer and the mare to the top of the mountain.

The workman waited for his master. After a long while the master stood up and called out, "How shall I climb down?" The man answered, "There is gold-ore on the mountain; throw it here!" The master threw down the ore and the man loaded two carts. The master cried, "Is that enough? Where shall I descend?" "Nowhere!" said the man, "An eagle will finish you there, as you wished him to finish me."

The workman went home to Petropavlovsk and sold the gold ore; but he lost everything in feasting and remains barefooted.

XI

THE WATER NYMPH

AN old man and an old woman had three sons. The family lived well. Each of the two elder sons married, but their brother remained single. When the old man died the married sons began to insult the single brother, who wished to marry, but they would not find him a wife.

One day the bachelor brother went to a lake. Walking along the shore, he saw somebody at a distance. Having gone near, he saw it was a maiden nearly up to the neck in the water. "Who are you?" asked the lad. "I am a water-nymph." "Will you marry me?" he said. "Whom have you at home? Have you a brother or a father?" The youth told her, and she answered: "You have a rich brother, but I am poor, how

could I marry you? I should be ashamed." Now, the girl was pretty, and after talking together some time the pair agreed to marry.

The youth departed and obtained clothing for her, and when she had put it on she went home with him. Time passed, and the mother-in-law praised the girl and said, "How clever she is! We have ten cows and she milks them quickly, but my daughter-in-law, who formerly was here, did little, she would not get to work. Now all is well."

Once the young daughter-in-law went to milk the cows. She wore clothing made of frogs' skin. As she went along she hung this clothing on a nail. The young man took it and threw it in the fire, so that it was nearly all burnt. When the girl came she said, "Oh, what have you done?" and, shaking in anger, flew away. The peasant lamented loudly.

Life now grew hard for him, and after thinking a long time he determined to find another wife. He laid in a good stock of food and set forth, going always in a southerly direction. Thus he travelled many days, passed many rivers in the Ural regions, and continued onwards. Unfortunately his clothing wore out, but he came upon some cloth which had formed the cover of a cart, and from it he was able to construct garments and a hat. Then he walked on again.

As he proceeded he saw afar off a house like a thimble and smoke like a fishing line. His food had already been consumed. Having gone up to the house, he opened the door, closed it behind him and said, "Grandmother, greetings!" A woman answered, "Whence have you come?" "My wife has run away from me. I am very hungry; give me something to eat, a small piece of anything." "My good youth, I have very little and am myself hungry." She gave him some hard crusts and clotted milk, which he ate.

The young man went on, and again saw in the distance a house like a thimble and smoke like a fishing line. Having approached, he called at the house and opened the door, then he said to the old woman who was sitting there, "Please give me some food. I am searching for the wife whom I have lost." "I know her," was the answer; "she is my eldest sister's daughter. You will come on her in a courtyard. Do not pass the house, for though all is locked and bolted I will give you the key; throw it on the top of the wall."

The youth took the key and, going as directed, found the

house. When he threw the key on the top of the wall the door opened. An old woman came out and said, "Enter our cottage. Why have you come?" (She was a sorceress and knew, but nevertheless asked). "My wife has run away." "She is my daughter!" "Well," said the young man, "how can I recover her?" "So you are my son-in-law! Why did you make her angry? She will come here immediately and kill you."

The old woman shook him and he grew small like a needle. Then she pushed him into some moss. He saw nine geese arrive, which shook themselves and became maidens and sniffed about. They said, "Who is here?" and grew angry, and one of them cried, "I will kill him!" But the old woman cried, "You must not kill him; become reconciled! It will be better"; and she said to the girl's friends, "Persuade her." They persuaded her and she agreed.

The old woman said, "Take an oath, otherwise you will deceive me, and the daughter swore thus: "I will not kill him." Then the old woman drew out the needle and it became a dirty man of very disagreeable appearance.

"I will not live with him," said her daughter, and she sent for another bed, and lay down on different bed clothes. When he had fallen asleep this girl came and put him on a grain-shovel and threw him into the fire (the stove had been already heated). He was consumed there and died, and only ashes remained. Sweeping them up, she put them on a clean cloth and shook them, and they turned again into a man. He was clean and looked much better and his hair had grown.

On the next day, when they all got up in the morning, the old woman asked him what he had seen in his sleep. "Oh, how fiends troubled me!" he replied. "They threw me into the fire, kneaded me, put me on a cloth, fastened me up and again shook me." He remembered everything, only it was in his sleep. They began to live together.

"Let us return," he said, "home!" "I will not depart yet; but you go home. If you need bread on the road, seize this bag and shake it; you will find money; but buy nothing else with it than bread!"

He set out, and went on and on. At last he saw a long way off a house like a thimble and smoke like a fishing line. He visited the house and found an old woman sitting outside. He cried to her, "Is the master at home?" "He is." The old man came out and said, "Who are you?" The youth answered,

"Sell me this building." "Very well! put down three boxes of gold coins and I will sell it." The young man shook the bag and it immediately contained boxes of gold. He filled three boxes. The old man and old woman harnessed a horse and drove away. "It will be enough for us!" said the old man. The youth kept house and began to live here; he did not go home.

His wife knew of this. She came and said, "What are you doing?" and burnt the whole place in five minutes. Only the young man remained. "Why did you not listen to me?" she said. "I forgive you now, the first time, but I will not forgive you a second time."

They went home together and, arriving at the proper spot, said, "Where is our village? It seems our land exactly, but where is the village?" They cried out several times, but nobody came. Then they called at a mud cottage and saw an old man and old woman seated, who were the young man's brother and mother. "Greetings, brother!" said the youth; but the brother neither understood nor saw nor heard anything. The mother was similarly afflicted, and both of them had become very old. The youth said to his wife, "These are my brother and mother; they hear nothing."

The wife threw all the possessions into the fire on the hearth and next threw the mother and brother there. As she had formerly thrown her husband, now she threw her other relatives. Then she took their ashes, put them in a cloth and shook it; a healthy youth came forth, who might have been seventeen. They were rich and began to live happily.

XII

THE DECEIVER¹

LONG ago there lived an old man and an old woman who were very poor. They had three young daughters, the eldest one being fifteen years old.

Once the three daughters were reaping corn in a field. Becoming tired and wishing to eat, the eldest said to her father, "Father, I am hungry; give me some bread." The father struck her, and said, "Well, eat!" The girl answered, "Is

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Bashkir Folk-Tales*, p. 488.

there no bread yet?" Whereupon the mother cried out, "If you want bread, go and get married." The girl replied, "I will."

They went home and set up the samovar and drank plenty of tea. The eldest daughter said, "I will not go now to get married; I am not hungry." The middle daughter said, "Nor will I go; my elder sister must go first."

Then the old man and the old woman talked alone thus: "We must marry off the eldest!" "Yes, we must." A match-maker was quickly found, who offered the old man some money. He took it joyfully and gave away the eldest daughter.

But the son-in-law was a deceiver. He and his wife lived a little, but she soon became ill and died. The deceiver put her body in a cart, harnessed a horse, took a seat by his dead wife and went to visit his father-in-law. He arrived at the cottage and left his wife in the cart. Having greeted his father-in-law and mother-in-law and his sisters-in-law, he said to his little sister-in-law, "Go and call my wife hither." The girl went and cried out, "Sister, come in." But the sister neither came nor answered. The girl returned and said, "My sister must be angry; she neither comes nor answers."

Then the deceiver said to his elder sister-in-law, "Go and call my wife hither; she is not very well. If she is asleep, wake her!" The girl went, and at first speaking quietly, said, "Sister, come in!" But there was no reply, so she cried loudly and seized her sister by the hand, and tried to draw her toward the cottage. The dead woman fell and the cart creaked. The old man and his son-in-law went out. "She is dead," they remarked.

Then they took her and buried her in the cemetery. The old man said, "I will give you my second daughter in return for some money." The deceiver said, "I will not take her. My first wife was beautiful, but this girl is the opposite. My neighbours would laugh at me and say I had exchanged a pretty wife for an ugly one."

The old man said, "Son-in-law, we will not quarrel. You know I have no coals; bring me to-morrow a box of coals, and I will give you both daughters at once."

The son-in-law agreed.

He went home; but his neighbours, nine tricksters, had burnt in his absence all the firewood which he had cut down for himself. The peasant thought, "It is well that they have

burnt it, for I need coal now, not firewood." He raked together some boxes of coal and took them to his father-in-law.

Next day he brought home two wives, both of them young girls. His neighbours, the nine tricksters, asked him where he had obtained them. "My first wife fell ill and died; I bore her dead body through the villages and cried: 'Give me a living girl for a dead woman.' I exchanged one for two!"

The nine tricksters said, "You did cleverly." Each had a mother, and killed her with an axe. Then they went through the villages crying, "Exchange a living woman for a dead one!" The peasants laughed, and saying, "These men are fools!" took them and drove them out of the village.

NOTES

II ALEYKA

The mysterious white-bearded old man who predicts so truly, is comparable to various beneficent and powerful personages in Siberian tales who, suddenly coming and going, appear to be the Deity. Water is here used in a certain episode as a medium in which to convey a ring as a message to a maiden; it will be found that in the Russian, "The Deathless Skeleton-man," a ring is thrown into a bowl of milk with a like purpose. In an Indian story, a returning husband slips a ring in a pitcher of water to inform his wife of his arrival. "And while they were pouring the water of ablution over Bhadrà, her ring fell into her lap." The name, "Dark Ridge on a Watery Wave," and the description, "a pretty woman like a moon on one cheek and a sun on the other" remind us that poetical expressions occur among backward Ural-Altaiic races; thus, we have the Ostyak name, "Active and Restless as an Aspen-leaf." The maiden's announcement, "I will marry the one who kills the other," recalls the Amazon's attitude in Altaian stories. The episode of the false bride and stolen garments is treated in a Note to the Yakut tale, "The little Old Woman with Five Cows." The temporary transmutation of the real bride into a goose is comparable to an incident in a White-Russian, "A Stepmother Story." There a bride is turned by her stepmother into a lynx. The story appears in the Note to the Russian, "The Man-wolf."

¹Tawney, I, p. 142.

III THE OLD MAN AND THE WOOD-SPRITE

THE strange contest between the old man and the wood-sprite recalls the duel, in the Kalmuck "Siddhi-kur," between Massang and the little witch ; in which Massang obtained an initial advantage by unprincipled craftiness.

In Grimm's story, "The Little Tailor," a man having to pass a night with a bear, to save his life suggests a contest in cracking a pebble with his teeth ; he gives a pebble to the bear and himself cracks a nut.

The present story introduces us into the intimate life of a wood-sprite, who is also a cannibal. There is a Russian story of a wood-sprite who was shot by a hunter. The man, pursuing his way in the forest, came to a hut where a damsel sat by the wood-sprite's dead body and bewailed his death. She was a priest's daughter who had been abducted by the wood-sprite and lived with him for three years. The hunter restored the maiden to her parents and married her.¹

The old man's artifice in leaving in the bed a log to be mistaken for himself is doubtless an old one ; Jack the giant-killer laid in his bed a billet of wood, which soon received several blows from the giant's club. The situation is reversed when a bear is passed off as a log in the Russian tale, "The Peasant, the Bear and the Fox." Our old man's hectoring behaviour, when overcome by fear in the cannibal's home, brought him success, like that of the bold apprentice surrounded by robbers in the mill, and that of the martial cock in the respective Russian stories, "The Bold Apprentice" and "The Bear and the Cock."

In the *Contes de Lorraine* there is a story called "The Tailor and the Giant," in which a tailor, having killed a dozen flies on a wall with a blow of his fist, had his mighty deed painted on his hat, thus, "I killed twelve of them at a blow." A giant met the tailor and, seeing the inscription, determined to beware of the tailor, whom he made his companion. He proposed a game of bowls, and the tailor, unable even to lift the bowls, pretended illness. By means of cunning and a boastful bearing the little tailor not only killed a wild boar and a unicorn, but impressed the giant and the king and the king's daughter with a false conception of his courage and skill. He was awarded the princess as a wife.² The Armenian, "A Wedding of Wood-spirits," portrays beings whose natures are mild in comparison with the above mentioned Bashkir and Russian sprites.

¹Afanasief, No. 213.

²Cosquin p. 94

IV. THE WITCH OR SORCERESS

The long pursuit by the witch recalls that in the Buryat tale, "The Old Water-sprite," in which the terrible old woman cuts off successively the legs of the eight-legged horse and eats them. Speaking of "The Wonderful Reed-pipe," Afanasief says that the story of the marvellously detected murderer exists in almost all Indo-European countries. Sometimes a brother kills a brother, and upon the grave of the dead man an elder tree grows; sometimes a mother kills her step-daughter, and there a white hazel appears; or where two sisters have killed a third sister, a small fir springs up; but a blossom comes which sings of the evil deed.¹

The following Little-Russian story, "The Murdered Sister," in brief, is comparable with "The Witch or Sorceress." There were three sisters, of whom one was beautiful and the others were ugly. The ugly sisters killed the beautiful sister in a forest, and then a strolling singer, mistaking her body for that of a small sheep, made strings for his lyre out of her intestines. The strings sang plaintively of the murder to the girl's father and brother. The startled and horrified brother dashed the lyre to the ground, and the strings were transformed to a maiden. The wicked sisters were imprisoned.²

In a German story,³ "The Singing Bone," a poor man has two sons, the younger of whom seeks out a boar, for whose death a reward has been offered by the king. He pierces the animal's heart with his spear, but is thrown from a bridge by his elder brother and drowned. Many years later a white bone is found in the sand by a shepherd crossing the bridge. He uses it as a horn, and it immediately sings concerning the murder.

In the *Contes de Lorraine* there is a story called "The Enchanted Whistle." A king had a wonderful songster, which he lost. He sent his two sons to seek it, and the younger son, aided by a whistle which was given him by a fairy, recovered the lost bird. The elder brother met the younger and killed him and took the bird to the king. A shepherd found the whistle in the forest and put it to his lips and it sang, "Shepherd, whistle! My brother has slain me in the forest of Ardennes." The magic whistle was taken to the king, before whom it sang, "Whistle, whistle, my father! My brother slew me in the forest of Ardennes in order to obtain the bird

¹Russian Popular Tales. No. 137, note.

²Sumstov p. 125.

³Grimm I, p. 28.

which flew away from you." The king had his elder son burned and recovered the body of the younger, who became reanimated.¹

The following is in outline a Hungarian tale called "The Crow's Nest." While a poor man was away ploughing his wife killed their little son, and having cooked him, sent a dish by the sister to her husband in the field. The girl guessed the truth and placed the collected bones in the hollow of a tree. A crow hatched them, and the young crow sometimes sang, "My mother killed me, my father ate me and now I am a young crow." The song pleased passers-by, and they gave the crow presents and encouraged him to repeat it. He flew to his home and threw a cloak to his sister and a crutch-stick to his father. While he was settled on the roof his mother came to look at him. He threw a millstone at, and killed her. So ends the story.²

A Kaffir tale relates how a father warned his two children that their mother would soon eat them. The children escaped, but were pursued by the cannibal woman, who overtook the girl and swallowed her. Then she swallowed the boy, and then all the people that were at home and all the cattle. Next she met a beautiful bird, which tore her open and liberated the two living children, also the others who were dead. The children fled, but the dead were swallowed again.³

V GOLDEN KNUCKLE-BONE

This tale shows considerable resemblance to, first, the Buryat, "The Old Water-sprite" and, secondly, the Ostyak, "The Hunter and the Seven-headed Satyr." The Bashkir tale has, in common with the Buryat tale, a water-witch, who carries on a relentless pursuit of the hero, and it possesses a magic horse, which both assists him to obtain a knucklebone and is of vast help in his flight. In the Bashkir the magic colt advises the hero to climb a tree, while in the Buryat the magic horse himself becomes a tree of refuge. But from this point the Bashkir story forsakes the Buryat and proceeds much as in the Ostyak. When the witch hacks at the tree a fox arrives and throws axe and whetstone into the water; similarly, in the Ostyak tale, a hare, a vixen and an otter arrive and strengthen the tree of refuge. In the Bashkir story a raven and a sparrow are sent by the youth to summon his dogs, Akkylak and Sakky-

¹Cosquin, p. 263.

²Jones and Kropf.

³Theal, p. 134.

lak ; in the Ostyak a raven summons the dogs " Bear " and " Wolf." The Bashkir witch, Yboor, is killed by the dogs in a notable contest ; the Ostyak seven-headed devil is killed by the dogs and their master in a three years' conflict. But while this Bashkir tale shews indubitable and close likeness to Buryat and Ostyak stories, it has Russian characteristics in its lines of rhymed verse and in the witch's mortar and pestle.

VI THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD AND THE CREATION OF MAN

As the Bashkirs profess Mahomedanism (although it is said they know little of its doctrines), we naturally compare their account of the Creation with that in the Koran. In a well-known translation of the Mahomedan scriptures the narrative possibly differs from the Bashkirs, in being less vivid, but agrees with it generally in the order of creation. As to one particular, however, the Bashkir account differs definitely; for it brings rivers and lakes and fish and grass and trees and fruit and animals and birds into existence after man. In the Koran food is provided for the creatures designed to be the inhabitants of earth early, even before the creation of heaven, angels, and man and woman.¹ Adam and Eve figure in the Bashkir Creation as Yadyrn and Ava ; in the Koran as Ad and Thumud, and in the Altaian as Torongoi and Edji.

VII BUJYRMARAN

This fairy tale and epic contains not only a grateful snake, whose father possesses magical powers, but an all-conquering hero who becomes tsar. Bujyrmaran's motives are on a level with those of a Kirghiz hero who, while inspired to do great deeds, was not dominated by the desire to assist some other person which is often found in the Russian folk-tale epics. The talismanic box, from which sprang a wife and everything necessary for a home, has powers as remarkable as the jewel in the Kalmuck, " Adventure of the Brahmin's Son," and resembles the red trunk in the Russian, " Sea King and Vasilissa the Wise," whence issued incredible herds of cattle. The snake's daughter, whom the hero married, is another of the fanciful creations intended to divert hearers of a surprising story. In the Russian, " Prince Ivan and Princess Maria,"

¹Sale's Koran, pp. 389-390.

three maidens married respectively a twenty-headed, a thirty-headed and a forty-headed serpent. The magical arrows recall those in the Bashkir, "Aleyka," and in the North American Indian myth of the Red Swan, in which the hunter, Ojibwa, with his third arrow shot the swan.¹ Preliminary feigned disability of the kind shown by Bujymaran in order to magnify his coming victory is a universal device in stories of skill. Such a well-told story is but one of many instances showing the superiority of the Bashkir tales over those of the Mordvins.

The Eskimo have a tale of magic arrows. Kumagdlak was a great wizard, who, by breathing on his arrows could give them life and make them fly and slay his enemies. He aimed an arrow that cut through the string of an opponent's bow, and his wife handed him the arrows as he shot. Whirling a child's pouch around him, he made hostile missiles fly wide of him. So he gained a great victory.²

According to a legend of the Dene (or Tinneh) North-West American Indians, two boys were given magic arrows by their grandfather. One of the boys aimed an arrow and transfixed a squirrel. But the arrow began to move upwards, and the younger boy climbed to recover it, against the injunctions previously given him by the grandfather. The arrow having been seized by the younger boy, rose with immense speed to a land above and took with it not only the younger boy, but his brother who had been supporting him.³

VIII THE THREE BROTHERS

The adventure of the eldest brother with the snake which flew overhead at night recalls the mighty deeds of the Russian, "Storm-hero, Cowson," who, travelling far with his two younger brothers and showing himself to be their protector and superior, at last overcame Tchudo-yudo, the many-headed snake, and his mother, the terrible witch. The three brothers were born of different mothers, but at the same hour, and there was long continued heart-searching among them as to who was the eldest.⁴ In the present story there are acquiescence in the eldest brother's elevation and magnanimous self-abnegation by the youngest brother in his favour.

The device of killing a gang of enemies one by one as they

¹Tylor. Primitive Culture, I., p. 321.

²Rasmussen and Worster, p. 93.

³Petitot, p. 127.

⁴Afanasief. No. 76.

successively climb up a ladder is not unknown in folk-tales; thus, it occurs in a story from Lorraine, "The House in the Forest." Overtaken by night in a forest, a soldier is shown to a room in an upper storey. Robbers cannot force his door and have recourse to entry by the window. He kills nearly all of them.¹ The incident is one which would obviously arise *de novo* in different times and places. The retention by the brothers of the great snake's tail and of the ears of the seven-headed devil may be compared with the hero's cutting out the dragon's tongue and writing his name thereon, and so confounding the claims of an impostor in the Lithuanian, "The Youth who Saved Three Princesses from Dragons." So in the story of Tristram and Isolde, Tristram cut out the dragon's tongue as a proof that he had really slain it. But Tristram was overcome by the pestiferous breath of the dragon, and meanwhile a horseman approached who, cutting off the monster's head, claimed that he had killed it. Tristram recovered and, challenging the traitor to fight, made the latter confess his guilt.²

The incidents which embody the youngest of the three brothers' audacity and presence of mind has a parallel in a Turkish tale, "The Wind Demon." There the youth slays a monstrous dragon and later cuts off its ears and nose. He comes on forty robbers discussing beneath a castle wall and about to steal the treasure. He clammers up the wall and chops off the head of the forty as each one reaches the top.³ The story now merges into that of the Russian, "Prince John and Princess Maria."

IX THE MERCHANT'S SON

In his early failures and final triumph the youthful hero somewhat resembles the foolish youngest son of Russian tales. He is sold by his father as a slave; an act which would not have been impossible in Russia as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century.⁴ Even sacrifices of a child's life by a father to save his own life occurs in folk-tales. The encounter with the blind man at the bottom of a well recalls how, in a similar situation, in the Gagauzy tale, "The Demon, 'Oh,'" a demon appears when the youth has hurt his foot and groaned;

¹Cosquin, No. 32.

²Wagner and McDowall, p. 468.

³R. N. Bain, *Turkish Fairy Tales and Folk-tales* (from Kunos), p. 112.

⁴D. M. Wallace, *Russia*. Vol. II, p. 145.

and in Grimm's, "The Blue Light," a black dwarf is found in a cavern approached from a well. The incident of the changed letter, a likely artifice, is not uncommon; it occurs in Grimm's "The Devil with Three Golden Hairs," and in a story from Epirus called "The Prophecy Fulfilled," which runs in outline, as follows:

A rich merchant heard it prophesied that his whole estate would be spent by a certain poor man's son. He failed to buy this boy of his father, and threw him off a bridge into the water. A shepherd cared for the boy till he reached the age of fifteen, when the merchant recognised him. The merchant bade the shepherd send the youth home with a letter, telling the shepherd's wife to kill the boy. A godly man on the road learnt that the boy was going to fetch something and, hearing of the letter, read and changed it into one saying, "Marry this youth to our daughter." The marriage took place. The merchant returned and, having determined that his son-in-law should not inherit his wealth, plotted again for the young man's death. The merchant was accidentally killed and the youth inherited his fortune.¹

X THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

This story was related to Zelenin in the Ekaterinaberg district—that is on the further side of the Ural Mountains—by a Bashkir who could read and write only Tatar and speak but broken Russian. Zelenin had to translate from Bashkir a good deal of the stories. The Bashkir, "Golden Mountain," is narrated in a much simpler style than the Russian version bearing the same name and lacks the details of the castle and the daughter and of the steel and flint and of the ship. An eagle is here the means of transport, instead of ravens in the Russian. The story offers a striking example of retaliation in kind; of payment of an offender in his own coin. The Chukchi story, "The Two Cousins," is another instance of similar poetical justice. A variant of the story from "The Thousand and One Nights" is given in a Note to the Russian, "Golden Mountain."

XI THE WATER NYMPH

The maiden in the water is not of the once-human sort, as in the Russian, "The Maid and the Water-sprite," nor of the

¹Hahn I., No. 20.

wicked water-sprite sort, as in the Buryat, "The Old Water-sprite," nor of the coldly supernatural sort as in the Lapp story, "The Water-sprite"; she is rather of the genus swan-maiden, like Khatchilan-Ko, in the Yakut story, "Black Hawk," a beautiful water-nymph who turned herself into a lark and flew away, but afterwards became the hero's bride. She is of the bird-maidens, who leave their garments or feathers on the shore when they bathe. For she later wore frog's-skin clothing and flew away when it was thrown into the fire by her husband, in the manner usual in fairy stories, and occurring in the Russian, "The Frog Princess." The theme of the story is the loss and recovery of a wife who possesses magical powers.

The visits paid to the three old women by the husband recall similar visits in the Ostyak "Aspen-leaf" and the Lappish "Stallo"; and the placing of the husband on a shovel recalls parallel incidents in the Ostyak, "Three Brothers and their Sister" and in the Lettish, "The Dog's Snout People."

The latter part of the story contains several instances of revivifications from ashes of dead persons, comparable to the revivification from ashes of a man in the underworld, in the first Samoyede tale. In a Note to that tale the subject is briefly discussed.

XII THE DECEIVER

Exhibiting harsh conditions of life, "The Deceiver" is on a level with Samoyede stories in brutality of tone. It is noticeable that the daughter is sold through the match-maker, and that two daughters are simultaneously married to one and the same man. In the Kalmuck, "Sunshine and his Younger Brother," a maiden is married by her father to two brothers.

The trickery with the dead body outside the house is comparable to that in the fifth Samoyede tale, and to that in the Buryat, "Orphan Lad." It is possible that the incident of the wholesale killing of the mothers carries the story back to a time when the custom which is mentioned in a Gagaüzy tale and still survives among the Chukchis and Koryaks, was more widely spread; but the more probable explanation is that it is a stroke of rude humour comparable to the killing of their wives by seven men in the Tarantchi-Tatar, "Schingiltak and Pingiltak," the incident being of similar nature.

THE GEORGIANS

DWELLING a short distance to the south of the Caucasus, the Georgians, an inland people calling themselves Karthuhli, have been established in their present home, it is said, some four or five thousand years. Their language is agglutinative, but not devoid of inflections. While comparatively poor in vowels, it is rich in difficult combinations of gutturals and sibilants. The Georgians possess a literature of some extent, which includes epics and prose romances, and thus they are distinguished from other Caucasian races. Their physical beauty has long been acclaimed. Life among the Georgians has some special characteristics. Thus, communities exist in which a hundred members are gathered into one homestead. Among some of the Mussulman Georgians, a poor woman in labour is driven out to bring forth her child in the stable. The Georgians distributed along the valley of the Kurà are far better situated from an economic standpoint than the mountaineers of the Caucausus. Their fertile lowlands are favorable for agriculture and rice-growing, and the wines of Kakhétia are famous. Tiflis is a fine capital, where a large Russian quarter stands on the threshold, as it were, of another world, namely, the Georgian, Armenian and Persian districts of the city. The zenith of Georgia's prosperity was reached in the twelfth century, in the reign of Queen Tamàra. Then, having suffered under the merciless hands of Genghis Khan and his hordes of Mongols, the country underwent long continued strife, but generally acknowledged Persian domination. In 1802 the Russians came into possession.

I

THE PROPHET ILYA, THE SHOEMAKER †

THE prophet Ilyà, who was by calling a shoemaker, surpassed ordinary mortals in honesty and holiness. He dwelt in a poor and plain cottage, where, shunning society, he seldom looked into the eyes of those who gave him orders, and avoided especially the gaze of women. In order to resist every seduction, he made it his rule to ask from within doors a caller's object. If the visitor's answer was, "Footwear," Ilyà would reply, "Set your foot down in the ashes to be found in the ante-room and depart; the measure will enable me to have your boots ready to-morrow." Such was his practice during many years.

But the Devil, with a notion of seducing Ilyà, came in the form of a woman and knocked at the door. Behaving according to his custom, the prophet suggested that his visitor should stand with a foot in the ashes; but the Devil insisted that Ilyà should in person take his measure. Ilyà would not admit him, and an interchange of arguments continued several days between the pair. At last Ilyà decided to admit his customer on the latter's assurance that he would do no evil. Having set the Devil (in the form of a woman) on a chair, he began to take a measure of the foot and endeavoured not to think of her body. But the cursed Devil placing one foot over the other (while Ilyà stood before him) raised his dress to even above the knee. The prophet was so mortified that, taking his awl, he thrust it into one of his eyes. Then the blinded Ilyà went to Mount Golgotha, where he bathed his eyes with water taken from the summit. During many years Ilyà was tortured by the remembrance of his involuntary sin, but exhorted his pupils that they should never lay hands upon themselves. The affair was reported to the Lord. The Almighty sent to Ilyà five angels, who announced that the Lord, out of consideration for the prophet's honest and holy life, consented to take him into Heaven. Ilyà expressed his gratitude to the Lord and followed the angels. However, as he mounted aloft, his pupil Elisha called out to him with tears: "Teacher, you are being translated to Heaven. How am I now to live?" Thereupon Ilyà took off his leather apron and, throwing it to Elisha, said, "Live in the world with this!" Ilyà was lost to view in the

†*Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ.*, 1902, No. 4, p. 115.

clouds, and Elisha remained on earth as a shoemaker. Hence shoemakers consider that their trade derives its origin from the prophet Ilya.

II

THE TSAR AND THE SILVERSMITH¹

ONCE there lived a tsar who had a celebrated God-fearing silversmith. The latter was accustomed to answer every question of the tsar by these words: "God will help the just." Now, such a reply did not please the tsar, who conceived the idea of breaking the silversmith of the disagreeable habit. He contrived this cunning scheme: he would give the silversmith a magnificent diamond and direct that it should be set in gold; the tsar would next instruct his vizier to steal the precious stone, and, lastly, would inform the silversmith that he must either return the diamond or relinquish his custom of using the hateful words. The tsar carried out his plan. Despondently the silversmith set out to announce the loss to the tsar, and to the latter's question, "What have you done with the diamond?" offered his customary reply, "God will help the just." The tsar gave him five days in which either to find the gem or to abandon the habit of making such an answer; and threatened, in case of failure, to take off the silversmith's head. The afflicted man returned home, but on his way met a fisherman, who sold him a recently caught salmon. When the fish was cleaned the silversmith's wife found in its interior the precious stone, and the worker in gold and silver exclaimed in his joy, "God will help the just." The tsar, feeling repentant, had previously ordered that the diamond stolen for him by the vizier should be thrown into the sea, where it was swallowed by a salmon which was soon caught by the fisherman. The silversmith without delay brought the diamond to the tsar and said, "God will help the just." The tsar knew how it came about that the stone had been found, and henceforth himself often used the expression, "God will help the just."

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1892, p. 187.

III

THE TSAR AND HIS THREE SONS¹

ONCE upon a time there lived in the east a certain tsar. As years rolled on and he felt the approach of death, he summoned his three sons and, taking out of a coffer a precious stone of immense value, showed it them and said, "Sons, I feel that I shall soon die. After my departure live in harmony and love toward another, so that you may neither fall into poverty nor become an easy prey for your enemies. Here is a jewel; give it to nobody, except under extreme stress."

Later, when alone, the tsar hid the precious stone in a hole which he made in the wall of his room, and ordered that the place should be plastered over. Before long the tsar died, and his sons directed the kingdom. Although the three brothers were prudent and wise, they did not agree in the management of affairs. From this cause the kingdom fell to pieces and the brothers became impoverished. They now remembered the precious stone which their father had shown them, but to their extreme mortification were unable to find it. Accusing each other of theft, they decided to travel to a western country and there seek the verdict of its tsar. They set out and at last reached a stream, where the eldest brother exclaimed, "I notice that not long ago a one-eyed camel browsed on the banks of this river."

The next day the three young princes came to the tsar, and his daughter, who possessed great sagacity, appeared before him and begged him to admit them and to decide their dispute and grievance against one another. The princes were conducted to a room divided by a curtain into two parts, in one of which sat the tsar and his daughter, while into the other were led the three brothers. The latter were unable to see their judges. Having listened to the princes' dispute, the wise daughter said, "A certain tsar possessed a beautiful daughter. A peasant who had a handsome son lived in the neighbourhood. When the princess and the peasant's son reached full age they promised before God to live in brotherly and sisterly unity."

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ., 1912, p. 2.*

IV

THE STONE CHARIOT¹

LONG ago, when unbelievers, over-running an unhappy country, killed the natives and carried the young people into captivity, in a sudden attack a boy and his older sister fell into different hands and remained without knowledge of each other's fate. Possessing good looks and being industrious and faithful servants to their masters, they were accorded some liberty. Once the boy, who was already no longer small, stood at a well and tried ineffectually to detach from its ornamental front an embroidered slipper. In his vexation he used some Georgian words and mentioned the monastery Bardzya. A maiden over-heard the Georgian expression and the allusion to the monastery, and she asked the boy if he had been in Bardzya, was he a Georgian, how did it happen that he had come hither. The youth replied that he had been in Bardzya, that his home was not far from the monastery, and that one day unbelievers had come to the village, killed the old men and led him and his sister away as captives. The girl clearly remembered this event and, having considered the youth's age, concluded that he was her brother. They were desirous of speaking together further, but were bashful, and finally the girl suggested that the youth should come to her at night with such clothing as he might possess, for at night it would be cold; she intended to settle then the question of her relationship to this boy satisfactorily.

The pair met at night, and in order not to be noticed by anyone, lay down on a cart standing at no great distance away. Having conversed at length and recalled many things to memory, they were finally convinced that they were the sister and brother long since seized by infidels in an attack on the monastery, Bardzya. The boy and girl had worked hard all the day and, after talking at night, fell asleep without having been noticed by anyone.

But the cart, upon which they rested near a field, moved quietly and steadily of its own accord, till at last it rested upon a huge rock not far from Bardzya. When the young people woke they thanked God that they were once more in their own land, and next the maiden addressed a few words to the cart. In a second it became transformed to stone! This event

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1909, No. 3. p. 175.

occurred on the festival of Bardzya, the miracle being witnessed by a number of people ; moreover, many inhabitants of neighbouring villages saw the cart just as it now appears to believers. The stone chariot stands on an enormous rocky prominence.

NOTES

I. THE PROPHET ILYA, THE SHOEMAKER

As might be expected, this Georgian legend treats the prophet Ilya in a less austere manner than that which obtains in the legends of religiously-minded Russians, and is employed in "The Prophet Ilya and the Archer." Ilya the shoemaker, commits an involuntary sin, owing to the Devil's machinations. Ralston quotes a story from Buslaef which tells how the Evil One came to the gates of Paradise and bribed the dog with a piece of bread to admit him. Then he spat over Adam and Eve from the head to the little toe of the left foot.¹ This application of spittle to man's body recalls a similar episode in the Buryat legend of the Creation to be found in this book. Another Russian story from Buslaef depicts the Evil One as man's instructor in the art of hewing out windows in a wooden house.² Such a service is a link with Siberian legends of the Creation, in which creation is seldom the work of a single being.

II THE TSAR AND THE SILVERSMITH

The element of chance in this fish story is complete. But in "The Young Fisherman" (Kirghiz tale), though chance brings about the capture of a fish who has been blinded by the fall of a jewel into the water, there is a second part to the episode ; the fish, on having its life spared, indicates the spot where the jewel lies. The fundamental factor, however, is the same in the two tales, an encounter with the particular fish which had been affected by the lost jewel.

III THE TSAR AND HIS THREE SONS

The brevity and abruptness of the camel incident may be due to forgetfulness on the part of the narrator. But once or twice in these tales there is an effective lightning stroke, as at the

¹*Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 326.

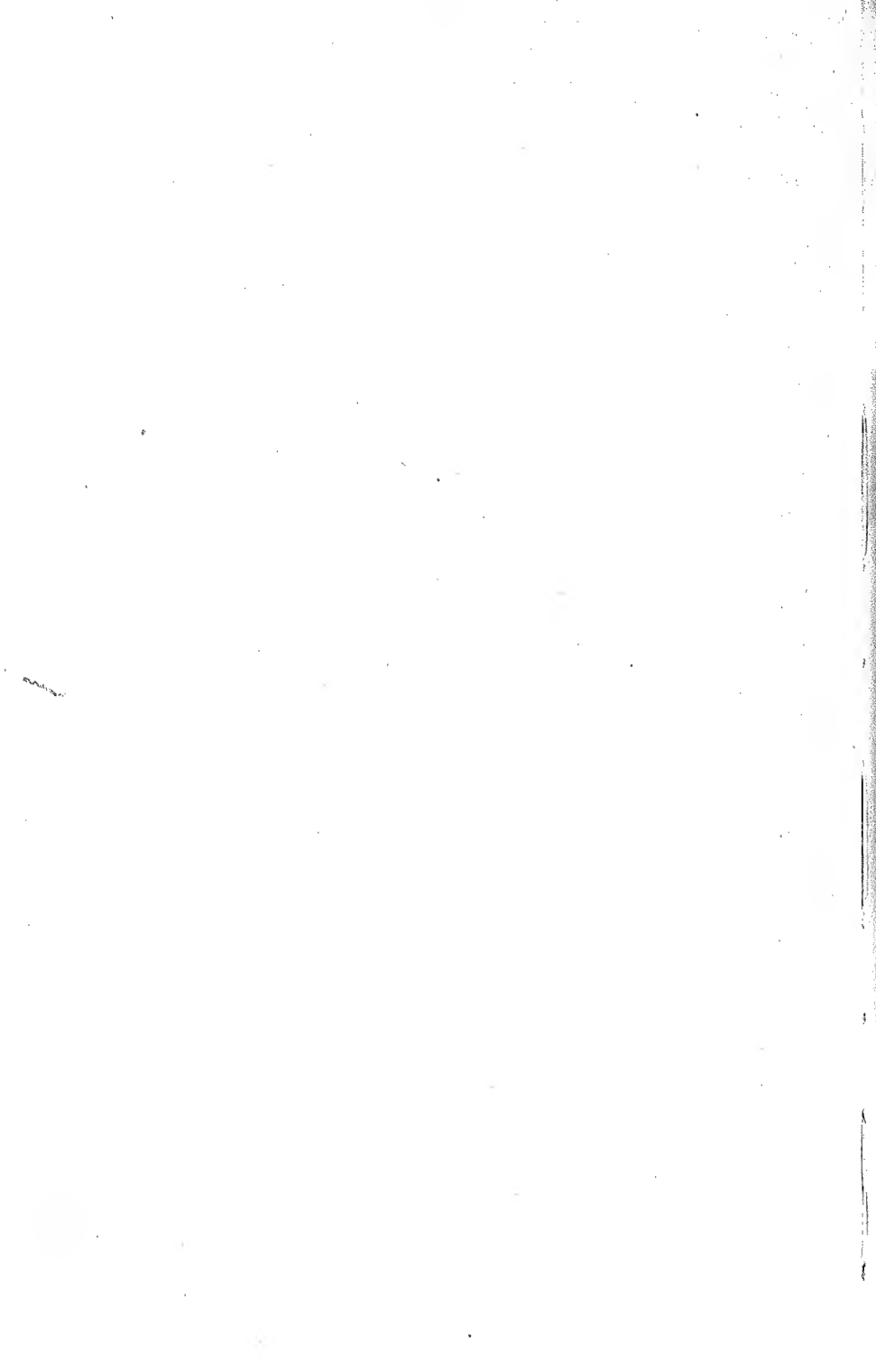
²*Idem.*, p. 327.

termination of the Lettish, "The Dog's Snout People." As it now stands, the camel incident is a revelation that at least one of the three brothers is shrewd, but the parallel Kirghiz tale, "The Three Brothers," where all is narrated easily, may be advantageously compared. A sententious air pervades not only "The Tsar and his Three Sons," but the Georgian, "The Tsar and the Silversmith," and the Kirghiz, "The Blind Man," and the Russian, "The Tsar and his Shirt."

IV THE STONE-CHARIOT

The romantic and stupendous scenery of the neighbouring Caucasus lends itself to legend, and Georgia has many sacred associations. Though "The Stone-chariot" does not speak, like the Russian legends, of God or Christ, or the saints, the scene depicted is near a monastery, and the story deals with the miraculous. According to religious records, pious devotees have experienced levitation in person. As to transmutation to stone, folk-lore tells of it among the Kirghiz and in regions as far apart as Lapland and the Altaian mountains.

FINNO-UGRIAN RACES



THE SAMOYEDES

A GRAPHIC account of Samoyedes was given by Edward Rae, in 1875. One day a party of aborigines visited him and, improvising a dreary chant, praised everything around them. After vodka, comes, according to the traveller's accounts, warm animal blood as the favourite drink. Flesh, fish or fowl is consumed raw. Rae describes the natives as devoid of knowledge, of written language and of books, and as taking their religious inspiration from "ignorant fanatics who work upon their simple minds with fetish and mummery and go through empty ceremonies with drums." The traveller found the Samoyedes very slow in seizing the notion that he wished to learn something of their language. He observed a similarity between the Finnish and Lappish tongues, but not between Finnish and Samoyede. Thus, the number five is, in Finnish, 'viisi'; in Lapp, 'vit'; and in Samoyede, 'samlak.' The number four is, in Finnish, 'nelye'; in Lapp, 'nielya'; and in Samoyede, 'tjett.' The number three is, in Finnish, 'kolme'; in Lapp, 'goim'; and in Samoyede, 'njar.' Nevertheless, the Samoyede language is considered nearest allied to that of the Finnish division of the Altaian group of languages.¹ When the traveller had made a few purchases the Samoyedes chanted their visitors' generosity, personal beauty and respectability of descent. The complexions of these aborigines, their eyes, noses and beardless chins, were Mongolian. The Samoyedes seemed intermediate between the Laplanders and the Chinese.

Going further into the country, Rae found the inhabitants "thoroughly Mongol in feature, with flat faces, high cheek bones, squat noses, with round open nostrils, oblique dark eyes, no hair upon the men's faces, but a thin wisp of a moustache, tawny orange complexion, and of short stature."² Some Samoyedes who had piloted the traveller out of the sandy entrance to a harbour were rewarded by him with a glass of vodka and half a loaf of bread. The recipient gave half the bread to his brother and the greater part of the remainder to his grey-headed old father. When travelling ashore was the order of the day, "five reindeer abreast drew a sledge to which they

¹Peschel, p. 337.

²Rae, p. 243.

were attached by a thong passing from their neck to a broad belt round their middle and between their legs to the sledge. On the first sledge sat a Samoyede boy, holding a single rein fastened to the antlers of the near reindeer. Next came three reindeer fastened by their heads to the leading sledge. Then followed the first Ruffian, who accompanied us as a hostage, for we thought that, as likely as not, the boatmen might make for home when their exacting taskmasters were out of sight. Next came the doctor, with a hamper and food on his sledge, then three additional Samoyedes in single file, followed by other empty sledges; lastly came the Samoyedka (woman). So the party proceeded at a swinging trot over the tundra, till a charming conical tent fifty feet in circumference was entered. The floor was a carpet of lovely moss and bilberry plant. In the centre was a clear charcoal fire, whose smoke escaped through the summit of the tent. The Samoyedes sat around on furs. In winter, skins are attached the exterior of the tent, the edges are stuffed and packed with moss and the interior is lined with soft fur. The village consisted of eleven individuals, who owned one hundred and sixty reindeer. A white reindeer skull and antlers stuck upon a stick attracted attention. When interrogated, the Samoyedes said it was Noum, meaning "deity."¹ A young man was asked the nature of a beautiful pair of antlers and a white skull. He answered that it was Yliambertje, and in explanation went down on his hands and knees and, crawling to the idol, kissed the ground in supplication.²

SAMOYEDE FOLK-TALES—No. 1³

SEVEN hundred tents stood in a single place, and in them dwelt seven hundred men, over whom ruled seven chiefs. These chiefs went out on visits; did nothing else but go on visits. They were brothers and had wives, but were childless, except the eldest chief, who had a small son. The son stayed at home and slept continually: night and day he slept. Once the father said to him, "Stand up and come with us to make visits." But the son would not go, for he had dreamed evilly that the others would be killed, and he alone would remain alive. He dis-

¹Idem., p. 256.

²Idem., p. 257.

³Castren, *Nordische Reisen und Forschungen*, Vol. IV, p. 157.

closed this dream to his father, and said, " You could, however, remain alive if you would sacrifice fourteen reindeer." " How can you know ?" exclaimed the father : " You sleep day and night and know less than a dog." " As you will, father," said the boy as he lay down once more to sleep. In the morning he woke and saw that of the seven hundred men not one was alive ; he examined the reindeer, all were dead ; he inspected the dogs, all had perished. He took a sword and, going to the tents, cut the ropes, so that each tent collapsed. Then he began to roam.

He walked one day, two days, three days ; he walked, in all, seven days. Looking back, he could see the place where the seven hundred tents had fallen ; he travelled seven days more and, casting back his gaze, could still distinguish two fallen tents. Then he journeyed during a third period of seven days and, looking behind, was unable to perceive a single tent. He continued on his way for a month, two months, three months, seven months ; but at last the tired man had gone a whole month without food and was passing through a desert region. He sank into the snow, where he lay a long while ; then he stood up and began to walk again. So, continuing his journey, he arrived eventually at a spot where formerly had stood a tent.

He searched for food and found a bone which had been licked by a dog. Having gnawed the bone well, he threw it away and searched under the snow for other bones. So it came about that he found some silver earrings, which he placed in his gloves ; then he resumed his wanderings. After proceeding a long way he saw at a distance someone being drawn by reindeer. The traveller drove towards him and, coming near, proved to be a woman. She said, " You passed the tent. Did you find the pair of earrings I lost ?" " Yes, I have brought them and will give them you ; but drive me with your reindeer to a place where people are living." The woman took her spear and struck him with it so that he fell to the ground and did not rise. Then she took the earrings and departed.

As result of the blow the youth slept a long time, but at last waking, stood up and resumed his journey. Again he arrived where a tent had stood. Searching for food, he found a bone once licked by a dog ; and having gnawed his treasure he threw it away. Then looking for other bones under the snow, he found a shovel ; he set out again. Once more he met someone driving reindeer—a clean and pretty woman, who came to meet him.

"Whither are you going, my poor lad?" "I am following some fresh tracks which I have found; but I am hungry and would eat, otherwise I shall die." "You come, for a certainty, from our old camp; did you find there our old shovel?" asked the woman. "Yes, I found a shovel, but know not to whom it belongs." "It is my shovel, and I have travelled hither to find it." "I will return it to you if you will drive me with your reindeer to some human habitation." I will take you readily to our house," said the woman. "Why should I not take you? My husband is dying. I will even look after and feed you."

The youth gave the shovel and the woman took him into the sleigh and they set forth. In the sleigh she said, "Whence have you come, poor boy, that I do not know you?" He answered, "Nobody knows me in the world, for I am fatherless and motherless. There were once seven rich brothers who had seven hundred tents." "I have heard of these brothers, but how did you get here?" asked the woman. "They all chanced to die in a single night, as at the same time, did their seven hundred reindeer." The woman enquired if he knew to whom belonged the pair of reindeer drawing them. "How can I know? I am still young and know little; but they resemble my father's reindeer." "How could your father's reindeer come to us?" she asked. "I know not," was the reply. "Well," said the woman, "your father was once here with these reindeer; he wished me to become your wife. Your father gave me the pair of reindeer and the iron shovel as wedding gifts. He gave me also a sword, but it is not in our possession, having been stolen." "I can find the sword in time," said the youth. "Then you shall be my husband," was the reply. Reaching the tent, they lived together.

After awhile there was a general migration to another spot and, inferior reindeer having been harnessed to the newcomer's sleigh, he was left last on the road. His reindeer would not answer to the demand which he made on their strength, and he remained behind the other teams. Suddenly the whole of the teams stopped and, the comrades having collected, someone said to the new comer, "Who travels behind you?" "Nobody at all, I came alone." As he spoke he looked back, and at that moment his questioner struck him down with a spear. He remained lying and all went on, with the exception of the woman; she stayed by the dead man and, sitting in the sleigh,

wept. Suddenly the reindeer seemed afraid of isolation and hastened after the other teams.

Immediately a one-legged, one-handed and one-eyed old man came to the dead. His hand grasped an iron staff, with which he struck the body, and he said, "Why do you lie there? 'tis time to arise; stand up and go back; your father and all his brothers have returned to life." The dead man revived and said to himself, "I have slept awhile. Who told me to go back and said that my father is alive?" As, on looking round, he saw nobody, he thought he must have been dreaming. He wandered forward and, coming to the tent, lay down by his wife.

In the morning all rose and once more broke up the camp; they harnessed the reindeer to the sleighs, gave the worse reindeer to the stranger and made him travel last. With such a poor team, he remained, of necessity, behind the others; but in time everybody stopped, and the same man as before said, "Who are those people coming after you?" "Nobody is behind me," said the youth; and he looked round, as if to make sure. At that moment the man pierced him a second time with his spear. They left him there and his wife proceeded with the rest of the party; she thought, "He will not die; he will come to the tent later." After she had departed a one-legged, one-armed and one-eyed old man came up. He struck the dead man with his staff and said, "I have already told you once to turn round. Why are you delaying here? Turn directly, if you wish to keep your head; your father has been alive a long time." The dead man woke and said, "Who are you that order me to go back? How can you speak of my father and pretend there is life in one who has long been dead?" Seeing no one, he thought again that he had been dreaming; so he made his way to the tent and lay down to sleep by his wife.

The next morning the party broke up the camp, harnessed the reindeer, gave the worst of them to the stranger and set him last in the train. As before, he remained behind the rest; then they stopped and gathered round him. The man who had twice before killed him cried, "See what a number of reindeer are coming after you!" The youth looked round, and immediately the man thrust his spear into him. All went on. But the one-legged, one-armed and one-eyed old man appeared and, striking the dead man with his iron staff, cried, "For the third time I tell you to return! You have been slain twice and

each time I have recalled you to life, but I shall awake you no more."

The youth stood up, but did not turn back; he went to a tent, yet did not enter it; instead he sat on a sleigh. He had a presentiment that the others would eat him. He took the bows from the sleighs and spoilt them all; then he went to his wife's sleigh and removed from it the iron shovel which he had given back to her, and with its aid broke all the tents. When the people ran out he attacked them with the shovel, so that they ran to their bows, but found them useless. The youth advanced to strike his enemies and beat down all of them, except his wife and her father and mother and their children. When he regarded the corpses he could not find the body of the man who had three times taken his life; this man had fled, but his tracks were visible on the snow. The youth began a pursuit and, running a long while, at last came up with him. The two men began to fight, and they fought the whole winter in the same place; they continued the contest till both fell and died. Throughout summer they lay and putrefied. Foxes and wolves came and, consuming the bodies, ate all but the bones. In the spring, the one-legged, one-armed and one-eyed old man arrived and said, looking at the youth's remains; "How often have I told you to turn back? I tell you now for the last time; on another occasion I may not be able to assist you."

Collecting the bones, the old man took them all, even the smallest, and put them in a bag; then he hoisted the bag on his shoulders and went on his way. He reached, after a time, a large stone which, when pushed, rolled on to its side. Under the stone there was a hole into which the old man crept. It was a dark gloomy place, in which were screaming and piping and singing. An effort was made to tear the sack away from the old man, who saw before him something clear like a window. By its light he perceived men who were naked, without flesh or skin and with bare bones. Their teeth grinned in their mouths. The old man went toward the light and, seeing a tent, entered it; there he found nobody but a woman sitting at a hearth. Opposite stood two giants, who neither moved nor spoke, and whose large eyes were in the top of their heads. The old man threw the sack on the ground and said to the woman, "Here is some wood, thrust it into the fire." "It is well that you have brought it" she replied; "I had none." The old woman pushed the bones into the fire and burnt them to ashes. She

then took the ashes and laid them on a bed and lay down to sleep on them. From these ashes, after three days, a man was born, who said, "What is this dark place where I have slept?"

He stood up and looked about. There was no vent hole for the smoke in the tent, and when the man wished to go out he could find no exit. He felt the walls; they were of iron, so he said to the old woman, "I wish to go forth, but find no door." She rose and with her foot struck the wall till it opened. The youth went out, but came back immediately and, seeing the two monsters, was terrified and fell on his face. Next he stood up and said to the old woman, "What are these monsters—men or wild beasts?" She answered, "They are not wild beasts, but my parents." "Do they speak and eat?" "They say nothing, eat nothing and do nothing." "What are they, then, and have they always been the same?" "Assuredly not always; in their time they have been fine people, but they became and have remained till now stones; they hear, see and know nothing."

The old woman said to the youth, "What do you most desire?" He answered, "If I knew where my wife lived I should like extremely to visit her." "Live a while with me," was the answer, "then my reindeer will come and take you hence. But you must take me as your wife, otherwise I will turn you to stone." The youth remembered that the two old men who stood at the hearth had been changed to stone, and he feared that a similar fate might befall him if he refused to marry the old woman. So he said, "Very well, I will take you as my second wife." They lived together in the tent three days and then the reindeer arrived. They both took their places in the sleigh and departed; at first travelling only through dark places. The skeleton-people ran after them and wished to transfix the youth with spears, but could not overtake the reindeer.

At last the pair came to clear light, and the woman said, "Push that stone into a position over the hole!" He tried to move the stone, but failed, and then the woman pushed it successfully with her foot. Now they drove off, and after journeying a long while saw and approached a tent. Here the youth found his first wife and her father and mother, and he took them all, as well as his second wife, to his first home. When he drew near he saw seven hundred tents full of people and reindeer, all alive again. A little way off he perceived the

one-legged, one-armed and one-eyed old man, accompanied by another man, namely the one who had killed the youth three times. The youth quickly began to fight with his murderer and struck him down. Next he lost his reason and in his frenzy killed the one-legged, one-armed and one-eyed old man. Then he went to the tents; all the people and all the reindeer lay dead, and soon both the wives died. So all perished except the youth; once more he was alone.

SAMOYEDE FOLK TALES—No. 2¹

Two women dwelt in the same tent—one of them young and the other old. The younger woman had two children, both girls; but the elder woman was childless. The young woman made her children's clothes, but the old woman lay on the ground idle. Once the childless woman said to the other: "Let us go and pluck hay and put it in our boots"; and the reply came, "I cannot spare the time, as I must sew clothes for my children." Nevertheless, she went. As the childless woman plucked the grass she lifted her knife and stabbed the woman who had children; then she made a fire, cooked the flesh and ate it, but did not eat the head, as she intended to consume it on another occasion. She went into the tent, and the children said, "Where is mother?" "Your mother is plucking hay to put in the bottom of your boots, and will come when she is free," answered the old woman, as she lay down before the door in such a position that the children could not slip out. She intended to eat them when she woke.

While the old woman slept the elder girl crept softly under the curtain which kept out the gnats. The old woman continued to sleep, and the girl went out through the door. Finding her mother's head, she concluded, "The old woman has devoured my mother; when she wakes she will also eat me and sister." She caught two live birds and, having put them within the gnat curtain, ran away with her sister. The old woman slept seven days and went to the gnat-curtain; she now wished to eat up the children, but found only the two birds. "You shall not escape me," she said to herself, and ran after the children for seven days, at the end of which time she

¹Castren, p. 64.

had nearly caught the younger child, who was lagging behind. But the elder girl threw a whetstone behind her, and immediately a river flowed, and steep mountains rose on both banks of the river. The old woman could not cross the river, and the children escaped.

Again the old woman set out in pursuit of the children ; after running seven days she overtook them and was on the point of catching the younger child, but her sister threw down a flint, and at once there rose up a high mountain. The old woman had to stay behind the mountain.

After seven days the mountain vanished, and the old woman, running forward once more for seven days, reached the children and was about to seize the younger of them. But the elder child threw down a comb, and there sprang up a forest so thick that the old woman could not penetrate it.

Seven days later the forest had disappeared, and the old woman once more pursued the fugitives who, in three days, had reached a spot recently occupied by a tent. Seven crows sat here and ate the droppings from reindeer. The elder girl said to one of the crows, " Little mother, shew us the way to a place where there are people ! " The crow answered, " Go forward without stopping and you will arrive at the blue sea, where seven sea-gulls will show you the way to some people. "

The children ran on for seven days and came to the blue sea, where they found seven sea-gulls eating seal-flesh. The elder girl spoke thus to one of the sea-gulls, " Little mother, how shall we proceed in order to find some people ? " The sea-gull answered, " Go along the sea-coast ; there you will find an island between two seas ; a woman is living on the island and she will conduct you across the strait. " The children ran seven days and came opposite an island ; they saw a tent and called for a boat. A woman came out of the tent and asked the children to describe the appearance of her face. " It shines like the sun, " answered the elder girl. " Describe my bosom ! " " Beautiful as the milt of a reindeer. " " And my arms and legs ! " " Thick and fat as the flesh of sea-animals. " The woman gave an order and a beaver swam to the children and led them over the strait.

Scarcely had the children reached the island, before the horrible old woman drew near. She remained on the bank and begged the woman of the island to take her over the strait ; but the woman of the island said to the horrible old woman, " How

is my face?" "Your face is hateful; it resembles the back of an animal." "What of my bosom?" "It is like that of a dog." "And how are my arms and legs?" "They are like the handles of spoons." "What did you see on the road?" asked the old woman of the island. "Seven crows," answered the horrible old woman. "How do they live?" "Very poorly; I think they are no longer alive; their food was the droppings of reindeer." "What else did you see?" "Seven sea gulls." "And how do they live?" "Badly; they eat only seal flesh."

The woman of the island now shouted, and at once a sturgeon swam up to the visitor, the horrible old woman. "Sit upon the sturgeon!" was heard. "How can I sit here? The fish's back is sharp and pointed; I cannot sit here; tell me how the children got over." "On the same sturgeon," answered the woman of the island. And now the horrible old woman took her seat on the fish's back; but the sturgeon swam away far from the island, swam further and further and drowned its human burden.

The children lived a long while with old people of the island, but the elder girl found that the life grew wearisome, and said to them, "Shew us another place, where there are more people!" The old woman said, "Go along the footpath on the island, and you will come to a low bank and to a copper boat floating in shallow water. Sit down in the boat, which, although it is without rudder or sails, will take you to people. However, in the boat there are dangerous tools—hatchets, knives, gimlets. Do not interfere with them; and you, the elder girl, see that your sister does not handle them. If you touch them they will strike you dead and the boat will stop. Sit therefore perfectly still, and when you have arrived say to the boat, 'Boat, return whence you came'; then my boat will come back to me." The girls followed the footpath and came to the bank where it was low; they descended to the shore and found a boat containing axes, knives and gimlets; then, having pushed the boat into the water, they climbed in. The boat went of its own accord, travelled across several seas and came at last to the mouth of a river, up the course of which it began to glide. Many trees on the river bank were growing, such as birch trees and fir trees and in one spot two great larches whose tops had grown together stood on either side of the river. The river ran beneath them. "What high trees!" said the elder girl, while the younger took

up a knife that she might cut off a twig. Instantly the knife struck her dead and the boat stopped still. Then the elder sister lifted the dead girl out of the boat, and said, "Boat, return whence you came!"

The boat immediately departed in the direction from which it had arrived, and the elder girl carried her sister off into a pinewood in order to bury her. By means of the magic-drum she asked the dead girl this question, "Shall I bury you here, sister?" The answer came, "Do not bury me in the pinewood; people will frighten me there." She put the same question by means of the magic-drum in the birch-wood. The sister answered, "Do not bury me in a birch-wood; for people coming here to cut the birch-trees will frighten me." She bore the dead girl still further and came to fir-trees and asked, "May I bury you among the fir-trees?" She heard in reply, "Do not bury me among the fir-trees, since children will break off twigs and frighten me." But the sister was fatigued by her task, and seeing a birch-tree, said, "I will bury you here, for my hands pain me; I cannot carry you any longer." She found a wolf's hole and laid her dead sister in it. Then she went on her way and journeyed for several months.

It was winter, but the traveller persevered. Coming to a footpath, she followed it and reached a river, where stood two sleighs, to which were harnessed a pair of reindeer, one of them dark and the other light-coloured. There was nobody about. The girl thought thus: "I will wait here; the people have gone into the wood and will come back." She waited a whole day, till evening, when two men issued from the wood. One of them said, "Will you not drive home with us in the sleigh?" "No," she replied, "I will go on foot, for I am timid with men." The elder man, with the light-coloured reindeer, said to the other, "Take the girl and place her in the sleigh!" "I will have nobody in my sleigh; take her yourself!" was the answer. So the older man took the girl into his sleigh and drove home, where many tents were standing, all belonging to two masters, each of whom had one son, the sons being the men who had come from the forest. The maiden began to live here and became the wife of the elder son. They lived together a long while.

Once they broke up the settlement and drove for three days, then they halted. During the night a storm occurred and a wolf dispersed the reindeer; but the following day the two sons, going in different directions, started in search of them. In



one place the elder man's reindeer became uneasy and, looking round to discover the cause of their behaviour, he saw a wolf's hole and heard wolves howling and a sound of weeping. He listened carefully; a woman wept! He called out, "Do not grieve, my child; your father will bring flesh," and turned back home. His father asked him if he had found the reindeer, and he answered that his search had been unsuccessful; he said nothing of the wonder which he had witnessed. But in the night he related everything without reserve to his wife; how the young wolves howled and the woman wept. His wife said, "It must be my sister who was weeping, I buried her there; let us go to them."

Next day they all went to the wolf's den. When they arrived the wolf was away, but the woman and the young wolves were there. They killed the young and took the woman away with them to the tent. She was mad and did nothing but scream; but they made a fire and set her beside it. At once she looked in the flames, and after her gaze had been fixed on them a long while she awoke, as it were, and said, "Have I slept long?" "Long, sister, very long! We were travelling in a boat which had been given us by an old woman of an island, and you stung yourself and died. I buried you in a wolf's hole and there yesterday my husband heard you weeping." The younger sister began now to live in the tent whither she had been brought. She became the wife of the younger son, who owned the light-coloured reindeer.

SAMOYEDE FOLK TALES—No. 3.

THERE was a settlement containing seven hundred tents, and in one of them children played and disputed. Some said, "Ours is the better sorcerer." Others insisted that their sorcerer was the superior. During the contention the sorcerers themselves began to dispute in the tent; each maintained that his powers were superior to his rival's. At last one of them said, "A sorcerer exists who can place the moon on the palm of his hand." "Nobody can do that," said the other. "I am able to do it," cried the first. "Show your power," replied the second. The sorcerer placed the moon on the palm of his

hand. There lay the moon on the hand, but in the tent it became so cold that people could not protect themselves ; they made one fire after another and wore reindeer skins with the fur turned inwards, as well as other skins with the fur turned outwards ; nevertheless, everybody froze. The weaker sorcerer begged the stronger to put back the moon in the sky. It was done. But the sorcerers disputed once more. The inferior sorcerer must maintain his equality with the sorcerer who had brought the moon on to the palm of his hand and then replaced it in the sky. The stronger of the pair cried out, " No other sorcerer can put the sun on the flat of his hand." " Can you do it ?" inquired his opponent. " I can," answered the other, and forthwith he set the sun on his hand. Then it became so hot in the tent that the people nearly died. The inferior sorcerer prayed the other to return the sun to the sky. The request was granted. Then the stronger magician said, " Let us become geese and live as such for a while." No sooner said than done. Both magicians were transformed into geese and flew out as far as Nova Zembla, where each erected a shelter ; the better magician constructing a tent of cloth, and his rival making a structure of reindeer skulls. Spring arrived, and the inferior sorcerer said, " Let us imitate other geese and collect wives !" " That would be a mistake," replied the other, " for if we collect wives we shall have young, and if we have young then men will catch us. No ! let us fly away again, for soon we shall lose our wings, and this place is not safe."

They flew away to a river full of geese, who kept watch day and night ; each must watch when his turn came. The turn to watch came for that one of the two sorcerers who had built his shelter of reindeer skulls ; and while he was on guard a one-eyed Samoyede arrived hunting. This man had a dog running on three feet. The dog drove the geese and killed many, and the Samoyede followed and collected the dead geese. The dog drove and sought to seize the inferior sorcerer, who had erected a dwelling of reindeer skulls ; he bit the sorcerer-geese in the beak. Then the superior sorcerer turned round and freed his companion. Thrice the dog seized the weaker sorcerer and thrice the stronger came to his comrade's assistance. But the dog drove the geese ever further and further, and the stream became smaller and smaller, and finally so shallow that the geese could no longer dive. " We are lost," said the inferior sorcerer. " What is to be done ? We cannot dive, and if we

go on the land we cannot escape to the water." The superior sorcerer replied, "Let us try the land; it is not extensive; we shall soon come to the sea, where there is an island; let us make for that!" They ran on the land, and then swam over the strait and came to the island. Here the weaker magician began to eat grass, while the stronger ate moss. The weaker said to his comrade, "You must eat grass, so that your wings may grow and we can get away. Do you see how large my wings have become, while you have remained almost wingless. Soon I shall fly away and leave you here." Thus spoke the weaker one, but the stronger continued to eat moss. His wings did not grow, but his rival acquired full grown wings and flew away to another island and transformed himself into a diving duck, whereupon children came and killed him. When the weaker sorcerer had flown off the stronger ate grass, and his wings grew immediately to the length of a fathom. Then he flew home and lived again as a man.

SAMOYEDE FOLK-TALES—No. 4^r

Two Samoyedes lived together in a place where they caught foxes, sables and bears. Once it happened that while one stayed at home the other went on a journey, during which he saw an old woman hewing a birch-tree. He approached her and said, "Old woman, what are you doing? If you cut all round the tree will not fall. Hew on both sides; let me show you!" He took an axe from his sleigh and, beginning to hew in a new place, struck the tree only from two sides and felled it. Then he placed the tree in the sleigh and transported it to the old woman's tent. When the Samoyede had laid the tree on the ground the old woman said to him, "Hide! so that nobody shall see you." He hid and she remained standing on the hill. Seven girls came to her and remarked, "Who hewed this tree? You have not cut it down yourself in this manner; who is with you?" The old woman answered, "No one is with me; I cut the tree down myself."

The girls without entering the tent went away at once, whereupon the Samoyede issued from his place of concealment and came near the old woman. She said, "In the dark forest is a large sea; go there! When you come near the seven girls

^rCastren, p. 172.

will leave their clothes on the bank and begin to swim. Steal up quietly, take the clothing of one of the girls, and hide it." The Samoyede drove and reached the sea; then he took the best clothes and hid them. The seven girls, after swimming, returned to the bank and began to dress, but the one whose clothing had disappeared threw herself into the sea; and the others went away. The girl wept in the sea and, knowing not who had taken her clothes, cried out, "I will marry the man who has removed my clothes if he will give them back to me." The Samoyede did not believe her, and held back. But the girl in the sea thought to herself, "Our old woman has an elder sister who has a son; if he has taken the clothes I shall become his wife!"

The man now revealed himself and the girl saw him. "Really, you are the old woman's sister's son! Give me my clothes and I will be your wife." "If I return the clothes you will rush up to heaven, where I cannot get possession of you!" "I will certainly become your wife; give me my clothes; I am freezing." The man answered, "Not far from here seven Samoyedes are living together, apart from other people. Go and linger about there, and if they return home take out their hearts and hang them on the tent ropes. Promise to procure these seven hearts for me and I will give you your clothes. If you will not promise you shall not receive the clothes, even if you should die where you are." "I will get these hearts. Now give me the clothes!" "I will not give them to you before you say again that you will obtain the hearts of these seven young men." "I will go in the night and take them." "You will not get them in that way; many have tried, but nobody has succeeded. Come nearer to me and I will teach you how you can get these men into your power." She swam nearer to the bank, and the Samoyede said, "They have stolen from me a sister who requires help. Go to my sister, who keeps guard over all their hearts, and demand the hearts of her." The girl came to him and he restored her clothes.

She now dressed herself and he fixed a time within which she should obtain the hearts. "Within five days I will come to you with my team of reindeer and my tent," answered the girl. The Samoyede returned to his tent and to his companion, who enquired, "Where have you been and what have you seen?" he replied, "I have been nowhere and seen nothing." The companion remarked, "You have clearly been visiting the

old woman, our father's sister ! The seven brothers who lose their hearts have killed your mother, and they will kill you also if you go to the old woman."

On the fifth day the girl came out of the air with her team and tent and became the Samoyede's wife. " Let us go to the seven brothers," said the wife. " We will see whether we cannot gain possession of their hearts." They arrived at the seven brothers' tent and found that the men had all gone out ; only women were there. The man and his wife entered, and while the wife was unobserved the husband said to his sister, " Where do the seven men lay their hearts when they return home ?" " They always put them there on the tent ropes for the night, and sleep without hearts." The sister continued, " They trust me, and when they come home at night I take a plate and go from one brother to another. Each lays his heart on the plate and I hang the hearts on a tent rope." The Samoyede said to his sister, " Very well, take the plate and remove the hearts from the tent rope and lay them on the plate. When, in the morning, the brothers demand their hearts of you throw the hearts of the six younger brothers wherever you like ! Let these men die ! But take the eldest brother's heart to him and say, ' If my mother revives I will give you your heart, but not otherwise.' "

Toward night-time the Samoyede and his wife returned home. The wife said, " Do not go near them, but let me go alone and take the hearts." During the night she returned to the seven brothers' tent, and found them still eating their supper ; nobody saw her. Having finished, the brothers stretched out reindeer-skins and lay down to sleep. The sister held the plate, and each man laid his heart upon it. Next she put the hearts in the appointed place. " Why do you take," said one of the brothers, " our hearts away so carelessly ?" " She will guard them !" said the eldest brother, but when they slumbered the wife departed with the hearts and carried them to her husband.

At dawn the man bore the hearts back to the brothers, who were already at the point of death. Taking no notice of supplications, he threw the hearts on the ground and the brothers died. Thus died the six younger brothers. But the heart belonging to the eldest brother was not thrown down, and he begged again and again for it. The Samoyede said, " You killed my mother. Bring her back to life and I will restore your

heart to you !” “ Give me my heart,” was the answer “ that I may awake to life !” “ If you do not first revive her you will not get your heart.” Then the elder brother said to his wife, “ Go to the spot where the dead woman is lying ; a purse is there ; fetch it ; her spirit is in it.” The wife fetched the purse. Then the eldest brother said to the Samoyede, “ Go to your dead mother and shake the purse so that her spirit may be wafted over her limbs ; she will revive !” The young man went to his mother and did as the eldest brother had directed : The mother revived. The son sent her into his tent and went to his sister. The eldest brother still lay there, but he died, for the Samoyede threw down the heart on the ground and went home with his sister.

He visited the old woman, his father's sister, who was once more in her place in the forest. She said to him : “ Have not the seven killed you ?” “ No ! On the contrary, I killed them. But how are you ?” The father's sister remarked, “ Here is your sister's knife ; give it to your wife and let her do as she likes with it ; I will come to you soon.”

The Samoyede went home, gave the knife to his wife, and begged her to do as she wished with it. The wife took the knife and removed the heart of everyone in the tent, even the heart of her husband and her own, and threw the hearts all in the air. The old woman, the father's sister, came and saw them all without hearts and said, “ All of you are without hearts, and are neither alive nor dead ! What shall I do ? I will go to the great sea ; perhaps I shall find someone there.” The six sisters were again bathing in the sea ; and the old woman took the best clothing and hid it. The sisters were weeping and crying out, “ We do not know whither our sister has gone,” and when they swam to the bank one of them missed her clothes and threw herself into the sea ; the others went away. The girl wept, and said, “ I will marry the man who has taken my clothes, and I will restore to life every one of the dead, if I can recover my clothes. In the air there are many hearts with which I can help the dead.” The old woman came forward. “ Look !” she said, “ here are your clothes !” “ Give them to me,” was the reply, “ and I will keep my word and do all that I have promised.” “ Give me all the hearts which you have found and I will give you your clothes,” said the old woman. “ You are living in the air, but your sister is now with us on Earth ; if she begs you for something will you help her ?” “ Let her

live ; we will do as she wishes !” said the girl as she gave up the hearts, in return for which the old woman restored the clothes. The old woman went to the tent where the men without hearts used to live, the men who now had gone upwards, and she gave to the bodies their hearts, so that they became pure. “ Now,” said the old woman, “ let us go to heaven to our sisters.” They caught reindeer, set off on a journey and drove through the air. But they struck against a thick cloud, and only after continuing through it for several days did they at last arrive at a warm and favourable place. They live there to-day.

SAMOYEDE FOLK TALES—No. 5¹

Two Samoyedes, an old man and an old woman, lived on a stream, on a higher part of which some Ostyaks were dwelling in huts. The old man lived in extreme poverty, and possessed no tools or arms except an axe. Once, in the evening, after he had eaten his supper he went out of the tent and, seeing some white grouse running over the snow, he took a piece of wood and threw it, but did not hit them. The birds said : “ Why would you take our lives ? Go into the tent and kill your wife ! You are poor, but if you kill your wife you will be rich.”

The man entered the tent and struck his wife with his axe, so that she died. Then he wept and said, “ What have I done ? Why did I strike this blow ? We have lived peaceably together all our lives, and now I have killed her !” All night he wept. Morning came, and God gave light. The old man got ready a small dog-sleigh and placed his wife sitting in it, as if she were alive. He went down the stream until it joined a great river, which he ascended. Arriving at a village where dwelt an Ostyak prince, he left the body at an ice-hole and went to the prince, who had two daughters. The prince let the old man eat and drink as much as he desired. “ I,” said the old man, “ have eaten and drunk here, but my wife in the meanwhile sits outside frozen.” “ Why did you not tell me, old man, that you had brought your wife. Perhaps she is frozen !” The prince ordered his daughters to fetch in the old woman, that she might warm herself. The daughters ran, the younger one being in advance. “ Why do you rush at such a rate ? You will hurt the old woman,” cried the elder girl ; but her sister con-

¹Castren p. 176.

tinued to run quickly, and, coming to the sledge, pulled it by the strap so violently that the old woman's body fell into the icehole.

The girls went back and told the prince that the woman was drowned, and though he employed a long pole he failed to recover the body.

The old man resided with the prince, and night and day he wailed the loss of his wife loudly. His host remarked, "I suffer from your cries, and will give you my eldest daughter to take your wife's place." The marriage was celebrated, and the prince constructed a special hut for the bridegroom, where the married pair lived a long while and the wife bore a son. In honour of the occasion the prince in his joy instituted a feast, with much eating and drinking, and after the others had become helpless from intoxication the prince and his son-in-law continued to drink. At last even the prince fell down, and the old man cried out, "I stand alone on my legs; all lie here intoxicated, although we drank equally. These people are fit for nothing! I killed my wife but, nevertheless, am better than they, and I have lived in riches since I took my wife's life." "What!" said the younger girl, "did you take your wife's life?" The old man stepped near the girl and pushed her with his hand. She could not utter a word. The guests slept and then drove home, as did the old man and his wife. Continuing speechless, the younger girl could eat nothing, and was beginning to die. The prince said to those around him, "Where can I find someone to cure her? Go to my son-in-law and ask if he knows of such a person."

But the son-in-law was not able to supply the needed information, and the prince said, "I have heard that seven Ostyaks who are living in the neighbourhood have a skilful mother. Son-in-law! harness good dogs and visit her!" So the man harnessed the best dogs and set off. He arrived at the place and asked the old woman to come with him to the prince in order to heal the sick girl. The pair departed and returned. In reply to the prince's enquiry the old woman said, "I do not know whether I can heal her; if the illness comes from God nothing is to be done; but I think that somebody has done her an injury." The old woman took her magical drum, struck it and declared, "Truly, I have not discovered the cause of the affliction; but death has not injured her."

The old man sat beside the visitor while she struck the drum again vigorously and threw herself about excitedly. He cut

some sharp pegs, and as the woman threw herself on one side he drove a peg into her ear so that it pierced her head and came out at the other ear. She died upon the spot. "What is this?" cried the prince. "My daughter is about to die, and this old woman is dead! The seven Ostyaks will make an attack on me!"

The prince hereupon made an offer to the old man: "If you will take the old woman to her sons and arrange that they will not attack me, I will give you half my property." The old man harnessed reliable dogs to the sleigh, put the old woman's body on it, as if she were alive, and departed. Driving through a dark forest, he came upon two Samoyedes shooting arrows unsuccessfully at a squirrel. The man stopped and collected their arrows; then he said, "You shoot badly, let me take aim; I should like to carry the squirrel as a present to the prince." But he first approached the old woman's body and thrust an arrow through her head from ear to ear. He then cried out, "You have killed the mother of the seven Ostyaks; your arrow has entered at one ear and come out at the other." The Samoyedes looked, and in great alarm went to their prince and begged for mercy. The prince directed them to drive to the Ostyaks and, if possible, to make peace with them.

The Samoyedes begged the old man to take the woman's body to the Ostyaks, and said, "We will give you whatever you like—foxes, sables, fat, clothes or other things; only carry the woman to the Ostyaks!" "I will justify you; only do not betray me," said the old man, as he drove off. Arriving where the seven men dwelt, he stepped out of the sleigh and, drawing the arrow from the head, replaced it with a twig. Then he surrounded the body with snow and approached the Ostyaks as they came to meet him. Going to their mother, they stared at her and soon saw the twig in her ears. "You have killed our mother!" they shouted. "What is that you say?" the man replied. "Do you not see the twig coming out of her ears? That is because the prince gave me wild dogs; evidently an accident occurred as we drove through the forest." The men called out, "It was your fault and you shall suffer for it." They drew their mother's body from the sleigh and told the old man to return home. When he came to the spot where the two Samoyedes had shot the squirrel he found that they had brought all they had promised, one sleigh being full of foxes and sables and another sleigh being loaded with various sorts of clothing.

He took the sleigh and drove home with them and lived some time with the prince.

When the sick girl was almost at her last gasp the prince said to the old man: "Cure my younger daughter and take her as your second wife!" The reply was, "Bring her to me and I will make the attempt." So she was brought, in silent expectation, and was placed in a special room and all were forbidden to visit her. Awakened by her cry, the elder sister went in to see her, but the husband commanded her to withdraw and she obeyed. The younger sister recovered immediately and grew well and lively and able to talk. The prince rejoiced and gave his younger daughter to the old man, who, after the marriage, lived long in the same spot; and the younger woman mentioned no word of what had happened to her. The husband obtained two sons—one by the elder and one by the younger sister.

After a time the old man said to the elder sister, "Go to your father and request him to lend me a boat; I should like to visit my former home." The wife went and, desiring the loan of a boat, received the prince's permission for her husband to choose whichever boat he wished. The old man went off alone on his expedition and came safely to the spot where he had killed his first wife. He drew into the shore and entered a village close to where he had formerly lived. When the neighbours recognised him they said, "Where have you been so long?" "Over there, with the Ostyak prince." "What is the news there?" "Nothing good, and so I have come. It is said that enemies from over there will arrive to plunder us; we shall have to defend ourselves." "How shall we protect ourselves?" "Make two pits and hide in them," said the old man. "Cover the pits with great trees; and then cover the trees with earth. Put all the reindeer and all your property into one pit and cover it with earth; and then go yourselves, all of you into the other pit." The neighbours did as the old man advised; themselves covered over one pit and the old man covered the other. Then he set off and returned home.

He dwelt again for a time with the prince, and then asked once more for a boat in which to visit his old abode. "I have my property there," said he, "and I could live on the old spot." Taking his wives and his sons and all his belongings, he departed in three boats to his old place of residence. He let the boats float down the river to near the village where his neighbours had formerly put his goods in their storerooms. "Look,"

said one of the sisters, "what a beautiful hut the old man has here!" "We also must all have a peep at my property which is hidden under ground!" said the man.

When the pit was opened wealth was found in it of every kind—foxes, sables, ermines, gold, clothing and other things, and the family carried all to storerooms, so that at last these became choked up. "This property is for you," said the man. "I am old and shall soon descend into the grave; but use what is here collected after my death as pleases you!"

NOTES.

SAMOYEDE: STORY THE FIRST.

As might be expected, communication with an underworld is usually brought about through an opening in the ground. In the Yukaghir, "A Shaman's Method of Treatment," the visitor reaches an underground river, across which he conveys himself in a boat. In the Kalmuck, "The Wife who Stole the Heart," the visitor finds magician judges of the infernal regions above ground. In the Lapp, "Story of Stallo," the hero lowers himself by a long rope through the waters of a lake to a world beneath. In the Gagaüzy, "Concerning the Sun," there is a locked entrance. "Aspen-leaf," the Ostyak, falls through an opening, and has a terrible contest with wood-devils. A fiery-bird eventually transports him to the upper world. Underground dwarfs occur in the Esthonian "Man with Strength Under a Stone." In the Yakut, "Little Old Woman with Five Cows," spirits from the underworld come forth and take part in wedding festivities; while among the Yukaghirs, a soul coming mysteriously from the underworld is introduced by a shaman to a barren woman. The visit in this story is remarkable because of the extraordinary subterranean scene presented first by fleshless men and then by the stone giants with large eyes on the tops of their heads. The Russian, "Koschei," the skeleton-man whose life can only be taken in a peculiar way, is another fleshless character. But in an Altaian tale, "Aymanys," a man is transformed into cliffs, and in the Russian, "The Deathless Skeleton-man," Bulat the Brave is turned into stone, his fate being somewhat akin to that of Faithful John, in Grimm's tale. In the Lett story, "The Forester's Two

Sons," a witch turns a tsar temporarily into stone; and in the Gagalzy, "Sacrifice at Bridge Making," the voice of a woman who was pushed into a foundation pit speaks from the stone many years later.

The fight between two men which lasted the whole winter is comparable to the seven-year contest between a maiden and a hero in "Aymanys," an Altaian story, and with a combat in an Ostyak tale. Action of prolonged duration, like extravagance of dimensions, pleases certain hearers. Thus, in the Kalevala, an ox is so large that a whole day is taken by a swallow flying between its horns, and a squirrel takes a month to run from one end of the tail to the other.¹ An amusing instance of such grandiloquence occurs in the Ossetian story, "The One-eyed Giant." The "giant," having thrown a boy into the air, returns home and boils a kettle of water. Issuing out, he is in time to catch the falling boy. In a Note to the Yukaghir, "A Folk-tale," instances are given of cannibalism or allusions to cannibalism. The presentiment felt by a youth here that his enemies would eat him is still another instance.

Revivification, as in this story, from ashes or from the effects of fire is not altogether foreign to these tales; for instance, in the Chukchi, "Tale of a Dead Head," a youth comes forth from the hearth when a head has been thrown on the fire; and in the Khirghiz, "How Good and Evil were Companions," the ashes of a dog's bones have a magical influence in restoring life when placed in the mouth of a dead man. Another instance of the magical effect of fire is to be found in the Bashkir tale, "The Water-nymph." There a wife throws an evil-looking husband into the fire, shakes the ashes and obtains a less hideous mate. Later she burns up her mother and brother and from their ashes obtains a healthy youth, with whom she lives happily. In "The Smith and the Demon," the demon throws a lady into a furnace, then collects her bones and throws them into a tub of milk. A beautiful young lady issues from the milk in a few minutes.² In the Kathà Sarit Sàgara there is an instance of restoration to life by sprinkling ashes on the burnt remains of the dead.³ The Chukchis are apparently great believers in the purifying and vivifying effects of fire for, in addition to the above given instance, there are narratives recording how the sun threw his black-beetle wife into the fire; how

¹Grimm, Note, Vol. II, p. 357.

²Afanasief's Legends, No. 31.

³Tawney, II, p. 612.

an ox threw a girl into the fire in order to escape the courtship of the moon; and how certain messengers, after hewing him to pieces, threw the Creator into the flames.

SAMOYEDE : STORY THE SECOND

This story begins with a realistic incident of cannibalism, reference to which is made in a Note to the Yukaghir, "A Folk-tale." It contains a magic journey with the usual creation of obstacles in the shape of mountains and rivers, also with helpful seagulls and a helpful beaver and sturgeon. It has a magic boat and a magic knife. A woman lives with a wolf in a den. The number seven occurs twelve times—from the occasion when the old woman slept seven days to the last mention of the seven wonderful seagulls. But the number seven occurs so often in these tales that it would not be possible to mention them, but there is a seven-headed wood devil in the Ostyak, "Aspen-leaf," a seven-roomed cellar in the same story, there is a seven-headed devil in the Bashkir, "Three Brothers," and there are seven chiefs and seven hundred tents in the first Samoyede story. There is a tale in which the numbers twenty and forty are reiterated frequently, namely the Gagauzy, "A Younger Brother Saves Two Elder Brothers." In the Altaian account of the Creation the number nine is a favourite. Probably some vague mystic influence is communicated by such repetition.

There is an atmosphere of murder and treachery here, as in the other Samoyede tales, but violence and taking of life are common in nearly all the Siberian stories. One of the characters has recourse to divination with the magic drum, to which allusion has already been made in connection with shamanism, and in the Note to the Yukaghir, "Tale of a Fabulous Old Man." Use is made of the magical drum for divination also in the fifth Samoyede tale. In the present tale a long-continued gaze directed on the flames has a curative effect on a disordered mind. In a Note to the previous story mention is made of marvellous transformation from ashes. Fire is a far more important thing to savages and primitive peoples than to us, accustomed as we are to a thousand unnoticed wonders in everyday life.

SAMOYEDE : STORY THE THIRD

The beginning of this tale affords another glimpse of the life of the nomad Samoyedes. The sorcerers' dispute is an instance of the curious misconceptions of savage and primitive peoples concerning astronomical dimensions, as shown among the Chukchis and the Lapps in the tales, "Tale of a Dead Head" and the "Cap of Invisibility," respectively. That the ancient Russians had the same trait, though perhaps in a less astonishing degree, is shown by their tales, "The Witch and the Sun's Sister" and "The Sun, the Moon and Crow Crowson." The latter part of the tale is really an animal story, of a kind not unrepresented among the Siberian tales; thus, among the Yakuts there is the story, "Flying Birds," in which flying creatures meet to elect a ruler; and among the Yellow Ugurs, "The Friendly Animals," in which a wolf, a fox and a kite join company. So among the Lapps, there is the story, "Why the Bear's Tail is Short." Among the Russians the animal story reaches a high degree of development, and is considered by Afanasief to have arisen many centuries ago.

SAMOYEDE : STORY THE FOURTH

That birds may become maidens, or that maidens may become birds and fly away is an idea occurring not infrequently in this book. In the Chukchi, "Story of a Bird-Woman," a youth seizes the clothes of a gull maiden and forces her to marry him.

In the Yakut, "Little Old Woman with Five Cows," seven maidens come from heaven to earth as cranes, and one of them, being worthy of the love of a khan, is informed that she will become human and bear children. After her crane's wings are cut she is turned first into a small plant and then into a maiden, and is given in marriage to a khan's son, but soon has fearful adventures.

In the Russian, "The Deathless Skeleton-man," when Vasilissa is being carried off from the skeleton-man by the prince, twelve pigeons fly up by night and, striking each other's wings, become twelve beautiful maidens. Saying that they are the skeleton-man's sisters, they predict disaster to the prince and foretell terrible punishment for anyone who shall reveal their prediction. The incident of geese who became maidens bathing will be found in the Polish story, "Prince Unexpected."

In the Magyar story, "Fairy Elizabeth," a giant-father tells

his son, who is anxious to marry, that three lovely fairy girls will come at noon, disguised as pigeons, to a lake. They will turn somersaults and become girls; then they will undress and lay their dresses on the bank; he must glide up and steal the dress of the one beloved by him. The youth is to run home with the dress and not look back. He behaves as directed, and the fairy maiden draws his attention to her beauty and, after strange experiences, he succeeds in marrying her.¹ These are simple instances of birds changing into maidens.

But further, there are instances of girls of inferior position who steal a woman companion's clothes when bathing and then craftily pass themselves off as her superiors; as in the Bashkir tale, "Aleyka," and the Mordvin, "The Wicked Girl." Next comes a tale in which, as in the present Samoyede story, there is a combination of two themes, namely a change of the birds into maidens, and a theft of the maidens' clothes. Thus in the Russian, "The Sea-King and Vasilissa the Wise," twelve pigeons fly to the shore, become maidens, and bathe. The prince, following Baba Yaga's advice, steals the shift of Vasilissa the Wise, the twelfth maiden, after the other eleven maids have turned into birds and flown home. However, he returns the shift to Vasilissa when she promises to render him valuable services. After performing tasks by Vasilissa's aid, he obtains her as his bride. In the Kathà Sarit Sāgara, Marubhuti is told by a hermit to carry off the clothes of one of the nymphs who are bathing; in such a way he will learn tidings of his master.² In the Lapp story, "The Girl from the Sea," a young man steals the garments of one of three girls bathing, and so forced her to marry him. But the boy who is the fruit of the marriage discovers and shews his mother her special garments, which have been kept in a box. With them she returns to the water, yet visits her husband from time to time.³ The story may have reached the Russians from the Samoyedes through the Lapps. Clouston quotes various stories of somewhat similar kind. Thus, in the Farö Islands a man took possession of a seal skin on a seashore, whereupon the seal, which was a female, was obliged to appear as a maiden. She lived for several years as the man's wife, but, finding her hidden skin, she crept into it and became once more a seal.⁴ The

¹W. H. Jones and L. L. Kropf, *Folk-tales of the Magyars*.

²Tawney, II, p. 452.

³Poestion, No. 10.

⁴*Popular Tales and Fictions*, Vol. I, p. 182 seq.

essence of the story is that a man holds a woman to ransom and forces her to marry him. Hagan, in the *Nibelungen Lied*, seizes the garments of water-nymphs in the Danube, thus hoping to force them to reveal to him his fate. In the "Thousand and One Nights," Hasan of Basra steals the feathers of the youngest of ten beautiful birds who have plunged into the water. He marries this nymph, but loses her, for she discovers her feather dress and escapes to her parents. After a long and dangerous journey he recovers possession of his beautiful wife. There is a Yakut story, "Black Hawk," in which a water-nymph flies away and later marries the hero, and in the Bashkir story, "The Water-nymph," the heroine leaves the water, marries the hero, but, after losing her frog's-skin garment, flies away as a lark. Thus, the swan-maiden theme is well represented in Siberian tales. There is a story of a hunter's marriage to a swan-maiden in Germany. Nor is the tale unknown in China and Japan. The structure of the fourth Samoyede tale is peculiar, for the two motifs, bird-maidens and separable hearts, occur not only in the first but in the second part of the story. The subject of the separable heart is treated in a Note to the Kalmuck, "The Wife who Stole the Heart."

SAMOYEDE : STORY THE FIFTH

This tale recounts the successful villainy of an habitual murderer, who is a clever and heartless plotter for his own advantage. As might be expected, cruelty occurs in many stories among the uncivilised. Most of the Siberian races are clearly capable of it. To begin with, every story of cannibalism is one of cruelty. But instances of brutality are numerous. In the Chukchi tale, "A Gun-Contest," a man is burnt alive wantonly. In the Kalmuck tale, "The Wife Who Stole the Heart," a young khan sends his wife to submit to a "bloody sacrifice." The Yakut story, "Dyoudus," exhibits a monster of brutality as well as sensuality. In the Mordvin, "The Wicked Girl," a culprit is fastened to the tail of a horse. In the Ostyak tale, "Aspen-leaf," a man breaks his wife's leg and arm and removes her eye; and in "The Hunter and the Seven-headed Satyr," a woman is thrown to be devoured by dogs. In the Buryat, "Old Man Ookhany," a man is done to death by his wives, who pour hot beer on his head. In the Gagauzy, "The Magic Mirror," a woman is burnt alive; in

"The Three Sisters," a woman is half buried, and then stoned, and a woman is tied to the tails of horses.

But folk-tales of Indo-Germanic races are not free from cruelty. In the Lett story, "The Sailors and the Giants," a woman is burnt to death. In the Armenian tale, "Concerning the Sun and Moon," a wife with her child is left to starve in the wilderness. In the Ossetian, "The One-eyed Giant," a man lets his wife boil to death after she has done his work; and in "Sirdon," there is fearful brutality to a horse. In the Little-Russian, "The Envious Wife," a woman is walled up. In Great-Russian tales it occurs several times that children are taken and left to starve in the forest. The natural tendency is for these harsh details to be softened down in Western stories, but in Grimm's, "The Girl Without Hands," there is terrible cruelty; in "Hansel and Grettel," a father forsakes his children in the forest; in "Faithful John," children's heads are cut off to restore life to a stone man, and in "Our Lady's Child," a queen is condemned to be burnt alive. Folk-tales sometimes reek of blood; thus, the Altaian Khan Bejitty slays a hundred wives, and, in a Russian tale, a girl's skull is fixed on every post of a fence. On the whole, however, it may be said that violence and brutality, coarseness and inferior taste figure more frequently in the folk-tales of the Sub-Arctic races and Mongol-Turks, the savage or semi-civilised, than in the tales of the Russians, Letts, Armenians, etc.

The chief character in the present story marries two sisters, as usual, without any wedding ceremony. So, in the first Samoyede tale, a man takes an additional second wife. Two is the number of helpmates in the Ossetian, "The One-eyed Giant," in the Mordvin, "Saban"; in the Buryat, "The old Water-sprite," and "The Old Man Ookhàny"; in the Bashkir, "The Merchant's Son" and "The Deceiver," and in the latter the wives once more are sisters. Four is the number possessed by the Yakut, Dyoudus, and by the survivor of the Chukchi, "Two Cousins." The Altaian, Bejitty, possessed a hundred wives, but put them to death that he might live happily with his son's wife. I have not found any instance of polygamy in any true Russian tale.

THE OSTYAKS

The Ostyaks are the chief race in North-West Siberia, and by Castren were included with the Voguls, who dwell on the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains, and with the Magyars, under the head of Ugrians. They inhabit a vast area, extending southward from the estuary of the river Ob to the middle course of the Irtysh River, and eastward from the Urals to the Lower Tunguska, a branch of the Yenesei, but number scarcely 25,000. In 1501, the Russians destroyed forty-one of their fortified places, whose remains are to be seen in the Obdorsk district. Hunger and misery are the lot of the Ostyaks, and love of drink is the curse of this race, which now lives by hunting and breeding reindeer and by fishing. While the Ostyak dialects are Finnish and resemble the Magyar, they have also likenesses to both Mongol and Tatar, and the Altaian highlands have been assigned by the great Finnish ethnologist as the birthplace of the race. The Ostyaks have black, but sparkling eyes, set slightly obliquely, prominent cheek bones, round faces, thin beard and black hair. They eat the fox and allied species and raw flesh. Stone, bone and horn are used for implements like those of the European cave-dwellers.

The sacred groves of the Ostyaks contain rudely carved figures of gods, who are under the protection of the shamans. Turum, the chief deity, is enthroned, clothed in light, in the seventh world. As among most of the Siberian races, the shamans have around them a halo of semi-divinity; they reveal secrets of the future and control the forces of nature. The exercise of their calling is not without art and science, for they have a deep knowledge of how to obtain and produce effects. The bear is the son of Turum, and the hunter begs for forgiveness when the bear is killed. The wife has a very inferior place in the Ostyak social life, and is purchased; nevertheless she escapes violence.¹

¹E. Reclus, Vol. VI, pp. 340-344.

ASPEN-LEAF¹

A WOMAN and a man passed their days and nights together ; they were old, but had neither son nor daughter. One day the man said, " I shall visit my numerous storehouses in the fields and woods and apply to them the many-tongued fire. The smoke will rise to Turum and his wife ; they have given me neither son nor daughter ! " He departed and carried out his intention. The smoke rose to Turum, who consequently sent down " The-much-travelled-and skilled " with this order : " There seems to be some displeasure and anger below, go and look into it."

The messenger came and looked, and saw that a man from a small village had set alight a number of storehouses in the fields and woods. " Old man ! why are you burning these things ? " " I have received from Turum and his wife neither son nor daughter, and have set fire to my storehouses, so that they shall not remain after my death." Thereupon " The-much-travelled-and-skilled " gave the man three grains as large as cherry stones and said, " Return home and tell your wife to eat these."

The old man went home and gave the grains to his wife, and in time she became with child. One day, after she had prepared for the birth of a son or a daughter, a boy was born who grew a span by day and the width of the hand by night. He began to walk out of doors, and it occurred to him that in some previous age a great town stood on that spot. In the middle of the town lay a larch beam, which must have been there since the creation of the world. He raised it, both trunk and roots, and having put it on his shoulder, brought it away and threw it aside. Then he began to live ; but once he said to his parents, " I should like to go forth, as it is irksome to sit in the narrow room of a house." His father replied, " Go, but not too far." The youth went out and hastened to one of the regions of the world.

On his way he reached a house and a storehouse, and when he entered the courtyard two dogs, called Bear and Wolf, began to growl and to snarl. In the house the voice of an old woman was heard saying, " If the man pleases you, lay hold of him by the end of his sleeve, and by the edge of his clothes,

¹S. Patkanov, *The Irtysh-Ostyaks and their Folk-poetry*, Russian text, p. 47

and bring him into the house ; but if he does not please you tear his legs and shoulders." The dog seized him by the end of his sleeve and the edge of his clothes, and led him into the house, where the old woman embraced and kissed him. "You wonderful man, from a small village ! Grandson, whence have you come ?" "Grandmother," he replied, "give me a name !" "But, grandson, what name shall I give you ?" The old woman sat thinking awhile and then exclaimed, "Your name shall be Active-and-Restless-as-an-Aspen-leaf." "Ah, old woman, you can indeed give a name !"

He took his leave and directed his steps homewards. When his father asked where he had been, he replied, "I have visited my old grandmother." His father reflected thus, "I was a hero and a man and while I took a week to reach that spot, he got as far in half a day !" The youth asked his father, "Have you a broken-in horse ?" "Of course I have ! My chestnut stands confined behind seven walls. Go and call him and lead him forth !" The youth went to the place where the horses stood, but they could not endure that he should put a hand on them, and if he laid a leg on them they would not submit to the burden. A foal, covered with scurf, rubbed against him. "Ah, you parentless foal, you approach me, but if I lay hold of you I shall bear you to the ground." Yet when he seized the foal it did not shrink from him, so he mounted ; it paid no attention ! The youth said, "God has never given me a beautiful horse before ; this is my appointed steed."

He went home and begged his father for a bridle, a whip and a saddle. His father brought him a golden bridle, a golden whip and a golden saddle. He went to the courtyard, caught the foal and bridled him ; the foal became a two-year-old. When led out of the courtyard the animal became a three-year-old, and when saddled it became a four-year-old. When the foremost saddle straps were tightened the horse became a five-year-old, and when the hinder straps were tightened he became a six-year-old. The youth said to his parents, "I am going away to behold beautiful women and handsome men and to exhibit myself." They let him depart. As he swung upon his steed it became a seven-year-old. He was borne away in a certain direction, and soon, when he turned round, his village seemed but as large as the tooth of a comb. But now a town of great extent grew visible. Approaching the house of an old man and an old woman, somewhat poor persons, on the edge

of the town, he entered and was embraced and kissed by them. The man and woman spoke in a low tone to one another and then a calf was dragged from behind the oven and slaughtered before him, so that the blood spurted on him. When this had happened he sat down alone. They skinned the calf, cooked the flesh and gave him to eat and drink. He asked them if a hero or a king lived in the town, and they replied, "A king lives here." "Has he a daughter?" The old woman answered, "He has three daughters." He then took his leave of the pair and went home.

The youth said to his father, "I have walked in an immense street of a vast town, where a king is living with his three daughters. Go and woo one of the king's daughters for me!" The old man equipped himself, threw silver and gold in the sledge, stamped with his foot the sable skins and other furs firmly into their places and went off. He arrived at the palace of the king to ask the daughter in marriage for his son, but by the king's command he was struck, pushed and dismissed home. The old man came back weeping and howling. His son asked for an explanation. "They struck me, pushed me and dismissed me home." At dawn, on the following day, he was sent forth again. "Go again to the same king and demand his daughter for me as a wife." The old man received the same treatment, being struck, pushed and sent home. When the third day dawned the son said, "Now go and seek elsewhere." The father went to the same town and asked the shaman for his daughter. An agreement was come to without purchase money, and the old man came home narrating stories and singing. Preparations were made for the wedding; rich shoes and festal garments were put on, and the party cleaned themselves and went into the street, the son being prominent in his sable and beaver furs. Then they went off into the town, and a feast was held for the girls and a feast for the men; during as many weeks as occur in a month they ate and drank. Even when the feasting for both girls and men had come to an end, and the man and his wife were ready to return home, numerous people from the town and from the village collected to drink at the maidens' feast and at the men's feast. Moreover, after they returned home, another banquet was instituted for the girls and another for the men, and they drank during as many weeks as occur in a month.

When the feasting was concluded the pair began to live, and

the husband was able to prove his wife's qualities. He noticed, when dinner time approached, if she turned her gaze away from the window. Once he seized his wife and put his head on her knees ; but she pushed him against the front of the house, so that he fell and blood flowed from his nose. She exclaimed, " Over there, at the end of the world, I did not scratch the head of my lover ; why then should I scratch your head ? "

Her husband ran to his father and mother and said, " When I laid my head on my wife's lap, that she might scratch it, she pushed me away and I fell against the wall and my nose bled." He took leave of his parents, walked up the street, jumped on his horse and hurried away.

His father and mother remained weeping and howling at home, but he was being swiftly borne afar. When he looked behind him, the village where he lived seemed no larger than the tooth of a comb. Having ridden a long distance, he came to a house and storehouse beside the road, and here he dismounted and fastened his horse to a post. At the spot where a horse had stood and marked the ground with his fore and hinder feet lay four lumps of silver. Aspen-leaf whisked away the hoar frost from his horse and pushed him aside, and then saw that also in these footprints were four lumps of silver. After making these two observations, he thought, " This man, the lover, is neither superior nor inferior in strength to myself." He entered the house, and the old woman embraced and kissed him. " Active-and-restless-as-an-Aspen-leaf, grandson, whither are you going ? " " I am roaming about ! " She gave him food and drink. The old woman pushed the table aside and covered it with a cloth, and sat down close to his knees and repeated her question, " Whither, grandson, are you going ? " " My father took the shaman's youngest daughter for me as a wife. When I laid my head on her lap, that she might scratch it, she pushed me and I fell and my nose bled. She said, ' There at the end of the world, at the house of my lover, I did not scratch his head ; why should I scratch yours ? ' I am going to look for this man who was her lover." The old woman replied, " Many have gone to the lover's town, but none has come back. Return home ! " " No ! I am exploring the recesses of earth and water, and I will not turn back." " Wait," said the old woman, " and I will give you something which will be useful." Although he waited long, she did not return and, losing patience, he pushed the door, which she

immediately seized from without, saying, "Grandson, whither are you hastening? We women have a hundred bundles, a thousand bundles; one bundle is tied up and another is untied." She gave him a bunch of sixty silver rings, and said, "Shall not your grandmother living here give you something?" They took leave of each other.

He mounted his horse and rode away. Again he came to a wayside house and a storehouse. He led his horse to a post, and it appeared to him as if here also a man had ridden up and had left in four hoof prints four lumps of silver. He stroked the hoar frost from his horse, pushed him aside, and behold! in the place where his own horse had stood were four lumps of silver. He entered the house and was kissed by an old woman. "Active-and-restless-as-an-Aspen-leaf, my grandson whither are you going?" "I am going on my own affairs." He was entertained with food and drink; then she pushed the table aside and covered it with a white cloth, and set herself down close to his knees. "Grandson! whither are you proceeding?" "My father married me to the shaman's youngest daughter. But when I laid my head on her lap, in order that she might scratch it, she pushed me away and I fell against the wall and my nose bled. She said, 'There, at the end of the world, I did not scratch my lover's head; what kind of man are you that I should scratch your head?' I am going to seek this lover." The old woman said, "Many set out, but none return. Go back!" "I will explore the depths of earth and the depths of the waters, and I will not turn back." The old woman said, "Look, I will give you something." She left the house and vanished.

The youth waited a long while, and then said; "This old woman has deceived me and made off." But when he stood up and pushed the door it was seized by her from without. "Grandson, whither are you hastening? We women have a hundred bundles, a thousand bundles; if we close one of them we open another." She presented him with a thread roller, and said, "It will be useful." They took leave of one another, and he went out and mounted his horse and was borne away. He rode far and came to a house and storehouse by the roadside, dismounted and led his horse to a post, and it seemed as if a man had ridden away. At the spot where such a man's horse had stood there remained four lumps of silver. He fastened his horse, scraped off the hoar frost and moved the

horse aside. Behold, four lumps of silver were in his horse's hoof prints! "This man is neither stronger nor weaker than I, and if we were to meet on a spit of land of this steep wooded bank we should chase one another." Entering the house, he was embraced and kissed by an old woman. "You who live at the end of the world, 'Active-and-restless-as-an-Aspen-leaf man, whither are you proceeding?" "I am wandering about." She gave him to eat and to drink and sat down close to his knees. "What is your purpose?" "I was married by my father to the youngest of the shaman's daughters, and when I laid my head in my wife's lap, that she might scratch it, I was pushed by her against the wall and my nose bled. My wife said, 'At my lover's house, at the end of the world, I did not scratch his head; what kind of man are you that I should scratch your's?'" The old woman said, "Many have gone to his town, but none has returned. Go back home!" "I have explored recesses of earth and water, I will not turn back." "Wait a little, I will give you something." The old woman went away and vanished.

Aspen-leaf waited awhile, and at last rose, and having bent his head and neck in worship of the spirits, he went out, pushing the door. But the old woman seized him and said, "Grandson, whither are you hurrying?" She gave him a white cloth. "Sit down a moment, I have a word to say. If you are determined to go, then go. You will reach a small mountain-ridge sharp as the blade of a knife; and to look down from it on either side will make you dizzy. Do not touch your horse! When you get away from this place you will come upon a pair of serpents, one a male and the other a female, who are as thick as an aspen tree and as long as a boat. When you look you will see smoke rising only as thick as a thread. But as you proceed you will be recognised and the smoke will grow thicker. The men and women's bones are here heaped up almost as high as a cedar tree, and are ready to blend together; this cedar tree will drown you in its mass if you set foot on it. There treat your horse with the bridle in a way not easily borne and touch him with your heels unendurably. If you can only get away from here you must go on and on, till you reach the sea-shore. A bridge over the sea will be guarded by sixty men. When you get to the bridge throw down your sixty silver rings, and the men will collect them and put them on the finger. Meanwhile, urge on your horse. When you have crossed the bridge you will reach the town of the trader-lover."

Aspen-leaf and the old woman separated, and he threw himself on his horse and was borne away. He bound his eyes firmly with a cloth, and once when he listened his horse scarcely moved a step. He moved his eyes and, looking through a chink, saw before him a ridge of land as narrow as the edge of a knife. Swaying this way and that, he yet rode continually forwards. Once again when he listened his horse broke into a sharp trot, and once when he raised his eyes his horse began to gallop. As he looked he saw smoke as thick as a thread mounting upwards. He struck his horse severely with his heels and with his whip and it shot forward. Reaching a pair of snakes, he was attacked by the male, which, however, only succeeded in taking three hairs from the tail of the horse. He rode on and came to the sea-shore, where sixty men were on guard; forthwith he threw down his bundle of rings, and the men crowded together, and meanwhile he passed them and hastened on his way. They fired at him, but only tore three hairs from his horse's tail.

Aspen-leaf now reached the town of the trader-lover and, entering his house, was embraced and kissed by the man's mother. She entertained him with mead and beer, and they began to live. Once a cup stood of its own accord inverted; thereupon the youth cried, "Now, my old one, what does the cup say?" "It tells us that my son has set out homewards." A little later the cup turned round. "What does it say, now?" "It says that my son has reached the middle of the way." After a time the cup stood properly. "What does it tell us now?" "That my son will arrive immediately. Where shall I hide you?" Taking him by the hair, she threw him on the floor, whereupon he was changed into a needle without an eye, and was pushed by her into a rift in a beam.

The son entered and said, "Mother, who has visited you? Give him to me at once; I will shed no drop of his blood, not even as much as would be covered by a spoon." The mother replied, "Nobody has come, early or late. How could I possibly receive a visitor?" "Mother, if he is older than I am, I will make him my father; if he is younger than I am, I will make him my son; if he is of equal age, I will consider him as a brother!" The mother took the needle out of the rift in the beam, and threw it on the floor, and the young man stood to his full height before them. They embraced and kissed him and, bringing beer and mead, they ate and drank.

Aspen-leaf said, "I was married by my father to the youngest

daughter of a shaman, but when I put my head on my wife's knee, that she might gently scratch it, I was pushed away by her so roughly that my nose bled. She said ; ' There, at the end of my world, at the house of the trader-lover, I did not scratch any man's head ; why should I now scratch yours ? ' "

" Trader-lover," the brother, now said, " I usually sleep behind the partition in the front of the house. Put on my clothes and lie down there. I will give you three silver rods ; strike with them till they break ! " Aspen-leaf drew on the other's clothes and went and lay down. All at once the noise of an approaching magpie became audible ; it flew through the window into the house, threw off the form of a magpie and became a woman. Looking, unnoticed, at her, Aspen-leaf saw that she was his wife. She came to him, but he wrapped himself tightly in the clothes. He paid no attention to what she did ; but his wife addressed him : " Since the time when I worked for and lived with you I have been wife of a man in the form of a bird with tail feathers. Whether he was taken away by a short-footed demon, I do not know, and whether he was taken by a long-footed demon, I do not know. " The husband sprang up and, seizing the woman by the hair, beat her with the silver rods, and when the rods were done for she had a broken leg and a broken arm and she had lost an eye. She returned to her magpie form and departed tottering. The husband now went to his brother and together they drank beer and mead and ate.

They began to live. Trader-lover, the brother, wished to go on his way, and said to Aspen-leaf, " You remain, I am going to fight a seven-headed devil. If you become weary enter my store cellar with seven divisions. Open six divisions, but do not penetrate into the seventh ; such is my positive command. "

When the trader-lover had set forth Aspen-leaf went to the store vault that had seven divisions. Entering the first room, he found it full of frogs and lizards ; he thrust out half of them. Entering the second room, he found it full of snakes and lizards, and the third room was similarly occupied. He expelled half of them. It was the same in the fourth and fifth rooms. He went into the sixth room, and in it found nothing, but now his forehead shone. He stood perplexed, not knowing whether to go into the seventh room ; but after much consideration determined to enter.

Opening the lock and moving the door very slightly, he

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Opening the lock and moving the door very slightly, he

peeped in ; the light was so great that he could scarcely raise his eyes. Next he threw the door wide open, but had to spring back because of the golden light. A girl seized him and tried to drag him in, but he resisted and sought to draw her out. At one moment she was the stronger and seemed to overcome him ; at the next he appeared to gain the victory and to be on the point of dragging her forth. Then he reflected, " If she wishes to drag me in, why should I resist ?" So they came together and, as if they knew not what they did, they kissed and embraced.

He came to his wife every day ; but once, on such an occasion, he was caught by his mother-in-law, who, learning that his wife was with child, grew wrathful. Her son arrived in the evening, and the brothers ate and drank. When the mother spoke forcibly to her son, he replied, " Mother, why are you angry ?" " Because your sister, who is kept in the seven-roomed vault, is with child ; you have, indeed, found a nice brother !" " Now, mother, you are angry without cause. Is it possible that a man who comes from a place so remote that never an animal can reach it came with lost bodily powers to us to look at my beautiful countenance ? When to-morrow dawns let them both fall at your feet and the edge of your dress." His mother said nothing, and when day broke Active-and-Restless-as-an-Aspen-leaf and his wife, having attired themselves, came hand-in-hand to the mother's house and fell at her feet and the edge of her dress. A maidens' feast was prepared, and a young men's feast, and there was eating and drinking for as many weeks as there are in a month. Afterwards the couple again began to live. Aspen-leaf (his wife had borne him a son) used to visit his brother-in-law every day ; but once he said to his wife, " I am going to fight the seven-headed wood-devil ; tell my brother not to leave the house till I return." The youth went forth and saw that the seven-headed devil's supporters were so numerous as to look like a dark-forested hill. He bound his eyes with a silk cloth firmly and swung his sword. The folk fell down like a hundred heaps of spring hay, like a hundred heaps of autumn hay. But, however much he hacked and strove, his enemies did not diminish. He went round them and saw a being striking a flint and steel, and wherever a spark fell a man rose up with an axe and a sword. Aspen-leaf ran to this being, tore away the flint and steel, cut the man in two pieces and began again to

wield his sabre ; with effective blows he destroyed his opponents and went home. When he saw his wife he said, " Is my brother at home ?" His wife replied, " After you had gone your brother set forth on the third day to you." Aspen-leaf grew angry with his wife, " Why did you let him go ? That is the reason why my sword struck at first so ineffectually." He took his wife with him and, going forth, they came in time to the spot where lay the dead people. After despairing of success in their search, they at last found the brother ; it was he that had been cut in two portions. They brought him home, made a silver coffin and, having removed a board from the bed on which they lay, they placed the coffin beneath the bed.

Once a message arrived for Aspen-leaf from his mother-in-law that he should come to her quickly, but his wife said, " She intends to kill you. You may go to Heaven if there is a ladder, and you may go into the earth, if there is an opening." He said farewell to his wife, and approached his mother-in-law's house, but no sooner had he passed the door than he fell through an opening into the Underworld. He lay a long time before he could see anything, and it was a dark place, swimming in water. Standing up, he perceived that the place was deluged with his tears, for he had wept and howled. Then he stepped out and continued to walk in one direction, and so came to a house and a storehouse. He entered and found a very old man as tall as five beams. This man and his wife embraced and kissed him and said, " Active-and-Restless-as-an-Aspen-leaf ! dweller in a far land ! by whom were you allured—was it by means of song or fairy tale—into this sacred and wonderful land which is visited by spirits and demons ?" " I am roaming about to please myself," was the reply, followed by the question : " Old Man and Old Woman, do you need a son ? I will be a son to you." The man replied, " We are looking for such a person."

Aspen-leaf began to live with this couple, and the old man said to him : " Bring the horses and cows into the field, but do not take them into the district belonging to the wood-devil." He brought his horses and cows into the field, but saw that in it there was no stalk of grass to grind between the teeth, though in the territory of the wood-devil one could scarcely wade, the grass was so thick. He led his horses into the district belonging to the wood-devil.

Once there came out a single-headed devil, saying, " Old

man and old woman, deceivers! your eyes have been plucked out and lie at our mother's, on a silver dish. So you have brought your horses here again! This time I will shed not even as much blood as would fill a spoon." Aspen-leaf came near and stood up, crying, "How say you, wood-devil? Shall we contend with swords or wrestle?" The wood-devil replied, "Let us use swords!" The young man struck at the wood-devil's throat and sliced off his head; then he cast away the body and hid himself. In a little while a two-headed devil approached, and they fought. After the young man had struck his opponent's throat the two heads fell and were thrown aside. In time a three-headed devil came out. "Shall we strike or wrestle?" The devil replied, "Let us strike." The youth aimed at the throat and struck off the three heads. Before long a four-headed devil approached. "Shall we smite or wrestle?" "Let us smite!" He let fly at the four-headed devil and cast away the four heads. Ere long a five-headed devil arrived. "Shall we strike or wrestle?" The answer came, "Let us strike!" The five heads were cut off at a single blow. Sooner or later a six-headed devil appeared. "Shall we use swords or wrestle?" The devil replied, "Let us use swords!" The six heads were smitten off. Then came a seven-headed devil. "Ah, you parentless old man and old woman! this time I will take not a drop of your blood, even as much as would be covered by a spoon. You have already lost your eyes, which lie at our mother's, on a silver dish. You have dared to move your horses here!" The young man came up, and the wood-devil cried, "Shall we strike or shall we wrestle?" "Let us strike." The youth strove and strove and hacked off six heads, so that only one head remained. The place of encounter now became marshy, and the young man began to push the devil into the ground. At last the devil was pushed in up to the throat, yet, however much he was struck with the sword, he did not give way. Then he cried out, "How long will you torment me? Take out of my pocket a white cloth, bind it round my throat and then strike!" The youth took out of the pocket the white cloth, wrapped it round the devil's throat, smote with his sword and the head fell off. He led the horses home, and his father remarked, "You have been away some time!" "I have been roving about." "Perhaps you have led your horses to the old wood-devil's territory?" The youth replied, "I have slain all the wood-devils. Old

man! if I give you your sight, can you take me to the waters near which men live in the upper world?" The old man answered, "How should I not take you there, if you should do such a thing for me?"

Another day dawned and Aspen-leaf ate and drank and continued his journey. He arrived at the house of the old wood-devil and saw a witch sitting there. "Man from the Russian land, you have brought me your flesh and blood! but I will spill no drop of your blood, not even as much would be covered by a spoon." They agreed that during the contest they should go out three times; then they seized one another. They struggled long, and the old woman said, "Let me go out." Her opponent freed her and she went out, drank some strong water and re-entered the house. They closed with one another, but soon the man was allowed to go out. At the entrance were standing two vessels of water. He placed his finger in one of them and it rotted off; he dipped it in the other vessel and the finger was healed. Then he drank his fill from this vessel and re-entered. Once more the antagonists closed; but the old woman succumbed to him and said, "Let me out." She went out, drank of the strong water and returned. They fastened on one another and he succumbed. "Let me out!" he cried, and drank of the strong water, and where the ladle of the strong water should have lain he put the other ladle. They set out, and the old woman was tossed by him hither and thither. She said, "Let me out!" and drank freely of the water. Although she flapped her wings she only grew weaker, and she took to flight. He waited long, and said, "This old woman has really escaped." But when he followed in order to fetch her back she returned and entered. He went to the front of the house where the two vessels were standing and dipped his finger in one vessel; the finger dropped off; he dipped the hand in the other vessel, and it became whole.

He now stepped into the house and saw before him a hanging curtain with bells upon it. Behind the curtain sat a maiden. He seized the old woman and they fought long, but though he struck and pushed her he could not overcome her. However, glancing at the maiden, he noticed that she pushed her chin with her hand; thereupon he thrust the old woman under the chin with a knife, and she stretched herself out. The maiden said, "Will you take me as your wife?" and to the question he answered, "Yes." "Then let us consume my mother with

fire ; her stomach will burst asunder and a multitude of lizards and snakes will appear, but if any one of them escapes unnoticed from the fire it will change into the form of a woman. Let us get ready a broom and immediately sweep it back into the fire." They now lighted a pile of dry wood and twigs and laid upon it the old woman, whose body burst open ; a mass of lizards and snakes crept out, but they were swept back into the fire. The work was endless, and the youth said, " In order to know whether you have been married before, let us spring over the fire three times ; if you have been married before you will not get over." The young man jumped over the fire and his wife also. He jumped a second time, as also did his wife. Having jumped a third time, he turned round, and when his wife sprang again he pushed and she fell upon her back. Her stomach burst open and numbers of snakes and lizards crawled out. He swept them again into the fire, and so he laboured till the sweat poured from him. At last the end came, for a north wind arose, so that the ashes were borne southwards ; then a south wind arose, and the ashes were borne northwards.

He turned back and entered the witches' house, took the eyes, took the Life-water and the Life-rod and went home. He came to his father and mother, and ordered his mother to prepare hot water. The water boiled and the old man's eyes were washed and put in it, then sprinkled with the Life-water, and then they were struck with the Life-rod. The eyes became healthier than they had been before. The old man stood up and ran out. And now the old woman's eyes were washed and dropped into the water and sprinkled with the Life-water and moved with the Life-rod. The eyes grew healthier than they were formerly, and healthier than they were afterwards. She ran out. Though the young man waited long, these old people did not return, and he said to himself, " They have gone " ; but the grey-haired old man appeared again, and said, " I have been visiting the seven-wooded headlands on which I used to walk " ; and the old woman came and said, " I have been visiting the seven heaths on which I used to wander." The old man now ordered that seven oxen should be killed, and explained further thus : " All the flesh of six oxen, after it has been cut up into small pieces, is to be salted by you in casks and boiled ; I am going to see the Fiery-bird." He went away, and they slew seven oxen, and having cut all the flesh of six oxen into small pieces, they salted it. The flesh of the seventh ox

was merely boiled. The old man came and ate and drank. On the morning of the next day, they carried the casks on their backs to the Fiery-bird, to whom the old man said, "Try to treat this man well who is to ride upon you." To Aspen-leaf he said, "When she has taken you up to earth report in writing on her breast how she has treated you."

They said farewell, and the youth seated himself on the Fiery-bird and flew upwards; if the bird turned her head either this way or that, he handed her a piece of food. He was carried continually forward, until at last the time came for the bird to direct her course earthward, at which time the flesh had been consumed. The Fiery-bird began to descend. First Aspen-leaf cut off the calf of his right leg and thrust it to her; then he cut off the calf of his left leg and thrust it to her. She bore him to the waters beside which people dwell in the upper world, and then she said, "Stand up." He replied, "How can I do that, when I have let you eat the calves of my legs?" The Fiery-bird exclaimed, "If I had known the truth earlier, I would not only have consumed you on the journey, but would have drunk up your blood. The last two morsels were delicious." The bird soon vomited up the calves of her rider's legs and spat upon them; in consequence they became forthwith stronger and better than ever. Aspen-leaf wrote on the bird's breast, "I have been carried and treated well," and while the Fiery-bird went on her way he stepped toward his own house. Entering it, he found his wife with a man lying on either side of her, so he seized his sword and raised it in order to strike. But she sat up and said, "What has happened to you? These men are your sons," and next, turning to the men, she said, "This is your father; stand up!" The sons stood up, and approaching their father, fell at his feet; afterwards all embraced and kissed and ate and drank.

Next morning they took the brother-in-law out of the silver coffin, sprinkled him with the Living-water and touched him with the Life-rod, whereupon he drew up his arms and legs and looked around, but could not see. Then Aspen-leaf took his youngest son, cut him in halves and sprinkled the brother-in-law with blood. The man who had been dead raised his head, covered as it was with dust and small grass blades, and cried, "I was lulled to sleep by my brother-in-law, Active-and-Restless-as-an-Aspen-leaf. By what man's son have I been awakened, after being laid in my wooden cradle?" Aspen-leaf

extinguished our fire be torn and hung by one arm and dragged away and hung by one leg!" Aspen-leaf cried out, "Let not the man whom my parents curse issue from the house!" As soon as their son's voice resounded the old people rushed into the street, and the old man embraced his son, who threw his father on to the ground, so that the old man became young and handsome. The old woman ran up to and embraced her daughter-in-law, who pushed her on the ground and lifted her up transformed into a young and beautiful woman. All of them embraced and kissed one another and drank beer and mead and ate.

It grew dark, and they lay down to sleep. Active-and-restless-as-an-Aspen-leaf went out into the street and chopped up the pieces of wood which he had taken from the pine forest into fine pieces. He threw them on all sides, and cried out, "If a man shall appear to sing songs before me and to tell fairy tales, let a hundred houses spring up for him here, and let a house arise for me among those hundred houses. If a woodpecker taps with his beak on the front of the house, let a jumping beetle strike with its beak at the back of the house. Let a good and bloody sacrifice of reindeer be made by me here; and let a sacrifice of dismembered reindeer be brought by me here! May the house become full of workmen and maids! May a courtyard full of horses and cows arise for me." He went into the house and lay down to sleep.

When morning broke Aspen-leaf saw in a newly erected house numerous workmen and women. Truly, as he looked this way and that way, there stood a hundred houses, and among them was his own house. He cast a glance at the courtyard; it was full of horses and cows. A maidens' feast was instituted and a young men's feast, and for as many weeks as occur in a month there was eating and drinking. From so far as the eyes reached and sounds carried people were collected.

I wish that everyone of the numerous persons who have heard this story may receive plenty of fish and an abundance of fur goods; and I wish that a nail may be driven into the ears of the numberless persons who have not heard it!

II

THREE BROTHERS AND THEIR SISTER¹

THREE brothers who lived day and night had a sister. Once when they went to hunt elk and reindeer they came home late and found neither kettle nor fire ready. The oldest one said, "We have a sister, but neither fire nor kettle"; and the youngest brother said, "Our sister neglects us; she is thinking only of a future husband." He entered the house and, setting his sister on the shovel, cast her away, so that she flew across the grass and fell in the middle of a wood full of tall trees. Having got up, the girl walked some distance and saw a house hanging at the end of a strong iron chain, while golden rays streamed forth above and below. She walked round the house thrice, but found no entrance; however, she noticed an iron staple, raising which, she opened a door.

Entering, she perceived a table with beer and mead upon it, and she began to eat and drink. Then a young man flew hither from the south, in the form of a young goose, and, laying aside his feathers, stood before her in his own height and shape. He entered the house and embraced and kissed her. The next day he said, "In my absence you may allow your eldest brother and your middle brother to come in, but do not admit your youngest brother!"

The eldest brother arrived, and she received and entertained him with food and drink and then ushered him out. The second brother came and she admitted him and gave him to eat and drink and bid him farewell. But when the youngest brother came, although she gave him food and drink, she said: "Brother, depart; my husband does not permit me to receive you." The youngest brother, however, took a sword down from a peg, and having made a bed of boards near the opening in the roof, installed himself there. Very soon the husband arrived from the south in the form of a young goose. As he let down his legs through the roof's opening one of them was cut off by the youngest brother; nevertheless, the husband flew away and escaped. His wife, having made herself a six-foot staff and shoes with heels three spans high, departed.

She reached a house with a storehouse, near which dogs, called Wolf and Bear, growled and snarled. In the house, an old woman commanded the dogs thus: "If a visitor pleases you,

¹S. Patkanov, Russian text, p. 64.

seize him by the edge of his clothes and by the skirt of his coat, and lead him into the house ; but if a visitor does not please you, tear at his legs and expel him !” The dogs led the girl into the house and her aunt said to her, “ How have you been enticed into this remote spot, whither it is not possible for a beast to penetrate ? Has a song or has a fairy-tale brought you hither ?” “ I have been enticed by a song which I have sung and by a fairy tale related by myself. They have cut off my husband’s leg. How can I reach the middle of the unfrozen holy sea ?” “ You must follow the dust from my feet !” Then the old woman became sleepy, but she brushed off the earth from her feet into a birch bark basket ; she also tore three hairs from her husband’s beard. She gave the girl a skein of linen thread and the earth from her feet and the three hairs and said, “ Throw the linen thread skein in front of you and go whither it rolls !”

The girl set forth and arrived at the sea-shore. Lifting up her birch-bark basket, she scattered the earth ; at once the sea froze in the direction which she had to follow.

She crossed the sea and saw, in front of her, a house with a foundation and roof of gold. Although she went first to the north side and then to the south side, she found no door. But she saw a projecting iron staple, and pulled it strongly with the three hairs of the beard, until a huge door opened. The girl entered and concealed herself behind the stove, and when three maidens came she said to them, “ Take me to my husband !” They replied, “ If you allow us to draw out a sinew from your foot, we will take you ; but if you do not agree we will not take you.” She agreed, and they drew out a sinew ; then she was taken to her husband’s home, where she was received by an old woman and an old man as a daughter. The daughter-in-law ordered them thus :

“ Prepare six kettles of birch-tree broth.”

They soaked her with the water, and when she had stretched her legs she sprang to her feet ; they were healed. She transformed herself into a scab-headed hobgoblin.

Her husband had gone to court the daughter of the Sun-king, and the marriage was to take place at dawn, when the sun appeared in the sky. They brought the Sun-king’s daughter and led her into the house, and when the bride entered the

hobgoblin hid behind the stove. The bride threw down her ring and the hobgoblin took it up. People drank and ate and went out. The woman lay down with her husband, and the woman said, "Do you remember your wife, the three men's sister?" Hearing these words, the scab-headed hobgoblin broke the ring in pieces, and immediately the Sun-king's daughter died. In the morning she was buried.

The man now went to take as wife the daughter of the Moon-king. He took the Moon-king's daughter. At the hour of dawn, when the sun rose in the sky, the wedding took place. The scab-headed hobgoblin went into his ambush, and the bride was brought in. She threw the ring on the ground and it was taken up by the hobgoblin. The wedding guests arrived and ate and drank and went away. The man and the woman lay down, and the woman said, "The three men's sister, your wife, do you remember her?" The hobgoblin heard and broke the ring in pieces. The bride perished and was buried in the morning.

The man went home. He began to play an instrument, and as he sang of the three men's sister, he threw the instrument on the floor and broke it in pieces. Next he stamped with his foot and said, "Pieces, collect yourselves together!" They collected themselves together. "Hang yourselves on the peg!" They hung themselves on the peg. The three men's sister sprang from behind the stove, and held her hands before the man's eyes. He said, "Three men's sister! set me free and I will for ever keep you with me." She set him free.

III

TALE OF A HUNTER AND A SEVEN- HEADED SATYR:

A hunter of reindeer and elk had two dogs called Bear and Wolf. Once he said to his sister, "Neither sweep the boards nor comb your head until I return home." The girl replied, "Leave your dogs at home to-day; I shall be visited by someone, who will come as soon as you go." Leaving his dogs at home, the brother put them on the chain and went into the open country.

The sister swept the boards and combed her head; she also

¹S. Patkanov, Russian text, p. 67.

stuffed up the dogs' ears. Before long a seven-headed satyr came and embraced her ; but next he followed the brother, who had gone to capture elk and reindeer. The brother climbed to the top of a larch tree, and the seven-headed satyr began to hack at the stem of the larch tree with an axe. He hewed continually till he reached the middle of the larch tree. Then a hare came and said, " Brother, what are you doing ?" " I would devour the elk and reindeer-hunter who has climbed to the top of this tree !" The hare replied, " Brother, let me wield your axe ; give yourself a rest." While the hare hewed the satyr slept, and the larch tree was made by the hare stronger than it had been previously. " Brother, stand up," said the hare ; " the time is come for you to devour the elk and reindeer-hunter ; stand up !" But when the satyr woke and stood up he found the tree stronger than before. The hare ran off and escaped into the wood.

The satyr began to hew again, and a vixen came up. " Brother ! what are you doing ?" " I want to eat the elk and reindeer-hunter !" " Brother, give me your axe ; I will cut further while you rest." The satyr lay down, and the vixen brought earth and sand and made the tree's position more secure. " Stand up ; the time is come for you to consume the elk and reindeer-hunter." When the seven-headed devil stood up the larch tree had become firmer than ever, and he determined to pay no further heed to advice. He began to strike, and an otter approached. " Brother, what are you doing ?" " I wish to eat up the elk and reindeer-hunter, who has mounted to the top of this larch tree." " Brother ! give me the axe and rest yourself." The satyr lay down, but the otter entered a stream and threw sand and mud against the tree and strengthened it. " Brother stand up !" When the satyr arose the tree had become firmly fixed.

A sparrow came, and, dropping down on the tree, said to the man, " Brother, what are you doing here on the top of the tree ?" He replied, " Brother, the seven-headed devil would eat me. When I used to kill elk and reindeer, did you not sometimes enjoy drops of blood on the besmeared spot ?" The sparrow said, " Yes, brother, I have eaten there."

" Go into my house and in some way tell my dogs to come here quickly ; the seven-headed devil will eat me." The sparrow flew off and, arriving at the house, said into the chimney corner, " Bear and Wolf, the seven-headed devil seeks to

devour your master; come quickly!" But the sister had stopped up their ears with lead and they did not hear.

Next came a raven and settled on the top of the tree.

"Brother! why are you here at the top of this tree? How long will you be blown by the Spring wind and the Autumn wind?" He said, "Generous brother, whither shall I go? A seven-headed devil is determined to devour me. When I used to kill elk and reindeer, did you not sometimes come and eat fat meat beside me?" The raven answered, "Truly, I have enjoyed such meat when you caught elk and reindeer." "Go quickly to my home, and call my dogs, Bear and Wolf; and tell them the seven-headed devil is about to devour their master!" The raven flew away and, perching on the chimney, said, "Bear and Wolf, come quickly! the seven-headed devil will eat your master."

Bear raised his head and listened to the sound from the opening in the roof. "Raven, what do you say?" "Bear," was the reply, "come swiftly, the seven-headed devil is about to eat your master; hasten!" Bear sprang up immediately and tore the chain in four or five pieces, then he ran. Wolf sprang up, but fell on his back when he stretched the chain. He cried out, "Brother! return, and help me out." Bear turned round, but again ran. When Wolf had torn himself free he sprang away and broke the chain into small pieces.

The dogs ran out and found their master so buffeted by Spring winds and Autumn winds that he almost lost his hair. Bear arrived and growled with all his might, like a wild beast, and both Bear and Wolf bit the devil, while their master attacked him with the axe and shot arrows from his bow.

They fought for three years, did not move away for three winters, while rain fell thrice and snow fell thrice. When the fateful day came the seven-headed devil was killed.

Three sledges of dry wood and three sledges of green wood were brought, and the seven-headed devil was consumed in the fire of dry wood and green wood. When the south wind rose his ashes were carried to the south.

Visiting the town where the Governor was dwelling, the elk and reindeer-hunter drew on himself people's attention.

The Governor said, "Do you come here on your own account or on mine?" and gave the hunter the youngest of his seven daughters as wife and without asking for payment. Fine food was eaten and fine drinks and spirit were drunk, but when the

feast ended the sister of the bridegroom took a tooth from the seven-headed devil and laid it under the mattress. The wife and her husband lay down behind the bed curtains, and the bridegroom was pricked by the tooth. In the morning he was buried. His dogs, Bear and Wolf, sought their master and growled; and the people went to the graveyard and dug up the hunter's body; he was really dead. Then they summoned the otter, the vixen and the hare; and the hare drew out the tooth, whereupon the bridegroom grew strong and well. He went home and ordered Bear and Wolf to bite his sister to death, and they bit her to death.

The elk and reindeer-hunter lives now on riches which he earns, and he will continue so to live; in his house you can find red and black furs, but he will not give them to you or me.

IV

THE STORY OF A WISE MAIDEN¹

A CERTAIN tsar had three sons, who, when they grew up, agreed to put a question to their father. As the two elder sons would not approach him, the youngest son said, "Father, will you let us look at maidens who may become our wives and maidens look at us?" The father encouraged him to continue, and the son said, "Father, take wives for us." The father replied, "Take wives according to your wish." The sons departed, and obtaining horses, saddled them and set out.

It was a dark night, as dark as the eye of an evil spirit. They arrived at a large town where everyone was asleep, but they saw a light at a window. They looked about for a tall ladder and found one, but feared to ascend. Then they said to the eldest brother, "Climb up and look in and see what kind of people are living here." The eldest brother peered in, and said, "Three maidens live here." This question was put to the eldest maiden by her sisters: "If the eldest son should marry you, what children will you have?" The girl answered, "I shall have two daughters and no more." The youth descended, and the middle brother asked him what he had seen. He replied, "Climb up and see for yourself." The middle brother mounted the ladder and looked in and heard the eldest and

¹S. Patkanov, Russian text, p. 69.

youngest girls ask their sister, "If the middle son of the tsar should marry you, what children would you have?" "I should have a daughter and a son." The youth descended and the youngest brother asked him what he had seen, and was told to mount the ladder and look for himself. The youngest brother climbed up and looked in while the two elder girls put this question to their sister: "If the tsar's youngest son should marry you, what children will you have." The reply came, "I do not know what children God will send me." The elder maidens repeated their question, but their sister was silent. Then the elder girls threatened her with a knife, and at last she said, "I shall have a daughter, on the crown of whose head will shine many heavenly stars, on whose forehead will be a sun and on the back of whose head will be a moon; then I shall have a son, on the top of whose head will be many heavenly stars, on whose forehead will be a sun and on the back of whose head will be a moon. I shall have another son, on the crown of whose head will shine many stars, on whose forehead will be a sun and on the back of whose neck will be a moon, the joints of whose right hand will be of gold and the joints of whose right foot will be of gold." The youngest brother descended and said, "Let us go home and ask our father to take us three wives from one house."

In reply to their request, the father replied, "I will go and take the three wives whom you have chosen." He dressed and adorned himself and took for his sons three wives from the one house. The warriors with shaven heads, the match-makers with shaven heads departed. A great feast was instituted in the town for the whole population, and everybody drank and ate. The well-to-do men and women took with the tips of their fingers a piece or two and departed, and the poor men and women ate and drank for as many weeks as there are in a month. When the maidens' feast and the youths' feast was over everyone went home. Then they arranged another feast for the men and for the women, and there was eating and drinking. Time passed. The young people went about the country, and the men and women looked at one another.

The wife of the eldest brother was about to bear a daughter or a son, and the child proved to be a girl. The woman called her husband home, and he christened his daughter and departed. They lived again, and the wife of the eldest brother began to bear a daughter or a son. She bore a daughter and summoned her

husband. He came, looked at the child, gave it a name and again departed. The wife of the middle husband was about to bear a daughter or a son. She bore a daughter and called her husband home. He looked at the child, gave it a name and departed. The wife of the youngest son was about to bear a daughter or son. She summoned her husband, but although he stayed at home she did not bear a child. The wife grew ill and said, "I cannot bear a child because you are at home; go away." He departed, and ere long she bore an infant. Her two sisters sent the women servants out of the house. They saw on the top of the infant's head many heavenly stars, on the forehead a sun, and on the back of the head a moon. The two sisters removed the little girl and gave her to a lower shade and to a higher shade, and said, "Old woman and old man, eat fresh meat, body meat!" The child was not eaten, and they began to bring it up.

The sisters arrived and, getting a young puppy, went to their father-in-law and said, "Your daughter-in-law has borne a puppy." He replied, "What God has given must be accepted." The husband came home, and the two sisters-in-law said to him, "Your wife has borne a puppy." He replied, "Shall I not confer a name on what God has given me?" He pronounced a name and departed. After a time his wife was about to bear a daughter or son, and she called him home. He came, but although he waited she did not bear any child. His wife said, "My ribs are ready to burst. Go if you like; If I must, I will die." Her husband was about to go, and said to the maid-servants in the house, "I have left my wife here; do not admit her two sisters to the place where the child will be born!" He went, and a little later his wife made preparations. Her elder sisters arrived and said, "Let us into the house; you will kill our sister!" The servants did not admit them, and the sisters went to the father-in-law and said, "The servants will kill our sister, who is about to bear an infant." The father-in-law ordered that they should be admitted, and they sent the servants away. The wife of the younger brother bore a boy, on the top of whose head shone many stars, while on his forehead there shone a sun and on the back of his neck a moon. The sisters carried away the child and, giving it to an upper and a lower shade, said, "Old woman and old man, partake of fresh meat, of body meat!" The old man and old woman did not eat the child, but brought it up.

It happened that a puppy was born in the house ; the sisters came with it and put it in the place of the infant. Then they went to the father-in-law and said, " Your son's wife has given birth to a puppy." He replied, " God has given it ; what is to be done ?" He summoned home his son, who came and said, " Father, what am I to do with my wife ?" The father replied, " She has acted thus a second time ; but forgive her !" And the son forgave his wife and gave a name to the child ; then he departed. His wife was once more about to bear a daughter or a son, and called her husband home. He returned and waited long, but she did not bear a child. She said, " I was about to die, yet I do not die ; go away !" Her husband now said to the servants, " Take care yourselves of whatever child is borne by my wife, and do not admit her elder sisters to her." He went away, and again in a little while his wife made preparations for a birth. The servants did not admit her sisters, who said, " You will kill our sister by not admitting us to the house." They went to the father-in-law and said, " The servants are not admitting us and will kill our sister." The father-in-law gave this order, " Admit them and do not kill my daughter-in-law." A boy was born, on the crown of whose head shone many stars, while on his forehead shone a sun, and on the back of his head was a moon.

In the yard a bitch had puppies. The sisters took a puppy into the house and carried off the boy baby beyond the village and gave it to an upper and a lower shade and said, " Eat fresh meat, body meat !" They began to rear the infant. The sisters informed the father-in-law that his daughter-in-law had brought forth a puppy. He called his son home and said, " Your wife has given birth to a puppy." His brothers laughed at the husband. He went home, looked at his " son," and said to his father, " What am I to do with my wife ?" His father replied, " Break one of her hands, break one of her feet, knock out one of her eyes, tear her nose on one side, lead her to the church and nail her there by her hands and feet." They broke her hand, they broke her foot, they knocked out an eye, they tore one of her nostrils, they tore her mouth on both sides, they led her to the church and nailed her there by both hands and both feet.

Time passed. A report spread in the village and in the whole settlement that beyond the village a heap of moss was growing

in a cradle.¹ The two sisters said to one another, "Are the children being reared there?" They set out to the spot on a dark night—a night as dark as the eye of an evil spirit—and found that actually the children were being brought up. The sisters took them and threw them from the village bridge into the water, and the children were received and brought up by an old water-tsar, who gave them nourishing food and drink.

On the bank of the river an old man and old woman caught fish by help of a net. The thread fastened to the drag net moved. The old man drew in; at the bottom of the bag a little girl struggled. The old man said: "We have lived without sight of a child, without seeing a son; now we have been given a little daughter." He took the child home. The old woman from exceeding joy went and knelt in an open square overgrown with weeds and rose up on a square producing grass. The next evening the old man went again to catch fish. The string connected with the drag-net stirred. He drew in the net; in it a boy struggled. The little girl said, "Grand-dad, my brother is freezing; take him out." The old man took the child home and rejoiced with his wife. On the third evening he went again to catch fish by help of the net; the thread which was attached to it moved. He drew up; a tiny boy struggled in the net and cried. The little girl said, "Grand-dad, my brother is cold; take him out." The old man took the boy home, and his wife rejoiced; they began to rear the child.

The little girl grew into a maiden and the boys became men. It was a sunny day, and on the sea-shore three ships were sailing. The young people went to the shore and called the sailors to them. The men approached and, having been given food and drink, asked, "Will you not sell us something?" The men came ashore and the maiden bought and her brothers carried off the goods. The head man said, "All we had with us is finished." The maiden went again to the shore and said, "You still have a worn out felt hat and a coat of bad cloth with the elbows in holes, a leaky kettle and an axe with a split handle. Tell me, has not your tsar enough money to buy new ones?" The men got ready to depart, but the girl exclaimed, "I have a house dog. Will you not throw the things into the water? Throw the hat to my dog; she will swim ashore with

¹The Ostyaks line their infants' cradles with moss. See Patkanov, p. 105. Russian translation of Ostyak text.

it. Throw her the sleeve of the coat ; she will bring it." The men took the dog with them.

They sailed and reached the first town, but had brought nothing, and the tsar was angry. They were led to a house. The dog went with them and sat wherever they stayed. Two women began to push her with a stick. The traders said, "Do not touch our dog ; when we eat we feed her." The traders said, "Rich people, well-to-do people live there. They took all that we had ; they live luxuriously." The women replied, "They do not live well. But there, at the end of the world, are birch trees hung with small bells and tambourines. When the woodcocks settle on the tree and shake themselves silver falls. Whoever obtains that birch tree will be really rich."

The traders turned back and moored at the settlement from which the dog had come. The dog jumped from the prow of the vessel and ran into the foam. Shaking herself, she threw herself on the ground and rose in the form of a man. The brothers and sister called the traders to them. When the latter sailed away the brother and sister asked their brother, who had travelled in the form of a dog, "What did you see ; what have you heard ?" He answered, "Two women said, 'There at the end of the world is a birch tree hung with bells and tambourines. When the woodcocks settle on it and shake themselves silver and gold fall. Whoever obtains that birch tree will be truly rich.'"

The two brothers got ready and went to the birch tree, broke off an end of rotten root, brought it home and threw it down near the house. They entered the house, and their sister went out into the street and looked at the tree.

Time passed, and the sister and her brothers went again to the shore. Three vessels approached close. The young people called out to the traders, but the latter, without entering the house, stopped and, forgetting about everything else, looked at the birch tree. The young man went out into the street and said, "Men, why do you not enter the house ; however much you may look at the birch tree hung with little bells and tambourines, it will not cease to reach both to the lower surface of heaven and the upper surface of earth, nor to exist as long as we look at it and men and women live. We look continually at the birch tree." The men entered the house and received food and drink, then they prepared to depart. But the maiden said, "Give us again something." The traders, remarking

among themselves that they would not deprive their tsar of an opportunity of getting goods, came ashore. The girl bought and the two men carried the things away. They took all that was in the vessel, so that it became empty. Then the sailors took counsel together. The girl came and said, "Cannot your tsar spare us an old felt hat, a coat with sleeves ragged at the elbows, an axe with a broken handle?" The men replied, "Give us again your dog." She returned home, threw her younger brother to the ground and changed him into a dog. The dog ran down to the shore and climbed on to the vessel.

They sailed away and reached their town, where their tsar came to the shore and inspected the vessel. It was empty; they had again brought nothing. The traders went ashore into the interior of the country, and the dog turned himself into a gadfly. Two women pushed it with a spindle, and the gadfly flew into a corner and settled there. The tsar said, "What have you brought?" and the men replied, "We have brought nothing. On the sea-shore there live an old man and an old woman who have a daughter and two sons. They live well; they took all we had." A man said, "My younger son went about everywhere to gain elk and reindeer, but could see nobody there; he saw neither a fallen tree nor a hewn tree. Whence have the people come?" The women replied, "There, at the end of the world, a reindeer stag roams freely. On his antlers are forty tips on which silver bells tinkle. The people barter the horns. If the rotten end of a horn is broken off and brought home and thrown down, then the stag himself will come to the house."

The traders departed and the gadfly, having heard their words, flew into the street. After having flown in the form of a gadfly, he changed himself into a dog. The vessels returned and moored to the shore. The dog jumped out, ran into a passage and resumed his own shape. The brothers went to the shore, called to the new arrivals and gave them food and drink. Then they climbed up the bank and departed. The younger brother was asked by her sister, "What have you seen and heard?" The younger brother replied, "There, at the end of the world, roams a reindeer stag. There are forty tips on his horns and the people trade for them. It is only necessary to break off a tip and bring it home and throw it down; then the reindeer stag himself comes to the house." The two brothers

said, "We will go and seek the reindeer stag so long as the muscles of our legs and of our thighs hold out."

Setting out, the two brothers reached and met the reindeer, who kept on his feet and did not lie down. The men prayed to heaven that it might grow hot. It grew hot, and they followed the stag, who fell on his four knees and from whose horns a shoot fell to the ground. They lifted up the shoot, took it home and threw it down by the house. Next they entered the house and begged their sister for something to eat. She went out and vanished. They waited a long while yet she did not return. "Seek our sister!" said the elder brother. The young man went into the street and saw his sister standing there; to the house had come a stag, on whose horns were forty shoots. The brother said, "What are you looking at, sister? This stag will not cease to exist as long as heaven and earth shall last." His sister entered the house; she was bitterly cold.

Once the three went to the mooring place; three vessels approached. The sister and her brothers waded out and invited the sailors ashore. They came and, seeing the stag, began to follow him, but the younger brother went after them and said, "Do not busy yourselves with the stag; you can look at him afterwards." The men entered the house and received food and drink. The girl said, "Will you not give us something?" and they answered, "We will give you a little." They went to the shore, and the girl bought some goods and the brothers carried them home. The three traders looked and found nothing and said, "We are taking nothing back to our tsar." The girl went down to the beach and cried, "Has not your tsar enough money to buy an old felt hat, a cheap cloth coat with ragged elbows, a bottomless kettle and a broken-handled axe?" They answered, "Will you give us your dog again?" The girl cried out, "Take away my dog, but do not ill-treat her." She went back to the settlement and turned her brother into a dog, who ran to the shore and went on board.

The traders sailed to the tsar, who said to them, "Why have you brought me nothing? People are left without clothing!" He summoned them to the interior of the country. They entered a house, and the dog changed into a gadfly and settled on the window. Two women thrust at it with a spindle till it flew into a corner and settled down. The tsar said to the men, "You have brought nothing; do not repeat such behaviour." They replied, "On the sea-shore live an old man and old woman

who are quite rich ; they possess a daughter and two sons. They have a birch tree hung with small bells and tambourines and they possess a stag which has on his horns forty shoots for which people trade. The stag was walking about." Two women said, " Those people are not rich. There, at the end of the world, is a metal house, an iron house. In it a girl sits, on the crown of whose head shine numerous heavenly stars, while on her forehead shines a sun and on the back of her head is a moon. When anyone obtains this girl he will assuredly be rich." The men got ready to depart, and the gadfly flew through a hole in the door, reached the vessel and again became a dog. The traders set sail.

The vessels once more reached the shore and made fast. The dog jumped on land, entered a passage and was transformed to his real form as a man. The brothers went down to the shore and called to the sailors, who came and were given food and drink, and then set off on a journey. The sister asked the brother what he had seen and heard when away. He replied, " Two women said, ' There, at the end of the world, inside an iron house lives a maiden, on the crown of whose head shine many stars, while on her forehead shines a sun and on the back of her head there is a moon. Whoever obtains that girl will be really rich.' " The elder man said, " I will take her as my wife." His sister replied, " Do not take her as your wife ; God has ordered neither her nor ourselves to marry." Her brother persisted that he nevertheless would take the maiden as his wife. He dressed, adorned himself and placed an arrow on the window and said, " Sister, if blood shall flow from this arrow, if matter shall flow, understand that I am dead." He bid her farewell and departed. His sister remained weeping.

After some time she examined the arrow ; matter and blood were on it. Both sister and brother wept, saying, " Our brother has been killed." The younger brother said, " If they have killed him, I will marry the maiden." The sister replied, " Do not marry her ; the heavenly Father and Mother have not allowed her to marry nor you to take a wife." Her brother persisted that, nevertheless, he would marry the maiden. He dressed, adorned himself and placed an arrow in the window. The sister wept, embraced and kissed him, and his foster father and mother both wept. He departed. Coming to a crowd of girls, he was drawn by them hither and thither. They said to him, " Russian, we are fine and honest women, take us as

wives." He reached his brother, who seized him and said, "These are fine and honest women; marry one of them!" He looked at his brother and fell and died. The sister went to the window and examined the arrow; it had blood and matter upon it. The sister wept and the foster father and mother wept and said, "Our son has been killed."

The girl dressed, put on some finery, and allowed her shoulders to be visible and partly covered her head with a kerchief, and placed a spindle on the window. Her foster father and mother wept and fell on the ground from grief, but their daughter embraced and kissed and left them. The girl set out and came to a crowd of men, who drew her on this side and on that. "Girl of a Russian land, we are handsome and honest; marry one of us." But the girl went steadily forward, and pushing them away, first gently and then forcibly, left the people behind. She reached another throng of men; they drew her this way and that and said, "We are fine and honest men; marry one of us." The girl repelled them, first gently, then with force. Her two brothers came to blows because of her. She pushed them away and they fell. She went away.

On a marshy meadow stood an iron house. Reaching it, she went round to the north side and then to the east; there was no door, but she noticed an iron handle which stood out from the wall. She touched it with her fingers, and a door appeared before her. A girl who sat in the house at a dainty table ornamented with animals' heads was drinking small beer and honey. The girl embraced and kissed her and set her at the table. The two girls drank beer and honey. The girl said, "Let us be sisters!" and her visitor repeated, "Yes, let us be sisters!" They became companions, and lived for as many weeks as there are in a month.

The girl-hostess said, "Are you sorry that your brothers are killed?" and the answer came, "Of course I am sorry to lose those born of the same mother as myself." "As you sit," said the hostess maiden, "your eyes are constantly directed to the fire. Why are you so afflicted; why give way so much to grief? Let us go and revive your brothers!" She took three living-rods and some water of life. Hand in hand the pair set forth, and they arrived where two men lay on either side of the path. She sprinkled the older man with living-water and struck him with the life-rods. He stirred his hands and feet and raised his head, which was covered with dust and small

pieces of grass. He said, "A woman living at the end of the world lulled me into a deep sleep in a cradle; what man or woman has waked me?" The girl answered, "The heavenly Father and the heavenly Mother have allowed us to marry." Next she sprinkled the younger man with living water and struck him with a life-rod. Having stirred his hands and his feet and raised his head, which was covered with dust and small blades of grass, he said, "A maiden lulled me to sleep in a cradle made of old wood at the end of the world. What man or woman has waked me?"

The four embraced and kissed each other. They became sisters and brothers and, taking each other by the hand, set out to the iron house, and in the iron house let down from the sky they drank beer and honey. The girl said, "We have a house here and a house there; we can live in whichever we like." The hostess maiden replied, "Let us set out to that house." They caught a pair of horses of similar colour and harnessed them to two sleighs. The girls sat in one sleigh and the men in the other. The animals, on being struck, carried them to the other house. The foster father and mother came into the road and, weeping for joy, fell on the ground. The children embraced and kissed them. They arrived in such an iron house let down from heaven, and drank beer and honey.

They began to live, but after awhile the girl, who had come from afar, said, "Do you know that you were born of one father and one mother? Your mother was nailed to the floor in a passage of the church and men and women spat on her!" She led them to their mother and said, "Bow before your mother; bend your necks and beseech her!"

They summoned the old tsar and their father and his two sisters-in-law and their husbands into the iron house where they lived. They did not rise from the sleighs, but looked at a birch tree ornamented with little bells and tambourines; they looked and saw a stag walking with forty shoots on his horns; a jingling sound was audible. The young people took their elders by the hand and led them into the house, where a table with beer and a table with honey had been prepared. They drank beer and honey. A red brick was pounded for the two sisters-in-law and set before them; also some tar was put on a plate for them. They were invited to eat, but they refused. The girl who came from afar said, "Eat, women; why have you not drunk your beer; and why has the honey stuck in your

throat?" The women answered, "We have eaten and drunk." When the brothers and sisters had finished eating and drinking they went outside. The two women said to each other, "We will invite them home," and entered the house again. Their father said to himself, "Is it a living spirit or a living devil in them?" The two women said, "We invite you to visit us." The girl from afar said, "We will come." Two horses of the same colour were harnessed to sleighs. The party took places in the two sleighs and arrived at the house.

They were taken by the hand and led into the house and set before a table with beer and a table with honey. The two women held counsel together, "We will set a brick before them and we will offer them tar." One of these women said, "Are we alive or dying?" The girl said to her grandfather, "If you know any old stories, relate them." Her grandfather answered, "I have no old stories; if anyone in heaven or on earth knows them, it is you."

The girl from afar began a story. She told how heaven arose and how a solid earth arose. When her story was finished she said to the old father-in-law, "Whither did you lead away your daughter-in-law, these children's mother?" "Take her and carry her to a vapour bath such as is used by men and women, and let hot water be ready." The girl went out to the bath, and both the women were led there. They washed the mother of the three children so that the brain was visible through the bones and the bones were visible through the brain. The two women were ordered to bring costly footwear and clothes. When the costly footwear and clothes had been brought they sprinkled the mother with living water and struck her with the life-rod; she raised her head, which had been covered with dust and fine grass, and said, "My husband's father sent me to sleep in a cradle made of rotten wood. What man or woman has waked me?" The girl from afar said, "Your husband prepared the cradle from rotten wood, and your two sisters arranged it." The mother got up. They dressed and adorned her. What a beauty! what a princess she had become! Taking the hand of the maiden from afar, she went with her into the house, and sat at table with beer and honey. The girl from afar commanded the young people to fall at their mother's feet. The mother did not know them, and said, "Were these children born on heaven or on earth?" The mother stayed in the front part and the children in the

back part of the room. The maiden from afar said to the children, "Open your mouths." They held their mouths open. The maiden said to their mother, "Squeeze your breast! If the milk flows in three directions, then these are your three children." The mother lifted out her breast and squeezed it. The milk went in three directions into the three mouths. The mother wept, and in her joy sank on the floor. Her children came and fell at her feet.

The girl from afar gave this order: "Catch a quiet horse, also a wild horse, and fasten to them these two women by their hands and feet; strike the quiet horse and strike the wild horse." A quiet horse was brought, also a wild horse, and the two women were fastened to them by the hands and feet. Their entrails were torn and their shoulder blades were wrenched off. The children's mother embraced and kissed her husband. The girl from afar arranged that the younger son should remain with his foster father and mother. She said to the husband's father and mother, "Father and mother, you did not love your daughter, you did not love your son; live without a daughter, live without a son!" To the daughter and the remaining son she said, "Let us go to the church and pray to the saints. To-morrow we will give three new images." The foster-father and the foster-mother live with one son in an iron house which was let down from the sky, and will live in it to the end of heaven and earth.

NOTES

I ASPEN-LEAF

The wholesale sacrifice of a man's property to the god Turum and his wife, in order to obtain the gift and blessing of a son, is one of the chief instances of sacrifice in this collection of tales. The Tcheremisses sacrifice largely to Keremet and Sheert. Sacrifice of reindeer occurs in the Chukchi, "Tale of a Dead Head," and "The Beginning of Creation," also in the first Samoyede tale and in "Worship and Dedication Among the Yukaghirs." Sacrifice of dogs occurs in the Gilyak tale, "The Mountain Devil in the Form of a Tiger." The Koryaks sacrifice dogs on a large scale to evil spirits. Sacrifice of food to Al-Iot, the spirit of fire, occurs in a Yakut tale, and sacrifice to the house spirit is mentioned in the Beliefs of the Letts. The Yakut, "Charchakan" offers the glutton's remains to the sun

and moon. The name of Turum's son, who appears as a mediator between the god and his people, is Pairaxtà.

This remarkable Ostyak epic tale, long and full of surprising incidents, is roughly comparable to such a Russian epic tale as "The Waters of Life and Death." Aspen-leaf at first merely departs on an adventure for the sake of adventure, but soon undertakes the quest of his wife's former lover. In the Russian epic Prince Ivan sets out on a definite laudable mission, namely, to obtain healing means which will relieve his father's blindness. Each of the heroes has supernatural strength and a magical horse, but while Aspen-leaf uses living water to revive his dead brother-in-law, Ivan is himself revived by the use of waters of life and death. In each case, after amazing experiences, the youth returns successfully to the home of his parents. There is also a crude heroic quest for adventure in the Gagäüzy, "The Younger Brother who Saved Two Elder Brothers," and in the Lettish, "The Enchanted Castle," and even in the simple Russian story, "The One-eyed Evil," in which a man sets out in search of evil and is nearly devoured by a cannibal.

Preternaturally rapid growth of a hero in his earliest years is a usual mark of superiority in folk-tales. Thus, in the Yakut, "Keese Sanyach," an infant in a year becomes a youth. In the Yellow Ugur tale, "The Boy who was the Son of a God," the hero at six years of age could do the work of a man. In the Gagäüzy, "Younger Son who Saves Two Elder Brother," the hero grew as much in one day as others grew in a year. Similar instances occur in the Lapp, "A Folk-Tale"; the Kirghiz, "Fight Between Father and Son"; the Ossetian, "The One-eyed Giant." There is a like trait in the Armenian, "Concerning the Sun and the Moon"; and in the Great Russian, "Little Snow-child," where the infant, after a winter, was like a child of fourteen. Aspen-leaf's foal grows a year in a minute or two, but is not a marvellous speaking character like Ivan's steed. The youthful hero compares the footprints of the man whom he is pursuing and his own; he observes the same signs in them, and concludes that the man and himself are of equal strength. Tylor remarks "The art of taking omens from seeing and meeting animals, which includes augury, is familiar to such savages as the Tupis of Brazil and the Dyaks of Borneo, and extends upwards through classical civilisation."¹

¹*Primitive Culture*, I, p. 108.

Mr. Patkanov, the learned translator of a difficult Ostyak text, compares incidents of "Aspen-leaf" with various tales in Afanasief's great work, and thinks that the Ostyak story may sometimes have borrowed from the Russian tales, as when the trader-lover's mother throws Aspen-leaf down and transforms him into a needle and pushes it into the rift of a beam; but he recognises that change in a person's form is common to all the Ural-Altai folk poesy. Again, he points out that, not only in the Ostyak tale, but in Russian tales, wicked women and witches are chastised with metal rods. A passage in the story seems to demand brief consideration. It may be remembered that the Cossacks conquered the Ostyaks in the early part of the sixteenth century. When Aspen-leaf is greeted by the witch in the Underworld with these words: "Man from the Russian land; you have brought me flesh and blood, but I will spill no drop of your blood," she is probably alluding to the Russian invasion of Siberia. The expression, which is striking enough, appears in Russian folk-tales, as in "The Deathless Skeleton-man," in this form, "Phoo, phoo! what is this that has a Russian odour?" a question which is hardly appropriate in Russian surroundings. Afanasief, in his remarks on "Baba Yaga," Tale 58, says the expression means, "What man is this, as opposed to an unclean spirit?" But it may be the exclamation in question occurred in a land invaded by the Russians, and was afterwards inserted in Russian tales. The words are like "Fee Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," the equivalent of which, according to Clouston, occurs in Indian, Italian and French stories.¹ It may be hazarded that the expression first arose in India, and reached the Russians through Asiatics.

The effect of three grains as large as cherry stones in causing the conception of Aspen-leaf by his mother is paralleled in the Gagatzy story, "A Younger Brother Saves two Elder Brother," where the hero's birth is due to three lentil grains eaten by the mother. In the Chukchi, "Tale of a Dead Head," sacrifice of reindeer, a very different kind of assistance, precedes procreation.

It is not extraordinary that the forbidden chamber should be a cellar in this story, as a previous Ostyak tale speaks of life in a habitation below ground. The incident is related naturally and seems rational in comparison with the wild picture of the

¹*Popular Tales and Fictions.*

forbidden chamber in the Russian, "Koschei." Turning to that storehouse of folk-tale, the Kalmuck "Siddhi-kur," we find an approach to the forbidden chamber in that which existed in "The Story of the Maiden Suvamadhari." It was a room apart and forbidden, it was consecrated to the idea of love and it was associated with terror. Here there is at least a germ, through which the Indian story in the fifth book of *Katha Sarit Sagara* (that of Saktideva who having been warned by his destined wife not to ascend the central terrace of a palace, finds in each of three rooms the lifeless form of a fair maiden), may have reached the Ostyaks. The latter people, who possess Mongoloid characteristics, followed the Obi river a great distance from the sea, to Tobolsk, and may easily have met those wonderful story-tellers, the Kalmucks, a people who formed part of a horde invading Russia in the thirteenth century and doubtless were transmitters of folk-lore to Eastern Europe.

"Aspen-leaf" exhibits the predilection for costliness of common articles in folk-tales. We have a golden bridle, saddle and whip, a silver coffin, a silver dish, a silver place for games, and two golden sleighs; even silver rods with which to chastise the wicked wife. So in the Yakut, "The Little Old Woman with Five Cows," there are a silver saddle cloth, a silver saddle, etc; in the Gagaüzy, "Concerning the Sun," there is a golden swing, and in the Kirghiz, "The Young Fisherman," there are a silver saddle and saddle cloth, etc.

II THREE BROTHERS AND THEIR SISTER

This tale does not lack a poetic atmosphere, for it relates the romantic love of a young wife for her husband, her ejection from her home by her brothers, her husband's ill-treatment at their hands and his escape, his extraordinary faithlessness to her, and a happy ending. All of which is revealed in a story full of irrational incident, for instance, the girl is thrown from a shovel into a forest; she makes the sea freeze by scattering dust upon it; and she suffers the strange loss of a sinew from her foot. The facile arrival of the errant husband at the sun-king's and the moon-king's habitations is comparable not only to incidents in Lapp stories but to a visit by an "obstinate man" to the moon in an Eskimo tale. The moon man fetched his visitor's stolen heart and replaced it in the obstinate man's

body and sent him down to earth.¹ In "Three Brothers and their Sister" is to be found one more instance of the magic flight and of the use of the ball of thread as a clue. Transformations occur freely, as of the husband into a goose (a favourite form of shape shifting), and of the wife into a hob-goblin, who, hiding behind the stove (the usual retreat of the Russian house-goblin) is able by a simple exercise of black magic to kill, one after another, her husband's wives of such distinguished parentage. The removal of a sinew from the young wife's foot, for no particular purpose, unless to prevent her pursuit of her husband, recalls the cruel sacrifice demanded of the khan's wife in the Kalmuck, "The Wife who Stole the Heart." Women in semi-civilised or barbarous tribes are subject to much harshness and ill treatment and not only at the hands of the mother-in-law. It is said that the Australian aborigines are apt to punish the slightest fault of their women ferociously. In a Koryak myth there is an incident of a husband who ties a string round his wife's tongue. But traits of domestic cruelty are not infrequently found in folk-tales, as in the insensate tyranny, amounting to barbarity, revealed as in the Russian, "The Shepherd's Daughter." There is a definite portrayal in this tale of an underground habitation, and there is a further indication, though less clear, of life in an excavation in the fifth Samoyede tale. The conception of a house suspended by an iron chain seems a wild one, but not much more than the widespread story of the "Jack and the Beanstalk." An iron chain falls from heaven in the Kalmuck, "Massang's Adventure," and the peasants near Vologda believe the wind is fastened to a chain at the edge of heaven.²

III TALE OF A HUNTER AND A SEVEN-HEADED SATYR

The hare, the vixen and the otter, the sparrow and the raven belong to the class of beneficent, not of grateful, animals; they are spontaneously assistful, and so come into line with the helpful hawk and eagle in the Yukaghir, "Tale of the Fabulous Old Man," with the ox and the eagle in the Mordvin story, "Snow-child"; with the ox who assisted the maiden in the Chukchi, "A Tale of the Moon,"; with the wild boar in the Buryat, "The Old Water-sprite"; and with the grey wolf in the Russian, "Prince John, the Fiery-bird and the grey Wolf."

¹*Eskimo Folk-Tales*, Rasmussen and Worster, p. 58.

²*Beliefs held by Peasants near Vologda*, p. 815

The Bashkir tale, "The Golden Knuckle-bone" has the episode of helpful animals in a slightly different form. Three foxes appear successively, instead of the hare, the vixen and the otter, and circumvent a witch's evil designs. Moreover, the incident of the succour obtained through the assistance of the sparrow and the raven is more detailed.

This collection of talés contains many instances of animal mates, but the conception of a lover in the shape of a seven-headed satyr seems especially wild and imaginative. However, the tale "Aspen-leaf" contains three separate incidents of combats between the hero and wood-devils, who are apparently very real to the Ostyaks. The Gilyaks have a strong belief in wood and mountain and other spirits.

A tree of refuge occurs in the Buryat tale, "The Old Water-sprite," and in the Bashkir, "The Golden Knuckle-bone." A body containing a vampire has taken up its position in a tree in the "Frame Story" of the Kalmuck Siddhi-kur. In the Yukaghir, "Tale of the Fabulous Old Man," a tooth belonging to the old man is transformed into a youth who has a malevolent purpose. In the present story a tooth from the seven-headed devil is placed under a husband's mattress by his sister with fatal result. In the Great Russian, "Prince John and Princess Mary," a pig's tooth is placed in a bed by Princess Mary and causes the death of her brother. And in the Great Russian, "Prince John and his Desire," a snake's tooth is used in like manner. It is noticeable that in each of these four stories, whether in the eastern or western parts of northern Siberia, or in Russia, a tooth offers an opportunity to a woman to exercise a malignant influence on her brother when he opposes or is likely to oppose her love affairs. But the incident belongs to narrations of the "Traacherous Sister" (or mother or wife) who gives dangerous tasks to the brother (or son or husband) in order to kill them, when they interfere with her love affairs with a devil or dragon or robber. She pretends illness and sends them for milk-giving beasts, then for healing water; and lastly for flour to a devil's mill with twelve iron doors. Certain faithful animals assist the hero by tearing the sister's lover to pieces. He sets his sister a penance, but she attempts to murder him a second time, places a poisonous tooth or bone of the dragon in the bed and it kills him. The animals bring him to life and the sister is killed.¹

¹Leskien p. 548

IV THE WISE MAIDEN

A Russian story relates how Prince Ivan, setting out on his travels, saw and heard three beautiful sisters in conversation. The first said, "If I were to marry Prince Ivan I would weave for him the finest and smoothest shirt in the world." The second said, "If I were to marry him I would embroider for him a coat of silver and gold." The youngest said that, as a wife, she would bear the prince sons with a sun on the forehead, a moon on the back of the head and stars at the sides. The prince married the youngest, but when she bore him a son the jealous elder sisters put a kitten in the infant's place and said his wife had practised a deception. A puppy was substituted for the second son, and for the third the sisters substituted an ordinary infant, without sun or moon or stars on his head. The judges ordered that the eyes should be plucked out of the queen's head and that she and her offspring should be placed in a barrel and thrown into the sea. Prince Ivan then married the elder sister. Much happened, but finally he heard of his three sons and recognised them by the sun on their foreheads, and by the moon and the stars; then he reinstated his wife, their mother, in her position.¹

The essential particulars of the story occur in the Gagaüzy tale, "The Three Sisters." There one of three sisters marries a tsar's son and bears infants on whose heads are a sun and moon. Puppies are set by an enemy to replace her infants, and she is fastened to the ground and stoned and spat upon. Eventually she is rescued and her malignant persecutor is fastened to the tails of horses. So in "The Envious Wife," a Little Russian story, a tsar's son marries a merchant's sister, who bears him a son with a golden star on his forehead and a moon on his navel. Through the machinations of a sister-in-law the child is replaced by a puppy, and the unhappy mother suffers terrible misfortunes till her husband learns the truth.²

Grimm's story, "The Three Little Birds," agrees in certain respects with "The Wise Maiden." A queen brings into the world a little boy who has a bright red star. Her two sisters throw him into the water and tell the king that she has been delivered of a dog. A fisherman and his wife rear the child. These events are repeated. Then the queen has a little girl, and the sisters say she has been delivered of a cat. After

¹Afanasief, No. 158, 2nd. Ed.

²H. T. Sumtsov, *Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1894, No. 3.

several years the king recovers his three children from the fisherman ; his wife is restored to health, after she has received some water from a fountain ; and the two false sisters are burnt.

There is a story from Mecklenburg which resembles the Ostyak tale, in that a stepmother and stepsister three several times take the queen's child from her and substitute a puppy. The queen is driven forth, but after some years she and her three children are restored to the king and their persecutors are punished.¹

Cosquin tells of a queen who, in the absence of the king, brought a boy and girl into the world ; but the old queen wrote to the king that a dog and a cat had been born to him. By his directions the two children were placed in a box and thrown into the sea. They were, however, rescued by a peasant and brought up by him as his own children. The girl had a golden star on her breast. After adventures, she and her brother were restored to the king, and the old queen was thrown into boiling oil.²

Allusion is made to other versions of this widely spread tale in a note to the Gagauzy story, "The Three Sisters."

An iron house let down from the sky by an iron chain occurs in the first Ostyak story, and there is a mysterious and terrible iron house in the Kalmuck tale, "The Wife who Stole the Hearts." The simple and pathetic method of divination employed by the mother is truly wonderful, if we remember that she had been dead some fifteen or twenty years before she was revived by living-water and the life-rod. But folk-tales pay little regard to time ; it is common for newly born heroes to become men in a year or two. In this story there is frequent mention of joy or grief. Folk-tales seldom notice such emotions ; they deal with a succession of marvellous actions and have no time to record feelings.

It will be noticed that, while in the story heathen incidents occur, such as the offering of the infants to cannibalistic "shades," yet there are allusions to the church. The spirits of ancestors are present at the games at a wedding celebration in the Yakut, "Little Old Woman with Five Cows." It is believed by the Chukchis that spirits can change their shape easily.³ In the account of the Mordvins there is a description

¹Grimm, *Household Tales*, Vol. I, p. 364.

²*Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, No. 17.

³Bogoraz, pp. 280-283.

of visits paid by the ghosts of the dead to the living. The Russians have endeavoured to convert the Ostyaks and the other primitive Siberian races to Christianity with very partial success, for the people remain shamanists. We read that among the Yukaghirs, a priest will appear once a year and consecrate a marriage, which shews that the demands of the Church are not rigorously enforced. There are glimpses of Russian religious influence in the story.

The disadvantage of a narrative method which withholds names from the characters is here evident. "The Wise Maiden," with numerous transformations and its magical stag and later pathetic incidents and happy ending, presents not only a picture of real life, but a fairy story, as opposed to "Aspen-leaf," which is an Ostyak epic. The life-index arrow episode has a parallel in the Lettish, "The Forester's Two Sons," and the Kalmuck, "Story of a Rich Man's Son." The transparency of the bones and brain, which occurs in an episode toward the end of the story, is comparable to a similar condition in the Yakut, "The Little Old Woman with Five Cows."

THE TCHEREMISSES

THE Tcheremisses, a Finnish tribe of Eastern Russia, dwelling on the left bank of the Volga, near Kazan, are probably modern representatives of a branch of the great Bulgar nation. In the thirteenth century a series of conflicts began between them and Slav and Tatar invaders, and the Tcheremisses were later subdued by the Russians. They are described as possessing dark skins, narrow and oblique eyes, scant beard, very prominent cheek bones and a flat or snub nose ; but others, of a different type, are fair-haired and white skinned. The Tcheremisses prefer hunting, fishing or stock-breeding to agriculture. Their national costume is remarkable for copper and silver ornaments and leather fringes, and the women wear a collection of little coins, bells and metal discs on the breast. The chief marriage ceremony is one of forcible abduction. The religion of the Tcheremisses is a mingled paganism, Tatar-Mahommedanism, Shamanism and Christianity. Keremet, the author of all evil, is the divinity whom they dread most, and his anger is assuaged by large sacrifices of animals, but the people acknowledged Yuma, God of Heaven ; and gods of winds, rivers, frost, domestic animals and even trees. The Tcheremisses of Perm still worship fire. ¹

The following is an account of a visit to the Tcheremisses of the Ufa and Viatsky Governments in 1896. Mr. P. Erislanov, who had undertaken to make a dictionary of the Eastern Tcheremissian dialect, was provided by a scientific society with photographic apparatus for registering customs and religious ceremonies of the Tcheremisses. He says: "Agriculture is the chief and favourite occupation of the Tcheremisses ; their fields are better cultivated than those of the Bashkirs and Tatars. Notwithstanding their primitive implements, the black earth rewards their labours generously and they live comparatively well. Their villages recall those of the Bashkir and the Tatar, but are without mosques. Many of the cottages are of wattle covered with dung. The interiors are Tatar, with pillows of the favourite Tatar colours and with a curtain which divides the cottage into two parts, respectively for males and females. The faces of the Tcheremisses are either wide

¹Reclus, V. p. 405.

and flat with a large round head, dark skin, narrow eyes, and with low straight forehead of the Bashkirs or, more often, they are long, with the prominent or scarcely noticeable cheek bones, high forehead, black hair and eyes of the Tatars. The men mostly speak Tatar, but in the family a mixture of Tcheremiss and Tatar is used, for the women speak Tcheremiss.

“The people are in a state of transition to Mahommedanism. The heathen religion of the Tcheremisses expresses itself in ceremonies and holidays, the first of which, the heathen holiday of the ‘funeral repast,’ is now in process of being exchanged for a Bashkir observance. The chief heathen holiday, ‘Kuslo,’ is adapting itself to a Mahommedan holiday. They carry their dead and bury them without coffins, the face being turned to the east (toward Mecca).

“In the whole of one district I was received with marked suspicion, an effort being made to avoid me and my conversation. After my explanations concerning the purpose of the camera, the Tcheremisses grew terrified and hastily withdrew, considering me a magician. They said, “It is sinful to give oneself to Shaitan; our picture in your hands is like a signature; you perhaps will take it as a promise that we are willing to be baptized.

“In Tchuraevsky district I spent a whole day endeavouring to gain permission to photograph various moments of the sacrificial offering. After long wavering, the people agreed that if I bathed before them in a pond and put on clean white clothes and bast shoes they would let me use my camera.

“In many villages the Keremets are either forgotten or neglected. The so-called ‘Keremet of Many,’ with a hut ‘Kydo,’ stands within a grove, bounded by a palisade on a high hill; this hut is the holy of holies. There are only four such huts in all the Ufa Government, and they possess a terribly revengeful nature; in them the names of Keremet are not pronounced, for fear of arousing his anger. My Tcheremiss guide warned me of this and begged me not to ask the Tcheremisses any questions concerning Keremet. I had scarcely entered, when two Tcheremisses, in a determined manner, requested me to leave. A crowd collected in the street and I heard threatening voices and cries of displeasure.” The traveller later, at some risk to himself, took a general view of the Keremet. When it was recognised on the screen of his camera, he stated that it represented houses of a neighbouring village.¹

¹From the Russian, *Izvestia, Soc. of Ethnogr., Kazan Univ.*, 1893. p.81.

CONCERNING KEREMET AND SHEERT :

Keremet, a household evil spirit, and Sheert, the village evil spirit, are supposed by some to be souls of impenitent sinners, whose anger is the cause of all diseases and losses in the family, or in the herd. For this reason an effort is made to obtain the favour of Keremet and Sheert, by bringing to them some sacrifice; the fortune-tellers being asked concerning the sort of sacrifice which will be appropriate. While the smaller sacrifices to Keremet are brought home by the Tcheremisses to their huts, or are thrown on to the fire in the stove, the great sacrifices, as for instance a foal, a bullock or a cow, are taken into the forest, where the head, feet and inner parts are burnt; but the Tcheremisses keep the animal's hide and the meat for their own use. The following legend concerning the origin of Keremet is known to many of the Tcheremisses.

THE ORIGIN OF KEREMET.

Some of the angels in Heaven quarrelled with God, and were pushed by him on to earth. Such of the revolting angels as fell in the forest became wood-spirits, such as fell into the water became water-spirits, and one of the wicked angels, who was called Keremet, fell into a Tcheremiss cottage. He represented himself as a traveller, who, having come a great distance, begged permission to live with the family for a short time and to rest. The cottage was small and confined in space. When the hosts remarked to their uninvited guest that there was little room for living purposes, he begged to be allowed to dwell awhile in the stove; saying that, with the Tcheremisses, the stove was usually free, especially in summer, when the people prepare their dinner in the huts; only bread being baked in the cottage. "Very well," answered the master of the house, "enter and live in the stove; it does not matter!" When he departed the visitor impressed on his hosts that they should not speak of him to anyone, even if inquiries were made concerning him. Surely enough, an angel before long appeared from Heaven, having been sent by God in pursuit of Keremet, and he asked the Tcheremisses if a new arrival was not hiding among them. They replied that no stranger had come. "Is that the truth?" enquired the angel earnestly. "Nobody

has arrived," repeated the Tcheremisses. "Very well, live with him! and hereafter do not complain!" said the angel, as he disappeared.

THE ORIGIN OF SHEERT

Sheert settled down in the house of a certain new-comer and gave the inhabitants of the village no rest because of the sounds he uttered at night and the illnesses which he inflicted. The people decided, as a means of escape from these trials, to erect near the house a pillar, in appearance like a chapel, and to place upon it, for the deception of passers-by, an un consecrated ikon; then, Sheert might perhaps cease to be troublesome. During any misfortune such inhabitants of this village as believed in Sheert's power would, by the advice of the fortune-teller, offer a candle to Sheert, but only at night-time and unobserved. From this cause the pillar would often catch fire and then someone would erect a new pillar; but the descendants of the family with which Sheert resided did not dare to destroy the pillar, fearing Sheert's return to their cottage.

Besides setting candles at night to Sheert, the inhabitants bring home, and sometimes use in the forest, small sacrifices. The women are more given to heathen practices than the men, the life of the women being almost completely bound up in prejudices and superstitions; and it often happens that a woman, quite unknown to her husband, sacrifices in the hut to Keremet or places a candle to Sheert.

NOTE

CONCERNING KEREMET AND SHEERT

The sacrificial offering to Keremet may be compared with that of reindeer by the Chukchi, in the "Tale of a Dead Head," and of dogs and fish-skins to a tigress, in the Gilyak tale, "The Man who Mated with a Tigress"; also with that of his enemy's body to the sun and moon by the Yakut, "Charchakan"; and with that of dogs by the Koryaks; and with that by the Yakut in "Al-Iot, the Spirit of Fire"; and with that by the Lettish peasants.

Among the Tcheremisses, the name of Keremet was tabu; as was that of Ra, the Sun-god, in an ancient Egyptian folk-tale. The Note on the Lappish, "A Folk-Tale," touches on tabu.

THE MORDVINS

Between the rivers Volga and Oka, in the heart of Russia there exist a Finno-Turkish people called the Mordvins, of whom the Ersa forms the northern and the Moksha the southern branch. They are the most important of the Finnish races in Russia, and inhabit the district lying between Nizhni Novgorod and Saratov, as well as the neighbourhood of Ufa and Orenburg. Byzantine writers speak of the Mordvins as being numerous and often victorious over the Russians, but they have been fully subject to the latter for three centuries. At the present time their total population is about a million. They have dark hair and blue eyes, and their heads are of the "broad" type.

The Mordvins are good agriculturists and woodworkers. Though accepting baptism, they have preserved their ancient mythology, and a belief in visits from the dead after burial. The departed comes to his house for forty days and at the same hour uses a basin of clean water placed for his use near the window. On the fortieth day, his kindred go to the grave and invite him to return and partake of a meal with them. He returns in the form of the relative who resembles him most nearly, and is greeted with the words, "Do not eat us, but accept our offerings." He eats bread and salt and drinks with the others the smoking blood of a freshly killed sheep. Attended by relatives carrying lighted candles, he returns to the grave in the evening, utters a blessing on the domestic animals and lies down. A white sheet is thrown over him, and when it is removed the mystery has been accomplished, and the dead may enter the "Apiary of Mother Earth"; the Mordvinian ideal of the Cosmos being that of the beehive.¹

¹Reclus, V, p. 408.

I

BELIEFS AND WORSHIPS OF THE MORDVINS¹

Before they accepted Christianity the Mordvins had seventeen gods. Kardascyapko-paz, the god of the farm cattle, dwelt in the stable; and so long as he loved his herd he safeguarded it from defect and disease. On the eve of his feast day a sheep was slaughtered in the stable. Bread and meat were placed on the table for him; wax candles were lighted in his honour; prayer was offered to him and then the family sat down to dinner and drank beer. In November a cock was sacrificed to this god of the farmyard. A cooked fowl or duck was put in the trough, and a prayer was offered that Kardascyapko would love the herd. "May Kardascyapko bless you!" said the parents, when a bride left the house.

Lisman-gepde-paz was the Water-god; he dwelt in the water and prayer was offered to him at the springs. This tradition is preserved among the Mordvins:

THE WATER-GOD

As rain had failed for three years, there was a severe drought, the crops had not grown, and people were dying of hunger. The Mordvins prayed at the springs and in the fields; implored the god for rain, but he did not answer their supplications. Then an old man of Saban killed an ox, cooked the meat, filled a great wallet with it, threw the wallet over his shoulders and lastly, taking a small tub of honey, went to the Water-god to pray for rain. The Saban visited all the springs and prayed at each of them. At last he arrived at a certain spring (which is now in the village, but formerly there was no village near the spring, the village being situated about two miles away) and he began to pray; at once there was a heavy downpour. To this day the spring is called by the Water-god's name, and beside it the Mordvins have long been accustomed to pray for rain.

Tchuyton-paz was the god of the trees; the following tale is related of him:

THE TREE-GOD

In a village a Mordvin and his wife lived inharmoniously; the wife did not love her husband and lived with another man.

¹From the *News of the Archaeological, Historical and Ethnographical Society in Kazan University*, 1894, p. 381.

The husband prevented his wife from seeing the other man, and looked after her closely. The wife went to pray to Tchuvton-paz. She arrived at a tree and, in prayer, begged Tchuvton-paz to make her husband blind. The husband, who had followed his wife, overheard the words of her request. The next day, he climbed into the hollow of the tree and when the wife came again to pray, he, from the hollow of the tree, said to his wife, "Kill a black hen, cook it, bake some pancakes and butter them well and, when your husband comes and asks for dinner, serve him the fowl; he will partake of it and grow blind; he will eat the pancakes and grow deaf; he will eat gruel and grow dumb." The wife returned home and did as the god had commanded. The husband came and the woman gave him his dinner, fed him with fowl, pancakes and gruel. Pretending to be afflicted with blindness, deafness and dumbness, the husband lay down on the stove. The woman's friend came to her, whereupon she said loudly that he had nothing to fear. The husband saw everything from the stove; took his gun and killed the friend.

Ulitsa-paz was the god of the street. There was a holiday in his honour, about Whitsuntide, when beer, specially brewed beforehand, was consumed by the dwellers in each street. A feast with certain ceremonies was held in the yard of a house.

There was a goddess of the fields and another of the harvest. In their honour a brindled bullock was purchased at the general expense, and while an old man slew the bullock, the Mordvins prayed for rain and a good harvest. The flesh was cooked and eaten in a meadow and beer was drunk and everybody walked about. Lastly the bullock's bones were buried beneath the kettle and the fire was not extinguished.

SABAN, WHO FOUNDED THE VILLAGE BEARING HIS NAME

It is not known whence the Mordvin, Saban, came but he settled here. He had a wife and three sons, Cuysh, Dyarem and Kakulya and two daughters. They lived comfortably; at that time the corn grew well, and the ground for pasture was plentiful and open to all. Saban had a number of bees. Once on a holiday, Saban sent his two elder sons to the kiln to make malt for beer, while he went into the forest to inspect the bees. Meanwhile Bashkirs attacked the house, killed the two sons and took away the wife and daughters. When Saban came out

of the forest his son Kakulya met him and told him what had happened. Saban grieved and wept for his wife and children, but could not live without a mate. He set out to Syzgan-prya and stole a wife. After some time his former wife, having escaped from the Bashkirs, came to Saban, but did not tell him that she was his wife. Saban did not recognise her, and they began to talk together. Saban told her how the Bashkirs had killed his sons, and carried off his wife and two daughters. His wife said, "And if your former wife came to you, what would you do?" Saban answered, "I would take her and live with two wives." The former wife made herself known to him; he rejoiced and took her and lived with two wives.

II

ENCHANTER AND ENCHANTRESS¹

A MAN who was a magician took a girl-magician as his wife. The man went to the bazaar, whereupon his wife, who had a lover, called him, and they drank and ate together. In the evening the husband returned late from the bazaar and, looking through the window, saw his wife and her lover drinking and eating. The lover caught a glimpse of the husband and said to the woman, "Who peered through the window just now?" "I know," said the woman; she took a small whip, and going out, struck her husband with the whip and said, "Be no more a man; become a yellow dog!" The peasant became a yellow dog. It grew day, and other dogs seeing the yellow dog, began to tear him. The yellow dog galloped along the road; bounded and leapt; he saw some shepherds feeding their flock, and he went to them. Pleased that the yellow dog had joined them, the shepherds fed him and gave him water. The dog looked after the flock so well that there was nothing left for the shepherds to do. As they saw that the dog acted efficiently they began to stay away from the field.

Once, when the dog was guarding the flock, the shepherds were in the tavern. A merchant entered this tavern and said, "A thief is pestering me; he comes every night." "You should have our dog!" said the shepherds, and they related

¹From the Russian of A. A. Shakhmatov's, *Mordvinian Ethnographic Collection*, p. 371.

the dog's services. The merchant made an offer for the dog, and though the shepherds did not wish to sell him, they were overcome by the thought of the money. The merchant bought the dog and led him home. Night came, and with it the magician-wife of the yellow dog arrived to commit a theft. The woman entered the merchant's house and began to remove his money chest. The yellow dog threw himself upon his wife, took away the money chest and lay down upon it. In the morning the merchant rose and saw that the chest was gone; pushing the yellow dog, he said, "I bought a dog to no purpose, for thieves have got hold of my money." No sooner had the merchant pushed the dog, than he saw his coffer. The yellow dog slept three nights at the merchant's, and each night deprived his wife of the merchant's money. The wife ceased to visit the merchant for the purpose of theft.

The queen bore two sons, but both disappeared in the night; the wife of the yellow dog had stolen them. When the queen was again about to give birth to a child the king, who had heard of the yellow dog, went to the merchant and asked for him. The queen bore a son, but the wife of the yellow dog came by night and tried to steal him. However, no sooner had the wife of the yellow dog entered the royal dwelling and seized the third little prince, than the yellow dog rushed up and snatched the infant from her. In the morning the child was found safe and protected by the dog in the middle of a field. The king took his son and said to the yellow dog, "If you were a man I would give you half my kingdom."

The yellow dog lived well now at the king's house; nevertheless, he longed for his wife. He left the king and galloped to his own home, where he looked in at the window and found his wife again drinking with her lover. The lover saw the yellow dog and said, "Someone looked through the window." "I know him," answered the woman. She went out and struck the yellow dog with a whip, and he became a sparrow. For a long time he flew about as a sparrow.

Then the wife began to long for her husband. She went into the forest and, having made a cage, threw into it some millet seeds and hoped to effect a capture. The husband was roaming about in the form of a sparrow and was very hungry. He flew into the forest, found the cage, and, stepping in to peck at the grains, was caught. The wife came and took the cage, dragged her husband out of it, made him once more a man, and

said, "Return home, take the king's two first children from the cellar, and restore them to him." The peasant accompanied his wife home, and, having taken the king's children from the cellar, carried them to the king. When the king saw his elder sons his delight knew no bounds, and he loaded the peasant with gifts. The peasant took the money and went home and said, "Well, woman, we have enough money now!" "Come, old man," his wife replied, "let us build a stone house and sell the square logs." But the peasant had not forgotten the tortures inflicted on him by his wife, and he said, "Woman, become a chestnut mare; I will use you to transport both stones and logs." The peasant-magician had scarcely spoken when his wife became a chestnut mare, and by harnessing her and setting her to transport stones he was enabled to erect a stone house. When it was completed he harnessed the chestnut, and transported the logs, a great number of them. The yard was now filled with the timber, and the old man said, "Wife, change again to a woman." Immediately the mare became a woman. The woman had taught the peasant and the peasant had taught the woman. Now she is always baking pancakes and feeding her husband, and he sells logs and they live very well.

III

BABA YAGA¹

AN old man and an old woman had a young son and daughter. When the woman died, the children said, "Father, give us a stepmother." "If I give you one, she will not treat you well." "She will be good to us," they replied; "take her." The old man married, but his wife soon said to him, "Go, fool, and kill your children; I shall then begin to live." The father drove the boy and girl to the forest, where he found a pretty glade and many berries. He gave the children some baskets and said, "Now, children, collect berries; I will go and cut wood." He departed and fastened a pole to a tree with strips of bast. The wind caused this pole to strike frequently against the tree, so that while the children collected berries they thought their father was hewing wood. They went to look for

¹From A. A. Shakhmatov, p. 262.

their father when it grew dark, but could not find him ; they saw the pole and understood that they had been forsaken ; then they wept and ran into the forest. At last they reached a small house. Nobody was within. " Let us lie down," said the sister. " Yes," replied her brother. They lay down, and as they looked Baba Yaga entered. " Children, where have you come from ?" " Out of the forest, Granny ; our father has left us." " Well, stay with me !" They began to live. The old woman took the boy and threw him food ; she gave him grains and nuts, fed him one day, two days, three days.

It happened the sister found an awl used in making bast shoes ; she gave it to her brother, and instructed him thus, " Brother ! when Baba-Yaga says ' Let me taste your little finger,' you must put this awl into her mouth ; let her bite it." The old woman came. " Son, give me your little finger," she said, " and I will see if it is fat." " Yes, Granny !" and the boy thrust the awl into her mouth. The old woman bit, but as the awl was hard she soon let it go. " My boy, you have not made good progress ; you must eat a little more ! I feed you well." " I eat, Granny." " You eat, but you are not well nourished." Baba-Yaga began again to feed him ; she provided him with grain and cream and, after two or three days, said, " Give me your finger and I will taste it." The child again thrust the awl into her mouth. She bit the instrument and, finding it hard, left it. She came a third time. " Come my boy, let me taste your little finger." The boy, in his hurry, could not find the awl. He turned several times and at last was forced to give his finger. Baba-Yaga bit and crunched. " My boy, you have grown fat ! but you have deceived me, come here !" While Baba-Yaga heated the stove the sister said quietly to her brother, " Mind, brother ! when she puts you on the shovel, throw yourself about, this way and that, as if you could not lie down ; then say to her, ' Granny, I cannot do it ; please get on to the shovel and show me how ; I will copy you !'"

The old woman held the shovel and said, " Now, son, lie down well upon it." The boy threw himself about uneasily, as if he had not enough room and could not lie down. " Lie better, my son !" " I cannot, Granny ; show me the way ; then I will arrange myself properly." The old woman said, " Hold the handle of the shovel and I will lie down." She lay down on the shovel, and drew herself together, so that she be-

came like a ball. The girl seized the shovel, hurling the old woman into the stove, shut the door and pressed against it with the iron poker. The old woman groaned and said "Daughter, let me out; there is a little silver ring under the window; I will give it you." "Old witch, the ring will be mine, whatever happens." "Children, let me out! On the ground, under the window, I have a golden snuff box, and I will give it you." "Old witch, the snuff box will be ours." "Foster-children, let me out! At the threshold, under the door, I have a pitcher full of gold; I will give it you." "The pitcher of gold will be ours without doubt." They took the snuff-box and the pitcher of gold and departed, but suddenly remembered the silver ring. The boy said, "I will go and get it," and having returned he entered the house and looked. Baba-Yaga's fat was flowing from the hearth. The boy thought, "She ate my little finger, so she should be sweet; now I will taste her fat." He bent down and having licked the fat, immediately became a kid and frisked about. He galloped off to his sister in the forest and bleated like a kid. The sister said, "Where does this kid come from? He is certainly pretty." In reply the kid wept and bleated. Then the sister understood and cried, "This is my brother." There was nothing for her to do but to go with him. They passed through the forest, and reaching a high road, walked without knowing whither.

Some merchants, proceeding in the same direction, took the kid and the girl with them. After travelling some distance they reached a town, where they began to sell their wares; then Baba-Yaga's daughter saw the kid. Going to her husband, she said to him, "Come and buy a kid of these merchants and mind, whatever you may have to pay for it, buy!" She thought to herself, "This kid destroyed my mother!" The man bought the kid and led it home. Baba-Yaga's daughter tasted the kid's flesh; it was her mother baked. Seizing the kid spitefully, the daughter slaughtered it, and now lives like a lady.

IV

THE BOY AS BIG AS A THUMB¹

AN old man and an old woman had no children. One day the man went to plough, and the woman began to chop wood. By accident she cut off her thumb; she placed it in a corner of the oven, and proceeded to bake pancakes: one pancake for her husband, and another for herself. The thumb said from within the oven, "Little mother, what are you baking for me?" The old woman asked herself, "Who is this that cries out, 'Little mother?' Can he be my son?" Again she baked pancakes, one for her husband and one for herself, and again the thumb cried out, "Little mother, what are you baking for me?"

Then the woman found the thumb which she had cut off. It was sitting up in a corner of the stove like a boy. "Little mother," it said in the stove, "I will be your son and carry pancakes to father in the field where he is ploughing." The old woman prepared seven pancakes, put them in a bag and sent the boy with them to the ploughed field. The man said to the boy, "Whence has the Almighty sent you to me?" "My mother, your wife sent me; she cut off her thumb, put it in a corner in the oven and it became a boy. Then she said to me, 'Go and carry these pancakes to your father.'" A lord was passing along the road. The boy exclaimed, "I have attracted the notice of the lord; he has seen me; sell me to him!" The old man sold the boy to the lord for four roubles. The lord took the boy and locked him up in his money chest. After sitting a while in the money-chest, the boy found a gimlet; he bored through the chest and threw out the lord's money, and came out himself through the hole. Then he collected the money and took it to his father; he lives with the old people and they all enjoy themselves.

V

THE GIRL AND THE ROBBERS²

GOING with a party of friends into the forest to gather berries, a girl lost her way, but walked along till she found a small house. She cleaned and washed the house, heated the

¹From A. A. Shakhmatov, p. 303.

²A. A. Shakhmatov, p. 328.

stove, baked some pies with her berries, and then hid herself beneath the stove. This house belonged to robbers. They came and saw that it had been washed, and the oldest robber said, "Whoever has done this work shall be my wife"; the girl heard, but did not come out. The robber said, "Whoever has done this work shall be my sister." The girl came out and began to live with the robbers. They fed her well and gave her drink and provided her with clothes and boots, and she was glad to live with them. They were pleased with her, for she looked after the house and kept it well.

One day the thieves departed, and Baba-Yaga arrived and said to the girl, "I have come to visit you and brought you a girdle." The girl died immediately after the girdle was placed upon her by the witch. The thieves returned and wept much over the girl's death and began to wash her. As soon as they untied the girdle she revived. The thieves and the girl rejoiced. When the thieves went away a second time Baba Yaga appeared and threw a necklace round the girl's neck. She died and the thieves arrived, and wept sorely over her death. They began to wash her, and when they removed the necklace she revived. A third time the thieves went away, and again Baba Yaga visited the girl, to whom she now gave some ear-rings. As soon as the girl put on the ear-rings she died. The thieves came and collected round her; they washed her; but as they did not remove her ear-rings the girl did not revive and the thieves buried her beside their house.

VI

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERFDOM¹

AN old Mordvin woman described her life in the days of serfdom thus:

"I am now a hundred years old. At two or three years of age I was left an orphan. My father's name was Alexander, and my mother's, Matrena. At that time the people belonged to the nobles. As soon as my parents died the lord took my father's property, and I was left beneath the bare sky. Happily, kind persons came to me; the Smirnovs took me. I lived ten years with the Smirnovs, and it was well to live with them,

¹A. A. Shakhmatov, p. 50.

because there was no other place in which to live. When I was eight or nine the Smirnovs made me carry wood and water.

"Once, when I was a grown girl, I was working during the period of barstchina (that is the husbandry service rendered by the serf to the lord). The lord's overseer came to us. 'Who is this?' he asked. 'An orphan, the daughter of Keery Alexander,' was the answer. The overseer went in the evening to the office, and said to the prince, "I have found a wife for old Agathon.' The prince said, 'Very well, marry her to him, and give her some piecework.' They married me to old Agathon, and I was then fifteen. I lived eighty years as a married woman and have now been a widow five years.

"When they married me the people were working out the yearly tax. After the spring work was finished the prince gave tickets to the peasants and sent them to work at Uzen. The peasants worked at Uzen about six weeks, and then came home and gave the prince the money for the yearly tax.

"The men returned from Uzen and the prince made them mow hay. While the peasants were working at Uzen the prince made the women dig ditches. You threw continually, and not only your hands but your ribs ached.

"Once my husband was drying sheaves in the lord's kiln, and I had no firewood. The men were going off into the forest. "Take me," I said to them. 'Come along,' they said. I harnessed up and drove into the forest; it was in the middle of winter. We reached the forest and cut down loads of wood and took them out of the forest. My load was not hewn till after the peasant's loads were ready, and I had to drive after them. Scarcely had I driven my horse out of the forest and followed the train of carts, when I remembered that I had left my axe behind. I said nothing to the men, but went back into the forest for my axe. The horse went on in the train of carts and I returned and found the axe, and set out again to overtake the others. I kept on running, but did not overtake the train; I became tired and began to freeze. When the men reached home they remarked I was not there; all the village went back to search for me. They found and carried me home nearly dead.

"The prince had many fields sown with corn; one barn could not contain it. He built a barn in the middle of a field, about ten versts from Artchilov. He created a new village there and named it after his wife; he erected good houses and

roofed them with iron. The overseer thought of taking our place for himself. He collected poor people, destroyed their cottages and drove them to winter quarters. We were poor, and the overseer destroyed our house and drove us to the winter quarters. Once in the middle of winter I was a little late for work. The overseer had a barrel of water brought, ordered me to take off my clothes and, in the middle of winter, poured cold water upon me. Later they drove us from the winter quarters to Artchilov.

“In the spring, after the ploughing, the prince used to give the men tickets and send them to Uzen to work; in that way the yearly tax was paid. And when the time came for weeding the overseer forced the women to do the work. If a woman did not weed her strip of ploughed land the overseer beat her. He beat one woman so severely that she died.”

VII

THE GOAT AND THE KIDS¹

A GOAT lived in the forest with her kids; she used to shut them in a mud hut whenever she went into the forest. There she ate and drank; then, on returning home, she would sing near the hut in a gentle voice, “Little kids, sucklings, open and come out. I, your mother have been in the forest and eaten grass, I have drunk water from the brook; milk gathers in my udder, from my udder it flows on to my hoof, from my hoof into a little hollow and from the little hollow on to the ground.”

The kids came out, partook of the milk and went back. The goat shut them up and said, “Mind, do not open, do not let a wolf deceive you!” “We will not open, little mother!” The goat returned into the forest, and a wolf heard her singing. He came near and began to sing like the goat, but in a rough voice; “Little kids, sucklings, come out, open! I am your mother, I have been to the forest.” But the kids called out to him, “You are deceiving us, your voice is not like our mother’s; her voice is fine and beautiful, but yours is rough and disagreeable.”

The wolf went away dissatisfied. He was angry and sharpened his tongue on a whetstone; then coming back to the

¹A. A. Shakhmatov, p. 251.

kids, he began to sing in a delicate voice, "Little kids, my sucklings, come out, open! I am your mother, I have been for a walk in the forest, and eaten various kinds of grass, I drank water from a rivulet; milk is gathering in my udder, from my udder it flows on to one of my hoofs, from my hoof into a little hollow, and from the little hollow on to the ground."

The kids thought the visitor was their mother and, opening the door, they frisked out. The wolf strangled them. The goat arrived and sang again and again, but the kids did not come. She guessed correctly that the wolf had killed them and she sobbed. Then she left the forest and went to live in a village; there she now dwells with her owner.

VIII

THE WICKED GIRL¹

AN old man and an old woman had a young daughter who wished to take her distaff and visit some relatives living at a distance. But her father and mother would not let her go; they said it was too far. Then a girl called Vardushka came to them and said, "I will accompany her." The daughter went with Vardushka. The daughter had fine gowns, but Vardushka's best shoes were worn out; the daughter had a new kerchief for her head, but Vardushka had nothing of the kind.

The two girls started and reached a stream. Vardushka said, "Come, let us bathe," "Yes, let us bathe," answered the daughter. They took off their clothes and the daughter entered the water, but Vardushka put on the girl's garments and stood up in them. The daughter left the water and said, "Vardushka, give me my clothes. Why have you dressed in them?" Vardushka only replied, "Put on my clothes; they will look well upon you." The girl cried out, "Little mother! Vardushka will not restore my clothes!" The mother heard her daughter and replied, "I will lift my measuring-stick and break Vardushka's head." "Oh," said Vardushka, "your mother is angry!" and she immediately threw off the borrowed clothes. The daughter dressed properly and the pair started. Walking along, they came to a stream. "Let us bathe,"

¹A. A. Shakhmatov, p. 383.

said Vardushka. "You will take my clothes once more, otherwise I would bathe," was the daughter's answer. "This time I will not take them," said Vardushka. The young girl undressed and entered the water, but again Vardushka put on her companion's clothes and stood. The younger girl came out of the water and begged earnestly, but Vardushka would not restore the stolen garments. The girl cried out to her mother, but this time was not heard, since the distance was too great, and she was obliged to put on Vardushka's clothes.

At last the pair reached their destination. Seeing that one of the girls was well dressed, the relatives concluded that she was their kinswoman, and paid much attention to her various desires. They gave her a pillow and fed her with dainties, but scarcely glanced at her little companion, whom they sent to guard the heap of unwinnowed corn. The girl guarded the whole heap satisfactorily. The next day Vardushka said, "I will go and guard the heap," but did her duty badly. The relatives grew angry and said, "Yesterday the heap was guarded well, but our kinswoman has allowed it to be injured." The daughter heard and said, "I am, and she is not, your kinswoman; when we were bathing she took my clothes and refuses to restore them." The relations took the young girl's clothes from Vardushka, fastened Vardushka to the tail of a horse, and set the horse to gallop in the fields.

IX

THE FOOL AND THE CALF¹

AN old man and an old woman had three sons, one of whom was a fool. The sons began to quarrel, whereupon the father said, "Do not quarrel, we should live together in harmony." But the sons would not hear their father, and he distributed his property (which consisted of a horse, a cow and a sheep) between himself and his sons. The old man took the horse for himself; he gave the cow to the eldest son, the sheep to the second, and lastly, he said to the fool: "Your eldest brother's cow will calve and the calf shall be yours." The fool waited a long while, but the cow did not calve. He took the shaft of the sleigh and struck the cow on the side; she calved,

¹A, A. Shakhmatov, p. 330,

The fool seized the calf by the feet and went to sell it. As he passed along the forest a black dog came out and barked at him, and the fool thought the dog might buy the calf. "Bow, wow!" said the dog. "How much will you give?" asked the fool. "Bow, wow," replied the dog. "Three roubles?" said the fool. "Bow, wow," replied the dog. "Take it for three!" said the fool, and threw the calf at the dog. But the dog was in reality treasure, and no sooner had the fool struck him with the calf than the money rattled. The fool ran home. "Why did you strike the cow?" asked his father. "I took my portion: I waited a long time and she did not calve," answered the fool. "And what will you do now with the calf?" asked his father. "I have sold it," was the answer. "Perhaps, a dog will buy it?" said the father. "I have sold it to a black dog. Come for the money!" said the fool. They harnessed the horse, and driving to the proper spot, saw a large heap of money; they gathered it into the waggon and returned home and now live together very rich.

X

SNOW-CHILD¹

An old man and an old woman, who were married, had no children. Determining to visit a fortune-teller, the old woman walked a long way and found a small house, which she entered. Though Baba-Yaga lay in the house, her head was in the cattle stall; one of her feet was on the stove, and the other on the plank bed in the garret; one of her hands was in front of the house and the other before the stove. The old woman entered and said, "Greetings, Baba-Yaga!" "If you had not greeted me," replied the witch, "I would have torn you in two portions and swallowed you with one effort." "I have no children, Baba-Yaga," said the old woman. "Go and roll a ball of snow and place it in a cradle; it will become a child when you rock the cradle!"

The old woman returned home; she rolled a snow ball and placed it in a cradle, which she rocked. She heard a child's cry, and looking into the cradle, found in it a girl baby. Husband and wife rejoiced and discussed what should be the

¹A. A. Shakhmatov, p. 341.

child's name; they called it Snow-child. Snow-child grew and became plump and sensible and pretty. Once some of Snow-child's girl friends came to her mother and said, "Let Snow-child come into the forest with us for berries!" The mother would on no account let Snow-child go. But Snow-child and her friends together came to her mother and obtained the desired permission. The girls entered the forest and gathered a number of berries. It had already begun to get dark when the children assembled and left the forest. They saw a small house covered with nettles and standing on the edge of the forest. Entering, they said, "Let us sleep here and go home to-morrow," but almost immediately Bear Great-mouth entered; the little house belonged to him. "Sleep, sleep!" said Bear Great-mouth, "and to-morrow I will prepare your breakfast."

The next day Bear Great-mouth rose early and heated the house. All the children slept except Snow-child, who, peeping from under her hands, with which she covered her face, saw how Bear Great-mouth was engaged. Bear Great-mouth was cooking some soup; he poured water into an iron vessel, scraped scabs from himself (he was covered with mange) put the scabs into the iron vessel and set the vessel to boil. The bear woke the children, and they all partook of the soup, except Snow-child, who knew how it had been made.

When the children had eaten, the bear said, "I shall let all who have eaten go home; but anyone who has not eaten must stay with me." The bear allowed them all to go except Snow-child. Bear Great-mouth brought in a sleigh, hung it up like a cradle, lay down in it and said, "Snow-child, rock me!" Snow-child rocked the bear till he fell asleep; but she remained standing and weeping. An eagle flew to the window and said, "Snow-child, what are you doing?" "I am standing here and weeping." "Take a seat upon me, and I will carry you home!" said the eagle. The eagle flapped its wings and flew away and Bear Great-mouth woke up; he guessed where Snow-child was and started in pursuit. After flying some time the eagle grew tired and descended to rest; whereupon Bear Great-mouth arrived, tore the eagle's feathers and took Snow-child back.

Snow-child's little friends, when they returned home, told Snow-child's mother what had happened and how Bear Great-mouth had kept the child with him. The mother sat down on

the stump of a tree in the yard and gave way to her grief. A scurfy, scabby bullock, having on his back two spikes, came to Snow-child's mother and said, "Do not weep, I will steal Snow-child from Bear Great-mouth." The next time Bear Great-mouth went to sleep in the sleigh Snow-child once more sat at the window and wept. The scurfy, scabby bullock approached and said to her, "Snow-child, why do you weep?" "Bear Great-mouth will not let me go home." "Mount upon me; I will get you home," answered the scabby, scurfy bullock. "Whither can you take me? Even the eagle could not carry me off," answered the child, but she took her seat on the bullock and he started immediately.

Bear Great-mouth woke and began a pursuit. But the bullock said to Snow-child, "Draw a spike from my back." Snow-child drew forth a spike from the hinder part of the bullock and he tore with it the bear's eyes and face. The bear stopped and wiped his face and the bullock galloped away. After the bear had wiped his eyes and face he renewed the pursuit of the bullock and Snow-child. The bear again overtook them, and the bullock said, "Draw from my back a second spike." Snow-child drew forth the second spike and the bullock tore with it the bear from head to foot. The bear stopped to wipe the torn parts, and meanwhile the bullock and Snow-child reached home.

NOTES

I BELIEF AND WORSHIP OF THE MORDVINS

The story of the husband who climbed into the hollow tree and spoke, in furtherance of his design, as if he were the tree-god, is of a kind with the opening incident of the Kalmuck "Story of the Maiden Suvarnadhari." There the designing man crept into the rear of the Buddha-statue, and craftily counselled an old couple who sought for advice to give their daughter in marriage to the first caller at their cottage on the morrow. The second part of the Mordvin story, which relates how the husband pretended to be blind and then revenged himself, is comparable to the White Russian story, "The Cunning Wife."

Grimm has a tale, called, "Old Hildebrand," of a woman

who, pretending illness, sends her husband to church, that he may hear a sermon advising him to leave the village. A clear field is so left for the priest to carry out his designs.

The story of the Tree-god, Tehuvton-paz, is not the only hint of tree-worship in the present collection; thus, the Yukaghirs address an old tree in these words, "Tree-maiden, think well of us," and the Gilyak hunter, who sacrifices to fire, considers that he thereby propitiates the Lord of the Forest. There is a Lappish tale of the magical cure effected by birch bark, and a Russian tale of a Lime-tree with supernatural powers. The Letts formerly believed that trees lived like people. Tree worship existed in ancient Rome, among the ancient Germans, the Lithuanians and tribes of the Finnish-Ugrian stock.¹

The story of "Saban who Founded the Village" affords a glimpse of ancient polygamy, which could not exist among the Mordvins after their acceptance of Christianity.

II ENCHANTER AND ENCHANTRESS

Such magical transformations by a married pair, at one another's cost, are comparable to those in an Indian tale.² There a wife changes her husband into a buffalo and has him beaten; later he has her punished, after he has turned her into an ass. In an Ossetian tale, "The one-eyed Giant," a man's pair of wicked wives turn him into a raven, but he is restored to his proper shape by the prayer to God of two judges. The wives escape as birds of prey, but they are pursued on the husband's behalf by a woman-magician in the form of a more powerful bird, and driven to a terrible death. The transformation of a woman into an ass occurs in the Kalmuck, "What Happened to the Poor Man's Son," and into either a mare or an ass in several other tales.

III BABA YAGA

The device of hanging up a pole which, when it is moved by the wind, deceives the forsaken children, occurs in the Russian "Stepmother" tale, "The Story of a Horse's Head." Similarly, a branch of a tree by its movement conveys a false idea in an early story of the Panchatantra. There a hungry fox is much alarmed on a battlefield by a loud noise, caused by the branch of a tree striking against the skin of a drum.³ The

¹Frazer, *Golden Bough* II, 8, seq. ²Tawney II. p. 135, 136.

³Panchatantra, S. *Winfred's Translation*, p. 12.

Mordvin, "Baba Yaga," is a terrible narrative, exhibiting the inferior refinement of the race. A person is thrown on a shovel in the Ostyak, "Three Men and their Sister," and in the Lettish, "The Dog's Snout People."

IV THE BOY AS BIG AS A THUMB

In this story the child does not enter the horse's ear; the story in that respect differing from Russian, Lettish and German stories, and agreeing with "Tom Thumb," "Hop of my Thumb," "Le petit Poucet," and the Scotch version. An attempt to trace the tale back to the Kalmuck will be found in the Note to the Lettish tale, "Boy Little Finger."

V THE GIRL AND THE ROBBERS

The peculiar form of expression, "Whoever has done this shall be my wife," followed by "Whoever has done this shall be my sister," is paralleled in a Russian tale, "The Norka," and in the Kirghiz tale, "How Good and Evil were Companions," as is mentioned in a Note to the latter. Baba Yaga is here a giver of deadly gifts, but she has other characteristics, which are mentioned in a Note to the Russian, "Baba Yaga."

VI RECOLLECTIONS OF SERFDOM

Serfdom was abolished in Russia in 1861. Allusions in folk-tales to the peasant's life, in its relation to the lord, before the momentous emancipation at that date are rare, but an account to be found elsewhere of a traveller's impressions of the Esthonians in 1802, that is, before their emancipation, may be compared with the above narrative.

VII THE GOAT AND THE KIDS

This story, narrated in a restrained and poetical manner, is less complete than Grimm's, "The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids," which not only tells how the kids in their terror sprang on the arrival of the wolf, one under the table, one into the bed, the third into the stove, the fourth into the kitchen, the fifth into the cupboard, the sixth under the washing bowl, and the seventh into the clock case, but also of the goat's victory over her wicked enemy. She cut open his stomach and let out six of her kids. Then all the kids filled it with stones, so that the

wolf fell into the water and was drowned. Grimm's Note speaks of simpler forms in different countries, and especially of a story in the German Beast-epic, "Reynard and the Fox." The Mordvin wolf sharpens his tongue; Baba Yaga and cannibals sharpen their teeth.

In a story from Lorraine, "The Goat and her Little Ones," the mother promises to show her white paw, as a sign, on her return. The wolf had overheard her words and dips his paw in lime; thus he deceives the kids and gains admission, and devours two of them. He repeats his manœuvre twice, and eats the remaining kids. When the goat returns she invites a neighbour to a repast and prepares a dish in a cauldron of boiling milk. The wolf arrives and decides to enter by the chimney. He falls into the cauldron and is scalded to death.¹ There are Scotch, Italian, Spanish, modern Greek and other versions.

VIII THE WICKED GIRL

The incident of stealing a girl's clothes occurs in two classes of tales; first, in the "Substituted Bride" series, which is considered in a Note to the Yakut tale, "The Little Old Woman with Five Cows," and secondly, in the Bird-maiden stories, to which allusion is made in a Note to the fourth Samoyede tale and elsewhere. A girl, or woman, may steal clothes of a mistress or other superior, in order to pass herself off as a bride, as in the Bashkir, "Aleyka"; and secondly, a young man may, in a cycle of stories, steal a girl's clothes which have been left on the shore; and he may then force her to marry him, as in the Lapp, "A Folk-tale," and in the Russian, "The Sea-King and Vasilissa the Wise."

There is a story in the *Contes populaires de Lorraine* of a girl whose younger sister is married to the king. In the king's absence at a war, the elder sister visits the queen, mutilates her terribly, leaves her in a forest, and passes herself off as queen. A beneficent old man obtains the real queen's hands, feet and eyes from the wicked sister in exchange for gifts. The king returns and for awhile thinks the elder sister is his wife. But he learns the truth and has her and her mother thrown to wild beasts.² A parallel story is to be found in the tales of several countries.

¹Cosquin, p. 247.

²Cosquin, No. 35.

IX THE FOOL AND THE CALF

As might be supposed of a Mordvin story, "The Fool and the Calf" is not a masterpiece of narration; the incidents and the display of humour are meagre. The youth's foolish actions are reported as turning out well, when they might have been expected to turn out ill. The dog, who proved to be composed of coins, is in that respect like the phantom man in the Russian, "The Treasure." There is also a third story, this time of a head which, on the crowing of a cock, fell to pieces and became a heap of gold coins. It is quoted by Ralston,¹ who points out (referring to Benfey) that the first story of the fifth book of the Panchatantra illustrates the Buddhistic belief that the treasure which has belonged to anyone in a former existence may come to him in the shape of a man who, when killed, turns to gold.² A man is told in a vision to kill a monk. He does so and the monk becomes a heap of gold. But a barber kills several monks to no purpose.

There is a black dog, whose bones possessed supernatural qualities in the Khirghiz, "How Good and Evil were Companions"; the colour black, indeed, appears to have a mysterious power, as mentioned in a Note to the last-mentioned tale.

X SNOW-CHILD

The earlier part of the story resembles the Russian, "Little Snow-child." The main idea of what follows suggests the White-Russian, "The Bear's Head." The spontaneously helpful (as opposed to grateful) bullock and eagle recall the hawk, the cow and the eagle of the Yukaghir tale, "The Fabulous Old Man"; the wild boar of the Buryat, "The Old Water-sprite"; the hare, the wolf, and the ox of "Prince John and his Desire"; and the ox of the White-Russian, "Stepmother Story." "Snow-child" is a narrative of the simplest and, like some other Tatar tales, shows the difference between East and West in matters of taste.

¹*Russian Folk Tales* p. 223, quoting Khudyakov No. 13.

²*Idem* p. 224.

THE VOTYAKS

The Vötyaks are a Finnish tribe, inhabiting chiefly a district in the North-East of Russia, between Kazan and Perm. They are of middle size and possess light coloured eyes and fair and often red hair; the face and skull are Finnish. According to a Russian authority, they number in Europe rather less than four hundred thousand, among whom ten thousand are heathen.¹ Another writer remarks that most of the Volga Finns are at heart pagans. In 1894 a human victim, a mendicant, was sacrificed to Kurban, a malignant deity of the Vötyaks in the Vyatka district. Nevertheless, the people are praised for their hospitable and peaceful traits, and the women are modest and industrious. Their log houses are raised several feet above the ground along the banks of the streams. The family sleep in a plank berth above the floor, and apart from the kitchen, which has an outlet for smoke in the roof. When a death occurs the departed is buried in his everyday clothes, a knife and a hatchet and some provisions being placed before him. Evil spirits are believed to be at the command of witches and wizards if they wish to work harm. On the seventh day after a burial a horse or an ox is sacrificed to the soul of the dead.²

I

ALDAR, THE TRICKSTER³

A CERTAIN Vötyak, saying that nobody could trick him, went in search of a successful deceiver. He mounted a great goat which he possessed and set forth.

As he passed along the road a man leaning against a birch tree suddenly called out to him, "Whither are you going on that goat?" "I am seeking a trickster," was the answer. "I could deceive you," the man said, "but am without a trick-

¹Andreevsky's Russian Encycl Dict. Art. Votyaks.

²A.H. Keane. *Living Races of Mankind*. p. 625 seq.

³D. K. Zelenin, *Great Russian Folk Tales of the Viatsky Govt.*, with the addition of six *Votyak Folk-Tales*, No. 135

purse." "Well, fetch one!" "I could bring such a thing, but this birch-tree would fall without my assistance," said the man. "Let me support the tree," replied the Vòtyak, giving up his goat in exchange.

The man who had leaned against the tree mounted and rode away, but did not return at the expected time, and the goat's owner looked for him anxiously, while supporting the tree. "Ah," he said, "I have been deceived."

He went along the road, and searching for the man, covered about a quarter of a mile. At last he came to a pond, in which he saw a goat's skin. "The trickster has got the better of me!" he said, as he undressed and made his way into the water.

His enemy was not far off, and stole the discarded clothes. Proceeding toward the village, the trickster threw on the path one of the stolen boots. But the owner of the goat said, on seeing it, "Of what use is a single boot? If the pair were here I would take them!" Going further, he saw the other boot, which had been thrown forward by the trickster. "Ah, here is the second boot," said the Vòtyak, and he went back for the first one, but did not find it. The trickster had taken it.

Next the Vòtyak went to the trickster's house. Meeting the man's wife, he said, "Is Aldar at home?" "No, Aldar is in the forest; do you need him?" "Call him," was the answer. "Willingly." "Who will fetch him?" "Look, I have here a young hare," the woman answered. She went with the hare into the passage and returned alone.

Aldar was in the garret and his wife gave him the hare. In half-an-hour he entered the cottage. The owner of the goat said, "Sell me that hare." "Very well." "How much do you ask for it?" "Twenty-five roubles." The Vòtyak paid the twenty-five roubles and returned home.

He told his wife to cook some soup, and entered the forest. "When the soup is ready send this hare to call me!" While the woman, obeying directions, prepared the soup, her husband worked for a long time hewing wood. But the hare did not arrive. As the Vòtyak had grown hungry, he returned home and said, "Why did you not send?" "I sent when the soup was ready," was the reply.

"I will kill Aldar; he has altogether tricked me!" screamed the owner of the goat. He went to the cottage and said, "Is Aldar at home?" "Yes." "Where is he?" "In the stable." The Vòtyak entered the stable and said, "What are you doing

here, Aldar?" "I am strewing sacking under the horse's feet." "And how do you feed the horse?" "With rye." "Why do you feed him with rye?" "That he may produce silver coins," answered Aldar. "Is that true?" asked the other, astounded. "Just look!" said Aldar as he poked the horse's side with a stick. The horse flourished his tail and a silver coin fell to the ground. "Sell me that horse, Aldar! How much do you ask?" "Five hundred roubles is the price." The Vötyak paid the sum demanded and returned home with the horse.

He asked his wife for some new sacking and put it under the horse. Then he placed rye in the trough and poked the horse's side with a stick. The new sacking was spoiled. "Ah, Aldar has befooled me completely! I will kill him," he bellowed, as he went to seek his enemy.

"Is Aldar at home?" "He has sold a horse and gone out to enjoy himself," the wife answered. Aldar soon returned. He told his wife to get up; but though he repeated his order she lay still. "You must get drink for our guest; get up," cried Aldar. She failed to obey him. He took a knife and thrust it straight into her side. Blood flowed immediately, and she died. "Even if you are dead," said Aldar, "you shall get up." "How can a dead person get up?" wondered the Vötyak. "This will force her to get up," said Aldar, as he took a whip into his hands, but paused. He struck once and his wife did not move. "Sell me that whip, Aldar! How much?" said the owner of the goat. "Five roubles," was the answer. The purchase was completed.

"Let us make some visits, Aldar!" said the Vötyak. Going into the village, they called at every house in turn, lastly entering the Vötyak's house. His wife seemed to be asleep. "Get up, wife," he cried; "I have brought a visitor, and you must get him something to drink." His wife did not get up. He took a knife and thrust it into her side and she died immediately. "She is dead, but she shall revive," the man said, as he struck his wife with the whip. She did not move; she was dead.

Aldar said, "I did not pierce my wife's side. I had filled a little bladder with blood and hung it there. I pricked the bladder and the blood flowed." "Finish the whole house!" screamed the Vötyak.

Then he invited one of his kindred to visit him. The pair

brought a large bag and put Aldar alive into it. They carried him to the river, but could not find a pole with which to thrust him into the water. While they were gone to get a pole Aldar cut his way out with a knife and, having filled the bag with some straw, hid himself and observed. The Vòtyak and his kinsman pushed the supposed Aldar into the ice hole, and one of them remarked, "He has deceived people often, but now there is an end of his trickery.

Aldar waited two days, and then buying up ten cows, led them home along the street in which lived the Vòtyak's kinsman, who had thrown Aldar into the water. The Vòtyak kinsman remarked in perplexity and fear, "There is Aldar!" and said, "Where did you find those cows, Aldar?" "Oh, in the water a cow costs only a farthing," replied Aldar. "Well, will you sew me up in a sack and let me down in the water?" "I will," answered Aldar.

He sewed up in sacks both the Vòtyak and his kinsman, and thrust one of them into the water. Bubbles rose to the surface, and Aldar said, "He has begun to buy a cow!" "Put me in quickly, Aldar," said the other man. Aldar threw him in.

II

THE MAGIC BIRD:

A MAN who was passionately fond of hunting saw in the forest a golden eagle. He gazed long at the eagle, and returning home, went to the headman of the village and told him. "Well, can you make a capture?" asked the headman. "Yes," was the answer. "How?" "With a snare." The hunter caught the bird and, having carried it home, boiled it in a pot.

He had two sons and a daughter. "Sister," said one of the sons, "I am very hungry." "Father is boiling soup, so there is something to eat," said the sister, as she pointed to the pot. While one brother ate the eagle's head the other ate the heart.

But the hunter later brought home the headman, who searched for the head and the heart. "You have no need of the heart," said he to the boys, and commanded that the children should be slaughtered and the eagle's heart recovered.

The sister having listened and heard all, went to meet her

brothers and told them that because they had eaten the eagle's heart their father would kill them. She gave them some bread and, sending them off, advised them not to return.

They went into the forest a long way, and the bread soon disappeared. The younger brother fell asleep, but the elder climbed a fir tree. He looked and saw a town, on going to which he found that the inhabitants were choosing a tsar. They had decided to choose the man from whose hand came fire. The elder brother went and showed his hand; fire came out on his palm.

The brother who remained behind began to grieve deeply, but he spat and his spittle turned to gold. Again he spat, and again his spittle turned to gold. "This is fine," said he, as he took the gold.

Walking away, he too arrived at the same town. He called at the house of a poor old woman and said, "Can I spend the night with you?" She replied, "My bread is finished, so how can I feed you?" He spent the night here, and asked if she would take him into her house. "You shall be my mother." He became the old woman's son.

The two lived together, and carrying on a business in bast shoes, began to live well and grow rich. The young man said to his mother, "Would not somebody here buy our house? It is a bad one, and we ought to buy a new one!" The mother replied that in such and such places merchants assembled and played at cards; they would be ready to sell a house when they had lost money. The young man went to one of these places and said, "Will anybody here sell a house?" A trader said, in joke, "I will sell one," and laughed. The young man cried, "How much are you asking?" "Two hundred roubles." Then the youth said to the persons seated there: "You hear; I buy his house at two hundred roubles." He took out the two hundred roubles and paid; the house belonged to him and the merchant went off weeping.

The youth returned to his mother and related the way in which he had bought the house. She replied, "All right, my dear son. It is well, if you have bought it." "Mother," he said, "let us go into the new house!" and they moved.

At once they began to carry on their business vigorously. The youth would trade a little and then go out to stand before the shop; and one day three daughters of a general drove up and stopped to make a purchase. They bought something and

asked the price. The youth answered, "The price will be as seems good to beautiful maidens." It must be explained that these girls were sorceresses. One of them stayed with him and gave him something to sniff and killed him; but though the girls' coachman took his body to a remote place, the youth recovered quickly and returned to his shop.

The three maidens again arrived to buy something, and said: "What is its price?" "Well, it is that you shall come to spend the night, here." The second sister came now, and gave him a wine-glass of something, so that he died a second time. The coachman again took the youth's body away, but he revived.

On the following day the young man went into the shop and these girls came again. "What is the price of these goods?" one asked. "It is that you should come here to spend the night," he said. The younger sister said to her sisters, "You were not able to kill him, but I will kill him!" In the evening she returned as an enormous snake and, advancing in this form swallowed him. First, she took him away abroad under the rule of another tsar, and then she threw him on to an island in the middle of the sea.

The young man walked about on the island and could not understand whither he had arrived, but while wandering he saw an apple tree, and took an apple and ate it and became a horse. In such shape he walked along and grieved. Still wandering, he saw a second apple-tree, from which he took an apple, and having eaten, he became once more a man. Then he ate from another apple-tree and became a raven. In his new form he ate again the apple from eating which he had been changed into a man, and was once more altered to human form.

Then he took an apple from each of the three trees and became again a raven, and flew home. After his return he ate of the apple from eating which he had regained human shape. He opened his shop and began to do business.

The maidens walked near and wondered when they saw him; they called at the shop. "Look," said he to them, "such is the apple I brought from abroad!" He gave them that from eating which he had become a horse. They ate, and all three became black mares, whereupon he ordered workmen to harness these horses to heavy loads and torture them. The general sought for his daughters and could not find them.

Having tormented these girls, the young man fed them with

the apple by eating which it was possible to become human. They became human beings once more, but were thin and pale. The general went to law with the youth, and after a long while finally appealed to the tsar. The tsar was the young man's brother, and the pair recognised one another. "We separated in the forest. You left me and went away," said the young man to the tsar. The ruler did not assist the general in his case.

III

THE GRATEFUL ANIMALS¹

A CERTAIN man had three daughters and one son. He bestowed the eldest daughter on the chief of the birds, the second on the chief of the wild beasts, and the third on the whirlwind.

The son sold the home and wandered about. One day, being hungry and without food, he roamed a long time and at last found a swarm of bees. He said to them, "I will eat you!" "Do not eat me!" answered one of the swarm, "and some day I will requite you for your kindness." Then he came upon a raven. "I will eat you," he said, "friend raven!" "Do not eat me," was the reply, "and I will do you a good turn." He did not eat the raven.

Then he discovered a heap of ants and said, "I will eat you, for I am very hungry!" "Do not eat us," said an ant, "and some day I will repay you for your goodness."

Next he approached a small gate, where his elder sister was living; he called at the house and she said, "Dear brother, come into the cellar! there is danger that your brother-in-law, the ruler of the birds, may devour you."

The brother-in-law returned and said, "I perceive a human odour!" His wife said to him, "If any of my family should arrive, whom would you prefer, my father or brother?" "If your father comes I will cut off his head but, if the visitor be your brother, I will feed him and give him drink and half my property." "Come out!" cried the wife to her brother. The brother-in-law gave the guest drink and food and presented him with a horse.

The young man rode away on the horse, and as he journeyed

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Votyak Folk-Tales*, No. 136.

along observed a lame fox which jumped out suddenly. He started in pursuit, but his horse impaled itself on a stake and fell and the young man proceeded on foot.

He found the second sister. "Come, dear brother, into the cellar; your brother-in-law is ruler over the beasts," said the sister. The brother-in-law returned and remarked, "What is this human odour?" "Would you prefer that my father or my brother should pay us a visit?" asked his wife. "If your brother should arrive, I will give him food and drink and half of my possessions." "Leave the cellar, dear brother!" cried the wife. The young man appeared and received food and drink and a horse.

He rode away and approached a forest. The same fox ran out of the forest, and now her lame leg had nearly dropped off. The young man started in pursuit, but his horse struck a stake and fell.

While he walked in the forest and wept a whirlwind carried him to a cottage. "Whence have you come?" asked his younger sister. "Why ask questions?" he replied. "First, lead me to the bath room, then give me food and drink, next spread a feather-bed, and lastly, question me." The sister did as she was bid. The brother-in-law appeared, and receiving the young man with signs of affection, bestowed on him a horse.

Once more the traveller rode along the forest and the same fox ran out to meet him. Her bowels crept out; nevertheless, she managed to run. He pursued her, but again his horse fell.

As he walked in the forest and wept he reached a house. Its master said, "Are you willing to assist us and guard this house—we are about to pay a visit?" "Yes, I will guard it." "Enter any cottage you like, except this one," said the man, and having so spoken he departed.

The youth opened the door and glanced round the cottage, which he had been directed not to enter. A man was chained to the wall. "Friend," said the prisoner, "why am I kept here and tormented? Strike me with a hammer and kill me!" As soon as the youth had struck the blow the captive jumped up and escaped without leaving a trace. The master of the house returned and immediately looked for the chained man. "Fool!" he cried to the youth, "why did you strike him on the head with a hammer? He has devoured your three horses!" It turned out that this prisoner in chains was a devil, who went about in the form of a fox. The young man departed.

Returning home, he saw that a great house had been built on his farm ; he tried to expel the owner, and said, " It is my house." " Yours ! so it is yours !" said the owner, who was annoyed by the claim. " I have an old store of corn. Collect the grains as clean as if they had been winnowed, but without breaking open the store and without grinding the corn, then the house shall be yours !"

The young man pondered, and said to himself, " What is to be done ?" He went to the ant, who had promised his assistance, and took him into the granary. The ant performed the task. The owner rose in the morning and, looking in astonishment, said, " What is this ?" " Give me the house !" said the young man.

The owner then said, " You have no wife ; bear an infant ; produce one in a single night." The young man went to the raven who had promised to help him. He put the raven into a kerchief. " Well, has the infant been born ?" asked the owner of the house. " Yes," was the reply, as the young man squeezed the raven's head, so that it said, " Yak, yak " ; and the youth, giving the owner no rest, drove him out.

Before the house was situated a ravine. " Make a bridge of wax across this ravine ! then I will cross by it and go away altogether," said the owner. The young man went to the bee, who had formerly promised her help and brought her. In the course of a night the bee constructed a wax bridge.

Only then did the owner say farewell and depart. The young man took the house and lives there now ; he has begged me to visit him, but I have not had time.

IV

THE UNLUCKY CORPSE¹

A VOTYAK who had killed a Russian bore off the body to hide it near a mill. Reaching his destination, he enquired of the miller whether he had any fresh fish. The miller answered, " No," and the Votyak then said, " Find some, or I will hang you in your granary." The miller replied, " How can I find what does not exist ? Go away !" The Votyak hung up the murdered Russian under the granary and departed.

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Votyak Folk-Tales*, No. 137.

The miller got up in the morning and peered under the granary. When he saw the dead Russian he shuddered and thought, "I shall be hanged as this man has been hanged. Where shall I put him?" The miller had a boat; he placed the corpse and an oar in the boat, and pushed it into the water.

Lower down the river a fisherman had cast his net and was driving fish into it. As the dead man floated down the river the fisherman saw him approaching in the boat and shouted, "Do not come here! I have thrown my net and am frightening the fish." The boat floated nearer to the fisherman, who struck the dead man with an oar and knocked him down. "Oh, I only struck once," cried the fisherman, "but my blow has been fatal! Where shall I hide him?" The fisherman lifted the dead man on to his shoulders and entered the forest.

A bee-hunter in the forest was observing a hive, but had left a tub of honey at a distance. The fisherman set down the corpse beside the tub, thrust the dead man's hand into it and departed.

In a little while the bee-hunter looked and shouted, "Do not eat the honey; you have taken enough!" He approached nearer, and again cried out, "Do not eat the honey!" Then he threw the knife, with which he cut the honeycombs, at the dead man's head, and caused him to fall. The bee-hunter was astonished, "I only threw once, but he is dead! Where shall I put him?" The man raised the corpse on his shoulders, and bore it across a field to a spot where a horse stood harnessed to a driverless cart. The bee-hunter laid the dead man down, put the reins in his hands and left him.

This horse belonged to the priest; it had somewhere knocked down the driver sent to bring the horse and cart home. The murdered man was borne along the street swiftly and the priest, who appeared at his gate to witness the cart's return, called out "Gently, gently!" The horse ran straight into the wicket gate and the dead man's head struck against the post and was severed from his shoulders. "This man is dead," said the priest, and, having performed the burial service, he buried the murdered man's body.

V

THE FUNERAL OF A VOTYAK¹

THE Votyaks, when they bury their dead, invariably set a cap on the head of the deceased, and place in the coffin a bottle of kumyss, a pipe and some money, so that the dead may, as it were, feast comfortably in the next life.

Once at the funeral of a rich Votyak, after the coffin had been set down in the church for the night, the watchers did not miss their opportunity: they not only drank the vodka, but took the money out of the pocket of the dead man's coat and went to the liquor-seller.

Next day a Votyak who came to view his dead relative found that the bottle was empty and the money as if it had never existed. "Oh, father," he said, "you have begun to feast very badly in the next world; in one night you have drunk more than a silver rouble; and yet you had kumyss with you! But here is another rouble; drink it; behave just as you like, but understand that I shall give you nothing more." The watchers heard and took this as a warning. As soon as this Votyak went home they drew the rouble from the dead man's pocket and went to the tavern. There they drank freely and boasted to the liquor-seller concerning the source of the money.

The tavern-keeper, who was no fool, turned to the watchers and said, "In order that the Votyak shall not guess the truth, bring me the dead man's cap" (it was a new one), "as if the dead man had brought it here to pawn it. Also smear the dead man's bast shoes with clay; by these means you will show the Votyak that his father has been to the tavern."

The watchers did as they were advised; they smeared the new bast shoes with clay, brought the cap to the tavern-keeper, and the latter at once hung it in a prominent place.

The next day, when the Votyak went to the church to bury his father, the watchers met him with these words: "Ah, Votyak, Votyak, you miser! How meanly you entertain your father! The poor man had to take even his cap to the tavern and pawn it to the tavern keeper!" The Votyak looked in the coffin, and found that not only had the money disappeared but the dead man was without a cap. Blaming himself, he rushed to the innkeeper in order to learn if the watchers had deceived

¹D. K. Zelenin, *Russian and Votyak Folk-Tales*, No. 131.

him ; but no sooner had he entered the tavern than he observed his father's cap hanging in a prominent place.

The tavern-keeper remarked, " Votyak, you do your father little honour ! He carried his cap to me last night and it brought him sixty kopecks. To avoid shame, redeem it !"

The Votyak paid for the cap and, going back to the church, scolded his relative thus : " Rogue and drunkard ! you ran in the mud to the tavern ; that is why your shoes are dirty !"

NOTES

I. ALDAR THE TRICKSTER

This story of a fool who was overcome by a trickster is of the type considered in the Note to the Tarantchi-Tatar tale, " Schingiltak and Pingiltak." In many respects it resembles " Rene and Son Seigneur," a tale from Lorraine. There a poor man took the skin from his dead cow and set out to the village to sell it. But having found a heap of gold which belonged to some robbers and bought an ass, he returned home. He gave the ass some bran in which gold coins were mixed, and in the morning found several of them on her bedding. Rene sold the ass to his seigneur for two thousand crowns. The purchaser soon grew dissatisfied and visited Rene, who showed him how to make a pot of soup boil on the roof of his hut with two blows of a whip (the soup was already boiling before it was taken from the hearth). A sale was effected of the pot for two thousand crowns. When the seigneur was seen coming to complain, Rene gave his wife a bladder of blood to put beneath her waistband. He quarrelled with her and stabbed her, but recalled her to life with a whistle. The seigneur bought the whistle for two thousand crowns and stabbed his wife to death. Raging furiously, he sought his deceiver, and seized and bound him, but left him in a cart. A herdsman passed with cows and asked Rene what was the matter. " They are going to make me a priest, but I can neither read nor write." The herdsman took Rene's place, and was thrown into the water. The seigneur soon saw Rene approach with the cows and was informed that the man had seen in the water-hole a carriage and six and much gold and silver. Rene pushed the seigneur and his two

servants into the water and they were drowned. Rene became seigneur.¹

Aldar's cunning plan with the pair of boots is found in the Norse tale, "The Master Thief." A youth placed a shoe upon the road along which a man was about to pass with an ox. When the man went beyond the shoe the youth ran round with it and put it down again on a spot in advance of the man. Having again reached the shoe, the man went back for the supposed first one, and the rogue stole the ox.² In a Tuscan story two brothers are led by the trick of the bladder of blood to kill their wives. In a Sicilian tale, a rabbit carries out orders, and a guitar takes the place of the whistle. In a sixteenth century story of Straparola, a goat runs errands, and a whistle resuscitates. Enclosed in a sack, Master Scarpafigo cries that he does not desire the princess. The tale is found among the Afghans and many other races.

Aldar's trick with the bladder of blood is like that of Jack the Giant-killer with the hasty pudding. It has a parallel also in the Norse. Boots put a scrip in front of him and, having made a slit in it, spooned his porridge there. Then he got the Troll to cut a hole in his paunch and so kill himself.³ The incident of the sack and the endeavour to find a cow under water is treated in a Note to the Tarantchi-Tatar story, "Schingiltak and Pingiltak."

The following is a Basque Story. Petarillo was fond of sporting. One day, having caught two leverets, he told his wife that he would fasten a letter to the neck of one, and another to the neck of the other, and if the priest came, husband and wife would make him believe that a single hare took a message and brought back the answer. The priest insisted on buying the wonderful hare, but his housekeeper found the animal useless as a carrier of messages. Petarillo saw the priest coming in a fury, and told his wife to fall on the ground if he, Petarillo, should stab her; she was to jump up when he played the flute. Thoroughly deceived, the priest stabbed his housekeeper and no efforts on a flute would restore her to life. The priest put Petarillo into a sack, but before throwing him into the sea left him outside the church. A shepherd learnt that the man had been tied into the sack because he would not marry the priest's daughter. The shepherd took the place of Petarillo, who went

¹Cosquin, No. X. and Remarks.

²Dasent, p. 255.

³Dasent, p. 115.

away with the sheep. The priest threw the shepherd in the sea, and meeting Petarillo, heard that he got the sheep from the bottom of the sea. In order to obtain such sheep the priest had himself thrown into the sea.¹

The West Highland tale, "The Three Widows," is of like character. Two men, each of whom was the only son of a widow, combined against a third widow's son and killed his oxen. Domhnall, the wronged man, after carrying out a series of tricks comparable to those in "Aldar the Trickster," finally prevailed on the other men, who were phenomenally credulous, to enter barrels and to be thrown down from the peak of a rock. Domhnall returned home and had the land to himself.²

II THE MAGIC BIRD

"The Magic Bird" is comparable with the Finnish story, "The Merchant's Sons," in a Note to which some points of resemblance are enumerated. There is this further interest; in the Votyak tale a youth is elected tsar because fire issues from the palm of his hand, but in the Finnish because his candle lights itself three times. In the Buryat Creation legend, the lighting of a candle plays a part in the election of a god to a special office. "The Magic Bird" preserves an ancient trait in the incident of the heart which the hunter passionately desires to eat. For there is a wide belief among savages that he who consumes a special organ, such as the liver of a dead animal or man, acquires the qualities—for instance, the courage—of the creature consumed.³ So eager is the hunter, in our story, to eat the heart of the golden eagle that the father of the offending boy would recover the heart at the cost of the boy's life. In the Kalmuck tale, "Sunshine and his Younger Brother," the khan's wife gives out that she wishes to eat the heart of her stepson from a somewhat similar motive, namely, to benefit her health.

III THE GRATEFUL ANIMALS

This Votyak tale may be compared with the Russian "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria." In the Votyak story, the chief of the birds, the chief of the beasts and the whirlwind, who are the husbands, correspond to the three beggars in the Russian.

¹Webster, p. 154.

²Campbell, II. No. 39.

³Frazer, *Golden Bough*, Abr. Ed., p. 497.



Similarly the fox-devil, who is chained to the wall, appears instead of Koschei in the Russian. The grateful bees, raven and ants of the Votyak tale correspond to the cranes, bees and frog of the Russian ; but the tasks to be performed by the hero differ completely in the two stories.

IV THE UNLUCKY CORPSE

In this story a series of fortunate events brings about burial of the body of a murdered man, which is the principal purpose of the narration. Judging from the various tales which deal with successful disposal by a murderer of his victim's body, through the method of casting blame on an innocent person, such a problem must be insistently present to the minds of violent persons in barbarous or but half-civilised lands. In a Chukchi story a man ill-treats his enemy's remains, much as at the present day savages mutilate hostile dead.

V THE FUNERAL OF A VOTYAK

Zelenin describes this as a Russian tale, but it was obtained in the Vyatsky Government, and it deals with Votyak ways and beliefs. The custom of placing various useful objects at hand for the convenience of the departed has existed from ancient Egyptian times. Among Celtic peoples the spear was laid by the chieftain's side.

THE LAPPS

THE aborigines of Lapland, distributed under the Governments of Russia, Sweden and Norway, are said to number between twenty and thirty thousand souls. Some are nomads, and dwell with their herds of reindeer in more or less mountainous regions, while others support themselves by agriculture or fishing, and have fixed abodes. The term Lapp, the meaning of which is disputed, first occurs in a Norse document of about the year 1200, but we are told that the Danes and Norwegians designate the Lapps as Finns, the Lapps being evidently an outlying branch of the latter race. They are distinct from the surrounding peoples, and it has even been suggested that their lineage traces back to the cave men who, living many thousands of years ago as contemporaries of the mammoth and the cave hyena, retreated northwards. The Lapps belong in speech and in some physical characteristics to the great Finno-Tataric or Ural-Altaic family. Cranial measurements serve to ally them to the Mongol races, since their skulls are of the broad rather than of the long variety. These people are remarkable in being of the lowest stature not only in Europe but, almost without exception, in the eastern hemisphere. They are also peculiar in that, although of Mongol extraction, their hair is brown, their complexion is florid, their eyes are brown, their noses are straight and not concave.

The nomad Lapp depends on the reindeer for his well-being and existence; to the care of his herds of reindeer he devotes his life and from them he obtains food, implements, clothes and means of locomotion. Dogs, which appear to have a fox-like strain, draw his sledges and tend his herds, but he also performs long journeys on snow-shoes. The Lapps are hospitable, cheerful and peaceful, and among them the women and children are well treated. Their frugality prompts them to bury or hide away treasure for use even in after life. They dwell in tents, the framework of which is covered with coarse woollen fabrics or canvas; and the fire, which is kindled among stones in the centre of the bell-shaped tent, finds an exit for its smoke in an opening at the summit of the tent.

In pre-Christian times the Lapps were Shamanists and nature worshippers. They had deities among the stars, they held the sun and moon in honour, and they had underground demons. Atja was their thundergod, the word still meaning not only father but thunder. Moreover, the Lapps had rune-trees made of pine or birch bark, which being inscribed with figures of gods, men and animals, could be consulted. The shamans were so famous that foreign potentates would send to consult their oracles, but these wizards have now disappeared. With heathendom, polygamy and polyandry are said to have passed away. It has been shown that the Lapps must have been pure nomads at the time when they first came into contact with the Scandinavians, for all their terms connected with husbandry, metal working, and even milk, are derived from the Norse. Their numerous verbal expressions are formed by agglutination from a single root, thus, "laitet" means *to guide*; "laitestet," *to guide a little*; "laitekätet" *to begin to guide*. They have no prepositions, but only agglutinated post-positions, as in "mokum," *with me*, and "tokuni," *with thee*. Missionaries have reduced the Lapp language to writing. It is said that some of the myths and folk-lore contain description referring to the Altain highlands. The above particulars have been chiefly gathered from an account of the Lapps by Professor A. H. Keane.¹

As a result of a brief visit to these people in 1915, and a consideration of the following folk-tales, the present writer thinks the influence of civilising neighbours has been insufficient to transform the beliefs or alter the tendencies of the nomad portion of the race, which remains in a condition of savagery, though harmless and amiable. The same remark applies to the Lapps given to minor agriculture, although such of the aborigines as exhibit a capacity for commercial activity have doubtless acquired new ideas. It was strange to find some nomad Lapps ornamenting with reindeer carvings, similar to those of the Dordogne cavemen, the bone handles of knives and other small implements.

Although sacrifices and shamans no longer exist among the Russian Lapps, wizards remain, having almost the same sphere of activity as the ancient shaman-wizards. These wizards are held in great esteem; there is blind belief in their powers. The description of Lapland, in Kalevala, as "a gloomy land of

¹*The Lapps: Their Origin, Affinities, Habits and Customs*, pp. 1-20.

enchanters" is not inappropriate at the present time.¹ The Lapps have forgotten the names of the majority of their ancient gods, but it would be a mistake to think that they have accepted Christianity. Their minds are in a chaotic transition state, out of which only religious instruction and schools can rescue them.²

The Lapps had a rich pantheon of gods, of whom Radies-Atche and his son, Radies-Kiedde, and daughter, Radies-Nieda, are the chief. Radies-Atche entrusted the work of creation to his son. The Sun was one of the chief deities, though perhaps more honour was paid to the god of thunder.³

I

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS⁴

AN old man and an old woman had an only daughter. The man was not rich, and one day he went into the forest to fetch birch-bark and stone. Approaching a birch-tree, he began to remove the bark. At that moment, from somewhere on the birch-tree, a frog jumped out and said, "Old man, marry me!" "How can I marry you? I have a wife already!"

The frog said no more, but jumped on to the birch tree and hid. After this the man was afraid; he left the birch tree and went to another one.

Here again the frog appeared and said, "Old man, marry me!" "How can I marry you, dear, when I have an old woman at home? No, at my age, I have enough with one wife," answered the man.

The frog listened, and once more springing into the birch tree, was lost to view. The old man did not know what to do, whether to return home without birch-bark or to visit other trees. He decided on the latter course, in order to escape being laughed at as a fool.

This time he went further from these birch trees, thinking to obtain bark at a distance. He approached a strong and beautiful tree and made an incision, but again, from somewhere or other, a frog jumped out and said, "Old man, marry me!"

"Ah, my dear! I have already heard this offer from two frogs like yourself, and I answered that I have a wife. I tell

¹Kharuzin, p. 235.

²Idem., p. 236.

³Idem., p. 141.

⁴From the Russian of *The Living Past*, 1890, I., Sect. 2., p. 18.

you the same ; I have an old woman and I am satisfied with one, whatever you might do."

" Old nian ! if you do not marry me, harm will befall you and you will not avoid death. I have scissors, and if I strike you with them oncc, you will receive two wounds on your body ; if I strike twice, you will have four wounds, and if I strike thrice, six. You will then be exhausted from loss of blood and I shall eat your flesh."

The man, at this moment, stood neither dead nor alive ; he did not wish to die, and said, " There is nothing to be done ! Let it be as you wish, only I will make another tent and will visit you several times every day."

The frog agreed, and they went away. The old man made her a tent and lived as formerly. He went to the frog and did what she ordered. In a year she had two sons and a daughter called thus, the elder son Blockhead, the younger, Reindeer-collar, and the daughter, Sharp-eye.

At first, and for a time afterwards, all went well and harmoniously, but when the frog's children grew big she began to demand food for them. In the meantime, the man had become old, and sometimes it happened that he refused his wife's demands.

Once the children, taught by the mother, came to him and said, " Little father ! give mother and ourselves something to eat, otherwise she will come herself with us and eat you."

" Children, what can I give you ? I have grown old and live almost entirely on white moss. Sometimes my daughter brings me fish and I make a meal, but without the fish I almost die of hunger."

After listening to this reply, the frog's children ran off and related all to their mother. The frog, without delay, took the children to the old man. They went to the tent and killed him, sucked first his blood and afterwards ate his flesh. The old woman and the daughter wept, but obtained no help from their grief ; the frog and her children went home, after eating their fill.

After their departure the old woman said to her daughter, " I know they will soon eat even me. But mind ! when that time arrives, you must act thus : When they have eaten me collect all my bones into a bag and count them. You will put in, first of all, ninety-nine bones, but as there should be a hundred, you must strike Sharp-eye on the back till a bone falls

out of her mouth. Take it and put it in the bag and run away quickly to a meadow with a rapid stream; place the bones down on the meadow in one spot and strike them with a birch branch thrice; then before you will appear a cottage. Live there! Take this spell, it may be useful in case of need. If you do not forget my advice, you will be happy." The old woman and her daughter after this began again to live, but the new state of things did not long continue. Soon the frog's children came and said, "Granny, give us food; if you do not, mother will come with us and eat you."

"What can I give you?" said the old woman. "I had a benefactor, but you took him away. I do not wish to live now. Do what you like with me."

On hearing this, the children ran back to their mother and told her. The frog came with them and said, "You are as bad as your husband, therefore do not blame us." They all came and killed her; then they drank her blood and next ate her flesh. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, collected the bones and quietly placed them in a bag. Having counted ninety-nine of them, she struck Sharp-eye in the back, as if accidentally. A bone fell out of Sharp-eye's mouth and the daughter took it up and put it in the bag, but Sharp-eye said, "You will touch me again; I do not mind! but the turn for your flesh will arrive and then I shall feast on a dainty." The old woman's daughter went out quickly into the forest, in order that they should not interfere with her; and after a time found the path. In the meanwhile the frog having eaten the old woman, asked her children, "Where is the old woman's daughter?" They searched everywhere unsuccessfully, looked near the tent, but did not find her and no advantage occurred when the frog grumbled at her children. However, later, all began to look in the forest.

The girl ran to the little meadow by a stream, and, having scattered the bones, struck them with a birch branch. Immediately a fine cottage with everything needful rose up before her. She entered and lived without lack of anything.

The frog scoured the forest with her children and at last found the cottage and concluded that the old woman's daughter dwelt there. It would be necessary to find out how she lived, but the girl might not show herself to everybody. "To-morrow morning," said the frog, "you, Block-head, must go and ask her as if you were a wayfarer, to let you rest."

They slept through the night, in the forest, and in the morning Block-head went to the cottage and knocked. When the door opened, he said, "Be kind and allow me to enter your cottage and to recover from my fatigue."

"Are there many of you altogether?" asked the girl. "I am alone; my companions have gone on further." The girl invited him to enter, but did not let it be seen that she recognised him, and that she had seen the arrival of the party on the previous day. She gave him drink and fed him and prepared a bed for him and said, "Lie down to sleep and I will search in your head." Block-head lay down and she combed his hair and sought to remove anything likely to cause him discomfort. At that moment she threw him into a trance, and so influenced his eyes and ears that, afterwards, he neither heard nor saw anything. She also embroidered a belt with gold and silver and played with the Sun. She approached Block-head and woke him. "It is time to get up and go," she observed, "because I leave nobody at night in the room." The frog's son got up and expressed his gratitude and departed.

The frog's son went to his mother and said, "The old woman's daughter lives well and is very kind; she gave me drink and put me to sleep and searched my head." "And how did she occupy herself?" asked his mother. "I slept and did not see." His mother was wrathful and almost struck him. She said, "You were called Block-head, and quite rightly; to-morrow you go, Reindeer-collar!"

In the morning the second son went to the cottage; the hostess received him and sent him back by secret means. When his mother saw him, she asked how the old woman's daughter passed her time. "I slept and saw nothing!" His mother became furious and cried, "It is useless to expect any good from either of you; one of you is a block-head and will remain so, and the other is a reindeer-collar and will not change."

"To-morrow you must go, Sharp-eye!" she said to her daughter, "I trust you will tell me how the old woman's daughter occupies herself."

Early in the morning Sharp-eye started on her errand. She was received and given drink and fed and put to sleep, and attention was paid to her head; but at the same time, as if by chance, her eyes and ears were paralysed. Sharp-eye neither saw nor heard; but though she did not see with the eyes in her face, she perceived everything with other eyes in

the back of her head. Thus she learnt that the woman's daughter ate berries and drank sweet honey, and that afterwards, while embroidering a girdle with gold and silver, she played with the Sun. Sharp-eye was anxious to get up and observe well, but a deep sleep, into which she was thrown by a spell, did not allow her to do more. She slept till evening, when the woman's daughter said, "It is time to get up and go to your mother; she expects you and has already come out of the forest several times and looked to see if you are coming."

"Oh, no, dearest! I have no mother, I am all alone and would stay and live with you, if you would take me," said Sharp-eye.

"No, dear! I live alone and have made a resolution never to receive anyone."

Sharp-eye thanked her hostess and went away, and when she came to her mother said, "The woman's daughter lives like a queen, has sufficient food and drink of every kind; the Sun plays with her while she embroiders a belt with gold and silver. She cast on me a spell which affected my eyes and ears, so that afterwards I neither saw nor heard. Happily she did not notice the eyes at the back of my head, and therefore I was able to see."

"It is well that you have related all the ways in which the woman's daughter occupies herself; for your service I will give you, after her death, her house and her riches." Next day the frog commanded her children to prepare for a visit to the woman's daughter. "We will treat her in a sensible manner," she added.

The woman's daughter knew of this intention beforehand. She therefore placed the belt and the sleep-causing spell beside her. Moreover, she set in her hair a little knife, in case of need.

Scarcely had morning come when the frog and her children reached the cottage and broke the doors by force. Then, without saying a word to the owner, they bound her hands and feet and sewed her up firmly in a seal-skin. Next the sons, by order of their mother, bore her to the sea and cast her in the water. Walking behind the others, the frog and her daughter announced that they would now be better off and live better than the woman's daughter. Sharp-eye at this moment turned her head and cried, "Mother, look! the cottage belonging to the woman's daughter has disappeared. Do not throw her into the water!"

“Too late,” the frog-mother answered. “She is already floating at some distance, and by now is probably dead.” They talked awhile, but, unable to correct their blunder, walked continually in the forest and, if they are not dead, probably are walking yet.

In the meantime the woman's daughter was borne over the sea by wind and current and thrown on a bank. As soon as she felt the ground beneath her she took the little knife from her hair and, making a hole in the seal-skin, escaped from confinement. She walked along the shore at random and fed on berries, even found some fish in small lakes, but as, after going a long way, she met nobody, she supposed she was at the end of the Earth. Fortunately, she reached a path and, following it, hoped to come upon a habitation; almost immediately there appeared before her a large house. She walked round it several times, but saw nobody either in or near it. The situation became awkward, but there was nothing to be done. Going to the door, she opened it, and grew frightened, for everywhere in the house was a lake of blood. She knew not whether to remain or to go further, but decided to stay, because she thought she might as well die here as in the forest. Having entered, she began to scoop up the blood with buckets and to carry it away, but although she bore out the buckets twice, yet the house contained much blood. At last she was able to make the place clean with water. It was nice in the rooms, so she sat down and began to wonder if she could get anything to eat. Looking up, she saw some bread above the fireplace; she broke off a piece and ate it and put back the rest. But she was oppressed in mood, because she feared that the cottage belonged to persons who had bled to death or, at least, met with a violent end. “They have come hither,” she thought, “by night and been slaughtered, because in the sky are visible alarming signs—the Northern Lights.” She, however, wished to observe the inhabitants, and decided to turn herself into a spindle. “Then,” she thought, “they will do me no harm.” Carrying out her idea, she lay down behind the fireplace and transformed herself into a spindle.

The night passed quietly, but when day came the girl heard approaching footsteps. Several men entered the cottage and said, “Someone has been here and cleaned up everything, but nobody is visible; it is remarkable.” Each took a slice of bread and went out, saying to Naynas, “Someone has eaten

from your slice ; it means that the person is related to you." Naynas replied to them in no way, but when they had gone he cried out, " Whoever may be here, show yourself ! If you are an old man, you shall be my father ; if you are an old woman, my mother ; if you are a man of my age, you shall be my brother ; if a woman, my sister ; if you are a pretty girl, you will be my wife."

Scarcely had Naynas uttered the last words, when the spindle sprang up from behind the fireplace on to the floor and began to change. Naynas raised it up and broke it across, whereupon suddenly in the middle of it appeared a maiden. Embracing her, he said, " Beautiful creature ! from this time you will be my wife. It is a pity that you cannot remain here longer, but when it grows dark all the dead will assemble here and fight among themselves ; so they might slaughter you or, still worse, the Northern Lights might carry you on high. Come with me and I will lead you to my mother !" He led her on to the path and gave her a ball of thread, saying, " When I leave you throw the ball on the path and follow wherever it may roll. Look not back nor at the side, but only at the ball ; if you do the opposite the alarms, the Northern Lights, will take you. The ball will lead you to the river. My mother lives on the other side and you must call out to her that she is to take you across in the boat made by Naynas. After my mother's arrival, ask her which seat was cut by Naynas for himself ; sit down on that one. Mother will not live with you, so you must make a tent for me and for you. I will often come to you, and life will be pleasant for us." Having taken a loving farewell, they separated.

Naynas' wife did as she had been directed. In the evening the Aurora Borealis, the Northern Light, played strongly in the sky and descended almost over the girl's head. The rays of the Aurora played and whistled over her head and sang songs : " Here comes Naynas' wife, but the Sun will take her quickly." Though the rays shone in her face, she paid no attention to them and looked only at the ball. In the morning she went to the river and cried out, " Little mother ! be kind, carry me across in the boat made by Naynas." She called three times, and her mother-in-law came toward her and said, " It would be better if you did not remind me of my son Naynas ; I do not recall him ; I have shrivelled up on account of him and become grey from grief. Your words aggravate my sorrow."

"Little mother! be kind and listen to me. Your son Naynas, who is my loving husband, has told me to ask you to tell me which seat he cut for himself in the boat, and I am to cross upon it." The mother-in-law pointed out the middle seat, and they crossed the river. On the same day the girl made a tent and began to live in it. Later Naynas came and said "I will pass to-night here, but it will be necessary for me to go in the morning." But his wife did not wish him to go, because she lived alone, and when they lay down to sleep and he slept she hung his silver belt at the top of the tent.

Morning arrived, and Naynas woke and said, "Now it is morning, and I must go." "No, it is still a long while before morning; look up! see how the stars glisten!" Naynas looked and fell asleep, because he did not know that his silver girdle had been hung up above with the stars; so he woke three times and was always deceived.

Unfortunately when he woke the third time his mother cried out, "Bride, take the reindeer-skins from the tent; they are drying in the sunshine; your husband must leave you."

The mother-in-law cried out thus thrice, and the bride, in order that Naynas should not be disturbed, rushed out without a kerchief over her disordered hair. Immediately the Sun seized her by the hair and held her. She cried, "Naynas, give me some water, the Sun has burnt me." Naynas held her by the feet and died. She begged for water three times from her husband, but as she could not receive water from a dead man she turned to the Sun and said, "Little Sun, little Sun, be kind and throw water over me." The Sun poured water on her, but at the same time took her for himself. There she became his wife and began to live more merrily and happily than anyone has ever lived before.

Soon a beautiful daughter was born to the Sun's wife, and while she was small they kept her at home and taught her all that was good. At last this daughter grew up, and the Sun said to the mother, "We cannot keep our daughter any more; we must let her roam on Earth, that she may find someone destined for her." However hard it might be for the daughter to separate, there was nothing to be done, and she acquiesced in the will of her parents. When she could embroider well they gave her some silk and said, "You will be able to prepare three kerchiefs from this; sell them and get enough money."

The day of parting arrived, The Sun and his wife blessed

the girl and spoke thus : " He whom you meet first on Earth will be your destined husband. Live in concord and love, then you will be satisfied with everything." Afterwards the Sun took his daughter and carried her to Earth.

The beautiful girl walked a long time without meeting anyone, but at last she saw a herd of reindeer and a herdsman. Approaching him, she said, " I wish you health and happiness, kind man."

" Greetings, little beauty ! Do you come from afar ?" he asked.

" My journey has been a long one. They said to me where I was born, ' Go ! the first man you meet will be your appointed husband.' Therefore I beg you to take me as your wife."

" I should be glad to take you, beauty ! but how shall we support ourselves ? I now obtain scarcely enough nourishment for myself."

" Good man, let us leave that to the will of God. My parents said to me, ' God will bless your union and you will be happy.'"

After this the shepherd made no objection and married the maiden, and they began to live ; she used to go with him and help to pasture the reindeer. They lived at the reindeer's breeder's, but received bread for only one person, and it was a scanty allowance for the pair. However, one night while her husband slept she embroidered a kerchief with silk and then sent her husband to sell it. The kerchief was beautiful, and a purchaser gave a hundred roubles for it. The following week she got ready another kerchief, even more beautiful than the first, and it was sold for two hundred roubles. Having obtained so much money, the husband ceased to be a shepherd. The couple bought a house and reindeer and other property and their mode of life astonished their neighbours. The wife now embroidered a third kerchief, which was both large and beautiful ; on being sold it fetched three hundred roubles. After this they lived better than everybody else, and many people began to envy them. Some said they had not come by the money honestly, but did not speak thus unpleasantly to the young pair's faces. Nevertheless, at last someone said to the former shepherd, " Whatever you may pretend, it is not true that you have earned everything by hard work ; on the contrary, you have stolen."

It was hard to hear these words, especially in the presence of others, and the herdsman replied, " I received all the property,

thanks to the Sun ; I can even rise to the Sun." People who heard this were angry and said, " To-morrow, if you do not keep your word, we will kill you."

The man related everything to his wife, who was displeased, but felt that she must preserve her husband from death. She remarked, " It is now night, but I will invent something before morning." Scarcely had dawn begun when she said to her husband, " Let us go to the place where the Sun set me down on Earth ; perhaps from there you can make the expedition." They reached the spot and saw that the Sun was coming in a reindeer sleigh to meet them. They approached him and told him their grief. After reflection the Sun said, " Sit down in the sleigh and let us be off !" They drove away, but the wife stayed with the watchmen and went back. When the neighbours said, " Where is your husband," she replied, " You saw how he went to the Sun by reindeer."

Rising up, the Sun presented the son-in-law to the wife. The mother-in-law was astonished, but rejoiced to see the young man. They spoke of his wife, and then the Sun said to his son-in-law, " To-morrow morning you must go round the Earth, first riding a bear, but at midday changing him for a reindeer, a buck ; and in the evening exchanging him for a reindeer, a hind."

At the approach of morning a bear arrived for the son-in-law, who took his seat and went off. About midday the bear died and a reindeer, a buck, appeared. The man mounted and set off and saw the figure of a man upon a board. He pushed this picture aside and said to the reindeer, " I once had a calf which I gave as food for wolves ! Do not stop on the road even here !" The journey continued, and the reindeer-buck died. Evening arrived and with it a reindeer, a hind. The son-in-law mounted on her and, setting off, came back to the Sun. The next day the Sun said to him, " To-day remain here with your mother-in-law, and I will go round the Earth." The Sun travelled on a bear till midday, and saw a dead bear lying there ; he went further and saw the form even of a dead reindeer, a buck ; he was astonished at all this, and did not know why it had happened.

The mother-in-law now talked over all, and when she learnt that her son-in-law, while travelling round the Earth, had pushed the figure of a man she grieved much.

When the Sun returned he asked the son-in-law about the

dead animals and the figure. The young man replied that the bear and the reindeer had died, and concerning the man's figure spoke as before. The Sun gave him advice not to do more than this and to be more considerate with animals. On the third day the Sun and his wife bade farewell to their son-in-law, let him down again to Earth, and gave him many presents, which were carried away by the husband in several loads. He afterwards lived with his wife excellently, amid the admiration of everyone.

The Laplanders now, when any grown-up person among them dies, immediately sell a reindeer and give the money for the burial and for small lights. The reindeer acts for this purpose because, according to the Lapps, the dead man, even after death, invariably travels with reindeer. If the relatives did not with this purpose give a reindeer it would mean that they were condemning the dead man to go on foot in the life beyond the grave.

II

THE OLD WIDOW¹

ONCE upon a time an old Lapp widow and her son lived together in a tent, which was inhabited also by two frogs—mother and daughter. Now, the mother-frog loved the widow's son and, taking him away, left her daughter with the widow. The mother-frog departed with the boy to a great distance, and the old widow woke up to find that beside her lay the daughter-frog. The widow's son and the mother-frog had gone! The widow grieved deeply and at first wished to kill the daughter-frog, but, reflecting that a solitary life would be gloomy, she gave way to no violence and hoped for future happiness.

The runaway frog settled down near a lake in a thick forest, where she hoped the widow would not find her. As for the stolen boy, he grew quickly and could remember nothing of his mother; he considered the frog to be his mother, and the frog loved him exceedingly. By day he always went to hunt in the forest, and in the evening returned with either the flesh of wild reindeer or the skins of wild beasts. With the skins of beasts he constructed a tent and thus could live better; but in the

¹*The Living Past*, 1890, II, Sec. 2. p. 158.

course of time he became weary, because his heart longed for the company of a person like himself.

Once, having gone far during the day's hunting, the youth arrived at a tent from which arose smoke. He wished to learn who lived there, but did not desire to show himself; so without entering the tent he quietly lifted himself above it and looked down the chimney or hole through which smoke issued. He saw near the tent-fire an old woman seated and beside her Atsek Nyed, a frog maiden. Over the fire hung a kettle, in which was boiling some pine-tree gruel. The hunter took pity on the old woman, and without drawing attention to himself, let down a piece of fat meat.

The daughter-frog noticed, and said, "Granny, look at the kettle; someone has let down a piece of fat into it; and I can see the stars floating above us."

"Wretched creature! I should have now both tallow and meat if your frog-mother had not stolen my foster-son."

The hunter having heard this conversation, endeavoured to conceal himself, but in a little while he once more looked at the old woman. Approaching the tent, he saw that the pine-tree gruel boiled less briskly, and he let down another piece of meat. The frog-maiden noticed what had occurred, and cried, "Granny, someone has put meat again into the kettle."

"Well, I have never eaten at my son's expense," said the woman, "but, for all that, strange people have pitied my poverty." Although the son wished to call at the tent, yet for the moment he went away.

Returning to the frog, he began to ponder: "There truly lives my mother; I know it, because I wish to be there continually; I rarely go there, but thoughts of the old woman constantly recur to me."

At break of day he went to capture wild reindeer, but killed only one, and he again set off by the well-known path to the tent. This time he called at the tent and said, "Greetings, old woman."

"Greetings, child! Sit down and relate whence you have come and where you are living."

"I live not far from here with a frog. To-day, while out hunting, I killed a reindeer and have brought you a piece of meat. Prepare it and I will eat with you."

"Thank you. I am cooking some pine-tree, but will add the meat; the gruel will be excellent."

While waiting for the dish the old woman mentioned her past life and narrated how a frog stole her son and left her with a frog-maiden. The hunter listened to her story and said that he had been living with a frog from his early years and that he did not remember his parents. The old woman replied, "You are my foster-child and son! Now I recognise you." She was overjoyed and threw herself on him and pressed him to her bosom. By this time dinner was ready and they ate. The frog-maiden, after a sufficient meal fell asleep and son and mother then arranged how they should live together. The son offered immediately to kill the frog-maiden, but the woman answered, "Let us leave it to another time. Life will be tiresome for me if I am alone when you go out." The son soon parted from his mother, and said that he would fetch her away in the reindeer sleigh. Returning to the mother-frog, he said to her, "Life has become wearisome to me; let me marry. I have found a bride for myself. She is a little older than I, but pleases me." The frog was angry, though when the youth said threateningly, "If you will not allow me to marry I will not return from the chase," she grew frightened and allowed him to marry.

Soon he went in search of his bride or, more truly, of his foster-mother, in the reindeer sleigh. The old woman seeing her son, rejoiced. Congratulating him, she placed all her goods on the sleigh. Next she took the frog-maiden in her hands and was proceeding towards the sleigh, but suddenly she set the frog in the hot ashes, to be there burnt. The son placed his mother in the sleigh and concealed her in furs, then put in her hands an adze, and said, "When we finish our journey the frog will meet us. She will lift you out of the sleigh, but you must at once give her a blow with the adze and she will die." Then the son took his place in the sleigh and guided the reindeer to his place of abode.

They arrived. The frog-mother ran to meet them and wished to lift out the bride, but the old woman remembered her son's instructions and struck the mother-frog effectually with the adze. Son and mother then entered the tent and experienced endless joy. The next day the son recollected the dead frog; he obtained a horse, fastened the dead creature to the horse's tail, and drove the horse from the dwelling. Like an arrow the horse shot away with the frog, whose head fell off, and there a beautiful fine moss was formed, to be used by Laplanders as a

lining for infants' cradles. Where the legs fell, black moss sprang up to be employed in the manufacture of small boats. After this the son lived with his mother and rejoiced in his happiness and delivery from his enemies.

III

A LAPPISH FOLK-TALE¹

IN past times there lived an old man and an old woman. The man was an ordinary person, but the woman was peculiar, because while half of her was human, the other half was animal or, to speak more exactly, like a dog. People laughed at her behind her back, but in her presence showed her respect and feared her. The old man died and soon afterwards the woman bore a son like herself. He grew not by years but by days, and became a good hunter; thus, going every day in pursuit of wild creatures, he never returned empty-handed. His mother loved him, but he wished to get married, and returning from the chase, he once said to her, "You are old; and life is burdensome for you; but I should like to marry; find me a wife!"

The woman, out of love for her son, fell in with his wishes and said, "An old man and an old woman are living not far from here; they have three daughters and to-morrow I will go and ask for the eldest girl. I expect that they will give her, as they are poor."

The next day the son departed into the forest, and the mother set forth to seek a bride. The old man and his family were surprised to see the woman, because she had never before visited them. She greeted them and they begged her to be seated. Thanking them, she said, "I am better, standing. Grandad, I have a question to ask. Do not you wish to ally yourself with us? My son has sent me to beg that your eldest daughter will become his wife. We have plenty of meat, and she will live comfortably."

The old man spoke to his daughter, who, agreeing immediately to accompany the woman, said, "There are three of us sisters, so I shall not hesitate." Bidding farewell to her parents and sisters, she went, as if with a mother-in-law, to the husband.

¹*The Living Past*, II. Sect. 2, p. 161.

They arrived at the tent and the woman said to the bride, "Your husband is not yet at home, but he will arrive soon. In the meanwhile, lie down," and the mother-in-law pointed out a place. "Sleep, and do not look while I cook the supper. It will be harmful for you to look."

The bride apparently obeyed; but though she immediately lay down to sleep, she quietly at intervals sought to observe how and what her mother-in-law cooked.

She saw that the woman boiled some flesh in a leaky leather bag which hung over the fire. "I forbade you to look, but you have not obeyed; turn now to stone!" She had scarcely spoken thus when the young girl became stone, and the son returned to the tent and cried, "Where is my wife?"

"Look there!" The mother pointed to the petrified girl.

"I do not complain; nevertheless, to-morrow you must find me a wife." They cooked afresh, and when the supper was ready ate it without speaking.

As he departed to the forest on the following day the son remarked, "Do not forget to bring me a wife."

Later the mother visited the old man again and said, "Your daughter has become low-spirited, because her husband has gone into the forest; allow one of her sisters to come and see her."

The old man agreed, and one of the other daughters went with the old woman:

They arrived at the tent, and the woman announced to the girl that she was to be, not a guest, but the wife of her son. She pointed to the petrified sister and remarked, "If you do not obey me a fate as evil as that will befall you."

The bride lay down and fell asleep, but, to her misfortune, soon woke and saw what her mother-in-law was cooking in the pot.

The woman became furious and cried out as she had done to the first wife, and the second sister was turned to stone.

When the son came from the forest and asked for his wife his mother pointed to the second stone figure shaped like a human being. The son looked fixedly and said with determination, "I must have a wife to-morrow without fail, otherwise I shall bid you farewell."

His mother replied, "The two girls were disobedient and therefore unworthy to be your wife. To-morrow I will try

to bring home the youngest daughter, so even now you may perhaps get a wife."

They cooked and ate in silence, and early on the third day the man set off wrathfully to the forest.

Immediately the mother went to the old man and begged him to allow the youngest daughter to come on a visit ; the father knew nothing of what had occurred, and gave his consent. Coming to the tent, the girl saw that her sisters were petrified ; she was terribly frightened, but the woman said, " Do not fear ! They did not obey me, and so condemned themselves to punishment. But if you are obedient and behave properly then you shall be, not a guest, but my son's wife.

The woman began to cook the supper, and the bride lay down and, falling fast asleep, saw nothing. The woman at last hearing sounds like a dog's barking, woke the bride and sent her to meet her husband. Then the pair entered the tent, supped and began to live as husband and wife and to love one another.

A son much resembling the father was duly born, and while the parents rejoiced the husband said to the wife, " Look to it that the bed under our son shall never be made damp by him ! " The son grew quickly as his father had grown, and so long as the mother remembered the father's words all went well. However, it became necessary one day to air the child's bed, and the husband asked, " Who has done this ? " His wife replied, " Our son," whereupon the man said, " You have not carried out my command, so I shall depart ; you may live as you please." The son wished to accompany his father, who agreed to take him, and neither the old woman nor the wife could dissuade the pair from going. The women remained at home, and from them were born wild deer. The mother, on parting from her son, said to him, " Fear black beasts, but there is no cause to fear white ones ; they are made for people's use and will not harm you ! " Father and son departed and nothing more was heard of them.

IV

THE GIANT WHOSE LIFE WAS CONCEALED IN
AN EGG¹

(IN BRIEF)

A YOUTH wishing to avenge his father's death (it had been caused by a certain giant who desired to marry the lad's mother), sought to slay the giant, but always failed in his efforts; the giant was invulnerable! However, the young man persuaded his mother to discover the secret of the giant's strength. It appeared that the giant's life lay in an egg within a hen, in a sheep kept in a barrel, upon an island situated in a burning sea. In order to succeed in his enterprise of destroying the egg, the youth provided himself with a bear, a wolf, a hawk and a diving-bird, and took them with him in a boat. Here they sat under an iron tent, into which the bear and the wolf were not admitted. On reaching the island the bear broke open a barrel with his paw; a sheep sprang out, but was caught by the wolf and torn to pieces; a hen flew away from the interior of the sheep, but was captured by the hawk; an egg fell from the hen into the sea, but after two unsuccessful efforts was recovered by the diving bird. The youth kindled an enormous fire and burnt the egg; then he sailed home and visited his enemy's dwelling. The giant had been burned in the same manner as the egg, and when almost dead reproached himself bitterly that he had confided the secret of his life's strength to his wife. He snatched up an iron tube with which he used to suck men's blood, but the woman had placed one end of the tube into hot ashes on the hearth, so the giant swallowed them and was effectually killed.

V

THE FOX AND THE PEASANT²

A VIXEN and a Lapp lived as friends. One day the peasant went hunting, and immediately the vixen put a piece of meat on a stick and set about cooking it in the fireplace. The fat fell in drops, but the vixen lay quiet, and her face began to burn.

¹Poestion, *Lappish Folk-Tales*, No. 20.²From the Russian of N. Kharuzin, *The Russian Lapps*, p. 344.

When the peasant came back he dashed water on the fireplace, but the vixen took no notice, though fat from the stick flew into her eyes, so that she could not see. When the Lapp approached her she said, "Water has been poured on the fireplace and fat has entered my eyes; they are burnt." The peasant replied, "Come with me, I will cure them." He led the fox to a pine tree, at the foot of which the vixen bowed and said, "Pine tree, little mother! give me eyes." The peasant tore away a piece of resin and applied it to the vixen's eyes, and she said, "I can see; but my eyes are fastened together; I cannot open them." The peasant remarked, "Let us visit a birch tree." "Birch tree, little mother!" said the vixen, "give me eyes," and she bowed. The birch tree, through the pressure of a piece of bark gave the vixen eyes, but only narrow ones; whereupon she saw and said, "I see!" The peasant observed, "If you can see, return alone." The vixen went homewards, and the peasant followed her. The vixen noticed on the road that a tree had bent down, but she did not know that another fox had dug a hole under the tree. The peasant said, "Whither are you pushing your way? This is not your dwelling," but she answered, "Nonsense, I live here." The peasant grasped the vixen by the tail, and pulled till it came off. Then he went home, but the vixen stayed to live under the tree. The peasant searched a long while in order to discover if anything was left in the vixen's home. He found a store of gold and silver and began to live.

VI

THE MAN WHO BECAME A BEAR¹

A LAPP and his wife were living with their daughter on the borders of a lake. In autumn when the lakes froze the Lapp departed to his reindeer in the tundra, and the old woman and the daughter stayed at home. One evening the pair sat in the tent and mended the nets and talked, while between them burnt a fire over which hung a kettle wherein fish was being boiled. They would have supped long ago, but were awaiting the master. Suddenly the bed, which had been hung up instead of a door, opened and a bear covered with ice entered the tent. Both

¹*The Living Past*, II., p. 158.

women were terrified, and the daughter, who had been sitting alone at one side of the fire, jumped across it to her mother. The bear occupied her place and stretched himself opposite the fire. Mother and daughter looked fixedly, but however intensely they might regard the bear and however they might show him the door, he remained motionless and only stared at them and at the kettle. The old man did not come and the situation became terrible. At last the Lapp woman concluded that this was no simple bear; the creature must be a man-bear. She therefore took down the kettle from the fire and drew the fish on to two four-cornered plates, one of which she took for herself and the other she handed to the bear.

The bear ate all the fish and lay down to sleep. Mother and daughter looked at him, but were afraid to close their eyes. They feared to approach him, and hoped for break of day or the master's return.

The bear slept heavily and peacefully throughout the night. His fur had already dried when, at the approach of dawn, he awoke and regarded his hostess and her daughter. Having looked at them for some time, he finally inclined his head and left the tent. With little delay the mother and daughter followed in his track to discover whither he went. The bear, not far in front of them, raised himself on his hind legs and pointed with his forepaws to the lake whence he had come in the evening. Mother and daughter looked at him and understood nothing. At last the bear put his four feet to the ground and shambled into the forest. Then the mother and daughter rejoiced that he had departed without doing them any harm, and at the same time wondered what he had indicated on the lake, over which, however, they were afraid to follow his foot-prints.

Not long afterwards the Lapp returned, and when his wife and daughter related all that had happened he pondered. After thinking some time he said, "Probably the bear had a comrade who has been drowned, because the ice is not yet firm. Let us walk in his tracks to the lake and then we shall learn what he was indicating."

They went to the lake and saw a great ice hole, into which they let down a small rowing boat. Evidently a bear had been drowned here and, making great efforts, the Lapps drew the body ashore. It was large and black. They put it on a sleigh and drew it to the tent, on reaching which they placed it before

the fire to thaw. In a little time the Lapp took off the fur and saw that the creature was not a bear, but a bear-man, under whose fur and worn around whose body was a girdle full of gold and silver money. The Lapp took it for himself, and bought reindeer and lived better than he had ever thought it possible to live.

VII

THE GIRL FROM THE SEA¹

WHILST a young man was enjoying a meal at the edge of a wood close to the sea three maidens issued from the water; they climbed on to the bank and undressed; then, leaving their clothes, they once more entered the sea, in order to bathe and splash about.

Afterwards they returned to the bank, dressed themselves and vanished. Next day the youth came to the same place and concealed himself. While the maidens were in the water he seized the garments of the prettiest girl and hid them. Her companions came out of the water, clothed themselves and vanished; but she, on discovering her loss, wept and in much distress called out that if the person who had stolen her clothes was a man she would promise him the love of whatever maiden he desired in return for the clothes. He cried out that she would not obtain her clothes unless she undertook to marry him. To this she answered that she could not live here, as she had not come to the world, and that he could not dwell in the place whence she came. However, the youth prevailed upon her with much entreaty. He took her to his parents and, after a while, she bore him a son. The child grew, and one day discovering his mother's stolen garments in an old box, shewed them to her; she put them on and returned to the sea. Nevertheless, she came back thrice to visit her son, and on the last occasion, after her husband had showed her much affection, she remained permanently. From time to time then her companions brought her whatever she desired from the sea.

¹Poestion, *Lappish Folk-Tales*, No. 9.

VIII

THE WATER-SPRITE¹

ON the island Shalim, at the mouth of the Razpetsky Gulf, lived two Lapps who were good traders. Once they walked on the shore and saw that near-by a woman sat on a stone and combed her hair. One of the men said to his companion, "I will shoot her," "No! do not fire, she is a Water-sprite." Heeding not the advice, the man fired, but at the same moment the second man shouted, "Take care, woman, or you will be shot!" She jumped from the stone into the water, and showing herself again, not far away, cried out, "Good man who pitied me! come back here to-morrow at this hour! But you who tried to kill me, wherever you seek to drink water you will be drowned! Although I saunter into the deep lake, and move about there, and drink from the river, I am not wild. You make a mistake."

After this the friends disputed a little, and then separated to hunt in various directions till evening. The man who would have shot the woman went to a stream and bent over to drink, but he rolled into the water and was drowned. As he did not arrive at the appointed place in the evening, his companion went early next day to look for him, and found him in the stream. He wrapped up the body of the drowned man in birch bark and buried it, and having done this, walked to the spot of yesterday's occurrence, whither the woman had summoned him. On the way he met a black fox and, killing it, took the fur and continued on his way. Later arriving at the great lake, he awaited the woman's coming; she issued from the water and cried, "Have you come? Is it you whom I called?"

"It is I!" he replied, "I am here."

"Come to the shore!" she said.

He went, and received from her plenty of gold and silver and henceforward lived as a merchant.

¹*The Living Past*, II, p. 164.

IX

A STORY OF STALLO¹

(IN BRIEF)

Two brothers lived near a lake. During their absence from home it happened one day that their sister went to the lake to fetch water. But a man issued from the lake and made her his prisoner. That they might deliver their sister the brothers worked for seven years in manufacturing a rope of birch bark. At the end of that time the younger brother let himself down into the lake, at the bottom of which he found a cottage; in it was an old woman, a cannibal. She did not know where the sister lived, but fed him with sucking pig and, giving him a ball of wool, told him to follow it. The ball of wool led the youth to a cottage where a woman was sweeping the floor with her tongue; afterwards she drew bread from the oven with her hands. Having first expressed an inclination to eat him, this woman said she did not know the whereabouts of his sister, but gave him a ball of wool which was to be followed. The ball led him to a third cottage, where a very old woman fed him and told him how to find a horse that would conduct him to his sister. He must be careful to take the first horse which presented itself, but as the first horse was diminutive and peculiar, he rejected it in favour of another. In time he arrived at a cottage where an old woman predicted that a disaster would befall him because he had not accepted the first horse; nevertheless, the youth reached a cottage where the children hailed him as "Uncle." His sister came and gave him food, but told him to flee at once, as otherwise her husband, Stallo, would arrive and kill him. Stallo appeared, pursued the Lapp, killed him and departed.

But the old woman who owned the horse came to recover it, and finding the dead Lapp, slowly resuscitated him with blows from birch twigs. She now told him to select the smallest horse he could find, but neglecting to follow her advice, he chose a white horse. The old woman predicted he would die for his disobedience. Reaching his sister's cottage, the young man was greeted again by the children as "Uncle," and was again pursued by Stallo and killed. The old woman once more restored him to life with blows of birch twigs, and this time the Lapp followed her advice and, having mounted the small

¹Nikolai Kharuzin, *The Russian Lapps*, p. 356.

horse, succeeded in reaching his sister's cottage. Stallo now found great difficulty in overtaking the youth, and at a critical moment in the pursuit two dogs which had been given to the Lapp by the old woman, with strict instructions that he should feed them with bread, tore Stallo to pieces.

The Lapp forthwith returned to his sister's house. In preparation for departure homewards the pair killed two of the children, but listened to the third child's prayer for mercy; then the brother and mother and child set out for the lake. Stallo's son was useful in overcoming various obstacles, and the party eventually reached the rope. The Lapp detached a stone, and instead of it fastened to the rope first his sister, then a box, then himself, and lastly the lad whose life had been spared. Hauling at the rope, the elder brother drew to the surface all except Stallo's son, who remained below; the lad was forsaken as a possible enemy and fell to the bottom. The two brothers lived comfortably with their sister, nor did she grieve that her son had been left in the water; he had often beaten her.

X

WHY THE BEAR'S TAIL IS SHORT¹

A VIXEN out for a walk lay down on the road and, pretending to be dead, stretched out her feet as if they were frozen. A Lapp arrived, driving a string of sleighs, the last sleigh being loaded with fish. The man saw the vixen, put her on the first sleigh and drove on. In course of time the vixen fell off the sleigh, whereupon the man lifted her up and put her on the second sleigh. When the vixen fell again he raised her off the ground and put her on to the next sleigh; and the vixen and the man continued so to act until the vixen found herself on the sleigh which bore the fish. The vixen then began to gnaw the string by which the sleighs were fastened together, and persisted in her efforts till the string was severed and the sleigh stopped. The Lapp did not notice anything amiss and the vixen regaled herself; taking one of the fish between her teeth, she entered the forest.

A bear approached and said, "Vixen, where did you get that fish?" She replied, "I caught it; I let down my tail into the

¹From Nikolai Kharuzin, *The Russian Lapps*, p. 343

water and caught it." The bear said, "Teach me!" The vixen led the bear to the river and knocked a small hole in the ice with a stone and then the bear began to fish with his tail.

The vixen departed, but returned in a little while, and soon noticing that the bear's tail was frozen, she made a great noise. In alarm the bear bellowed lustily and tore off his tail. From that time bears have had small tails.

XI

THE CAP OF INVISIBILITY¹

ONCE upon a time a king who had a beautiful daughter caused it to be known over the whole Earth that if anyone could snatch a star from the sky he should receive this daughter in marriage. Famous persons wondered at the strange announcement, and supposed that the king would later have the man destroyed. No alteration occurred in the order, and people continued to think of the beautiful maiden. But the king's notice having reached Lapland, a Lapp suddenly boasted that he could seize a star. No sooner said than attempted; the Lapp journeyed along the elevated tundra and mountains in order to get a star into his possession, but, though he crossed many high places, he failed in his purpose. When he arrived at a high part of the tundra he thought that by going to a still loftier place he could win the prize but when he reached the new height he was always disappointed. Thus he walked a long time and finally despaired of a successful quest. He also grieved because the proclamation announced, further, that if anyone who had said, "I will get a star," should fail in his attempt, he would be executed. After grieving a considerable time, the Lapp determined at last to kill himself, when from somewhere or other a stranger arrived and said to him, "Why are you so sad? Have you lost something?"

"How should I not be sad when by my boldness I have condemned myself to death. In my desire for happiness, I said I would get a star from the sky; I thought I could do this from a high mountain, but I made a mistake; I went far, but always failed. Now, not only shall I not marry the tsar's daughter, but I must die."

¹*The Living Past*, II, p. 165.

The stranger said, "I do not know how to cure your grief. However, let us make a bid for happiness; mount on my back and sit firm; remember, as we will fly upwards, you must not look down!" They rose like birds to the clouds, but after flying a long time the Lapp became weary of holding on. At this moment the stranger said, "Glance above you!" The Lapp looked and saw the stars were all large and close to his hand.

"Well," said the unknown, "what do you see?" "The stars are almost in my hand," was the reply. "Grasp one quickly!" The Lapp took a star, first with one hand, and then with the other. When he had taken it with both hands the unknown disappeared and the Lapp remained hanging, and thought, "The star is in my hands, but it only brings me grief." The wind, in the meantime, threw him from side to side; nevertheless, he did not let go. At last it tore him away, together with the star, and he flew down with it. Falling from the height, he sank in moss up to his middle, but put the star in his pocket and strove to escape from the moss. With much effort he freed himself and went to find a road; but his attention was soon arrested by the sight of three men quarrelling. He approached and said, "Who are you and why are you disputing and almost fighting?"

"We are three brothers. Our father has died and left us a cap, but we do not know how to apportion the inheritance. Each of us wants it, but if either of us receives it nothing will be left for the others." "I regret," said the Lapp, "that you dispute over such a trifle and that you have nearly come to blows."

"Ah, it is easy for you to talk, when you do not know our cap, which is not a simple one, but a cap of invisibility. Whoever wears it cannot be seen by others, whatever he does; it is better than all riches."

"Perhaps I might see it? If you would show it me I should be grateful."

They agreed and brought it.

The Lapp took the cap into his hands and looked at it. Yes, it was really a fine cap, and he began to raise it to his head; but the brothers observing this movement said "Do not put it on; if you wear it, we shall lose sight of you!"

"Do not fear! I will not wear it long. Are you speaking the truth? Is the cap worth a dispute? Let me test the correctness of your words, and return it to you!"

As soon as he put on the cap the three men no longer saw him and he proceeded on his way.

After this the brothers disputed still more, but said, at last, "As we no longer possess the cap, let us cease quarrelling, for nobody among us now is envious. Let us live as before, in harmony, and thank the unknown who has cured us of un-friendliness; perhaps in our strife we might have killed each other."

The Lapp, protected by his cap of invisibility, went to the tsar without the slightest fear, for he knew that nobody would take away his star. Suddenly he heard a cry, and going to look, he removed the cap as he drew near some people. He saw three men fighting and again said, "Who are you and why do you contend with one another?"

"We are brothers who had a father, but now he is dead. All he left is a pair of boots, which are not simple boots; for if you turn them toward the left they move of their own accord, or, more correctly, they carry a man away."

"May I look at them?" The brothers brought the boots, and the Lapp examined them carefully and praised them; so that the men, beguiled by his words, allowed him to put them on his feet. He immediately assumed his cap of invisibility and journeyed further, much pleased with their simplicity.

The brothers continued to dispute, but became appeased at last, like the other three men. The Lapp travelled forward quickly, and after a certain time heard a cry. Approaching, he saw three men quarrelling and said, "Why are you disputing and what are you doing?"

"We are brothers, and have just buried our father. He has left us neither money nor property; only his staff remains. The staff is not a common one, for if you place it with the handle in the ground during war then of the forces by which the staff is held not a man will be killed; but the enemy will all die from pestilence." The Lapp begged to see the staff, and as soon as he took it in his hands placed it with the handle in the earth, and the brothers died. Having buried them, he went in a merry frame of mind to the tsar. He walked a long distance and reached a great and fine house, surrounded on all sides by fields and gardens. He approached the house, in the hope of seeing someone, but unfortunately perceived no living being except various birds, which flew about and walked in the garden. Before evening he advanced still further to the house and,

immediately on opening the door, saw a stout woman, who cried out, "Oh, this will be a holiday for me; some good meat has come to me."

"No, dear, do not rely on my flesh! I have already walked far, and only bone and sinew remain on me. On the contrary, be kind and assist me in my difficulty; tell me where I shall find the tsar and his beautiful daughter."

"I no longer know, for I sit constantly at home and am assisted in everything by birds." Going into the garden, she made a sign and at once all the birds flew to her. She said to them, "Where does the tsar live with his daughter, the beauty?" The birds answered that they did not know, adding that it would be necessary to ask the biggest bird, Koodalv, which carried people. Perhaps she would know. This bird soon appeared, and on being asked answered nothing. The mistress, looking at her fixedly, began to strike her, but the bird remained silent. Then the woman took her into the cottage and threw her on to the stove, where certain death awaited her; so the bird said, "Let me go and I will tell you." They released her, and the mistress commanded her to carry the Lapp to the tsar's palace. The Lapp expressed his gratitude and mounted the bird, which rose aloft and carried him across a river, a lake and a sea. After flying a long while she became hungry and said to the Lapp, "Throw a kerchief and a piece of cheese on the sea." The Lapp threw as directed, and an island, Sools, was formed, where the travellers rested and refreshed themselves with food. The next day early they flew off again and before evening saw a herd of cows. The bird took the Lapp down to the ground and indicated the way to the tsar, but herself seized an ox and flew back with him. The Lapp arriving quickly at the tsar's palace, assumed his cap of invisibility and entered. He saw many persons, walked among them and looked at everything, at last penetrating to the room of the tsar's daughter, who sat and sewed a fine kerchief. At this moment the maiden asked a servant to bring her something to drink. As the servant passed the Lapp cut off a piece of the star and put it into the cup.

The princess, on taking the cup, saw the star floating in the water. She was astounded and placed the cup on one side. When asked for a second cup the Lapp did the same as before. Again the princess, instead of drinking, pondered. She thought a long while and said "Let whatever stranger is here shew

himself ; he shall not incur punishment." The Lapp removed his cap and the princess exclaimed, " Who are you and why have you come ? Relate minutely !"

The Lapp told his story from beginning to end, and said, " Where is the tsar ? I must appear before him."

The princess replied, " Unfortunately he is not at home. He went away to make war, and news has come from him to-day that all his forces are destroyed. It is doubtful," she added, with tears in her eyes, " whether he is alive."

The Lapp asked where the war was taking place, and on being informed said he would go to it. " I shall see there if the situation is serious and if I can help."

The princess sought to persuade and entreat him, and added that now all her hopes were centred in him. At last, convinced that he would not stop, she began to say farewell. He begged her not to depart, and said, " I shall come back quickly and the tsar will return, unless an overwhelming misfortune has happened to him. The princess agreed to remain, and the Lapp immediately appeared at the front in his wonderful boots. As soon as he reached the tsar he placed his staff with the handle in the earth. Instantly a pestilence attacked the enemy and all his forces died. The tsar knelt and wept, thanking God for his salvation ; then he got ready to return home.

The Lapp, seeing that the war had finished happily, hastened in his marvellous boots to the princess, in order to inform her of what had happened. He arrived at the palace and related how the enemy had perished. The princess thanked him and awaited her father's return ; she and the Lapp went out to meet him. The tsar had scarcely seen the princess' star, when his blessing was invoked on the marriage. Honouring the occasion, the tsar in his joy gave a feast to everybody, and the newly-wedded pair began to live and praise God. The story is finished.

XII

THE NAKED MAN¹

As a Lapp, by name Kondraty, who in autumn fished on Lake Bak, was walking along a wooded mountain he found a large and deep hole. He thought, " Surely, a naked man lives

¹*The Living Past*, II., p. 162.

here!" Having unfastened his deerskin-boots, he took them off. Then he tied together the long bandages which kept his boots in position. He let down into the hole one end of the bandage and attached the other end to the boots and set them at the edge of the hole. Next, having fastened a string to the boots, he walked a little way and said aloud, "I turn and turn and seize a bundle."

In a short while a naked man, having clutched the bandage, came out of the hole and began to put on the boots. Kondraty instantly jumped forward and seized him. The man begged for freedom, but Kondraty demanded tribute. The man considered a moment and gave his word that he would come out again from the cave and bring a ransom. Kondraty let him go, and the man returned, bringing a plateful of silver money. The Lapp took it and said, "It is little!" The naked man brought him as much a second time, and Kondraty received it and said, "It is rather little." The naked man said no more, but shook his head and went a third time. He brought a small knife and fork and gave them, but said, when Kondraty seized them, "This wealth will not be yours for long. Why have you taken from me so much? Your race will soon become poor." Having spoken thus, he went back. Kondraty grew rich, but his race has gradually become poorer and poorer.

XIII

THE WILD WOMAN¹

VERY long ago there lived an old woman who was a witch. She was tired of human form and wished to be a hind, a female deer. So it happened, though one cannot speak positively, that sooner or later she became a deer and at last was about to produce offspring. She now turned certainly into a deer, and yet sometimes thought like a human being. But she feared to give birth to a deer before her own relatives, and in her wish to avoid notice again changed herself into a woman. This, however, did not help her, and she bore not a baby but a male deer and, however unpleasant it might be, she fed the calf at her breast. He grew able to draw firewood to the tent where she dwelt. The pair understood one another; nevertheless,

¹*The Living Past*, II., p. 163.

when the son became big he desired his liberty. The mother did not hinder this, but begged him to bring home the wood which she had cut down, and he brought it to the tent. As he was strong he began to help her even to hew wood, and thus they prepared sufficient. When he was weaned he begged to know if his father was a man or a deer, but his mother would not reply. Thereupon he again gave an indication that he wished to hew wood, and the pair set to work on a thick branch. When the mother's end had been split they placed a wedge into the chink. The son next showed the mother how to put her foot in the chink so that he could more conveniently insert another wedge. She obeyed and placed her foot as directed, but instead of adjusting the wedge the son took it away with his teeth and his mother's foot was caught and she cried from pain. "Tell me who is my father and I will let you withdraw your foot!" Despite her wish to preserve her secret, she said at last, "Your father was a deer." He introduced the wedge, pressed it with his feet and freed his mother. Then bidding her farewell, he departed into the tundra, his fatherland.

XIV

THE WHALE-STONE AT IMANDRA

Two Laplanders living at Imandra began to boast to each other. One said, "Can you transform yourself into a wild beast or an animal?" The other replied, "I cannot turn into a wild beast, but I will change myself into a whale, then I will dive and you will be unable to see where I come out; I will go into a forest." The other said, "I shall see." The man transformed himself and entered the water. He came out a hundred yards from the shore. The other saw him and called out, "There, you have come out!" The man who had entered the water turned to a stone, which lies there in the form of a whale and is called *Volso-Kedet*, or *Whale-stone*.

¹From the Russian of N. E. Ontchukov's, *Northern Folk-Tales*. p. 467.

NOTES

I THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

This remarkable tale is worthy the fame of the Lapps as magicians. First a frog forces a man to marry her and then this frog-wife develops murderous and man-eating propensities and behaves like a dragon. The sleep-causing "spell" which the old woman gave her daughter was presumably some object over which an incantation had been pronounced.

The Sun and Moon are treated as familiar objects in the Sub-Arctic tales; thus, in "The Northern Lights" a girl plays with the Sun and he plays with her. The heroine marries Naynas, but is seized by the Sun and becomes his wife. The Sun carries his daughter to Earth and she marries a shepherd.

In a Little-Russian story, "The King's Daughter and the Shepherd," the king's daughter has the Sun and Moon under her arms, and the king promises his daughter in marriage to the man who shall guess what is there concealed. A shepherd gives her some sucking pigs that he may be allowed to look under her arms, then he guesses correctly. Other tasks are set him and successfully performed.¹

But the Lapp Sun is no degenerate; he sends his son-in-law round the Earth and then goes round the Earth himself. As is hinted clearly in this story, the Lapps are terrified by the Aurora Borealis, so that there is some explanation of the scene of blood in a house, but there is untrammelled and daring originality in the suggestion that the dead assemble together and fight among themselves. In a Cinderella story from Germany the heroine is thrown into a room where there is a well of blood.²

Another interesting incident, a parallel to which occurs once or twice in these tales, is Naynas' solemn announcement, "If you are an old man, you shall be my father; if you are an old woman, my mother; if you are a man of my age, you shall be my brother, etc." Such an expression of intense resolve had a magic influence; the spindle began to move and revealed itself as a maiden. In the folk-tales Sub-Arctic races turn themselves almost at will into various objects.

Sharp-eye, in addition to the usual eyes, had some at the back of her neck. Other Siberian tales have these organs in a peculiar position; thus, some subterranean giants among the Samoyedes have eyes on the top of the head; a character has a

¹Sumtsov, p. 105.

²Grimm, I, p. 364.

single eye in the forehead in two Yakut tales, and we read in a Kalmuck story of one-eyed bulls. The Russian one-eyed Evil is a cannibal giantess, and the White-Russian, "Cottage in the Sky," tells us of a goat with three eyes and ears and of another with four eyes and ears.

II THE OLD WIDOW

Curious deeds such as those of the boy that, growing up to be a hunter, lived with a frog and regarded her as his mother, and who later fastened a dead frog to a horse's tail, were doubtless intended to astonish or divert. It is difficult to understand how the most benighted savage could imagine himself born of a frog. But primitive minds may cherish a notion that in a distant period they may have descended from animals. A belief in man's consanguinity with beasts of the field is revealed in the following tradition of the Thompson-River Indians. A certain maiden and her sister left their home, intending to visit their grandmother, the female mountain-sheep. On their way they visited the Coyote's underground lodge. He gave the younger girl some fat, which she ate, and thereby became with child. Coyote married her. The elder girl continued on her way and stayed in her grandmother's lodge. There the lynx made a hole exactly above the girl's bed, and by spitting down upon the middle of her body caused her in time to give birth to a boy, who claimed the lynx as his father.¹

III A LAPPISH FOLK TALE

There are frequent instances of people who are half dogs and half men. Thus, a legend of the Loucheux North-West American Indians relates that a wicked man enclosed his younger brother in a box, and threw it in the sea. A seagull drew it along until it reached an opposite shore, but the youth could not escape from his confinement, although a wolf tried to aid him. However, a marten cut through his bonds. He was in a country inhabited by dogs. After a while he found an eagle's skin and feathers, clothed in which he flew to a spot where the inhabitants were half men, half dogs. He was led into a tent, where a marriageable girl with a dog's body below the waist, received him,² etc.

In a book of Eskimo Folk-tales there is an illustration,

¹Jas. Teit, p. 36.

²Petitot, p. 56.

drawn by an Eskimo, of an "inland-dweller," half dog, half human, pointing out a coast settlement for destruction. The head is human.¹ The woman, who was half a dog, also recalls Hans the hedgehog, who was half a hedgehog;² and the Kal-muck Massang, who was half an ox. It is noticeable in the Lapp story that the dog-like appearance occurred in three generations and that the woman's son barked. Such details could only be given in a tale of a very primitive and backward race.

The transformation of two women into stone may be compared with the petrification of Bulat-the-brave, in the Russian, "Deathless Skeleton Man," and to a similar charge of a tsar and two bears in the Lettish tale, "The Forester's Two Sons," and, again, to another transmutation to stone in the Armenian story, "Concerning the Sun and Moon."

The command that the young wives must not seek to learn the contents of the supper pot was possibly dictated by consciousness of the wretched material which the cook might be forced to employ, but far more probably by a fear that they might cast evil glances on the food. Among the Kirghiz the new-born camel is for a long time wrapped up in a cloth to protect it from possible evil glances.

We are told, "Public safety is construed by the ruder type of man not so much in terms of freedom from physical danger—unless such a danger (the onset of another tribe, for instance) is actually imminent as in terms of freedom from spiritual or mystic danger"; and again, "A tabu is something one must not do, lest ill-luck befall."³

The indication of kinship with deer in this tale may be compared with that in "The Wild Woman."

IV THE GIANT WHOSE LIFE WAS CONCEALED IN AN EGG

In a Note to "Koschei the Deathless Skeleton-Man," an attempt is made to show, that the idea of that remarkable character may have originated in certain living skeletons who figure in the first Samoyedé tale. These people had no flesh on their bones and are described as giants. It is therefore interesting to find a Lappish story of a giant whose life was concealed in an egg, and the secret of whose life and whose mode of death

¹Rasmussen and Worster, p. 96.

²*Grimm's Household Tales*, No. 108.

³R. R. Marett, p. 247.

offer details closely comparable with those of the Russian Koschei, the deathless skeleton-man. The Lapps, who like the Samoyedes, are considered to belong to the Finnish race, may have, or have had, a tale resembling the Samoyede story of underground giant skeleton men, and so have given rise to the story of Koschei.

V THE FOX AND THE PEASANT

This tale exemplifies how primitive and savage people regard animals as kindred. Here is an artless revelation of sympathy evinced by a man for a vixen, who speaks to him naturally, and next addresses a tree in full confidence that it is able to understand and cure her. The peasant's attitude of friendliness to the vixen is surpassed by that of an Eskimo, "A Man who took a Vixen to Wife." After a few days the vixen turned into a real woman. Yet she was exchanged, in the shape of a vixen, for another man's wife, who was a hare. The vixen ran away from her new husband and went to live with a worm. Her first husband had a wrestling match with the worm and conquered him and then grew tired of the vixen.¹

The tail plays a definite part in certain animal stories; thus, in some Russian narratives the vixen who has aided the peasant against his powerful enemy, the bear, offers her tail to the dogs when her escape is cut off. The wolf is induced to fish with his tail, not only in "Reynard the Fox," but in a Russian story. The fox induces the bear to fish with his tail in a Lapp story. In a Russian story, the fox, tapping with his tail against a pot of honey, makes his friend the wolf believe that someone is knocking at the door. And now the fox, in a Lapp story, loses his brush! There is a Lapp belief that fir and birch can cure blindness and that riches can be dug from beneath a foxhole.

VI THE MAN WHO BECAME A BEAR

The bear's intelligence in drawing the peasant's attention to the far away bear-man is comparable to that of a sagacious dog. The bear was capable of friendliness, and to the Lapp's simple mind seemed not devoid of human qualities. The Lapps are gifted tale-tellers, but it did not occur to the narrator to depict the bear-man as a prince bewitched by a dwarf, a development

¹*Eskimo Folk-tales*, Rasmussen and Worster, p. 79.

in story telling reserved for the author, whoever he may have been, of the German " Snow-white and Rose-red." ¹

A Basque hunter affirmed, in a story, that he had been killed by a bear, but that the bear had, after killing him, breathed his own soul into him, so that the bear's body was now dead, but he himself was a bear, being animated by the bear's soul. ²

VII THE GIRL FROM THE SEA

The girls who, having issued from the sea, leave their clothes on the shore, seem allied to swan-maidens or to seal-maidens. In a Chukchi tale, a man marries a gull-maiden on a like occasion. In a Yakut tale some maidens arrive from heaven as cranes, and one of them becomes human. In " The Deathless Skeleton-man " twelve pigeons become beautiful maidens. In another Russian story the maidens appear as swans. Bird-maidens occur in the fourth Samoyede story, in the note to which and in that to " The Sea King and Vasilissa the Wise " will be found further remarks on the subject.

VIII THE WATER-SPRITE

A belief in water-sprites is wide-spread, explicit accounts of such a traditional belief existing in regions so far apart as Volodga and Armenia, Folk-tales afford similar evidence among the Tungus, the Buryats, the Bashkirs, the Ossetes, the Lapps and the Russians. The present simple story ends with another revelation of the longing for wealth which oppresses the mind of the poorer Lapps. Money is to be received from a water-sprite, even as it is to be found beneath a fox-hole.

IX A STORY OF STALLO

The Lapps are said to believe in a life below the surface of the earth, but the scenes here depicted do not differ strikingly from above-ground life in imaginary regions of other tales. It is not more remarkable than the subterranean life in the first Samoyede tale, nor than that in the Ostyak, " Aspen-leaf." The under-water illusion is somewhat assisted by the long period occupied in making the rope by which the brother descended, and by the account of his return upwards. In the Samoyede story an underground effect is gained by introduction of skele-

¹ Grimm, No. 161.

² J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough*, Abr. Ed., p. 292.

ton men into the narrative, while in the Chukchi, "Tale of a Dead Head," the recounting of the efforts by which the tent is lowered through the air from the stars aids the hearer and the reader.

In the seventh tale of the Vetala Pantchavinsati—"Twenty-five Tales of a Demon"—the Sanskrit original of the Kathà Sarit Sàgara, the hero finds palaces under the sea; and a similar incident occurs in the sixth chapter of the second Fable of the Hitopadesa.¹

Other Lapp stories treat of Stallo, a partly supernatural being. Several incidents in the present story recall other tales; thus we have the three visits to old women of witch-like and cannibalistic nature, the clue-giving ball of wool, and the disobedience that brings disaster. The resuscitation of the dead hero by means of blows with birch twigs recalls the birch tree which restores the fox's sight in the Lapp, "The Fox and the Peasant."

The Eskimo have a tale of under-water life. A woman, to escape her husband's terrible beatings, walked into the sea and found herself at the bottom of it. There she gave birth to a boy, who, as he grew in strength, could hear children shouting at play above. He went up with his mother, but returned after frightening several people to death.²

X WHY THE BEAR'S TAIL IS SHORT

This tale is comparable with the Russian, "Little Sister Vixen and the Wolf," in which the wolf employs our bear's method of fishing, but with a less disastrous effect. The story occurs also among the Scandinavian Lapps. The latter part of the Lapp tale offers a close parallel to the Norwegian, "Why the Bear is Stumpy-tailed."³

It appears from W. S. Kölle's *Kanuri Proverbs and Fables*, that in the heart of Africa the weasel put some meat in a hole and told the hyena to let his tail down in order that the meat might be attached. But the weasel fastened a stick so tight to the hyena's tail that when the latter pulled his tail broke.⁴

There is a Rumanian story which explains "Why the Stork has no Tail." Floria, the hero of the story, who has befriended a stork, receives from him a feather which, if waved, will in need bring the stork to his assistance. The hero is set the task

¹Clouston, I. p. 195.

²*Eskimo Tales*, Rasmussen and Worster, p. 65.

³Dasent, *Tales from the Norse*, p. 210.

⁴*Idem.*, p. 22.

of obtaining the Waters of life and death. The stork being summoned, collects his subject storks, one of whom departs to where "the mountains knock against one another." The needed water lies at the bottom of and between two mountains. The stork gets it, but loses his tail because the mountains close furiously upon him.¹

XI THE CAP OF INVISIBILITY

This story affords an example of the importance which surrounds marriage in folk-tales. The heroine is not destined, as in Chukchi or Russian stories, to marry the Sun, but to reward with her hand the youth who is heroic and skilful enough to seize a star and bring it down to her. It may be grand to marry a heavenly body, but it must be more comfortable to wed a man.

The mysterious stranger who aids the youth in his mighty adventure is of the same order as the deity apt to appear at critical moments to help the hero in Siberian stories.

The three men fighting for a cap of invisibility and the distance boots and a magic staff belong to the regular cycle which is found in a Kalmuck tale, "What happened to the Poor Man's Son" and in the Russian, "The Spell-bound Princess." The cannibal woman of the story could prove amiable to the hero, as her like do occasionally to him.

The bird who bore the young man on his second journey is comparable to the bird who carried the Ostyak Aspen-leaf home from imaginary regions to his own country. The machinery of the magic journey comes briefly into action, for a handkerchief and an unusual object, a piece of cheese, being thrown down cause food and an island to appear. His capture of the heavenly body should have won the promised reward for the hero, but, as usual, a further display of his power is permitted to him before the happy ending. Thus, the "Cap of Invisibility" contains some half-dozen of the most renowned folk-tale incidents packed into a brief space.

XII THE NAKED MAN

This simple narrative reveals a rude form of life which leaves him that leads it a prey to oppression by the strong. The directness and baldness of the poor aboriginal's wail over his

¹Gaster, p. 263.

wrongs is relieved by the final solemn prediction and implied curse.

XIII THE WILD WOMAN

The incident of the wedge is paralleled in a Flemish version of the "Trial of Reynard the Fox." Chanticleer, the cock, came before the lion and accused Reynard, the fox, of hideous actions, namely, of killing fifteen of Chanticleer's children. Bruin, the bear, set out to capture Reynard, who pleasantly offered to show his visitor a split tree in which was some honey. When Bruin introduced his head and two front paws into the cleft Reynard knocked out the wedges. Bruin's terrible howls brought out the carpenter and his wife, who belaboured the bear with all their might. At last Bruin tore himself free and, with a bloody muzzle, escaped to the woods.¹

XIV THE WHALE-STONE AT IMANDRA

Transformation of human beings to stone is far from uncommon in these tales. It occurs in Samoyede, Altaian, Kumuk, Georgian, Russian, Lettish and, more than once, in Lappish stories.

¹Jean de Boschere., p. 50.

THE FINNS

The division of the Ural-Altaiian family, which is called the Finnish, migrated from the Altain highlands in Central Asia and, at the beginning of the Christian era, ranged almost continuously as far as the North Atlantic Ocean. The Finns are of mixed blood and present different characteristics. They are somewhat slow, heavy and conservative, but patient, faithful and honest. Grey or blue eyes, light hair and scanty beard are common. It is not certain how the people obtained their name of Finns, which is traced by some to the wood "veen," meaning turf or bogs. Their tongue, like that of the Magyars, another branch of the Ugrian group, has advanced and almost reached the stage of an "inflectional" language. But the various dialects are distinctly agglutinative and possess a progressive vowel harmony. Karelian or East Finnish is the vehicle of Finnish literature. Nouns are declined through fifteen different cases. The verb has no future tense and the noun is not preceded by an article. The great Finnish epic poem, the Kalevala, was written down by Lönnrot, less than a century ago, from the lips of the peasantry. Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is written in the same metre. The Kalevala, which appears to be the work of different minds, deals with the mythology or folk-lore of the people. It begins with a Creation legend. The northern Zeus, Ukko, sends his eagle to the virgin daughter of the atmosphere Luonnotar, and the bird lays seven eggs in the nest which it makes on her knees; the world is due to these eggs. Strange and beautiful episodes follow, detailing a struggle to obtain possession of a magical mill, Sanpo, which is broken. A fragment of the mill reaches Finnish shores and brings happiness to Finland. The epic is remarkable in that it is gentle and lyrical and does not, like many world epics, deal largely with bloodshed.

I

THE DOG, THE CAT AND THE SNAKE¹

A CERTAIN poor peasant, having received an inheritance of thirty rix-dollars, decided to give up manual work and become a trader. However, he saw some people about to hang a dog. This was at a period when animals still talked. "I cannot let this animal be killed," said the peasant. "Give me the dog and I will pay you for it." He handed the people ten rix-dollars and they released the dog from the gallows.

In similar circumstances he saved the life of a vagrant cat at a cost of ten rix-dollars.

While going along a path accompanied by his cat and dog, this man met a peasant who was about to kill a snake. With the last of his money he purchased the life of the snake, which turned to him and said, "Because of sin and by virtue of a curse, whether a man shall bite a snake, or a snake shall bite a man, the bitten place will surely swell; therefore I cannot be your servant! But come into our lair—it is not far off—and you shall receive a reward for your act of goodness." The peasant agreed to accompany the snake, but stopped at the entrance of the lair, while the snake went in alone. Other snakes crawled out to look at the man, and at last the snake whose life had been saved came out with a ring in her mouth. "If you strike on this ring three times," she said, "and pronounce the words, 'Let seven men come and bring what I wish,' your order will be fulfilled."

The peasant struck the ring thrice, saying, "Let seven men come and bring me a splendid coat." Next he ordered some money. Both of his wishes were gratified.

He hired a horse at an inn, but later met some robbers who were about to rob and kill him. Perceiving his danger and remembering the ring, he struck it three times, and said, "Let seven men come and help me!" Seven men appeared, attacked the robbers, and dispersed them.

Possessing now as much money as he desired, the peasant prepared a banquet, and invited the presence of the king and a number of famous people. In the meantime, talk arose of his marriage, and an old king said, "I will give my only daughter to none other than the man who shall erect over the river a bridge of gold and precious stones." The river flowed past the

¹*The Living Past*, 1901, p. 79.

old king's palace. After the departure of the guests the peasant struck the ring and ordered seven men to construct a bridge of the required kind by the next morning. Waking early, the king saw the workmen departing.

One of the guests, who was unusually rich, claimed that he erected the bridge by aid of his wealth and resources; but our hero, disputing this contention, struck the ring and cried, "Let seven men come and bear witness." Seven men came and testified to the truth, whereupon the king could not refuse to carry out his promise, and the marriage ceremony was performed.

When the peasant reached home with his young wife she asked him how he produced these seven men and who he might be himself. Learning everything, she stole the ring and hastened to inform her father that her husband was no more than a common man, and that he had married her by magic. The king shut him up in a stone prison on the other side of the river, and there the peasant shared his food with his dog and cat. The dog ordered the cat to recover the ring; and the cat, pretending friendliness, danced on her hind feet, and ran about from room to room; on which occasion it happened not only that the king's daughter exhibited the ring to her visitors, but that she said, "Here is that rascal's ring." The cat noticed where the ring was placed and stole it. She then took up a position on the dog's back, and he swam across the river. In midstream the dog enquired of the cat why she was so great a burden. "This ring is heavy," replied the cat, and dropped it from her mouth. The pair went sadly to their master and told him of their misfortune. But in their search for food they chanced to capture a pike who had swallowed the ring; and then indeed the friends had cause for joy.

They took the ring immediately to their master, who, striking it three times, said, "Let seven men come and destroy this stone prison and set me free!" Seven men came and destroyed the prison, despite the opposition of the royal soldiers. Our hero now ordered the king to reprimand his daughter; and afterwards, however strange it may seem, the married couple lived happily.

II

THE MERCHANT'S SONS.¹

ONCE there lived an old man and an old woman who had no children. They were poor, especially in their old age. The old woman caught fish with a torn net, and the old man used to hunt. One day he caught a beautiful little bird. Now, the aged pair were without salt, so the woman said to her husband, "Take the bird to a merchant, he will give you some salt for it." The man carried the little bird to the merchant, and received in exchange two bags of salt. The merchant looked under one of the bird's wings and found these written words: "Whoever shall eat this little bird will spit gold." He looked under the other wing and found, "Whoever shall eat this little bird will become tsar." The merchant summoned the old man to come and receive payment for the bird. He arrived, but said, "You have already given me two whole bags of salt." "I will give you twenty bags of salt and seven thousand pounds weight of flour and five hundred roubles!"

The merchant put the little bird in a cage and fed it and soon afterwards went to sea. During his absence, which lasted ten years, his wife bore two sons. It happened that a cunning friend who used to visit the wife was informed by her of the beautiful bird and how much her husband had paid for it. The cunning man looked at the bird and read beneath one wing, "Whoever shall eat this little bird will spit gold," and beneath the other wing, "Whoever shall eat this bird will become tsar."

Desiring to eat the bird, the friend said to the merchant's wife, "If you do not kill this bird and give it to me to eat, you may lose my love." Thereupon she ordered her servant, Paul, to kill the bird and roast and serve it. But it happened that her sons were at the moment in Paul's room; they were six and seven years old, and used to go to school across the river. On the same day, having returned hungry from school, they searched in the cupboard for something to eat and, seeing the roast bird upon a plate, ate it. Paul came and was angry; but he concluded that the boys had mistaken the dish for one he had prepared from sparrows. The cunning friend ate the sparrows and departed, hoping to become tsar and to spit gold, but his hopes were not fulfilled.

In three days he returned and said to the mistress of the

¹*The Living Past*, 1901, p. 74.

house. "You did not give me the little bird, and I shall leave you; you have deceived me." To lose her lover was a heavy blow. "If you will kill your sons I will not leave you," the man said later. Though she was sorry for her sons, they were not so precious as her lover, and she told Paul to kill them. Paul pitied the boys, but sharpened his knife. Meanwhile the boys, who had overheard their mother's order, wept and implored him to kill two dogs instead of themselves and let them escape. He allowed them to go and prepared from the dogs' internal organs a dish which was consumed by the cunning friend, who soon set out again, hoping to become tsar and to spit gold. His hopes were not fulfilled.

The merchant returned from sea and enquired for his sons and for the bird. Lying freely, his wife informed him that the bird had been killed by charcoal fumes, and that the boys had been drowned on their way to school.

The boys wandered about the world and one of them, when he grew up, began to spit gold. Once they came to a town in which a new tsar was being chosen. People went to church with candles, and it was agreed that the man whose candle set light to itself was to be tsar. The brothers also went to church (to go to church was in accordance with their custom), and the candle of one of them began to burn. People thought he had lit it himself. The next day, when the same thing occurred again, half the people acknowledged the young man as tsar, while on the third day, when his candle again lit itself, he was with one accord chosen tsar.

The second brother departed to a heathen kingdom. On the edge of a town stood a castle with, before it, three hundred stakes, on the summit of which were fixed human heads. He stayed with a merchant who offered him his only daughter in marriage. "What is the meaning of these three hundred stakes and three hundred heads?" he enquired of the merchant. "The tsar of this heathen country has a lovely daughter, and these are the heads of her suitors," was the reply. The merchant added that, in order to win the tsar's daughter as his wife, a suitor must supply the town with provisions for three years. The brother decided to try his fortune and to court the tsar's daughter, and as she was very beautiful he fell in love. Unfortunately he did not please her. In two years the tsar's daughter approached her father and said, "My suitor will probably feed the town for three years, but I do not wish to be

his wife." The father advised her to wait six months before she had the young man killed.

When six months had passed the king and queen decided to invite the young man to pay them a visit. But he declined to come, saying that he had enough to do without attending banquets. After numerous unsuccessful invitations, the tsar at last grew angry and threatened to remove the young man's head if he did not obey the royal command ; he was obliged to go. They plied him with food and drink, and sought in every way to discover where he obtained the money with which he had been able to provision the town for two and a half years ; nobody else had fed the town for more than a year. He continued to spit gold and supplied the town with food for a month.

The tsar applied to soothsayers, and the daughter-in-law of a former tsar advised that a feast should be given, and the young man should there be so treated to drink that he once for all would spit forth everything. Once more the tsar sent an invitation, and the youth came, but only after being threatened with the loss of his head. Many guests were present at the feast ; costly wines were brought, and the tsar forced the young man to drink with these reproachful words : " What kind of son-in-law is he who cannot drink ! " When he was intoxicated they led him away into an over-heated bathroom, where the vapour caused him to faint.

Recovering, he made his way to his apartments. Although he no longer spat gold he was able to feed the town for a further period of three months, and still to have a barrelful of gold. When all the money had gone, and there remained but a month of the three years during which the young man had to supply provisions, the tsar ordered that his head should be removed and placed on a stake. But the youth gave money to the executioners, and they set him at liberty on account of his unusual beauty ; instead of his head they set on a stake the head of a dead man whom they took from a grave.

Starting on his journey, the youth passed through a forest crowning a lofty hill. Upon the other side of the hill a piercing shriek resounded and, on going in that direction, he found two devils fighting. Before them lay heaps of gold and silver and a walking-stick. The devils applied to him with a request to divide the things ; they said that if the stick was passed from one hand to the other hand a whole army and whatever good

things one desired would come from it. "Run to the foot of the hill," said the young man, "and I will throw the stick after you, and whoever first seizes it shall have it." The devils ran, but, deceiving them, he seized the stick, the gold and the silver, and concealed himself. Going to the town where they had wished to cut off his head, he passed the stick from one of his hands to the other; then two heroes issued from the stick and asked to be told his wishes. "Construct," he said, "a glass bridge from this spot to the tsar's palace. When they had completed their task the heroes returned and desired to know what more he wished. He ordered them to bring as much gold and silver as would satisfy his life's needs.

On the following day he summoned the heroes afresh, and ordered them to construct a palace immediately before that of the tsar's daughter, so that daylight could scarcely reach her. As there was no sunshine, the tsar's daughter rose very late in the morning; she went alone to her father. "Someone," she said, "has apparently undertaken to feed the town again."

The tsar sent soldiers to kill the young man, who without delay passed the walking-stick from one hand to the other, whereupon out of it two heroes issued, who overcame all the soldiers from the first to the last. The tsar sent still more soldiers, but they also were conquered. Next he despatched soldiers to ask the young man who he might be. "I fed this town for three years." On receiving this answer the tsar and his daughter grew alarmed and decided to yield.

The tsar's daughter appeared with gifts before her suitor and asked forgiveness, saying, "Now I am your wife and you are my husband!" "Yes, but first you must submit to punishment," was the answer; and taking the stick, the young man struck her and said, "Change into a horse!" She immediately became a horse.

Mounting this animal, which was of indescribable beauty, the young man rode to the kingdom where his brother was tsar. The tsar desired to buy the horse at any price, and imprisoned the owner because he would not agree to a sale. Having entered the prison, the young man (who had begged that his horse should be well fed) passed his stick from one hand to the other; instantly two heroes appeared and asked what task they should perform. He ordered them to bring two barrels of spirits and to make all the prisoners intoxicated. It was reported to the tsar that the man who had been placed in the

prison on the previous day had made all his comrades intoxicated. The tsar ordered that the prisoner should be hanged, but when preparations were being made to carry out the sentence a ring was found suspended round the prisoner's neck. The tsar was the first to examine this ring; the name upon it showed that the wearer was his brother. The tsar took him and entertained him in a manner that was becoming, and then proposed that they should set forth to visit their father and mother. They mounted together the same horse and rode to their native town, and in their home met Paul, who was now a grey-haired old man. Learning from him that the merchant, their father, was reduced to beggary, but that their mother and the cunning friend were alive, they sent Paul to seek out their father. But the old merchant, being ashamed of his rags, would not come. The sons sent the servant with new clothing, and he washed the old man and brought him back. They questioned the old man concerning his life, and learned that he formerly possessed two sons and a little bird for which he had paid a large sum. "Where are your sons and where is the bird?" "The bird died from charcoal fumes and my sons were drowned." The brothers revealed themselves.

Next they summoned before them their mother and her cunning friend, and feeling puzzled how to mete out retribution, the sons begged their father to settle the punishment; but he refused, saying that his son, who was tsar, would know better what fate the culprits deserved.

The tsar commanded that the cunning man should be fastened to the tails of two horses, so that his body should be torn asunder; and that his mother should be walled up with stones, but fed as long as she was alive. Paul was rewarded with money and everything he might need during his lifetime.

The brothers mounted once more and returned to the town where one of them reigned, and the father stayed with him. The other brother, wishing to marry, journeyed to the town which he had fed; there he found that the tsar of the kingdom was dead. Striking his horse with his stick, the young man said, "You have been a horse long enough; become again a tsar's daughter!" He married her and became tsar.

III

FOUR HAIRS FROM THE DEVIL'S BEARD¹

THERE lived once a rich miller, called Peter, who had a lovely daughter. Now, a water-monster appeared in the mill-pond, and demanded to be supplied with a pig every day, and Peter promised his daughter's hand to the man who should slay the intruder.

A shepherd's boy offered to kill him. He brought a pig to the pond and cried, "Where are you, Water-dragon?" The monster came, and the lad continued, "If you do not eat this pig I will bring you two pigs to-morrow." The dragon did not touch the pig, and the shepherd took him away. Peter was astonished that the dragon had not eaten the pig, but the shepherd said nothing, and arrived next day at the pond with two pigs and promised that if the dragon did not devour them he would bring three pigs on the following day. The monster dived into the water and the lad returned home with the two pigs.

When on the third day the shepherd came with three pigs, Peter followed him secretly. "If to-day you do not touch these pigs," cried the lad, "to-morrow you will get four." The miller, on the contrary, shouted, "Eat them!" and the hungry monster rushed furiously at the shepherd, who pierced him with his sword.

Nevertheless, the miller did not give his daughter to the shepherd, and demanded that the latter should bring him four hairs from a devil's beard. The boy promised and set out on a journey.

He arrived at a certain kingdom where, in the royal garden, an apple tree bore golden apples, but had lately given no fruit. Promising to restore the tree's productiveness, the boy passed on his way. He came next to a kingdom from which two princesses had vanished; undertaking to search for them, he continued his journey. Reaching a third kingdom, where a princess had been lost, he gave his word that he would look for her. Three king's sons were ferrying people across a river, and seeing the young shepherd, they asked him to show them how they might avoid this duty. He said that on his return journey he would show them, and they took him across the river.

There was nobody in the devil's lair, except his wife, that is,

¹*The Living Past*, 1901, p. 217.

the king's daughter who had disappeared from the third kingdom. The shepherd, after relating all his adventures, begged her to tear out four hairs from the devil's beard; she promised to do as her visitor desired, and hid him behind the stove. When, later, the devil returned home and lay down to sleep, a loud snoring quickly became audible. The princess tore out one of his hairs, whereupon he jumped up and said, "What is the matter?" "I had a dream," answered the princess. "What was it," asked the devil. "I saw in a dream that in a certain royal garden an apple tree bearing golden apples suddenly ceased to bear them." Her husband replied, "Under its roots a soldier is buried; if his bones be dug up, the tree will renew its supply of golden apples." Then the devil resumed his slumbers. The shepherd's lad took care to fix these words in his memory.

After a while the princess tore out another hair from the devil's beard, and he jumped up and cried angrily, "What is it? Why do you disturb me?" "I dreamed," she answered, "that in a certain kingdom two princesses suddenly vanished." "A blow must be struck three times on the right gate-post, and then the king's daughter will be found," said the devil, going to sleep again without loss of time.

Acting in a similar manner, the princess tore a third hair from the devil's beard, and learnt that the vanished princess would be recovered if a blow were struck three times with the devil's stick on to the left gate-post.

A fourth hair was still needed, but the king's daughter feared to disturb her husband. However, as soon as his snoring began again she pulled out from his beard a fourth hair. Immediately the devil clutched his sword and prepared to kill her, but she prayed for mercy, saying that she had not been able to restrain herself, for she had dreamed that three princes who ferried people across a certain river could not deliver themselves from this duty. "Let them, on reaching the opposite shore, turn round on the ferry and pronounce these words, 'Ferry people over for as long as we have ferried them.'" Having spoken thus, the devil fell asleep.

The shepherd took the devil's walking-stick and struck thrice on the right post of the devil's gateway; immediately two king's daughters appeared. Then he struck thrice on the left post and at once the princess came who was the devil's wife. He set out with the three king's daughters and reached

the river, across which the princes were ferrying people. He promised to show them when they reached the opposite shore how to free themselves from their irksome duty. The princes thanked him and awaited the arrival of their victim.

Coming to the king, whose daughter had been found, the shepherd received as reward two golden oxen and a golden chariot. The king who recovered two daughters gave him a chariot half full of gold. The shepherd commanded the owner of the apple-tree which had golden apples to dig up the soldier who lay beneath the apple tree's roots. The king rewarded him with a chariot filled with silver.

Reaching home, the shepherd handed the four hairs from the devil's beard to the miller, and demanded his daughter as bride. Once more the miller refused to keep his promise; he sought to learn how the youth had won his riches. "From the devil," said the shepherd; and the miller, hoping to grow wealthy, set forth by the same road to the devil's lair. Arriving at the bank of the river across which the princes acted as ferry-men, he ordered them to take him over. Directly Peter stepped on the ferry they turned to him with the words, "Now ferry as long as we have ferried!" The princes departed, leaving Peter to perform their task; and he still toils as a ferryman, knowing no means of escape from his continuous duties.

Having vainly awaited Peter's return, the shepherd married his daughter, and with her obtained the mill at which he now grinds corn.

IV

THE DEVIL'S EYE-OINTMENT:

A MAN working at a kiln was about to use some melted pewter, when a devil came and asked him what he was doing. The workman, who had known this devil formerly, saw that his eye was bound with a rag, and determined to play a trick on him. "I am warming some eye-ointment," said the workman, as he mixed the hot pewter. "Who are you?" was the devil's next question. "I am myself," replied the man. The devil begged that his injured eye might be treated with the ointment. "With pleasure," answered the workman, "but as a preliminary, I must fasten you to the ground; it will be easier for me

then to insert the ointment." The man bound the devil tightly and poured the hot pewter into his eye. The devil gave a piercing shriek and rushed headlong home. "Who has mutilated you so terribly?" asked brother-devils. "Myself, myself," answered the devil in frightful torment. "Then blame yourself," they said, "for having been so stupid!"

V

THE OMNISCIENT DOCTOR¹

A CERTAIN shoemaker, tired of his trade, determined to become a doctor, in the hope that he might thus earn money easily. Having sold his tools and bought paper and ink and a good table, he wrote in large letters over his gate: "The omniscient Doctor." Now, at the fair a horse was stolen from a peasant who chanced to pass this doctor's gate. Seeing the strange sign, he entered and said, "The Omniscient Doctor lives here, does he not?" "Yes, I am he," answered the shoemaker, politely. "In that case, you probably can tell me where I may find my horse, which was stolen last night?" The shoemaker took his seat at the table and having written a prescription, received several marks as his fee.

The peasant set out to the apothecary, who read the paper with interest and laughed heartily, as it did not contain a single correct letter, a fact which was not astonishing, for the shoemaker had never been educated. But in a jovial mood the apothecary gave the man some bitter infusion, and the peasant before long tasted it. The drug burnt the man's mouth, and he rushed into the nearest house, and begged for water. Much to his surprise, the thief was just selling the stolen horse in the yard. The peasant seized his horse and, supposing that the doctor had helped him to recover it, went back and paid an additional fee. Thanks to this strange accident, the shoemaker concluded that he actually knew something of the unknown.

Now, the king happened to pass the gate, and he too read the strange notice. He sent a servant to summon the doctor to appear on the following day at the palace. When the man came the king said to him, "If one may judge from the sign over your gate, you are omniscient; find by to-morrow the ring

¹*The Living Past*, 1901, p. 78.

which I lost six months ago. If you fail you will be hanged." The downcast shoemaker awaited inevitable execution; he knew nothing of the ring's whereabouts.

Dinner time arrived and the royal servants, carrying dishes of roast meat, passed the shoemaker, who was sitting on the doorsteps. Unconsciously he began to count aloud the number of dishes brought by the servants, thus: "One, two, three," and the servants in the kitchen pondered over the meaning of the doctor's utterances. They thought he had guessed that they had stolen the ring, and that he was now counting the thieves. One of them went to the shoemaker and said, "It seems to us you know we are guilty." "Certainly," answered the shoemaker. "If you will help us not only to conceal what we have done, but to avoid being found out, we shall be grateful." The shoemaker advised them to put the ring inside a roast fowl, and serve the dish to the king. The servants followed his suggestion. At dinner-time the king turned to the doctor with this question, "Well, Omniscient Doctor, do you know the whereabouts of my ring?" "I know," answered the man, "that six months ago a fowl found it in the courtyard and swallowed it; when the fowl was roasted the ring dropped out of its throat." The fowl was examined and the ring was found. "I shall only believe that you are omniscient," said the king, "if you can guess what lies in the queen's golden casket. If you fail to guess correctly you will be hanged." "Oh, hapless cricket!" muttered the shoemaker, almost dead with fear, and thinking of the proverb, "Let the cricket keep to his hearth" (an equivalent of "let the cobbler stick to his last"). "You have guessed correctly," said the queen. "Of course!" replied the shoemaker in a self-satisfied tone. The king did not test him further, but awarded him a large sum of money, which enabled him to live easily in future and without following his laborious occupation.

VI

THE MAN AND THE DEVIL¹

A MAN on the border of a lake was stripping some willow trees when a devil, who lived as a fish in this lake, came to him

¹*The Living Past*, 1901, p. 218.

and said, "Why are you stripping these trees?" "I am making straps from the bark; I shall wrap the straps about the lake and carry it on my back to another place," was the answer. "Do not touch my water," said the devil, "and I will reward you with a useful gift." "I desire nothing," replied the man; "nevertheless, am ready to abandon my intention if you will conquer my brother, who lives in the forest on the other side of the lake." The devil agreed, and set out to the indicated spot. "My brother is amiable," called out the man after the devil; "and will not be the first to enter into a contest; you had better throw a stick at him!"

On the opposite shore of the lake the devil met by chance a bear eating the tops of some turnips. He threw a stick at the bear, which, becoming enraged, stood on its hind legs and advance directly toward the devil; a fight then began between them. The devil quickly arrived at the conclusion that he was not strong enough to gain the victory, and was glad to get beyond reach of the bear's paws. Much aggrieved, he made his way to the man and complained that the bear had nearly killed him. "So I see," said the man; "you are not a match for him; try a contest with my younger brother, who is gathering turnips over there, in a field; but his hearing is rather defective and you would do well, first of all, to shake the hedge." The devil agreed and went.

A hare was sitting in the field, and when the hedge was shaken she, in great alarm, made off at her utmost speed. Having caught the merest glimpse of her, the devil returned sadly and complained to the man that his competitor ran twice as quickly as he, although she was lame. "Well, I shall have to take the lake," was the man's threatening reply. The devil found himself in a predicament: "Only leave me my lake!" he said, imploringly; "demand whatever else you like and I will give it you." "It shall be as you wish," answered the man. "Give me a bag of silver, and I will leave you in peace." The devil promised to satisfy the demand and departed to obtain the silver.

Meanwhile the man excavated a hole under a large hollow stump, and, on the devil's return, pointed to the stump and said, "There is my receptacle." The devil emptied his bag into the stump, but could not get the bottom of the hollow to sparkle with silver. For two whole days without cessation he dragged silver to the spot. "Your bag is enormous I" he said at last,

"I have been carrying silver to you during two days and the place is not yet half filled. Are you not satisfied with what you have received?" The man, quite content with his gains, promised not to touch the lake; he had become rich, very rich. As for the devil, the result relieved him from anxiety.

VII

THE KING'S SON GOES BEAR HUNTING¹

ONCE a peasant, while toiling at the plough, became angry with his horse and cried out, "May a bear devour you!" It happened that a bear overheard these words and said, "Very well, give me your horse; I will eat him." The man grieved and begged for delay till his work should be completed. The bear indulged the man's wish.

A fox who chanced to approach the peasant enquired why he was so downcast. "Unfortunately," answered the man, "I promised in a foolish moment to give my horse to be devoured by a bear, who now demands it." The fox offered, in return for a reward, to assist the peasant and to deliver the bear to him. The man promised her the gift of several chickens. "I will fasten a small bell to my neck," she said, "and will bound along in the forest from stone to stone. When the bear comes up and remarks: 'What is that noise?' you must answer, 'It is the king's son bear-hunting.'"

The fox entered the forest, and having fixed a small bell to her neck, jumped noisily from stone to stone. The bear approached the peasant and said, "What is that noise." "It is the king's son bear-hunting," answered the peasant. "If you do not betray me, little brother," implored the bear, "I will not eat your horse!" The peasant promised not to surrender the bear to the hunters. Then the fox went out to the edge of the forest and shouted, "What is that dark shape near you?" "Say it is the stump of a tree," said the bear, in a low voice. "It is a stump," cried the peasant.

The fox shouted, "If it is a stump, why not fell it?" "Throw me down," said the bear; and the peasant pushed him so that he fell.

"You are a fool," shouted the fox. "If it is a stump, why

¹*The Living Past*, 1901, p. 220.

do you not put it on the sleigh?" "Put me on the sleigh as if I were a stump," begged the bear; and the peasant lifted him on to the sleigh.

"You are a fool," shouted the fox a third time, "why do you not fasten it? It will roll off." "Pretend to fasten me," said the bear, "but not firmly." The peasant fastened the bear securely. "You will never grow wise, however long you talk," shouted the fox. "Most people put an axe into a sleigh along with a stump." The bear begged that the axe should not be taken into the sleigh, but the peasant took up the weapon and used it to strike his enemy on the head and kill him.

The fox came out of the forest and the pair set forth to the peasant's house. But before reaching it the man turned to the fox and said, "Wait here till I bring you the chickens; if my children see you they will be frightened." After going away the peasant returned with an empty bag. "Climb in here!" he said to the fox, "and seize the chickens; if I let them out they will escape." The fox crawled into the bag, whereupon the peasant fastened up the opening and dashed the fox heavily against the ground.

"That is my reward for kindness!" exclaimed the fox.

NOTES

I THE DOG, THE CAT AND THE SNAKE

The present tale is worthy of the Finns' renown for wonderful stories. The people are of the stock which inhabited northern Russia before the Russians laid the foundation of their future empire in the ninth century. The Finns never came under the invaders' yoke as completely as did the Mordvins and other Finno-Ugrian tribes. Their tales have a special interest because as a race they are ethnologically related to the Kalmucks. "The Dog, the Cat and the Snake" resembles the Kalmuck, "Adventure of the Brahmin's Son." The dog, the cat and the snake of the Finnish correspond to the mouse, the ape and the bear of the Kalmuck story. The Finnish snake and the Kalmuck mouse both talk. In one story a magic ring occurs; in the other a jewel as large as an egg. A bridge of gold and precious stones figures here, a wondrous palace arises there. A wife steals a ring; a jewel is stolen while the owner sleeps.

The Finnish cat steals a ring and mounts on a dog's back and crosses a river; the Kalmuck ape puts a rescuing mouse in his ear, mounts on a bear's back and crosses a river. The cat drops a ring from her mouth; the ape drops a jewel from his mouth. The dog and cat capture a pike who has swallowed the ring; the mouse directs a plan by which a frog rolls up the lost jewel. A ring produces seven men who release a peasant (the hero) from prison; a jewel causes a daughter of the gods to appear and marry a Brahmin's son (the hero). Thus the Finnish and Kalmuck tales correspond with one another closely.

But the comparison may be carried further. The Kirghiz story, "The Young Fisherman," and the Gagauzy, "The Magic Mirror," have, respectively, a dog and cat and fish who recover a jewel, and a dog and cat that spare a mouse, who then recovers a magic mirror. It is impossible to doubt that these four stories are one and the same.

A story called "The Charmed Ring," from Kashmir, runs thus in outline. A youth started from home with three hundred rupees. He gave one hundred rupees to save a dog from ill-treatment, a hundred to save a cat, and one hundred to save a snake. These animals become much attached to him. The snake took the youth to the snake's father with instructions to ask, as a gift, for "the ring on your right hand and the famous pot and spoon which you possess." The cat and dog awaited the issue of their master's enterprise. The youth obtained the ring and pot and spoon from the *rajà*, the snake's father. The magic articles produced a beautiful house and lovely wife for the youth. But a prince fell in love with the wife and sent to her an old hag, who came and obtained the magic ring, which gave the prince the possession of the wife. With the loss of the ring the palace disappeared, but the youth was aided by the cat and dog. The cat forced a rat to recover the ring from the ogress by inserting its tail in her throat and making her retch. The cat sat on the dog's back as he swam across a stream. The dog asked for the ring and dropped it into the water, but the cat cleverly got the king of the fishes to rescue it. When the prince obtained the ring he spoke to it and his beautiful wife reappeared. ¹

¹J. H. Knowles, p. 21.

II THE MERCHANT'S SONS

The opening episode recalls the Votyak tale, "The Magic Bird," with which the Finnish story has much in common, namely the marvellous qualities conferred by a bird's flesh when it is eaten, the escape and flight of the two boys, the spitting of gold, the election of a tsar, and the punishment of a woman who has been changed into a horse. The two tales must be considered variants one of the other. The incident of the candle which lights itself is like that in the Buryat, "Creation of the World and of Man." The three hundred heads on stakes are comparable with the skulls with gleaming eyes set on a fence in "Vasilissa the Fair," and with the girls' heads which adorned every stake, except one, of a palisade in the Russian, "Tale of a Goat." The episode of the fighting devils, who request the youth to settle their dispute and are tricked by him, is comparable to similar episodes in the Kalmuck, "What Happened to the Poor Man's Son," and the Russian, "The Spellbound Princess," and the Lapp, "The Cap of Invisibility." The magic stick here is a general talisman capable of executing any command, and so differs from the usual magic cudgel which reduces ill-doers to subjection. Overheating the bath-room in order to kill an enemy occurs in several Russian tales.

The following is the outline of a story called "Saiyid and Said," from Kashmir. A certain man was visited by a jogi and advised to obtain a bird whose egg had been found to turn everything on which it lay into silver; for whoever ate the bird's head would become the richest king in the world, and whoever ate the breast would become a king. The man failed to get the bird from its owner, a merchant, but, intriguing successfully, he prevailed on the merchant to go abroad. The schemer then visited the merchant's wife and she cooked for him the beautiful bird with other food. But her sons, Saiyid and Said, came home from school and mischievously ate the head and breast of the bird; then in fear they ran away and separated. Said, after adventures, was elected king in a foreign land. Saiyid, for his part, found that in whatever spot he lay down ten thousand muhrs were there in the morning. Blest with such immense wealth, he had no difficulty in becoming the lover of a woman of marvellous beauty. She discovered his secret and obtained the head of the bird. This woman ill-treated and deceived Saiyid, but later he turned her into an ass and made her perform menial work. Having

taught her such a lesson, he restored her to her beautiful form and she continued faithful to him. Saiyid and Said met again. †

IV THE DEVIL'S EYE-OINTMENT

This tale resembles the Lettish story, "Who did it? I did it myself!" The reader is referred to the tale of Polyphemus mentioned in a Note to the Russian, "The One-Eyed Evil." The devil exhibits no devilish trait, and the word may originally have been used as an equivalent for "giant," which term, we are told, was employed by new comers to denominate a hostile aboriginal.

V THE OMNISCIENT DOCTOR

The theme of an impostor who is wafted to success on the wings of chance circumstances working for his advantage has its fascination for struggling mankind. A rogue may succeed by dint of constant unprincipled effort, as in the Buryat, "Old Man Ookhany," or be aided by unexpected and undeserved good fortune, as related in several instances respectively of Indian, German and Norwegian form, in the Note to the Kalmuck, "The Pig's Head Magician," and in that story. The Omniscient Doctor belongs to the latter class; his good fortune never forsook him.

There is a Sinhalese tale of a poor man who, needing food, travelled to a far country. There he acquired the name of doctor (given him in fun), and soon afterwards noticed a yoke of oxen entangled in some bushes. Finding the owners of the oxen, he offered to discover the beasts; then he pretended to become possessed and found them and was rewarded with half their value. Next a woman who had stolen some gold coins told the doctor where she had placed them. He exposed them to their rightful owner and received half. Later it happened that thieves broke open the king's money-chest. The doctor, afraid of inability to live up to his reputation as a discoverer, determined to hang himself. While so busied he uttered some words which reached the ears of the thief and alarmed him. The thief surrendered the treasure to the doctor, and the doctor restored it to the king. The ruler now took fire-flies in his hand and tested the false doctor's omniscience. The latter in despair struck his head against a tree, and exclaimed "It is as

†J. Hinton Knowles, *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, p. 78.

if I saw a hundred fire-flies." In a like fortunate manner, the doctor discovered that the king held in his hand a bird.¹

VI THE MAN AND THE DEVIL

The devil here is a spirit resident in the water who, being neither malignant nor powerful, is afflicted with the stupidity which often characterises the folk-tale giant. Comparably, in a Bashkir story, a cannibalistic wood-spirit is defeated by a weak old man's trickery and pretence of power. In Armenian tales wood-spirits are not very dangerous. On the other hand, a certain Buryat old water-sprite is a determined and ferocious cannibal. Among the wilder and lower races, such as the Gilyaks and the Yukaghirs, a spirit is apt to be malevolent and persistently inimical; is moreover the direct cause of disease and death.

VII THE KING'S SON GOES BEAR-HUNTING

Maledictions in folk-tales have great effect, as in three Siberian tales concerning the spots on the moon. This animal story may be compared with the Russian, "The Peasant, the Bear and the Fox," which is, however, more elaborate, both at the beginning and the conclusion. The superior renown of the Russian tales conduces to the notion that the Russians originated the stories which are common to themselves and indigenous races; but this tale certainly arose in a place where foxes and bears were numerous. The Finns of a past epoch probably believed that animals could speak. We are told by a famous traveller and scientific observer that "the Chukchis believe all nature is animated and that every material object can act, speak and walk by itself." Again, "Animals, when personating human beings, can change their shape quite as easily as do spirits."² The incident of the fox that was lured into the bag resembles one in the Russian, "The Snake and the Peasant." The peasant is generally treacherous to the fox, but not invariably, for in the Lapp, "The Fox and the Peasant," the pair for a while live together in amity.

¹H. Parker, I. No. 23.

²*The Chukchis*, W. Bogoraz, p. 280, 283.

THE ESTHONIANS

THOUGH now an independent state, Esthonia, a flat and somewhat swampy country, situated to the south of the Gulf of Finland, has been in the last seven hundred years successively under the domination of Danes, Germans, Swedes and Russians. Esthonia is mainly agricultural, but contains much forest and heath land. Iron and steel are manufactured. The people are of Finnish stock, blonde and their heads are of the "long" variety. The southern Esthonians often have flat features, broad face, oblique eyelids, light and even yellowish hair and a Mongolian cast of countenance.¹

A writer in 1802 (I. X. Petry) gave a sombre description of this people :

"Some of the women have pretty faces and well proportioned figures, but more frequently they are of low stature and thick build, with pale, yellowish or dark faces, thick lips and cheeks and small unattractive eyes. Their gait is generally sluggish and lazy. The Esthonians are thick-set and muscular; in their sunburnt faces is visible seriousness or rather sadness, obstinacy and self-will. Their ways of thinking show stupidity, slowness and unalterability. They love quiet of body and soul. Gloominess and melancholy, vanishing only under the use of spirituous liquors, too clearly bear witness to a heavy lot. The women, as everywhere, are livelier and merrier and friendlier than the men, but even on them slavery has left its impress. Accustomed from their early years to cruelty and injustice, the Esthonian is distrustful and suspicious of everybody not in his circle; he fears to meet an enemy and a tormentor. The German is for him a tyrant and a tormentor from whom there is no escape, etc."²

Later, at the end of the nineteenth century, the recollection of previously endured cruelties was still acute.

"The old practices and ceremonies of heathenism have been preserved more completely among the Esthonians than

¹A. H. Keane, *Living Races of Mankind*, p. 624.

²J. G. Kohl, p. 388.

among any other Lutheran people. All the trees, caves or hills which were then sacred are so still, and there are many spots where the peasants yet offer up sacrifices."¹

I

THE MAN WITH STRENGTH HIDDEN
UNDER A STONE²

A CERTAIN man, surpassing everyone else in strength, crushed whatever he touched, and by the mere pressure of his hands reduced great stones to fine fragments. Being engaged as a workman at a mill, he broke the millstone through carelessness, squeezed the staircase and so damaged the mill that his employer was obliged to dismiss him. Hired by another master to hew wood, he tore up trees with his hands by the roots, and threw them down so clumsily, that they flew into chips. When he was ordered by a third master to harness bullocks to a plough he broke the rib of one beast and by chance tore off the head of another. But now, convinced that his strength in its entirety was harmful, he hid part of it under a stone, and on that account received the name of Kivial, or "The-man-with-strength-hidden-under-a-stone."

Though Kivial saw many maidens, his heart remained untouched. But one day he met a little chicken and took her home as his wife. The chicken laid an egg, out of which came a boy who was called The Chicken's Son.

The father, weary of life at home, set out in the world to seek adventures. When he left the chicken he gave her a wolf's tooth on a silver chain, and ordered her to fasten it round his son's neck, saying that this would afterwards assist recognition. Then he crossed the sea to Finland, a country which pleased him so much that he forgot not only the chicken, but his son and native land. As a result of numerous adventures, in which his adversaries included powerful eastern kings, and terrible Lapp magicians, his name grew famous in all lands. In Finland he married and begot several sons and daughters.

Once when a war flamed up between the Finns and Kivial's fellow countrymen he met no rival and killed many people, he even destroyed a whole army. But suddenly from the enemy's

¹J. G. Kohl p. 388

²*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1892, No. 2. p. 116.

forces there issued forth a beautiful youth, who challenged him to fight. The two antagonists contended for a day, and toward evening the youth succeeded in throwing Kivial to the ground, but spared his life. Kivial, who was much enraged, since this was the first time he had ever been overcome, decided to recover all his former strength and fight with the youth again. When he reached the place where he had hidden his strength a birch tree standing in the road called out to him, "Do not go further, or you will bring on yourself grief and disaster!" Kivial paid no attention to the birch tree's words and proceeded on his way. On the road a mountain-ash, an aspen, a grouse, and a woodcock gave him similar warnings, but he paid no attention to their words, and, stepping irritably across field, forest and marsh, came to the stone beneath which at one time he had placed part of his strength. He no sooner sought to lift the stone than grasses, flowers, bushes, trees and birds from all sides cried, "Desist from your intention!" But he nevertheless, raised the stone. Then subterranean dwarfs cried out, "Remove not your strength, lest you cause yourself harm!" Regardless of these warnings, Kivial retook his former strength, set out on the return journey and challenged afresh the youth to a contest. The battle lasted several hours. At last the youth fell, and Kivial, with his knee on his antagonist's breast, tore away the young man's clothing and was about to deliver a death blow.

But now he saw the wolf's tooth on a chain round the young man's neck and knew his son. Throwing his sword to a distance, Kivial said, "You are my son; rise and embrace me!" But the youth could no longer rise on his feet; his father had knelt so forcibly on his breast that it was broken. The young man glanced sadly at his father and, giving a deep sigh, died. In despair, Kivial tore his hair and groaned loudly. Then, bewailing his loss, he buried his son and returned to Finland, where, having first slain all his children by his Finn wife, he hurled himself down from a high rock and met his death.

II

THE PEASANT AND THE PRIEST¹

THE son of a landless peasant living in a miserable hut died. Angry with this man because of infrequent attendances at church, the local priest would not allow him to bury his child in the graveyard. Thereupon the peasant set to work to dig a grave beyond the graveyard wall, and found in the ground a great pot of gold. Without mentioning his discovery to anyone, he took the treasure home. But the priest somehow heard of the discovery, and planned to take away the poor man's riches. With the aid of his coachman he arrayed himself in a goatskin, entered his carriage and, driving at midnight to the peasant's hut, cried out, "Old man, open the door!" The peasant got up, struck a light, lit a firestick, thrust it into the wall of the stove, and suddenly saw outside a goat standing on his hind legs. "Give me your gold," cried the goat, "otherwise, I shall drag you and your wife to hell." The frightened peasant gave everything to the fiend, who at once entered the carriage and drove away. Arriving home, the church dignitary sought with the aid of his coachman to take off the goatskin, but it had become fixed and immovable. The pair strove to remove it with a knife, but their efforts only produced terrible pain and great loss of blood. Although the priest returned the gold to the peasant, he did not get rid of the goat-skin.

III

THE PEASANT AND THE FIEND²

A HORSE belonging to a peasant who was performing husbandry work for a landowner, fell down. Deprived of his horse's aid, the peasant could do nothing; he was lost! With but a single rouble in his possession, he set out to a horse fair at Kukerversky Inn, which stood twenty miles away; there he hoped to exchange his rouble for a horse. He took with him the end-crust of a loaf, some sprats and a bottle of kvass and, half-way, sat down to eat. A gentleman who was riding along the road upon a fine horse came up level with the peasant and

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1892. p. 46.

²*Idem* p. 45.

stopped ; then he entered into conversation and, learning the object of the peasant's journey, offered to sell his horse and whip for a rouble, saying, " Never feed this horse, but flog him frequently with the whip ; the more you punish him the better will he thrive and the harder will he work." Next the gentleman vanished.

The astonished peasant took the horse and, riding off, from time to time used the whip. The horse worked excellently during some years, and without food. On the evening of Christmas day, when the peasant and his family sat at table feasting, the horse thrust his muzzle through the open door into the room. It seemed to the master of the house that there were tears in the horse's intelligent eyes ; and, pitying his faithful assistant, he took a piece of bread from the table and gave it to the poor creature. Suddenly the horse became transformed into a man, and stood before the astounded peasant as his old landlord, who had died several years previously. " Know, March," said he, " that the gentleman who sold you the horse was the Fiend himself ; he tortures thus many who on earth have not feared God and have wrought evil. In my lifetime I was not concerned with the salvation of my soul and served Mammon. I did not fear to do injustice, and even rejoiced when I defrauded. I tormented many peasants and in their hearts they desired my death, which came and consigned me to the Fiend's claws. I know that I shall never escape from him. Although I stand before you in the form of your old lord, my Fiend-master will soon arrive and lead me to a place where live many unhappy condemned souls."

Having spoken thus, the lord wept bitterly. Suddenly a noise and cracking sounded in the stable, and the same gentleman presented himself as had sold the horse to the peasant. He said to the latter, " Not having obeyed me and having given the horse food, March, you will now be deprived of his services." The gentleman seized the whip and struck the landlord several times on the back. The landlord again became a horse, the gentleman jumped on him, flogged him with the whip and vanished like a whirlwind. Thus the Fiend had forced the unhappy landlord to serve the peasant during three years.

IV

ANTOSHA †

A MOTHER instructing her little son, Antosha, said to him, "Be a clever fellow. If you see a man at work, call out, 'I wish you success!' and if you observe people sitting at table, say, 'I hope you have plenty of food!'"

Antosha departed and, witnessing a fire in the village, cried, "Success to the fire! More flames!" The peasants beat him for making such a speech. The fool returned home and his mother said, "Foolish fellow, you should have taken some water and dashed it about." The fool set forth and saw two women gossiping at a well, near which stood some buckets of water. The simpleton seized a bucket and emptied it over the women. They abused the boy and beat him and he went home and wept. His mother remarked, "Silly fellow, you should have pressed your head close to them, then you would have been received with sweet words."

Starting off again, the simpleton saw some dogs fighting. He thrust his head between them, and the infuriated dogs mauled him severely. When the weeping boy reached home, his mother said, "Stupid child, why did you not take a cudgel and drive them away?"

The boy provided himself with a cudgel and went for a walk. Just then two men were returning from the inn—the tailor, Meek, and the joiner, Adoo. The fool ran forward and belaboured them; gave a blow first to one and then to the other. The friends grasped the situation and did not remain long in the boy's debt. He made his appearance at home and wept, and his mother said to him, "Fool, you should have smoothed the gentlemen's path; they would have given you money with which to buy rolls of bread."

Setting out and seeing a rich lord in a carriage drawn by stallions, the boy jumped forward to clear the way for the lord, but the horses threw him in the mud and the coachman lashed him with his whip. The boy arrived home and wept, whereupon his mother admonished him thus: "Simpleton, you should have mounted one of the stallions for a ride."

The fool went on to the road, where a poor cripple sat and tasted a crust. The fool jumped upon his back. The angry cripple seized his crutch and killed the fool Antosha.

†*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1892, p. 45.

NOTES

I THE MAN WITH STRENGTH HIDDEN UNDER A STONE

The story of the boy's birth from a chicken's egg is of the same fanciful character as the Gilyak account of a man's mating with a tigress, and surprising narrative of a woman's adventure with a bear. The strength which could be hidden under a stone is comparable with various abstractions, for instance, Need and Grief, which are personified in Russian stories. The warnings given to Kivial by a grouse and a woodcock recall utterances made by some white grouse in the fifth Samoyede tale; they ran over the snow, and advised a man to kill his wife. In a Buryat tale, a wolf prays to God; and in the Russian, "The Peasant, the Bear and the Fox," the bear addresses the man peremptorily. It is not astonishing that underground dwarfs speak to Kivial, for the Beliefs of various races in Russia point to a supposed existence of many spirits and fiends. Subterranean characters are not infrequent; thus, in the Gagauzy, "The Demon, Oh," and in the Bashkir, "The Merchant's Son," and in the Russian, "The Wicked Wife," and, again, in the first Samoyede tale, we get glimpses of them; but Chukchi, Ostyak and Lapp narratives of subterranean beings are much fuller. The black dwarf in Grimm's "Blue Light" is familiar to many. When animals protested so emphatically it is not astonishing that the birch trees did likewise, for, as we learn from the Lapp, "The Fox and the Peasant," and the Russian, "The Enchanted Lime-tree," and from Lettish traditions, trees in these parts have been considered far from inanimate, even if they do not exhibit the vigorous activities portrayed in the Chukchi, "The Young Shaman and his Bride."

Professor Schroder received this tale from a lady who heard it in her youth from her nurse and, comparing it with other stories in Persian, German, Celtic, Norwegian and Russian, he found that it approaches more closely to the Persian, "The Contest between Rustem and Sohrab"; the special features of resemblance in the two stories being the surrender by the father of part of his burdensome strength (Kivial hides his under a stone; Rustem gives his over to a mountain prodigy), the signs left with the son (a wolf's tooth; a precious stone), the departure of the father to another country, the father's defeat in the first fight, the father's return to a full degree of strength and the tragic end to the fight with his son.

The idea of strength as an entity which may be abstracted is not unique. In a Magyar story, Prince Mirko, who wishes to fight Doghead, obtains from the latter's daughter a silver bottle full of wine, in which is her father's strength. Mirko, at a critical moment, dips his finger in the bottle and, regaining his strength, conquers his adversary.¹

The Kirghiz story, "The Fight between Father and Son," may be compared with the Esthonian tale.

II THE PEASANT AND THE PRIEST

This story is less full of detail than the corresponding Russian story, "The Treasure," but shows a general similarity to it. In each narrative the goatskin becomes irremovably fixed to the priest.

III THE PEASANT AND THE FIEND

The present is the only instance in this collection of a man who is transformed into a horse for punishment, though there are several stories in which women are changed to horses or asses for that purpose. The spontaneous assistance which is extended by the Devil to the distressed peasant is not comparable with the Fiend's long-continued support of Ivan, in "Helen the Wise," for Ivan had liberated the Fiend. A definite allusion, such as here occurs, to the ill-treatment of peasants by their landlords is rare in folk-tales, but the Esthonians had especial cause for complaint. The peasants were at one time much oppressed by their landlords, and risings among them were quelled with great severity by the Russian Government. The earnest tone of the story is relieved by a touch of the supernatural; the horse is never fed!

IV ANTOSHA

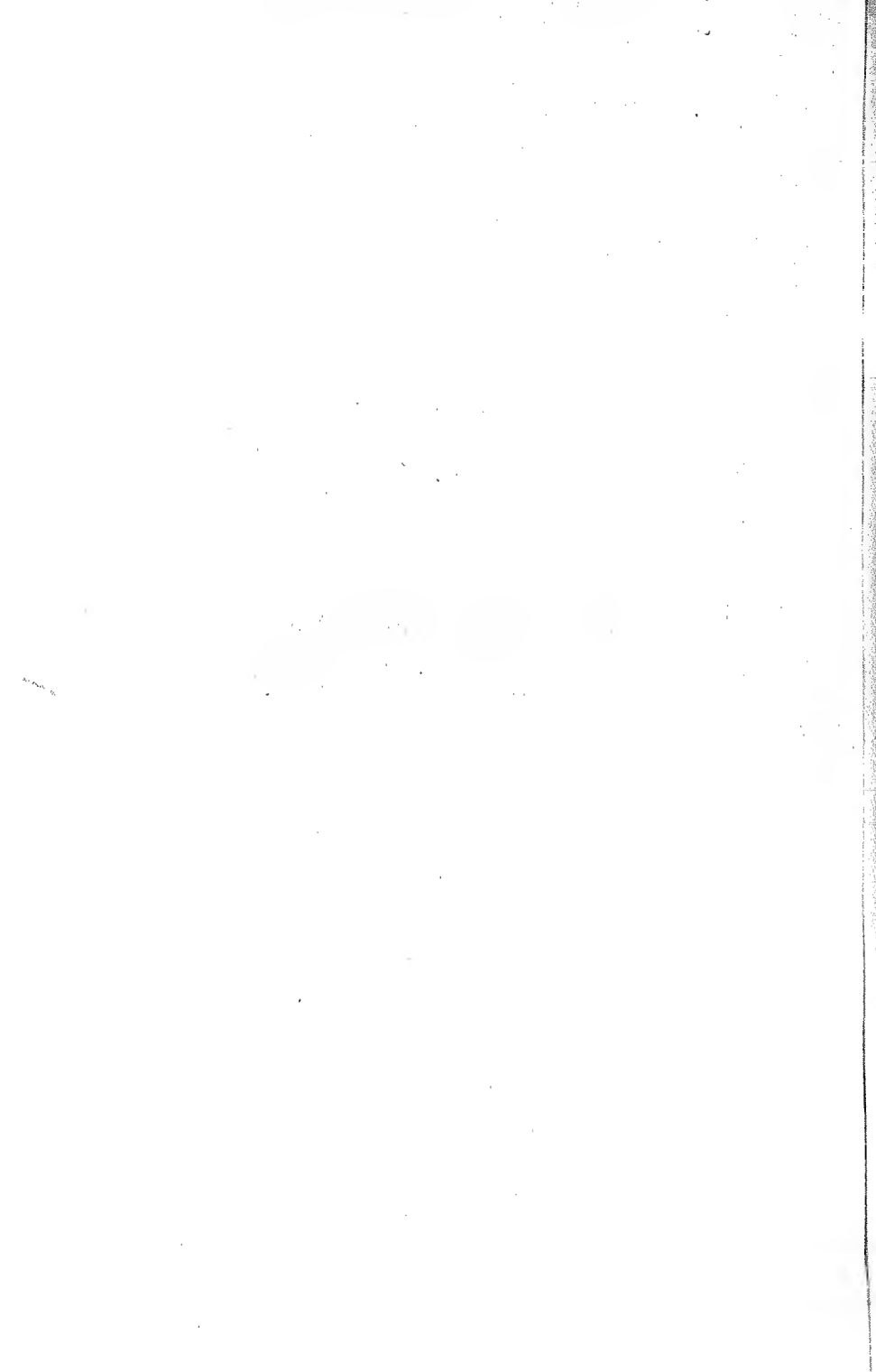
This kind of "Fool" story is widely distributed. Antosha may be compared with the Russian, "The Arrant Fool," and the German, "Clever Hans."² His unfortunate end, however, connects him more closely with the fool in "Stupid's Mistaken Cries," a boy whose habit of uttering, in new and inappropriate circumstances, the last words which he has been taught leads to his condemnation to death.³

¹Jones and Kropf., p. 71. seq.

²Grimm, No. 32.

³Hartland's *English Fairy and Folk-tales*, p. 257.

ARYAN, INDO-GERMANIC OR
INDO-EUROPEAN RACES



THE RUSSIANS

THE fair skinned, ruddy faced, strongly built and practical race who made Moscow and dominated all the Russias, the largest empire the world has ever seen, are known as Great-Russians. Their places of origin are still disputed, but probably were near the Danube and the Elbe; thence they advanced northwards and eastwards. The story runs that Rurik was called from Scandinavia, in the ninth century, to Novgorod, to introduce order. Olga, his daughter-in-law, was baptized at Constantinople, and at the end of the tenth century Vladimir the Great created a powerful State, extending from Kiev in different directions. He embraced the Christianity of the Greek Churches. Various principalities arose, among which those of Novgorod and Kiev were the chief. But in the thirteenth century Mongol hordes swept westwards from Asia, and for more than two hundred years Russia was subject to Tatars, having their headquarters at Kazan. Then vigorous tsars established themselves at Moscow, and the sixteenth century saw the beginning of that gradual conquest of Siberia and Central Asia which was to take Russians to the furthest confines of Mongolia and almost to the gates of India. It has been said that fifty or more languages are spoken within the limits of the Russian Empire, but certainly the number of its races is great; while the Russian tongue, which is derived from the ancient Greek, is a powerful mode of expression, and is spoken by more than a hundred millions of people. Along with many benefits, such as great rivers, which form valuable highways, and in spite of enormous tracts of rich soil, heavy drawbacks to development have existed, namely, a very severe climate and a long continued system of serfdom that was abolished only in 1861. Consequently it is not astonishing that the peasants have been slow to emerge from a generally poor, illiterate and backward condition. The village commune, with a council of elders and the patriarchal system, largely obtains. The priest has a difficult, ill-paid and not very exalted position. So superstition and a belief in witchcraft abound, though the efforts of the orthodox church to suppress pagan practices and traditions have not been without a large measure of success.

Russia is a land of folk-tales. Not only do mothers and nurses recount them to children, but skilled reciters while away the tedium of long winter evenings in the peasant's cottage and enthral eager listeners with stories of heroic deeds and of fairyland. The Russian peasant has a gift for dramatic narration covering a wide range of subjects. Sometimes, in the manner of the most primitive races, these stories are told in a succession of very short sentences, intelligible to Russian hearers on account of the highly inflected nature of the language, but which literally rendered would cause confusion in the minds of foreign readers. Sometimes, as in the great collection of Afanasief, the tales are reported in literary form. The total number must be great, and it is doubtful if the folk-tales of any other country show such variety and excellence.

RUSSIAN FOLK-TALES

Realm of the wonderful, often impossible, beautiful always !
Prized as a refuge by souls in the thraldom of gloomy surroundings,

Solace of peasants who lazily suffer misfortune to daunt them,
Comfort of children attracted to fairyland's manifold marvels,
Into your portals we crave for admission ; your paths we would follow.

If with a purpose reflective, we would securely delight in
Perils and terrible hazards, manners and habits forgotten,
Stepmothers cruel will never transform us to serpents or lynxes,
Twelve-headed dragons and demons malignant will keep at a distance,

Cannibal witches will scarcely attack or make ready to eat us ;
Easily, quickly we conquer if enemies dare to approach us.

Long have these stories been treasured as mighty and shining
possessions,

Mothers addressed them to children who listened, were mutely
attentive ;

Toilers have cherished them, thought of no other diversion at
nightfall ;

Lonely and wretched surroundings, coldness or heat were for-
gotten,

Darkness and hunger departed because of these bountiful fancies.

Riches abounding we hope to arrive at, and primitive instincts ;
 We shall assuredly chance on a medley of human endeavour,
 Tales of the noble and honest, defrauded by fiendish com-
 panions,
 Tales of a ruler rewarding a hero with half of his empire,
 Tales of deception or treachery fearful or promises broken,
 Tales of a maiden assisting her lover dread tasks to accomplish,
 Tales of the foolish o'ercoming the clever by simple devices.

Kingdom of magic and curses and sorcery ceaselessly practised,
 World of grim Nature's indulgence in novel unwonted caprices,
 All men should welcome the treasures and gifts that you lavishly
 offer

As you invite them to follow in mazes of far-away regions.
 Winds there are talkative, snowballs are animate, moons are
 seducers,

Frogs may be mated with princes and maidens assigned unto
 ravens,

Bears have, as servants efficient, become an enduring protection ;
 Oxen or boars, in a mood sacrificial their lives would surrender.

Chronicles trusty and pictures unequalled of periods ancient,
 Ever of value for such as would humbly discover the natures
 Or of their ancestors, or of the living, and much that is hidden !
 Teachers that demons and giants have weaknesses, so can be
 vanquished ;

Holders that resolute action can dissipate evil enchantments ;
 Help of the weak and afflicted, when early religion was loveless,
 Folk-tales your merit is proven, or who is deserving of honour ?

FAIRY TALES

I

THE BEWITCHED PRINCESS*

A SOLDIER in a certain kingdom had served in the mounted guards honestly and faithfully twenty-five years. The king rewarded him for his good conduct, by giving him at the time of his discharge the horse on which he had ridden in his regiment, together with the saddle and bridle.

Having said farewell to his comrades, the soldier went off to his own district ; he travelled all of one day, of a second day and of a third day ; even during a whole week, a second week and a third week, but at last was without money to support either himself or his horse ; his home was so far distant. The matter was serious, for the soldier was hungry. Looking round, he saw, in a certain direction, a great castle. " Well now," he thought, " why should not I call there ? Perhaps I shall be taken into service for awhile, and so earn something." He turned to the castle and, having entered the courtyard, fed his horse in a stable, and entered the palace. There he found a table laden with wine and eatables ; whatever the soul could desire !

When he had eaten and drunk to his heart's content, the soldier thought, " It will now be possible to take a nap." But suddenly a she-bear appeared, and said, " Do not fear me, my brave fellow ! You have met with good fortune ; I am not a cruel bear, but a beautiful maiden, a bewitched princess. If you remain and pass three nights here the spell will be broken, and I shall become as formerly, a princess ; then I will marry you." The soldier having agreed, the she-bear departed and he was alone. However, such weariness fell on him that he did not care to look on the world, and the weariness developed as time went on ; but for the wine he probably would not have held out a single night. On the third day the weariness had so increased that the soldier decided to relinquish everything and escape from the castle ; but, however much he strove and searched, he could not find the way out. He was obliged to remain against his will. He stayed the third night, and in the morning the princess, displaying indescribable beauty,

*From Afanasief's *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 152, var. b.

appeared before him. She thanked him for his service and commanded him to adorn himself for the wedding ; after which ceremony, which was immediately performed, the pair began to live together in complete happiness.

After a time the soldier's thoughts turned to his own country ; but the princess opposed his desire to return there. " Stay here, my dear," said she ; " do not go away ! What more could you want than you now possess ?" But no, she could not dissuade him, and so she bid her husband farewell and, giving him a little bag filled entirely with seeds, said ; " On whatever road you may travel, throw some of these seeds on both sides of the way ; wherever the seed may fall there in a minute trees will spring up, rare fruits will be seen on the trees, various birds will sing and cats from beyond the seas will recount fairy tales."

The good and brave fellow soon mounted his faithful horse and set out. Wherever he went he threw seeds on both sides of the road, and immediately forests arose in his tracks ; they sprang continually from the moist ground. Having travelled one day, a second day and a third day, he saw a caravan which had halted in open country. Some merchants were sitting on the green grass and amusing themselves with cards. A kettle stood beside them and, although beneath it there was no fire, the soup was boiling vigorously. " What a marvel !" thought the soldier ; " the soup in this kettle never ceases to boil without a cause ! I must look into things." Leaving his horse, he approached the merchants and said : " Greetings, worthy gentlemen !" He had no idea that instead of being merchants they were unclean spirits. " That is a good trick of yours, a kettle that boils without any fire under it ! But I have something better." He took out of his bag a small grain and threw it down. In an instant a full grown tree sprang from the ground and displayed rare fruits, while various birds sang and cats from beyond the seas related fairy tales. Through his boasting the unclean spirits recognised him. " Ah," said they among themselves, " this is the man who freed the princess ! Brothers, for that let us drug him with a herb, so that he shall sleep for half a year." After entertaining the soldier, they drugged him with a magic herb. He fell on the grass and slept profoundly, as if he would never wake, while the merchants, the caravan and the kettle instantly vanished.

About this time the princess went into her garden for a stroll.

She saw that the tops of all the trees had begun to wither. "This means harm," she thought. "Clearly some evil has befallen my husband." Three months passed. The time had come for the soldier's return, but as he continued absent the princess got ready and went to seek him. She took the same road as that along which her husband had passed. On both sides of her forests had sprung up, birds were singing and cats from over the seas recounted fairy tales. She reached a place where no more trees were growing and the road wound along in open country. "Where can he have gone?" she asked herself. "He cannot have sunk into the ground!" Behold, a wonderful tree stood near her, and beneath it lay her dear husband. She ran forward and began to push him, for she felt that she must wake him. But he did not move! She began to pinch him and to stick pins into his sides. But however much he was pinched or pricked, he felt no pain; he lay motionless as if dead. The princess became angry, and in her wrath pronounced this curse: "May you in your worthless sleep be caught up by a violent wind and borne off to an unknown country."

She had scarcely spoken these words, when suddenly winds whistled and roared and in a second the soldier was snatched up by a terrible whirlwind and carried out of the princess' sight. Afterwards regretting that she had uttered such an evil wish, she wept bitter tears, and returning home, began to lead an utterly lonely existence. But the soldier was taken far by the whirlwind; beyond the thrice ninth land, into the thrice tenth empire, and thrown on to a neck of land between two seas. The sleepy man fell on such a narrow place that if he had turned to the left or to the right he would immediately have fallen into the sea and so met with his end. The good and brave young fellow had slept for half a year and not moved a finger; but at last he woke and sprang suddenly to his feet. When he looked waves were rising on both sides of him and the sea appeared of limitless extent. He stood and asked himself in bewilderment, "By what miracle have I fallen here? Who brought me?" He passed along the strip of land and reached an island, on which was a mountain so lofty and steep that its summit reached the clouds. On the mountain lay a great stone. Approaching the mountain more nearly, he saw three devils fighting; blood was pouring from them and tufts of hair were flying about. "Stop, accursed ones," he said.

“Why are you fighting?” “Well, the day before yesterday our father died, and left behind him three wonderful things: a flying carpet, boots conferring swiftness, and a cap of invisibility; unfortunately we cannot divide them.” “Oh, you cursed ones! to think that you have contrived to fight about such trifles! If you wish I will apportion your shares; you will be satisfied, and I shall offend nobody.” “Very well, countryman, please divide!” “I will!” was the reply. “Run quickly to the pine woods and bring hither, each of you, two tons of pitch.” The devils rushed through the pine forest and collected six tons of pitch and brought them to the soldier. “Now drag up from hell its largest cauldron.” The fiends dragged up an enormous cauldron, which would contain about forty barrels! They put in it all the pitch. The soldier kindled a fire, and as soon as the pitch had melted he ordered the fiends to drag the cauldron up hill and to pour it from above downwards. They did this in a second. “Now,” said the soldier, “push this stone; roll it down hill and let the three of you run after it with all your might. Whoever first overtakes it shall be the first to choose for himself one of the three marvels. The second in the race shall then choose one of the two remaining marvels; and the third marvel shall belong to the last of you.” The devils pushed the stone, and it rolled down hill at a great rate. They all three rushed after it and one of them, having outstripped the others, stuck fast to it. The stone immediately turned round, and drawing the devil under itself, drove into the pitch. The second fiend also overtook the stone, and then the third was successful, but both suffered the fate of the first; they stuck firmly to the pitch.

The soldier took under his arm the boots conferring swiftness and the cap of invisibility, and having sat on the flying carpet, fled away to seek his own country. After a while he reached a cottage and entered it. Baba Yaga-bony-legs was sitting there, old and toothless. “Greeting, grandmother! Tell me how I can find my beautiful princess.” “I do not know, my dear; I have neither seen nor heard of her. But go over many seas and lands to where my middle sister lives; she has more knowledge than I have, and perhaps she will tell you.” The soldier sat on the flying carpet and flew away; he had to travel far. If he wished to eat or drink he put on his cap of invisibility, and then let himself down into a town and entered various shops; when he had taken whatever his soul desired he

travelled further on the carpet. Reaching a second cottage, he went in. There sat Baba Yaga-bony-legs, the old and toothless. "Greetings, grandmother! Do you know where I can find my beautiful wife?" "No, my dear, I do not know; but go across many seas and many lands to where my elder sister is living, perhaps she knows." "You old hag! in spite of the years you have lived in the world, and you have lived so long that all your teeth have fallen out, you know nothing!" He mounted on his flying carpet and flew to the elder sister. He travelled long and far; oh, many were the lands and seas he saw, and at last he came to the edge of the world. There stood a cottage beyond which it was impossible to go, since further there was only extreme darkness; nothing was visible. "Well," he thought, "if I do not get satisfaction here I cannot get it by flying further.

The soldier entered the cottage; there sat Baba Yaga-bony-legs, the grey-haired and toothless. "Greetings, grandmother! Tell me where I can find my princess." "Wait a little! I will summon all my Winds and ask them. You see, they blow over the whole world, and therefore ought to know where she is living." The old woman crossed the threshold and screamed in a loud voice, then she whistled with great force.

Suddenly from all sides, boisterous Winds arose and blew so that the cottage shook. "Quietly, quietly," cried Baba-Yaga, who, as soon as the Winds had collected, began to question them. "My boisterous Winds! you blow over the whole world. Have you seen the beautiful princess?" "We have not seen her anywhere," answered the Winds with one voice. "Are you all present?" "We are all here except the South Wind." A little later the South Wind flew up. The old woman said to him, "Where have you been spending your time? I have waited for you." "I am sorry, grandmother! I called at the new kingdom, where the beautiful princess is living. Her husband is lost; there is no news of him, so now various tsars and princes and kings and the sons of kings seek her in marriage." "And how far is it to the new kingdom?" "It will take a walker thirty years; anyone who uses wings will lessen the time to ten years; but if I blow, I can take you there in three hours." With tears in his eyes the soldier prayed that the South Wind would carry him to the new kingdom. "Very well," said the South Wind, "I will carry you, if you will give me liberty to blow as I like in your kingdom during

three days and three nights." "For three weeks, if you wish!" "Agreed! I will rest two or three days and gather my strength, and then start." The South Wind rested for two or three days and then collecting his power, said to the soldier, "Now, brother, prepare; let us start at once; dismiss fear from your mind; you will not be hurt."

Immediately a strong whirlwind, roaring and whistling, raised the soldier in the air and carried him across mountains and seas, under the very clouds. In exactly three hours he arrived in the new kingdom where the beautiful princess was living. The South Wind said to him, "Farewell, my good and brave fellow; as I pity you I will not blow in your kingdom." "Why?" "Because, were I to indulge myself freely, not a single house in the town and not a single tree in the gardens would remain standing; all would be thrown upside down." "Farewell, and thank you," said the soldier. He put on his cap-of-invisibility and went into the white stone palace. Till he came into the kingdom all the trees in the gardens had stood with dry tops, but when he arrived they freshened and began to flower. He entered a great room in which were sitting at table various tsars and kings and princes, who had come to court the beautiful princess. As they sat they were entertained with sweet wines. But if any would-be bridegroom filled his glass and raised it to his lips the soldier immediately struck the glass with his fist and knocked it away. The guests were astounded at this, but the beautiful princess guessed the truth at once. "It is clear," she said to herself, "that my husband has returned." She looked through the window into the garden. The tops of all the trees had revived! Then she set her guests this riddle, "I had a self-made casket and a golden key; I lost the key and, now contrary to my expectation, have found it. I will marry whoever shall guess this riddle." Tsars and kings, and princes for a long while racked their brains, but could not find a solution. The princess said, "Appear! my dear husband!" The soldier removed his cap-of-invisibility, took her white hands and kissed her sweet lips. "Behold the solution!" said the beautiful princess. "I am the self-made casket, and my true husband is the golden key."

Acknowledging discomfiture, the suitors separated to their several castles, and the princess and her husband began to enjoy life and to grow wealthy.

II

VASILISSA THE FAIR¹

A MERCHANT and his wife living in a certain country had an only daughter, the beautiful Vasilissa. When the child was eight years old the mother was seized with a fatal illness, but before she died she called Vasilissa to her side and, giving her a little doll, said, "Listen, dear daughter! remember my last words. I am dying, and bequeath to you now, together with a parent's blessing, this doll. Keep it always beside you, but show it to nobody; if at any time you are in trouble, give the doll some food and ask its advice." Then the mother kissed her daughter, sighed deeply and died.

After his wife's death the merchant grieved for a long time, and next began to think whether he should not wed again. He was handsome and would have no difficulty in finding a bride; moreover, he was especially pleased with a certain little widow, no longer young, who possessed two daughters of about the same age as Vasilissa. The widow was famous as both a good housekeeper and a good mother to her daughters, but when the merchant married her he quickly found she was unkind to his daughter. Vasilissa, being the chief beauty in the village, was on that account envied by her stepmother and stepsisters; they found fault with her on every occasion, and tormented her with impossible tasks; thus, the poor girl suffered from the severity of her work and grew dark from exposure to wind and sun. Vasilissa endured all and became every day more beautiful; but the stepmother and her daughters who sat idle with folded hands, grew thin and almost lost their minds from spite. What supported Vasilissa? This. She received assistance from her doll; otherwise she could not have surmounted her daily difficulties. Vasilissa, as a rule, kept a dainty morsel for her doll, and in the evening when everyone had gone to bed she would steal to her closet and regale her doll and say, "Now, dear, eat and listen to my grief! Though I am living in my father's house, my life is joyless; a wicked stepmother makes me wretched; please direct my life and tell me what to do." The doll tasted the food, and gave advice to the sorrowing child, and in the morning performed her work, so that Vasilissa could rest in the shade or pluck flowers; already the beds had been weeded, and the

¹Afanasief, No. 59.

cabbages watered, and the water carried, and the stove heated. It was nice for Vasilissa to live with her doll.

Several years passed. Vasilissa grew up, and the young men in the town sought her hand in marriage; but they never looked at the stepsisters. Growing more angry than ever, the stepmother answered Vasilissa's suitors thus: "I will not let you have my youngest daughter before her sisters." She dismissed the suitors and vented her spite on Vasilissa with harsh words and blows.

But it happened that the merchant was obliged to visit a neighbouring country, where he had business; and in the meanwhile the stepmother went to live in a house situated close to a thick forest. In the forest was a glade, in which stood a cottage, and in the cottage lived Baba-Yaga, who admitted nobody to her cottage, and devoured people as if they were chickens. Having moved to the new house, the merchant's wife continually, on some pretext or other, sent the hated Vasilissa into the forest, but the girl always returned home safe and unharmed, because the doll directed her and took care she did not enter Baba-Yaga's cottage.

Spring arrived, and the stepmother assigned to each of the three girls an evening task; thus, she set one to make lace, a second to knit stockings, and Vasilissa to spin. One evening, having extinguished all the lights in the house except one candle in the room, where the girls sat at work, the stepmother went to bed. In a little while the candle needed attention, and one of the stepmother's daughters took the snuffers and, beginning to cut the wick, as if by accident, put out the light. "What are we to do now?" said the girls. There is no light in the whole house, and our tasks are unfinished; someone must run for a light to Baba-Yaga." "I can see my pins," said the daughter who was making lace; "I shall not go." "Neither shall I," said the daughter who was knitting stockings; "my needles are bright." "You must run for a light. Go to Baba-Yaga's," they both cried pushing Vasilissa from the room. Vasilissa went to her closet, placed some supper ready for the doll, and said, "Now, little doll, have something to eat and hear my trouble. They have sent me to Baba-Yaga's for a light; and she will eat me." "Do not be afraid!" answered the doll. "Go on your errand, but take me with you. No harm will befall you while I am present." Vasilissa placed the doll in her pocket, crossed herself and entered the thick forest, but she trembled.

Suddenly a horseman galloped past ; he was white and dressed in white, his steed was white and had a white saddle and bridle. The morning light was appearing.

The girl went further and another horseman rode past ; he was red and dressed in red and his steed was red. The sun rose.

Vasilissa walked all night and all day, but on the following evening she came out in a glade, where stood Baba-Yaga's cottage. The fence around the cottage was made of human bones, and on the fence there were fixed human skulls with eyes ; instead of door posts at the gates there were human legs ; instead of bolts there were hands, instead of a lock there was a mouth with sharp teeth. Vasilissa grew pale from terror and stood as if transfixed. Suddenly another horseman rode up ; he was black and dressed in black and upon a black horse ; he sprang through Baba-Yaga's gates and vanished, as if he had been hurled into the earth. Night came on. But the darkness did not last long ; the eyes in all the skulls on the fence lighted up, and at once it became as light throughout the glade as if it were midday. Vasilissa trembled from fear, and not knowing whither to run, she remained motionless.

Suddenly she heard a terrible noise ; the trees cracked, the dry leaves rustled, and out of the forest Baba-Yaga appeared, riding in a mortar which she drove with a pestle, while she swept away traces of her progress with a broom. She came up to the gates and stopped ; then sniffing about her, cried, " Phoo, Phoo, I smell a Russian ! Who is here ? " Vasilissa approached the old woman timidly and gave her a low bow ; then she said, " It is I, granny ! My stepsisters have sent me to you for a light. " " Very well, " said Baba-Yaga, " I know them. If you first of all live with me and do some work, then I will give you a light. If you refuse, I will eat you. " Then she turned to the gates and exclaimed, " Strong bolts, unlock ; wide gates, open ! " The gates opened, and Baba-Yaga went out whistling. Vasilissa followed, and all again closed. Having entered the room, the witch stretched herself and said to Vasilissa, " Hand me everything in the oven ; I am hungry. " Vasilissa lit a torch from the skulls upon the fence and, drawing the food from the oven, handed it to the witch. The meal would have been sufficient for ten men. Moreover, Vasilissa brought up from the cellar kvass, and honey, and beer and wine. The old woman ate and drank almost everything ; she left nothing for Vasilissa

but some fragments, end-crusts of bread and tiny morsels of sucking pig. Baba-Yaga lay down to sleep and said, "When I go away to-morrow, take care that you clean the yard, sweep out the cottage, cook the dinner and get ready the linen. Then go to the cornbin, take a quarter of the wheat and cleanse it from impurities. See that all is done! otherwise I shall eat you." After giving these injunctions Baba-Yaga began to snore. But Vasilissa placed the remains of the old woman's meal before her doll and, bursting into tears, said, "Now, little doll, take some food and hear my grief. Baba-Yaga has set me a terrible task, and has threatened to eat me if I fail in any way; help me!" The doll answered, "Have no fear, beautiful Vasilissa! Eat your supper, say your prayers and lie down to sleep; morning is wiser than evening."

It was early when Vasilissa woke, but Baba-Yaga, who had already risen, was looking out of the window. Suddenly the light from the eyes in the skulls was extinguished; then a pale horseman flashed by, and it was altogether daylight. Baba-Yaga went out and whistled; a mortar appeared before her with a pestle and a hearth broom. A red horseman flashed by, and the sun rose. Then Baba-Yaga took her place in the mortar and went forth, driving herself with the pestle and sweeping away traces of her progress with the broom. Vasilissa remained alone and eyeing Baba-Yaga's house, wondered at her wealth. The girl did not know which task to begin with. But when she looked she found that the work was already done: the doll had separated from the wheat the last grains of impurity. "Oh, my dear liberator," said Vasilissa to the doll, "you have rescued me from misfortune!" "You have only to cook the dinner," said the doll, climbing into Vasilissa's pocket. "God help you to prepare it; then rest in peace!" Toward evening Vasilissa laid the table and awaited Baba-Yaga's return. It became dusk, and a black horseman flashed by the gates; it had grown altogether dark. But the eyes in the skulls shone and the trees cracked and the leaves rustled. Baba-Yaga came. Vasilissa met her. "Is all done?" asked the witch. "Look for yourself, granny!" Baba-Yaga examined everything and, vexed that she had no cause for anger, said, "My true servants, my bosom friends, grind my wheat!" Three pairs of hands appeared, seized the wheat and bore it from sight. Baba-Yaga ate to repletion, prepared for sleep, and again gave an order to Vasilissa: "To-morrow

repeat your task of to-day ; in addition remove the poppies from the cornbin and cleanse them from earth, seed by seed ; you see, someone has maliciously mixed earth with them !” Having spoken, the old woman turned to the wall and snored. Vasilissa began to feed her doll, who said, as on the previous day, “ Pray to God and go to sleep ; morning is wiser than evening ; all will be done, dear Vasilissa !”

In the morning Baba-Yaga departed again in her mortar, and immediately Vasilissa and the doll set to work at their tasks. The old woman returned, observed everything and cried out, “ My faithful servants, my close friends, squeeze the oil from the poppies !” Three pairs of hands seized the poppies and bore them from sight. Baba-Yaga sat down to dine, and Vasilissa stood silent. “ Why do you say nothing ?” remarked the witch “ You stand as if you were dumb.” Timidly Vasilissa replied, “ If you would permit me, I should like to ask you a question.” “ Ask, but remember, not every question leads to good. You will learn much ; you will soon grow old.” “ I only wish to ask you,” said the girl, “ about what I have seen. When I came to you a pale horseman dressed in white on a white horse overtook me. Who was he ?” “ He is my clear day,” answered Baba-Yaga. “ Then another horseman, who was red and dressed in red, and who rode a red horse, overtook me. Who was he ?” “ He was my little red sun !” was the answer. “ But who was the black horseman who passed me at the gate, granny ?” “ He was my dark night ; all three are my faithful servants.” Vasilissa recalled the three pairs of hands, but was silent. “ Have you nothing more to ask ?” said Baba-Yaga. “ I have, but you said, granny, that I shall learn much as I grow older.” “ It is well,” answered the witch, “ that you have enquired only about things outside and not about anything here ! I do not like my rubbish to be carried away, and I eat over-inquisitive people ! Now I will ask you something. How did you succeed in performing the tasks which I set you ?” “ My mother’s blessing assisted me,” answered Vasilissa. “ Depart, favoured daughter ! I do not require people who have been blessed.” Baba-Yaga dragged Vasilissa out of the room and pushed her beyond the gate, took down from the fence a skull with burning eyes and, putting it on a stick, gave it to the girl and said, “ Take this light to your stepsisters ; they sent you here for it.”

Vasilissa ran off, the skull giving her light, which only went

out in the morning ; and at last, on the evening of the second day, she reached home. As she approached the gates, she was on the point of throwing away the skull, for she thought that there would no longer be any need for a light at home. Then suddenly a hollow voice from the skull was heard to say, " Do not cast me aside, but carry me to your stepmother." Glancing at the house, and not seeing a light in any of the windows, she decided to enter with the skull.

At first her stepmother and stepsisters met her with caresses, telling her that they had been without a light from the moment of her departure ; they could not strike a light in any way, and if anybody brought one from the neighbours, it went out directly it was carried into the room. " Perhaps your light will last," said the stepmother. When they carried the skull into the room its eyes shone brightly and looked continually at the stepmother and her daughters. All their efforts to hide themselves were vain ; wherever they rushed they were ceaselessly pursued by the eyes, and before dawn had been burnt to ashes, though Vasilissa was unharmed.

In the morning the girl buried the skull in the ground, locked up the house and visited the town, where she asked admission into the home of a certain old woman who was without kindred. Here she lived quietly and awaited her father. But one day she said to the old woman, " It tires me to sit idle, granny ! Go off and buy me some of the best flax ; I will busy myself with spinning." The old woman purchased the flax and Vasilissa sat down to spin. The work proceeded rapidly, and the thread when spun was as smooth and fine as a small hair. The thread lay in heaps, and it was time to begin weaving, but a weaver's comb could not be found to suit Vasilissa's thread, and nobody would undertake to make one. Then the girl had recourse to her doll, who said, " Bring me an old comb that has belonged to a weaver, and an old shuttle, and a horse's mane, and I will do everything for you." Vasilissa obtained everything necessary, and lay down to sleep. The doll, in a single night, made a first-rate loom. Toward the end of winter linen had been woven of so fine a texture that it could be drawn through the needle where the thread should pass. In spring the linen was bleached, and Vasilissa said to the old woman, " Sell this linen, granny, and keep the money for yourself." The old woman glanced at the work and said with a sigh, " Ah ! my child, nobody but the tsar would wear such linen. I will

take it to the palace." She went to the royal dwelling, and walked up and down in front of the windows. When the tsar saw her he said, "What do you desire, old woman?" "Your Majesty," she answered, "I have brought some wonderful material, and will show it to nobody but yourself." The tsar ordered that she should be admitted, and marvelled when he saw the linen. "How much do you ask for it?" he enquired. "It is not for sale, Tsar and Father! I have brought it as a gift." The tsar thanked her, and sent her away with some presents.

Some shirts for the tsar were cut out from this linen, but a seamstress could nowhere be found to complete them. At last the tsar summoned the old woman and said to her, "You were able to spin and weave this linen, so you will be able to sew together some shirts from it." "Tsar, it was not I who spun and wove the linen; it is the work of a beautiful maiden." "Well, let her sew them!" The old woman returned home and related everything to Vasilissa. The girl said in reply, "I knew that this work would not pass out of my hands." She shut herself in her room and began the undertaking; soon, without resting her hands, she had completed a dozen shirts. The old woman bore them to the tsar, while Vasilissa washed herself and combed her hair, dressed and then took a seat at the window, and there awaited events. She saw a royal servant come to the old woman's house. He entered the room and said, "The Tsar-Emperor desires to see the skilful worker who made his shirts, and to reward her out of his royal hands." Vasilissa presented herself before the tsar. So much did she please him that he said, "I cannot bear to separate from you; become my wife!" The tsar took her by her white hands, placed her beside himself, and the wedding was celebrated.

Vasilissa's father quickly returned to rejoice at his daughter's good fortune and to live with her. Vasilissa took the old woman into the palace, and never separated from the little doll, which she kept in her pocket.

III

THE SEA-KING AND VASILISSA THE WISE¹

ONCE there lived a tsar and a tsaritsa. The tsar, who loved shooting and hunting, saw, while engaged in the chase, a young eagle sitting on an oak tree. He was about to fire, when the bird begged him thus: "Do not slay me, Tsar-Emprcor! rather, take me home with you. Some day I will render you a service." After reflecting the tsar said, "What need can I have of you?" and once more he made ready to shoot. The eagle repeated, "Do not shoot me, Tsar-Emperor! Rather take me home, and at a certain time I will render you a service." The tsar thought the matter over, but could not imagine how the eagle could help him, and was again about to shoot, when the eagle said, impressively, "Do not shoot me, Tsar-Emperor! Rather take me home and feed me for a period of three years. In due course I will render you a servicc." The merciful tsar took the eagle home and fed it for a year or two, but the bird consumed a whole herd, so that the tsar was in danger of losing his sheep and cows. The eagle said to him, "Now set me at liberty." The tsar granted the desired freedom, and the bird tried to use its wings, but could not fly. It then made this request; "Now, Tsar-Emperor! you have fed me for two years; I would ask you to feed me for still another year, even if you have to borrow. You will not lose by your kindness." The tsar did as he was begged; he borrowed everywhere some small beasts and was thus enabled to feed the eagle a whole year. Afterwards he set the bird at liberty.

The eagle rose to a great height and flew a long distance; then it descended to earth and said, "Now, Tsar-Emperor! mount upon my back and let us fly away together." The tsar took his seat and the pair departing, sooner or later arrived at the edge of the blue sea. Here the eagle threw the tsar off, so that he fell into the sea and got wet to the knees. But the eagle did not allow the tsar to be drowned. It supported him on its wing and asked, "Perhaps you were afraid, Tsar-Emperor?" "I was afraid," acknowledged the tsar, "I thought I should be drowned." They flew and flew and came to a second sea. The eagle threw off the tsar exactly in the middle of the sea, and so that he was wet up to the waist. But the eagle supported the tsar on its wing and asked: "Tsar-

¹Afanásief, No. 125, var. a.

Emperor, perhaps you were afraid?" "I was afraid," was the answer; "but I kept thinking perhaps God will grant that you should drag me out." Yet again they flew a long while, and arrived at a third sea. The eagle threw the tsar into a greater depth of water, so that he was wet up to the neck, and for the third time the eagle supported the tsar on its wing, and enquired, "Tsar-Emperor, were you frightened?" "I was frightened" was the reply, "but the thought continually recurred to me that perhaps you would drag me out." "Well, Tsar-Emperor, so you have now experienced deadly fear! But it is past and done with. Do you remember how I sat on the oak, and how you wished to kill me? Three times you made ready to shoot, but I always begged you to restrain yourself; I hoped that perhaps you would not destroy me; I even thought you might show pity and take me home with you!"

Afterwards the pair beyond the thrice-ninth land continued on their course. Said the eagle, "Have a look, Tsar-Emperor, at what is over us and what is under us." The Tsar looked. "Over us," he said, "are the Heavens, beneath us is the ground." "Observe again what is on the right hand and what is on the left." "On the right is open country, but on the left stands a house." "Let us fly thither," said the eagle; "my younger sister lives there." The pair descended directly into the courtyard and the sister came out to meet them. Having received her brother, she placed him at an oak table, but did not regard the tsar. Leaving him in the courtyard, she let out wolf-hounds and began to set them on him. The eagle became very angry and jumped up from table; then he supported the tsar and flew with him further. They flew and flew, and at last the eagle said to the tsar, "Glance round. What do you see behind us?" The tsar turned and looked. "Behind us is a burning house." The eagle said to him, "Then my younger sister's house is on fire! Why did she not receive you? And why did she set the hounds on to you?" They flew on and on, and the eagle again asked, "Look, Tsar-Emperor, at what is over and at what is under us." "Over us are the heavens, and the earth is under us." "See what is on the right hand and what is on the left." "On the right is open country, and on the left stands a house." "My middle sister lives there; let us fly to her and make her a visit." They lowered themselves into a broad courtyard, and soon the middle

sister received her brother and placed him at an oak table. While the tsar stayed in the courtyard she let out wolf-hounds and set them on him. The eagle was wrathful. Jumping up from the table, he supported the tsar and flew with him further. They flew on and on, and the eagle said, "Look! What is behind us?" The tsar turned round. "Behind us stands a burning house." "Then the house of my middle sister is on fire," said the eagle. "Now let us fly whither my mother and my elder sister live." They resumed their flight, and the mother and the elder sister rejoiced extremely to see the visitors. They received the tsar with honour and kindness. "Now, Tsar-Emperor," said the eagle, "stay and rest with us here. Afterwards I will give you a ship and repay you for all the food I ate at your palace. Then you shall return home, with God's blessing." The eagle gave the tsar a vessel and two small trunks, one red and the other green, and said, "Mind, do not open the trunks until you reach home; then open the red trunk in the back courtyard and the green trunk in the front courtyard."

The tsar took the trunk, bid the eagle farewell, and travelled across the blue seas until he reached a certain island; there his vessel stopped. Going ashore, and remembering about the boxes, he began to conjecture what they might contain and why the eagle had forbidden him to open them. Pondering much, and unable to endure more suspense, he took the red box, placed it on the ground and opened it. A herd of cattle issued forth so numerous that the eye could not envisage them; they scarcely found standing-room on the island. When the tsar saw the cattle he began to weep and give vent to extreme annoyance. "What am I to do? How can I collect again all this herd into a little box?" But he saw a man come out of the sea, who said to him, "Tsar-Emperor! why do you weep so bitterly?" "How can I do anything but weep," answered the tsar, "for it is impossible to gather all this great herd into such a small box." "Come, I will aid you in your task; I will collect the herd for you, but only on this condition, that you give up to me whatever you may find new to you in your home." The tsar hesitated and said to himself, "What should there be at home that I don't know of? Surely I know of everything there." He thought awhile and then agreed. "Collect," said he, "the herd, and if at home there is anything of whose existence I am ignorant I will give it to you." The man col-

lected the whole herd into the small box, and the tsar went on board the vessel and sailed for home.

Only when he arrived home did the tsar become aware that there had been born to him a little son and prince. He kissed the child and caressed him, but at the same time continually wept. "Tsar-Emperor," asked the tsaritsa, "why do you let fall these bitter tears?" "From joy," he answered, for he feared to tell her the truth, namely, that it would be necessary to give up the little prince. He went out afterwards to the back courtyard and there opened the red box, from which issued oxen and cows and sheep and rams; the sheds became full with the multitude of cattle of all kinds that collected. He went out on to the front courtyard and opened the green box. Immediately a great and magnificent garden with every kind of tree arose before him. The tsar rejoiced so greatly at his good fortune that he forgot he had to surrender his son.

Many years passed. Once when it entered the tsar's mind to go for a walk by the river the same man as formerly appeared to him and said, "Tsar-Emperor, you forget very quickly! Remember that you are in my debt!" Returning home in the utmost grief, the tsar related the exact truth to the tsaritsa and the prince. All grieved and wept, but decided that there was no escape. It was necessary to surrender the prince, so the father and mother took him to the sea shore and left him.

Glancing round, the prince saw a small path and passed along it; perhaps God would lead him somewhere! After walking a long while he found himself in a thick wood. Among the trees stood a cottage, and in the cottage lived Baba-Yaga. "I will make a call here," thought the prince; and went to the cottage. "Greetings, Prince!" said Baba-Yaga. "Are you looking for work, or trying to escape it?" "Grandmother! give me something to eat and drink, and ask questions later." She set food and drink before him, and the prince related everything without reserve; even told her why he was wandering about. Baba-Yaga said to him, "Go, my lad, to the seashore; twelve doves will fly to it and turn into beautiful maidens; when they begin to bathe you must steal up quietly and take the eldest one's clothes. As soon as you have arranged with her, go to the Sea-king. Trencherman and Beakerman and Crackling Frost will come; it will be advantageous for you to take them with you."

The prince bid farewell to the witch, and going to a spot

indicated by her upon the seashore, hid behind some bushes. Twelve doves flew hither and struck the ground; they then turned into beautiful maidens, who began to bathe. The prince stole the eldest one's clothes and, sitting down behind a bush, did not stir. When the maidens had finished bathing they left the water, snatched up their clothes and, turning into birds, flew off home. The eldest, Vasilissa the Wise, remained alone. She begged and entreated the good and brave young fellow thus: "Give me," she said, "my clothes. When you come to my father, the Sea-king, I will help you." When the prince had restored her garments she immediately turned into a dove and flew after her friends. The young man went further and met on the road the three heroes, Trencherman, Beakerman and Crackling Frost. Taking them with him, he reached the Sea-king.

When the Sea-king saw the prince, he said, "Greetings, my young friend! Why have you kept away from me so long? I grew tired expecting you. Get to work now! Here is your first task; construct in one night a great crystal bridge that shall be ready by morning. If you fail, you shall lose your head." The prince went away and burst into tears. Then Vasilissa the Wise opened a little window in her apartment and said, "Why are you weeping, Prince?" "Ah, Vasilissa the Wise, I cannot help it; your father has commanded me to build a crystal bridge in a single night, and I cannot even find an axe." "Never mind! lie down to sleep; the morning is wiser than the evening." She put him to sleep, and then going to the threshold, whistled as loudly as if she had been a young man. Carpenters and workmen ran up from all sides. One levelled the ground, another dragged bricks, and all did so well that in a short space of time they had constructed a crystal bridge and decorated it with cunning patterns. They then separated and returned to their homes. Early in the morning Vasilissa woke the prince; "Wake up," she said; "the bridge is ready and father will come and look at it." The prince rose and took a broom and, standing on the bridge, swept a little here and there. The Sea-king praised him. "Thank you," said he; "you have done one night's work for me; now do another. Here is your task: plant and have ready by tomorrow a large and leafy and green garden, in which birds sing freely; and let plenty of flowers blossom on the trees, and let ripe apples and pears hang there."

The prince left the Sea-king and burst into tears. Vasilissa opened her little window and cried, "Why are you weeping, Prince?" "How can I help weeping? Your father has ordered me to construct a garden in a single night." "Never mind! go to sleep; morning is wiser than evening." She put him to sleep and herself went to the doorsteps and whistled loudly, in a manly fashion. Gardeners came from all sides and planted a garden; songsters sang in it, trees blossomed gorgeously, and there were ripe apples and pears in profusion upon the branches. Early in the morning Vasilissa woke the prince saying, "Get up, Prince; the garden is ready and father is coming to look at it." The prince immediately caught up a broom and, going into the garden, swept in one place a small path, and in another trimmed a branch. The Sea-king praised him. "Thank you, Prince; you have rendered me a service faithfully and well. In return I authorize you to choose a bride from among my twelve daughters. They resemble each other exactly in face, hair and dress; choose the same one three times and she shall become your bride; but if you fail in your task I shall order your execution." Vasilissa the Wise knew about the three tests, and said to the prince, "The first time I will wave a scarf; the second time I will arrange my dress; and the third time a fly will move about over my head." So the prince guessed rightly three times, and the pair were married, and the wedding feast began.

The Sea-king had prepared plenty of food of every kind; more, indeed, than a hundred men could eat; but he told his son-in-law that all must be eaten; if any remained over it would go ill with him. "Father," begged the prince, "there is a little old man with us; allow him to have a bite." "Let him come!" said the Sea-king. Immediately Trencherman appeared, and ate up all; indeed, there was not enough for him. The Sea-king provided forty barrels of every kind of drink, and told his son-in-law that all must be consumed to the last drop. "Father!" begged again the prince, "we have with us another little old man; allow him to drink your health." "Let him come!" said the Sea-king. Beakerman appeared, and at a single draught emptied all forty barrels, and then asked for more that he might keep in good health. The Sea-king saw that his son-in-law was not to be caught easily, so he ordered that the iron bath should be raised to a great heat for him. To heat the iron bath they used such

enormous quantities of wood that the stove and walls became red hot ; it was impossible to approach within two miles. "Father," said the prince, "allow first our little old man to steam himself and take a vapour bath." "Let him do so!" said the Sea-king. Crackling Frost came to the bath, and by the time he had breathed in one corner and another hanging icicles had appeared. Afterwards the young man entered the bath, and having washed and steamed himself, went home.

"Let us leave father Sea-king," said Vasilissa the Wise to the prince ; "he is very angry with you, and may cause you some injury." "Certainly, let us go," replied the prince. Immediately they saddled horses and, galloping into open country, rode so that much time elapsed. "Dismount from your horse, Prince," said Vasilissa the Wise, "and place your ear to the earth. Do you not hear pursuers after us?" The prince put his ear to the ground and heard nothing. Vasilissa the Wise next dismounted from her trusty horse and applying her ear to the earth, said, "Prince, I hear them in vigorous pursuit of us." She turned the horses into a well, herself into a ladle, and the prince into a little old man. The pursuers came up. "Old man! have you not seen a fine young fellow and a beautiful maiden?" "Good people! Yes! I saw them, but it was a long time ago ; they passed when I was still young."

The pursuers returned to the Sea-king and said, "There is neither trace nor news of the fugitives ; we only saw an old man beside a well and a ladle floating on the water." "Why did you not bring them here," cried the Sea-king, and immediately putting these men to a cruel death, he sent other pursuers after the prince and Vasilissa, who by that time had gone far. Vasilissa the Wise, on becoming aware of the new pursuit, turned the prince into an old priest and herself into a church, so old that its walls scarcely held together. It was covered with moss. The pursuers rode up. "Old man! have you seen a fine young fellow with a beautiful maiden?" "Oh, good people, yes, I saw them, but it was long ago ; they passed at the time I was young and when I was building this church." The second batch of pursuers returned to the Sea-king and said, "No, your Royal Highness, there is neither news nor trace of them ; we found nothing on the road but an old priest and an ancient church." "Why did you not bring them," screamed the Sea-king louder than before, and having put the pursuers to a cruel death, he himself galloped after the prince and Vasi-

lissa. She now turned the horses into a river of honey, with banks of jelly, the prince into a drake and herself into a grey duck. The Sea-king, rushing on the jelly and honey, ate and drank till he burst. His spirit passed.

The prince and Vasilissa the Wise riding further, drew near to the home of the prince's father and mother. Vasilissa said, "Go forward, Prince, and report to them that I am awaiting you here. Only remember my injunction; kiss everyone except your sister, since if you kiss her you will forget me." The prince went home, greeting all, kissed even his sister, and from that moment was as oblivious of his wife as if he had never known her. Vasilissa waited three days for him, and on the fourth day, having dressed herself as a beggar, went to the capital and took up her abode with an old woman. In the meantime, the prince prepared to marry a rich king's daughter and was about to issue a summons throughout the kingdom, ordering everyone of the true faith to come and congratulate the bride and bridegroom and bring a wheaten pie as a present. The old woman with whom Vasilissa lodged had begun to sift the flour and to make a pie. "For whom, granny, are you preparing a pie," asked Vasilissa. "How can you ask for whom? Do you not know that our tsar is marrying his son to a rich king's daughter? It will be necessary to go to the palace and serve the young people at table." "Let me bake something too, and carry it to the palace; perhaps the tsar may welcome me." "Bake with God's blessing!" said the old woman. Vasilissa the Wise took some flour, and having kneaded dough, placed in it some home-made cheese, with a pair of doves, and so made a pie. The old woman went with Vasilissa to the dinner in the palace, where the feast was being given to the whole world. Vasilissa's pie was put on the table, and when it was cut in two portions the doves flew out. The hen bird seized a piece of cheese, but her mate said, "Give me, too, some cheese." "I will not," was the answer, "otherwise you will forget me, as the prince has forgotten Vasilissa the Wise." The prince suddenly remembered his wife. Jumping up from the table, he seized her white hands and placed her by his side. From that time the pair lived together in happiness and prosperity.

IV

BABA-YAGA¹

Peasants twain, a man and woman,
Lived and loved a son and daughter.

But the wife by death was taken
And the father deeply grieving,
After battling, grew despondent,
For he saw that all was spoiling
In the home, where none was ready
To assist his little orphans ;
So he asked himself the question,
" Were't not better if I married ?"

Soon he mated, and the union
Brought him duly other children..
But his wife was prone to anger,
Struck each stepchild, son and daughter ;
Cheated them of food, and muttered,
" It would be a great advantage
If these children were not living."

Next she planned, with joy malicious,
To destroy the hateful orphans
By despatching them, unaided,
Straightway unto Baba-Yaga,
In a forest dense and gloomy.

These were her precise directions :
" Go now, children, to my mother
Who resides within the forest,
In a hut that stands on fowls' legs.
If you offer to assist her,
She will show you she is grateful
And reward you for your goodness,
Heap upon you luscious sweetmeats."

Then, as bid, the children started,
But the girl, with simple wisdom,
To their father's sister wandered,
Spoke a little of their mission,

¹Afanasief, No. 58, var. b.

“ Oh, you poor and wretched orphans,”
 Said to them their father’s sister,
 “ Much I grieve for your misfortunes,
 But, alas, I cannot help you.
 Truly stepmother is sending
 You to wicked Baba-Yaga.
 Children ! mind that you are friendly,
 If you try to speak politely,
 And are honest in each trifle,
 Help will be perhaps forthcoming.”

Then she gave them for the journey
 Both of ham and milk a portion,
 And some pancakes for the pocket ;
 Thus despatched them to the forest.

Going through the trees, they noticed
 In a clearing, a lone cottage,
 Standing strangely upon fowls’ legs,
 And revolving on a cock’s head.

Rose the children’s silvery voices,
 “ Cottage ! we would have you face us !
 Turn your back upon the forest !”

They perceived within the cottage,
 After it had done revolving,
 Baba-Yaga lying lonely
 With her head upon the threshold
 And her feet in either corner,
 And her knees against the garret.

Loudly screamed she to the orphans,
 “ Whence has come this Russian odour ?”
 Now, behind each other hiding,
 And, despite their fear, the children
 Whispered, “ Granny ! please, good morning,
 Stepmother has sent us to you,
 We’re to help you.” “ Very well, then,
 Come in, children ! If you’re useful,
 I’ll reward you : if you’re idle,
 I will throw you on the shovel

In the furnace. Do not whimper!"
Now she set the girl to spinning,
Gave the boy a sieve, and told him
To get water for the bath-house.

While the maiden used the spindle,
Thus some little mice addressed her :
" Tell us, maiden, why you're tearful,
Give us cake and we'll befriend you."

So she gave the mice a pancake
And they told her of a secret :
" Baba-Yaga has a tabby ;
Give her ham if you have any,
Then she'll show you, when we're working
At the distaff, how to leave us."
Forth the maiden set to happen
On the cat and, next moreover,
Find her brother near the bath-house ;
He had proved the sieve was useless.

Chirping sparrows now flew hither,
Saying, " Dearest, only give us
Crumbs, we hope to tell you something."
Down the orphans threw some cake crumbs
And the birds began to twitter,
"Clay and water! clay and water!"

Thus the sister and her brother
Learned to make the sieve assistful,
Smearing it with clay well watered,
They could fill the tub completely.

In the hut, they met the tabby,
Gave her ham and stroked her, saying,
" Pussy, tell us how to issue
Out of Baba-Yaga's cottage."

" Take this towel," was the answer,
" And this comb ; perhaps the witch's
Purpose will continue evil.
If you clearly hear her footsteps,

Throw the towel down behind you ;
Then a swiftly running river
Will prevent her from pursuing.
Should she yet attempt to follow,
You must drop the comb ! Behind you
Will arise a gloomy forest
Into which she cannot enter."

Baba-Yaga found, returning,
That the work was done, but muttered,
" Though you have to-day succeeded,
For to-morrow, I will set you
Harder tasks ; be still, don't whimper !"

Scarcely slept at night the orphans,
Feared that they might breathe too loudly,
As on straw they lay and trembled,
If not dead, yet scarcely living.

When they rose, upon the morrow,
Savage Baba-Yaga gave them
Linen threads to weave together
And some logs to hew asunder,
While she visited the forest.

Grasping tight the comb and towel,
Then the children bravely started.
First the dogs would tear them piecemeal ;
Each was quieted with pancakes.
When the gates gave signs of creaking,
Oil was lavished on the hinges.
As a birch tree's branches threatened
Peril to the sister's eyesight,
She encircled it with ribbon
And escaped the snare, uninjured.
So the orphans left the forest
Passed to treeless smooth expanses.

But the energetic tabby
Ever at the loom kept working
And producing dire confusion.

Bàba-Yaga, from the courtyard,
Coming to the window, shouted,
" Are you weaving, tell me, grandchild ?"
" I am busy, granny darling,"
Mewed the cunning tabby loudly.

Bàba-Yaga quickly entered,
But nor saw nor heard the orphans.
She the tabby thus upbraided,
As she struck her with the poker :
" Why did you allow the children
Freedom and not scratch their eyes out ?"

Tabby answered, " I have served you
Many years and never feasted,
But they gave me ham in plenty."

Then the dogs excused their actions,
Said, " Despite our trusty service,
We have ne'er a bread-crust tasted."

So the gates, explaining rudely,
Said, " You never gave us water,
But the children eased our hinges,
Using oil both pure and copious."

Too, the birch-tree was defiant,
Cried, " You gave me in requital
Nothing for my toil continued,
But they bound me round with ribbon !"

Bàba-Yaga feared disaster,
Ever in pursuit, advancing,
Quickly hastened ; flying strongly,
With a broom destroyed her traces.

Bending low to earth, the children
Listened well and heard her coming.
Down they threw, at once, the towel ;
And, behind, up welled a river
Deep and wide and swiftly flowing.



Bàba-Yaga battling, traversed
All along the bank and, searching,
Found at last, a ford and crossing,
Started a pursuit revengeful.
She is nearer, she is near them !

But the anxious sister listened,
With her ear detected danger,
Therefore dropped the comb beside her.
Where it fell, up sprang a forest
Dense and awful ! There were woven
Roots with roots, and creepers twining
Branches in the closest network ;
Tree-tops huge were bending downward.

Bàba-Yaga into thickets
Vainly tried to force a passage.
And, on failing altogether,
Sought her hut in fearful anger.

When the orphans met their father
They described the reign of terror
And, in touching manner, asked him,
Would he prove himself hard-hearted
And, in any way, forsake them
To new misery and sorry ?

Unforgiving, deeply wrathful,
Then the father drove his wife out,
Chased her from his home forever ;
And he never, from that moment,
Ceased to keep the children by him,
Never more forsook the orphans.

I have visited the cottage,
Seen the life of all within it,
Been the father's guest and always
Had from him the kindest treatment.

V

PRINCE JOHN AND HIS DESIRE¹

PRINCE JOHN lived in a certain kingdom which is not in our empire. He had two sisters, one of whom loved, and was beloved by a snake. This snake spoke thus to Prince John: "Depart, Prince, you are exiled." Prince John sat on a tree stump and wept bitterly; but a little hare ran up and said, "Prince, why do you weep?" "How should I not weep when a wicked snake has ordered me away; has banished me?" The hare said, "Mount on me; I will carry you on the journey." The prince had just taken his seat, when the snake, coming from somewhere or other, stung the hare. Again Prince John sat on a tree stump and wept. However, a wolf approached and said to him. "Why are you weeping?" "How can I help weeping when a wicked snake is driving me away?" But the wolf said, "I will carry you." Prince John had only just taken his seat on the wolf when the malicious snake, fastened on the wolf and stung him. Once more the prince sat down and wept. Now an ox arrived and said, "Prince John, why do you weep?" "How should I not weep when a vile snake has banished me?" "Mount upon me!" The young man said to the ox, "Whither will you take me? A hare and a wolf have already offered to take me to my destination." The ox answered, "I, too, will carry you." The prince mounted on the ox and they departed. The snake wished to sting the ox, but the ox frustrated his efforts.

After a while Prince John returned home and began to enjoy life and to amass wealth. The old ox said, "Now, prince, slaughter me and cut me in two; give one half of me to the saints and place the other half near the window, and yourself mount guard; a pair of dogs and a pair of bears will come to you; catch them; they will be your desire." Prince John slaughtered the ox and cut him into two portions, one of which he gave to the saints; the other he placed near the window. He himself mounted guard. At night two dogs ran up and two bears. Prince John caught these dogs and bears and trained them to do his bidding. Soon afterwards his sister came and said, "Send your desire to the mill for flour," and the prince gave the order: "Now, desire! go to the mill for flour!" The desire ran to the mill, and passed through twelve doors, which

¹From the Russian of A. A. Erlenvin's *Popular Tales*, No. XI.

afterwards shut tight. The wicked snake now came to Prince John and observed, "Prince, I will eat you." But the young man replied, "I had better heat the bath; then to-morrow you will eat me hot." The snake returned home and Prince John began to heat the bath. His sister ran up and said, "Brother, are you heating the bath quickly?" The prince replied, "I may succeed in bursting it." While the sister ran to the snake a crow flew up and said, "Heat the bath, but do not melt it; your desire has gnawed through the doors." The sister again ran to her brother. "Will you have soon heated the bath?" The Prince answered, "Wait, or I may burst it." The sister ran off and the crow flew up and said, "Heat it gently; heat, but do not melt it; your desire is on the way." Again the sister ran up and said, "Brother, will you soon have the bath hot?" The prince replied to her, "Order him to come to me." The sister went to the snake, but the desire came running up. Prince John was pleased with his desire, and set the pair of dogs at one threshold and the bears at the other. The snake came and said, "Now, Prince John, I will eat you." But the desire rushed out and tore the snake to pieces.

Next the sister swept the room and said, "Brother, I will make your bed." She took the snake's tooth and laid it on the pillow. Prince John lay on the pillow and the tooth pierced his cheek. He died, and his sister bought an oak coffin, shut the desire in it, drove on it six hoops of iron, and hung the coffin on four oaks. But the desire began to break out; it tore and tore and began to gnaw the oak boards; it nibbled its way out and began to break the hoops. It broke through them. It gnawed the coffin to pieces and sent the dogs to find a fox. They led up a fox, but the fox was unwilling to lick the prince's cheek. The bears said, "If you do not lick, we will tear you to pieces." The fox licked out the tooth and died. But Prince John got up, and his desire conducted him home. Before long the sister came and said, "Forgive me!" The prince replied, "Ask forgiveness of my desire; if it forgives you, you shall remain alive." So the sister bowed low and begged forgiveness of the desire, but the desire tore her to pieces.

VI

PRINCE JOHN AND PRINCESS MARY¹

THERE lived once a certain Prince John and his sister, Princess Mary. The princess loved a free life and wished to kill her brother. She became, or pretended to be, ill, and a robber-friend suggested to her that she should send the prince to obtain bear's milk, that the bear might eat him. So when her brother arrived she said to him. "Brother, go and get me some bear's milk! He went, and found himself face to face with a she-bear. "Stop, bear! and give me milk, otherwise I will kill you!" The she-bear supplied him with two spoonfuls of milk; moreover, when he departed she gave him her cub.

The sister glanced through the window and remarked to the robber, "Though he went alone, he is returning accompanied." When the milk was given her she said. "Brother, get me some wolf's milk." The prince started out again, and his sister poured away the bear's milk. A she-wolf ran to meet the prince; she gave him milk and a young wolf. "Why do you give me the cub?" asked Prince John. "The cub will be useful," the wolf replied.

The sister again looked through the window and said to the robber, "He set out with one companion, but is bringing back another as well. Whither shall we now send him?" "Despatch him to a lioness; she will be infuriated and eat him." The prince came. "My dear brother," said his sister, "go and fetch me some milk from a lioness." He went and she poured away the wolf's milk. A lioness met Prince John and provided him with as much milk as would fill a little bladder; she also gave him her cub.

Glancing again, the princess remarked, "He went with two companions and comes back with three." When Prince John arrived she said, "Go to the mill and bring me some fine flour." The young man started forth and entered the mill. There an old man was sitting; such an old man! "Grandfather, I want some fine flour!" The old man gave the prince some fine flour and shut up in the mill the bear's cub, the wolf's cub and the lion's cub.

The princess looked and saw the prince coming back alone. The robber jumped up and said, "Let us roast him!" The robber went to heat the bath in order to roast Prince John, but

¹From I. A. Khudyakov, *Great Russian Folk-tales*, p. 42.

the prince climbed up on a birch tree. The robber and the sister tried to drag him from the birch tree in order to roast him. A crow cawed, "Krya, Krya, Krya! Prince John! do not be in a hurry to climb down. Your desire is escaping." Meanwhile the princess abused the prince and threw stones at him. The crow flew round again, and cawed, "Krya, krya, krya. Your desire is running to you." But the prince had climbed down, and the robber and the sister seized him by the arms and dragged him to the bath. Here his desire returned to him. The sister and the robber saw this, and let him go. He said, "How now, my desire! tear the enemy-robber!" The animals tore the robber to pieces. "Well," the prince said to his sister, "What shall I do with you?" "Brother," she said, "forgive me!" "No," he replied, "I will dig three holes for you and fill them with fire. When you extinguish each of the holes with your tears then I will forgive you!" He dug three holes. "Fill them up!" he said to her.

Before long the prince went to get married, and though the princess wept much and dropped her tears into the holes, she could not fill them. When the brother was at his wedding she ran up and said, "Where is my brother's bed?" The bed was pointed out to her. She took a pig's tooth and pushed it into the bed; she also shut her brother's desire in a kiln. When the married pair arrived from the wedding and were being put to sleep the prince struck himself against the tooth and died. Then the sister went to the robber's son.

People thought, "It is time to get the young people up!" Entering the room, they found the bride alive, but the prince dead. They began the burial. But Princess Mary ordered that the prince should not be buried in the ground, as dogs would scent him out; she directed that he should be placed on a column. It was done. But the desire, becoming aware that it had no owner, dug under the kiln and came out. The animals ran to the column, but did not see the prince. A fox came and, looking up, said, "There he is!" The desire dug under the column, and when the coffin fell people could not understand why the prince had died. But the bear unearthed a pig's tooth, whereupon Prince John recovered and said, "Oh, Lord! how long I have slept!"

He was told everything. "Well, come with me," he exclaimed. People accompanied him and took the sister and shot her. The prince married and now lives with his wife.

VII

HELEN THE WISE¹

IN a far country, once in ages past,
 A young man stood on guard beside a tower
 That, built of stone, with doors securely fast
 And tightly sealed, remained beyond the power
 Of most to enter. Came, at midnight's hour,
 Some sounds, as if a captive loudly spoke ;
 Then, from his dreamy thoughts, the sentry woke.

" Ivàn, hullo !" " Who's there ?" inquired the guard.

" 'Tis I, the unclean spirit, I that call."

The words proceeded through an opening barred,
 " I have been held, three times ten years in thrall ;
 No food has passed my lips ; no cup though small,
 Nor drop of water has relieved my thirst."
 The message strangely through a grating burst.

" What is your wish ? announce your chief desire !"

" Oh, to my prayer for liberty give heed !

I will do more, in turn, than you require
 If you, in sore distress, know grievous need."

Ivàn broke seal and lock, the captive freed,
 Thereon, the fiend, wishing himself to lift
 High o'er the tower, proved as the lightning swift.

The sentry, now reflecting, surely saw
 That he had erred and shown himself unwise.
 His gain was nought ! and military law
 Pitying not, would punishment devise :
 The ranks were dense, comrades would fierce chastise
 It would be well to go, hurriedly flee,
 Ere morning's light provoked a stern decree.

Throwing his gun and keys upon the ground,
 Ivàn in haste, far travelled, sped for days,
 But hunger stabbed him ; food he nowhere found ;

And, so, he stopped and argued, in amaze,

" I was a fool, infected by a craze :

Ten years I served the Tsar, feasted on bread,
 But now, in freedom, I shall soon be dead !"

¹Afanasief, No. 130, var. a.

At last, he cried aloud, in anger hot,
 " Yours is the fault, oh, fiend ! and were you here . . . "
 Suddenly came the demon to the spot.
 " How goes it, friend Ivan ? Why shed a tear ? "
 " Because I pine for food and life is dear ! "
 " Take courage," said the fiend, " and cease to grieve,
 Banish your care ; you shall the past retrieve ! "

He brought, at once, the choicest wines and food ;
 Pressing the soldier much to eat and drink,
 Remarked : " The living in my house is good ;
 Sate there your appetite, yet also think
 Of my sweet daughters ; from them no way shrink ! "
 Ivan, in doubt if well he understands,
 Is borne away, fast in the demon's hands.

Beyond the thrice-ninth realm, the fiend through air
 Proceeds ; then, in the thrice-ninth empire rests ;
 And, in a palace white and wondrous fair,
 His beauteous daughters three his sharp behests
 Obey ; but he, to play new evil jests
 Departs, because a fiend must converts win,
 Incite to folly, error, deadly sin.

Gladly Ivàn welcomes the pretty girls,
 Partakes of all is brought for his delight.
 No more himself to depths of anguish hurls,
 But only sighs because the maids, at night,
 Leaving their home, pass instantly from sight ;
 Yet, if to learn their aim, he dares to try,
 To him all information they deny.

" Tis well," Ivàn concludes, " my course is clear,
 I'll watch by night ; discover where they go ! "
 And so he lay in slumber insincere,
 Being resolved to learn, the riddle know,
 Was zealous rapt attention to bestow,
 Would find the secret of these flittings oft
 Journeys in darkness, far away, aloft,

When came, at last, what seemed the proper time,
He to the maidens' chamber crept, stood still
And through the keyhole watched a scene sublime ;
The handsome maids, with deft and ready skill,
Displayed a magic carpet ; then, at will,
Striking a blow upon the covered floor.
Pigeons became ; flew and were viewed no more.

And now, Ivan, who well remarked the deed,
With courage rare would imitate the flight !
Into the room he burst : with proper heed
The carpet struck and grew a sparrow slight
That, through the casement passed into the night,
Flew and, beneath a bush, could watch unseen,
Gaze at the pigeons on a meadow green.

Hither new pigeons came in numbers vast,
So that the meadow's smooth expanse was hid ;
Within its centre, a green throne was cast.
Next, from a radiant space o'erhead, downslid
Drawn by bright snakes, doing as they were bid,
A chariot green that, speeding through the air,
Stayed at a spot, because the throne was there.

Helen the Wise mounted the ready seat ;
Such beauty pure never before was known,
Never imagined in the stories sweet
That speak of fairies. There she sat alone
And then, by signal, summoned to her throne
The pigeons, one by one, and deigned to tell
How they might learn in wisdom to excel.

The lesson done, she in her chariot rose
And all the birds went from the meadow fast,
In such direction these, in such flew those ;
And, when the sisters homeward swiftly passed,
The sparrow followed, surely staying last ;
To find himself within the room again,
Where bold Ivan had looked, nor pried in vain.

The pigeons struck the carpet, and became
 The pretty damsels, who abroad had flown.
 Hastily then the sparrow did the same,
 He, at a stroke, into a youth had grown !
 " Why are you here ?" the maidens asked him, " own !"
 " I, in the meadow, saw your queen arrive,
 There to impart much gracious wisdom strive."

" Oh, happy youth 'scaping a fearful fate !
 Had but our mistress held her magic book,
 She had known all ; you soon had felt the weight
 Of her just anger. Trembling at her look,
 You had much suffered, ere you life forsook ;
 Youth, of the meadow green, henceforth, beware !
 Helen the Wise will let you not o'er-dare."

Ivàn, despite the warning, strangely bold,
 Longed for another night, which surely came ;
 He struck the magic carpet, and behold !
 Was to a sparrow turned, attained his aim ;
 Flew to the green expanse and grew aflame
 As, from a bush, he watched with glowing eyes
 The shape of one both exquisite and wise.

The sparrow thought, " Oh, would she were my wife !
 I then should have no more of fate to ask ;
 But I must learn where 'tis she spends her life."
 So, when the queen had left her throne to bask
 In her bright car, and set her snakes the task
 Of wafting her through space, he followed near,
 At last before a wondrous palace to appear.

The queen's attendants came ; her women swift
 Bore her away into a painted room ;
 Then to the garden flew the bird to lift
 His little shape upon a tree in bloom ;
 Here he would court the queen, the lady whom
 He loved, here on a twig begin to sing ;
 Songs to his stricken heart should comfort bring !

And, as his voice was sweet, and light his strain,
The queenly heart was touched by many a note
Seeming to show a deep and inner pain ;
 Beneath the spell of that melodious throat,
She could not sleep, but heard each accent float
Into her room. At last, near dawn must cry :
“ Fetch me the warbler hither ; nurses, try ! ”

Wise Helen's women to the garden sped,
Yet failed to catch the cunning little bird,
That sprang from bush to bush, and fled and fled,
 While they to ceaseless efforts new were stirred.
The queen, who deemed such failure nigh absurd.
Approached the bush sheltering him she sought ;
Lo ! quietly he let himself be caught !

She held him gently, chose for him a cage,
Bore it away, into her chamber grand ;
The Sun a day had added to his age
 When she a visit to the meadow planned,
Next, coming home, her peaceful pillow scanned ;
The bird observed her charm, and beauty great,
Feasting his eyes, would admiration sate.

Waiting until fatigue on her should tell,
He changed himself, became an agile fly
That left its cage, struck on the ground and fell,
 But rose a youth determined to espy
And watch her form while he stood eager nigh.
Oh, wondrous view ! 'twas more than he could bear ;
He kissed her lips, because she was so fair !

Seeing the lady wake, the stripling passed
Into a fly once more, his cage attained.
Helen the Wise, around her glances cast,
 But, seeing no one, a wild dream arraigned
Or a strange vision ; next, regained
An easy posture, and renewed her sleep,
While bold Ivan could motionless not keep.

A second time, a third, he threads the bars,
 To find the queen in peaceful rest demure.
 And just as off his kiss her slumber mars,
 Till last, she says, "I feel in danger's lure,
 My magic book shall aid for me procure."
 And thus she learns the cage contains, in truth,
 No songster bird, but an imprisoned youth.

"You wretched churl," said Helen, in her ire,
 "Your life, for this severe affront, shall pay.
 Down from your gilded cage! 'tis my desire!"
 To her he came that scarcely could say nay,
 Struck on the floor and, neath strange magic's sway,
 Rose, as a man, to fall upon his knees,
 Before the queen whose wrath he would appease.

"Learn that forgiveness never can be yours,"
 The injured lady cries in accents cold;
 Sees that the headsman, with his axe, secures
 A spot whereon shall stretch the form o'er-bold
 Of one who soon the next world must behold;
 The queen has now her kerchief but to wave
 And, next, Ivan is ready for the grave!

"Oh! wise and beauteous ruler, mercy show!
 And let me, near my end, but plead in song."
 "Sing quickly, Sir!" Ivan, in sweet and slow
 Appealing tones, chanted a measure long.
 Into her softened heart fine feelings throng;
 And to the youth, who rapturously sighs,
 The queen in pity's power indulgent cries:

"Despite your crime, I to compassion lean;
 Upon conditions, I your life will spare;
 From now till death, ten hours shall stay between;
 If, at the end of such a period fair,
 You still from me are hid, or here or there,
 I'll take your hand, if you should wish to wed;
 But, if I find you, then you lose your head!"

Ivàn the palace left to seek a wood,
Sitting beneath a tree, dejected thought,
"Had I, oh fiend, but your appeal withstand,
I were not thus to deep affliction brought."
Forthwith, the fiend arrived, and questioning sought
To learn why grieved the youth. Ivàn replied:
"I must, to save my head, from Helen hide."

The fiend but stamped, into an eagle grew.
"Sit on my back, Ivàn," he said in glee,
"I'll bear you whither skies are vast and blue,"
The eagle mounted, swiftly moved and free
Threaded dark clouds past which no eye could see;
But Helen cried, using her magic book,
"Ha! ha! you're there on high; I need not look!"

"Eagle! descend, your flight is all in vain.
In clouds you cannot hide, however thick!"
The eagle sank and fell to earth again,
While cried forlorn Ivàn, at heart nigh sick,
"Assist, conceal me!" Then, the demon quick
Patted his friend upon the face, and lo!
Saw him transform, into a small pin grow.

The fiend himself into a mouse had turned,
Who took the pin betwixt her jaws, and stole
Within the palace. There she learned
Where lay the magic book; then from a hole
She cautious moved, the pin dropped in the scroll.
At last, had come the tenth and final hour;
Ivàn might fall into the lady's power!

Helen the Wise examined well the tome,
But nothing learnt, though carefully she gazed;
However through its pages she might roam,
She vainly searched the volume she had praised;
Feeling at once disgusted and amazed,
She to destroy the useless treasure strove,
Caught up the book and threw it near the stove.

The little pin, on falling to the ground,
 Into Ivàn was changed, a goodly youth,
 To take whose hand, Helen a pretext found ;
 Saying, the while, " I crafty am, in truth,
 But you in craft surpass me ; yes, forsooth !"
 And now, as none had a consent to give,
 The pair were wed, began in bliss to live.

VIII

THE FROG PRINCESS †

ONCE, a tsar and his tsaritsa
 Ruled a kingdom in an empire.
 They had sons just three in number,
 Each courageous and unmarried,
 Hitherto described by no one,
 Neither writer, nor yet speaker ;
 And the prince named John was youngest.

Having called his sons together,
 Thus the tsar one day addressed them ;
 " Each of you select an arrow ;
 Lifting up your bows well tightened,
 Shoot in various directions !
 In the place where falls your arrow,
 Or in home, or court, or mansion,
 Seek a bride, become a suitor !"

Now the eldest's missile landed
 Near a noble maiden's dwelling ;
 And the middle brother's arrow
 Came to earth within a courtyard
 Where a wealthy merchant's daughter,
 Oh, a maid of soul and beauty !
 Stood erect beside the entrance.

Then the youngest used his weapon,
 And his arrow fell in marshes
 Where, forthwith, a frog secured it.

† Afanasief, No. 50. var. c.

Straightway, John addressed his father :
 " Can I mate with such a croaker
 That in nothing is my equal ?"
 " Take her," said the father promptly,
 " You are fated to obtain her."

One by one, the princes married :
 This, the daughter of the noble ;
 That, the wealthy merchant's daughter ;
 And the youngest, froggy-croaker.

Next, the tsar the brothers summons,
 Says their wives must bake, get ready
 Bread the whitest for the morrow.

John, the prince, came home despondent,
 Hung his head in manner helpless.
 Then the frog said, " Kvà, Kvà, husband,
 Wherefore so o'ercome by sorrow ?
 Has your father spoken harshly ?"

" How should I escape from grieving ?
 When the tsar has stern commanded :
 That you bake, before to-morrow
 Bread the whitest ?" " Prince, have courage,
 Go to rest and peaceful slumber ;
 Morning is than evening wiser."

When she saw her husband sleeping,
 She without delay, completely,
 Shed her frog's skin : stood with others,
 As a maid of soul and beauty,
 Vasilissa, the sagacious.

In the mansion now the princess
 Loudly cried, " Come hither, women,
 Get to work, and quickly show me
 Whitest bread, the kind exactly
 That was eaten at my father's."

When the prince awoke from slumber,
 He perceived the bread beside him ;

And the clever really cannot
 Faintly fancy its consistence ;
 In but fairy tales 'tis eaten.
 It was furbished with devices,
 Such as royal towns and gateways,
 And the tsar was very grateful,
 Thanked the prince for bread so wondrous.
 But he gave a further order
 To his sons, who all were married :
 In a single night their wives must
 Skilfully produce a carpet.

John the prince returned unhappy,
 With his head indeed low hanging.
 " Kvà-Kva, Kvà-Kva," said his consort,
 " Why, my prince, a prey to sorrow ?
 Has your father spoken roughly ?"

" How can I to-day be merry,
 When my father-tsar has ordered
 You to weave, before to-morrow,
 Now, a carpet, soft and silky."

" Do not worry ! prince and husband !
 But retire to rest and slumber,
 Morning is than evening wiser."
 While he slept, she cast her frog's skin,
 And became the beauteous maiden,
 Vasilissa, the sagacious.
 Forth she went and loudly uttered
 On the balcony this order :
 " Women ! quickly here assemble,
 Get to work and weave a carpet,
 Silky, like the one I sat on
 In my childhood, at my father's."

As she ordered, 'twas accomplished.
 When the prince awoke, the carpet
 Long ago had been completed,
 And its marvels were so mighty,
 You could scarcely them imagine,
 Though in fairy tales you'll meet them.

It was worked with gold and silver,
Patterns intricate presented,
Blazed with colours, all combining.

For the gift the tsar was grateful,
Thanked the prince for such an effort ;
But he next his sons commanded
To appear at court before him,
And each son must bring his consort.

Once again the prince was gloomy,
Hung his head, when home returning.
“ Kvà-Kvà, why, my prince, this sadness?
Has your father spoken rudely ?”

“ How can I to-day be happy
When my lord, the tsar, has ordered
Your attendance for inspection ?
Can I show you to the people ?”

“ Do not be uneasy, husband,
Go alone to see your father,
I will follow ; but remember !
If you hear a noise like thunder,
Say, ‘ Behold, my little froggy
To us comes within her casket. ’ ”

Lo ! arrived the elder brothers
With their wives bedecked and splendid,
And they stood and laughed, surveying
John the prince. “ Good gracious, brother,
You have come without your lady,
Have not put her in a kerchief !
Where did you unearth the beauty ?
Probably in lonely marshes !”

Swiftly rose a crash and pealing,
So that all the palace trembled.
Every guest was seized with terror ;
All the seats at once grew vacant,
Everybody acted wildly.

John the prince, still speaking calmly,
Sought to dissipate the terror.
" It is nothing but my dearest
Coming in her little casket."

Dashing to the palace entrance,
Quickly stopped a gilded carriage.
Drawn along by six fine horses.
Forth emerged sage Vasilissa,
Of a beauty past conception,
Only found in fairy stories.

Then the prince his wife led proudly,
Led her to a table covered
Richly with a cloth embroidered.
Now, the guests began their supper,
Ate and drank, mid merry laughter ;
But, although sage Vasilissa
Lifted up her wine and sipped it,
She contrived the greater portion
In her sleeve should fall unnoticed ;
And, although she ate some swan's flesh,
She the little bones let tumble
In the second sleeve on purpose.
Lo ! the elder prince's consorts
Closely watched, and did as she did.

Later, Vasilissa dancing,
Raised her arm, and freely waved it ;
Then, a lake arose before her !
Next she waved her arm the other ;
Swans appeared upon the water !
Tsar and guests began to marvel.

Soon the elder wives were dancing,
Waved their arms without cessation,
But they failed in their endeavour,
To compete with Vasilissa :
They the guests with wine besprinkled,
Overwhelmed the tsar with swanbones ;
So he drove them forth dishonoured.

John the prince, ere long had managed
Home to speed and find the frog's skin
And consign it to a furnace.
But, at once, sage Vasilissa
Coming back, the loss discovered,
Grew depressed and sad and wretched.
" John the prince ! I now am ruined,
Dearest, had you waited longer,
I had lived with you for ever ;
As it is, farewell ! Yet, seek me
In the thrice-ninth land, my husband !
Seek me in the thrice-tenth kingdom ;
With the skeleton that's deathless."
Forth she flew, a swan in semblance.

John the prince, in bitter sorrow,
Moving first in all directions,
Prayed and, next, went straight before him.
Going, maybe, to a distance,
(Or not far ; 'tis unimportant)
He to meet an old man happened
Who, with words of kindly greeting,
Asked him whither he was speeding,
Listened to his sad adventure.

" Prince ! you dared to burn the frog's skin,
You that were without the puissance
To inflict it, or remove it !
Vasilissa the sagacious
Had more wisdom than her father ;
So he, stirred by envy, ordered
Her to be three years a croaker !
You should find her through my counsel ;
Have a care this ball to follow ;
If it runs, pursue it boldly !"

John the prince was duly grateful,
And was led to open country,
Where a bear appeared before him.
" I will kill," said John, " this creature."
But the bear remarked with meaning,
" Strike me not, and I will serve you !"

Further on the prince, up gazing,
Saw a drake in flight approaching.
John upraised his bow, would use it,
Till the bird, in accents human,
Cried, " Oh spare me, I'll assist you,"
And the prince displayed compassion.

So, a slant-eyed hare came quickly ;
Saying, " Shoot not, I will help you."
It escaped the threatened arrow.

Pity-touched, the prince went further
Till he saw, near Ocean's waters,
On the sand, a pike expiring.
" Mercy show !" the fish gasped faintly,
" To the sea, good prince transfer me !"

Having saved the pike, John wandered
By the shore, until the ball went
Or a short way, or a long way,
Lastly reached a little cottage
That revolved, or stood on fowls' legs.

John now raised his voice as follows :
" Hut ! resume your old position,
Stand as you, at first, were standing ;
Turn, forthwith, your back to Ocean !"

Then the cottage faced the speaker
Who, intruding, saw before him,
" Bony legs," great Baba-Yaga
Stretched upon the stove, on nine bricks,
And about her teeth to sharpen.

" Why this visit, eh ! young fellow ?"
Baba-Yaga asked the tsar's son.

" Ha ! before you put the question,
First, old woman ! you should feed me.
Give me drink, and heat the bath-house, "

After she performed her duties,
John the prince divulged his mission :
He would find his roaming consort,
Vasilissa the sagacious.

“ Ah, I know,” said Baba-Yaga,
“ She was lately taken captive ;
Deathless Skeleton has seized her.
You must be both brave and skilful
To o'ercome him and regain her.
In a needle's point his death is,
And that needle in a hare is,
And that hare within a chest is,
High that chest upon an oak is,
And he guards that tree as something
Of a value vast and mighty.”
Then the witch, with bony fingers,
Pointed out the tree's position.

John the prince advanced, but knew not
What to do to win the coffer.
Suddenly, from where's no matter,
Out a bear swift rushed and roughly
Tore a tree ; its roots uplifted.

Down a chest came tumbling quickly,
Setting free a hare elusive,

But another hare pursuing,
Overtook and tore her piecemeal,
Let escape aloft a duckling.

But a drake uprose to strike her,
And she dropped an egg which, falling,
Reached the surface of the Ocean.

When he witnessed this occurrence,
John the prince with tears lamented ;

But a pike swam swiftly shorewards,
And its jaws an egg held firmly.

Taking now the egg, John broke it,
 Drew a needle forth, and severed
 Point from body. And, thereafter,
 Though the skeleton might struggle,
 He was destined to be conquered.

Vasilissa, the sagacious,
 From his house was quickly rescued.
 With her, then the prince went homeward,
 Passed a life both long and blissful.

IX

GOLDEN MOUNTAIN¹

A wild and foolish lad, having misspent his all,
 Entered the market-place in dread of hunger's call ;
 He held a workman's spade, and an employer sought,
 Craved that his services should be for money bought.

Up drove a merchant in a gilded carriage then,
 Who was five hundred times as rich as other men.
 The workmen saw and faces into corners turned,
 They knew his character, it had their hatred earned.

Now, in the market place, no other workman stood,
 Except the reckless son in a despairing mood.

" Young man ! You look for hire ? Say, will you come to sea ? "

" With pleasure, if upon conditions we agree. "

" Disclose your price ! " " A hundred roubles for the day. "

" A figure high ! " " Perhaps, but all have gone away
 That here were waiting ; to whose aid will you resort ? "

" Agreed ! we'll meet at dawn, to-morrow at the port. "

The eager youth, betimes to reach the quay contrived
 And, yet, not earlier than the wealthy man arrived.

With canvas set, they kept the ship before the wind,
 Held to their course and looked an island shore to find.
 First mountains came in view and, next, above a beach
 Something, that shining brightly, seemed within their reach.

¹Afanasief, No. 136.

"Is it a conflagration we on land behold?"
"Oh no, it is my castle built of gleaming gold!"

"Five-hundred-times-as-rich," stepping ere long ashore,
Embraced his wife and such a daughter as, before,
Had never breathed on earth; such beauty you would fail
To meet in realms of myth or any fairy tale.

The party started out and to the palace hied,
The new assistant walking by the rich man's side.
They sat at table feasting, and the beaker passed;
"Oh, let," the merchant said, "this merrymaking last!
Think of to-day alone; away with paltry care,
To-morrow some of us in a great deed will share."

The young adventurer, as should to you be known,
Was red and white and shapely, handsome and well grown,
And speedily in love he with the maiden fell,
Who, calling him aside, had something soon to tell.
She to the youth remarked in accents soft and low,
"Please take this flint and steel; to danger you may go!"

Five-hundred-times-as-rich set forth at break of day,
Wended to golden-mountain, with the youth, his way.
After a tedious climb, that never seemed to end,
Along a rugged path with many a sudden bend,
The rich man said, "'Tis time a little drink to take!"
And drugged the workman till he could not keep awake.

The merchant, with his knife, his beast of burden slew,
And brought an ample space, within her paunch, to view;
He pushed in it the youth, the saddle and the spade;
And stitched the rent and, next, behind some bushes strayed.

Suddenly ravens black, and iron-beaked down bore,
Conveyed the carcase up the mount, and pecked and tore,
Till from imprisonment they freed the reckless son,
Who rose and drove them off and, having so well done,
Was moved to ask aloud, "Who thus could me bewitch?"
And heard, in answer, from Five-hundred-times-as-rich,
"You, on the golden mount! Dig with your spade for gold!"

The workman dug and downward hurled the wealth as told,
Until his master keen, the man with wealth enough,
Acquired, by eventide, nine heaps of golden stuff.
He piled the gold in earts and, then, "Tis ample," cried,
"With thanks to you ; farewell !" "And shall I here abide ?"
Loud screamed the frightened youth. "That is for you to say ;
As ninety-nine already there have passed away,
You will the hundreth be !" The merchant laughed and went,
But said the lad, "No soul could make the steep descent
While ravens iron-beaked around me ever fly,
I, hunger-gnawed, must perish, torture know and die."

Yet in his agony, the youth could well recall
His remedy at hand if danger should befall.
He struck the flint and steel, and soon his heart was cheered ;
Strange servants, starting up, to help him volunteered.
"What can we do for you ?" "Carry me to the shore !"
Hearing his urgent wish, they raised him up and bore
Him lightly to the quay where, 'neath a hoisted sail,
A vessel was unmooring, favoured with a gale.
"Good seamen ! Stop for me," arose his anxious prayer.
"Brother, it cannot be, the wind is fresh and fair ;
To wait would cost us much." They quickly passed the isle,
But, meeting fearful seas, began to think awhile,
"He is no common man," said each with one accord,
"Let us return and bring this traveller aboard."

So back they put in haste and, waiting by the quay,
Took up the reckless son and, on a calmer sea,
Gave him a voyage home ; and thus, it came to pass,
Once more he took a spade and joined the toilers' class.

Up to the market place, in a gilt carriage, drove
Five-hundred-times-as-rich ; but all the workmen strove
His service to avoid ; though with the reckless son,
Late and at last successful bargaining was done.

"Well, will you toil for me ?" "I will, and only ask
As pay, two hundred roubles for my daily task."
"A sum immense !" "Tis large, but where is labour cheap ?
The workmen know your face, and from your presence keep."
"Agreed ! Expect me on the quay, at early morn."
They met and, setting out, were to the island borne.

Carousing for a day, the pair betimes advance
And reach the golden mount, where, with a kindly glance,
Five-hundred-times-as-rich invites the youth to drink.

Forthwith the workman said, "'Tis you who first, I think,
Should gaily lift the glass ; I you would entertain."
Nor had the youth acquired a potion strong in vain ;
The merchant swallowed all, reclined and soundly slept.

And now, the ready workman to his purpose kept ;
He drew a keen-edged knife, despatched the weakest horse,
And, in its hollowed frame, enclosed without remorse
The rich man and the spade. He deftly sewed the rent
And, next, behind a bush in expectation went.

Ere long arrived some ravens, strong with iron beaks,
Who bore the horse aloft amid their hideous shrieks ;
With pleasure vast they pecked and tore the carcass till
The wealthy merchant asked, " Where am I ? By whose will
Have I been hither brought ?" " You are upon the mount ;
But lift the spade and dig ; if enough gold I count
After your day of toil, you shall perhaps descend."

Five-hundred-times-as-rich began at once to spend
His utmost force ; he heaped the gold, and downward threw
Until twelve wagon loads, below, arose to view.

" Desist, I pray you, now ; your work is fully done ;
Accept a long farewell," exclaimed the reckless son.
" But, what will be my fate ?" " I shall not interfere ;
After the ninety-nine, the hundredth must appear."

The lucky workman led his dozen loads away,
Drove to the golden castle for his wedding gay,
Obtained Five-hundred-times-as-rich's mighty store
And, with his bride, lived long upon his native shore.
Five-hundred-times-as-rich remained among the gold,
To be by ravens tortured. Now the tale is told.

X

A TALE OF A GOAT:

IN a certain kingdom a merchant lived with his three daughters. Having built for himself a new house, he sent his eldest daughter to pass the night in it, and told her she must relate her dreams to him. She dreamed she was being married to the son of a merchant. On the next evening, similarly the merchant sent his middle daughter that she might inform him of her dreams. She dreamed she was marrying a nobleman. The youngest daughter's turn came on the third night, when she, too, was sent by the father to the new house. She dreamed she was marrying a goat. The father was alarmed, and would not allow his beloved daughter even to cross the threshold. However, she was disobedient, and when she went out a goat lifted her on his horns and carried her beyond a steep bank. He bore her to his home and put her to sleep on a plank bed. His eyes were watering and his nose was running, but the poor girl wiped away all moisture with a cloth and was not disgusted; she thus pleased the goat; and later she combed his beard.

In the morning the beautiful girl saw that the court was fenced off with a palisade and that on every stake, except one, was fixed a girl's head; one stake only was unoccupied. The merchant's daughter rejoiced exceedingly to have escaped death. A servant came to wake her and said, "It is time, Madam, not to sleep, but to get up, to sweep the rooms and to carry rubbish into the road." The merchant's daughter went out on to the door steps, and saw some geese on the wing. "Ah, you, my grey geese," said she, "bring me news of my own country and of my dear father!" The geese said in answer, "We have brought news from your country; a betrothal is occurring at your home, where your elder sister is being given in marriage to the son of a merchant." The goat heard all from the plank bed, and said to the servants, "Ho! you, my true servants! bring fine dresses; harness raven horses, let them gallop thrice and come here forthwith." Having been attired, the poor girl drove off, and the horses bore her instantly to her father.

There was an immense feast in the house, but the guests came out and met her on the steps. The goat transformed himself into a fine young man and walked in the courtyard with a lute. How could a banquet be held without a lute player? He came

into the great house and began to sing : " Goatskin wife, wife who has nursed me ! Goatskin wife, wife who has nursed me ! " But the poor girl gave him a blow first on one cheek and then on the other, and had herself quickly carried away by the horses.

She found the goat already lying on the plank bed ; his eyes were watering and his nose was running, but she wiped his face with a cloth for she was not squeamish. In the morning the servants said, on waking her, " It is time, Madam, to get up, not to sleep ; to sweep the rooms and to take the dust and rubbish into the road. " She got up and arranged everything in the rooms and went on to the steps. The geese flew by, and she called out, " Ah, my grey geese ! do you not bring me news of my own country and of my dear father ? " The geese said in reply, " We have received news from your father's house, where a betrothal is taking place ; your middle sister is marrying a nobleman. " The poor girl went again to her father ; guests met her on the steps and indoors there was a mighty banquet. The goat had transformed himself into a fine young man and went into the courtyard with a lute ; there was a call for his services, and he began to play and to sing : " Goatskin wife who has nursed me ; goatskin wife who has nursed me ! " The poor girl gave him a blow, first on one cheek and then on the other, and was carried off quickly by the horses.

On getting back she found the goat lying on the plank bed ; his eyes were watering and his nose was running. Another night having passed, the merchant's daughter got up and went on the steps. Geese flew up again. " Ah, my grey geese ! do you not bring me news from my own country and from my dear father ? " The geese answered, " We have brought news from your home ; there is a great dinner at your father's. " She made her way to her father's house, where a great banquet was being held, and the guests met her on the steps. Outside the sound of a lute was heard. The player was summoned into the mansion and played as of old, " Goatskin wife who has nursed me ; goatskin wife who has nursed me ! " The poor girl gave him a blow first on one cheek and then on the other, and ran to the place from which she had come. On arriving she looked at the plank bed, but only a goatskin lay there, the lute player not having had time to transform himself into a goat. Having thrown the skin into the stove, the merchant's little daughter found herself married, not to a goat, but to a fine young man. They began to live well and became prosperous.

XI

BIRDS' LANGUAGE

A MERCHANT and his wife, who sat at home,
Saw that their son allowed his glance to roam
Up to a cage which, hanging on a nail,
In durance held a little nightingale,

The merchant cried, "If anyone can guess
That songster's meaning; tell me, more or less,
The bird's ideas, he shall have half my store
And, when I die, I'll leave him something more."
The boy, aged six, first hesitated long,
Then said, "I know, and yet to speak were wrong."
"Keep nothing back!" replied his parents both;
And Basil timidly, said very loath,
"The bird reveals that days are coming soon
When, unto some, my death would be a boon."

The words incensed the merchant and his wife,
Who plotted next to take poor Basil's life.
Making a cockleshell; when night was dark,
They sent the boy, within the tiny barque
To open sea; and lo! the nightingale
Escaped and dropped on Basil's shoulder frail.

The castaway soon met a vessel large,
Whose captain made the boy his special charge;
Asking in wonder, whence the craft had blown,
He swore to love the child, as if his own.

Next day, the little fellow gently said,
"My bird predicts that, coming to a head,
A storm will cause you harm; 'twere well for you
To haste to port." The skipper better knew,
Remained disdainful till a tempest rose
Which struck the ship such frequent angry blows,
That long the crew had afterwards to toil
To mend their spars. And Basil, next, could foil
Perils more dire. His nightingale foretold
That dreadful pirates aimed, with onslaught bold,
To seize the ship. The captain anchor cast
And hid securely till the pirates passed.

In course of time, the vessel further went,
Saw, on Valinsky's shores, a strange event.
A raven with his mate and young one flew

Before the windows of the palace new
And, by their screeching, caused a ceaseless din,
Banishing needed sleep from all within.

Each effort failed to drive the birds afar ;
They seemed resolved the royal life to mar.
The king had said, at cross-roads and the quay ;
" Whoever sets us from the ravens free,
Shall wed our daughter, young and well adored,
And rule o'er half the kingdom, as reward.
But who shall fail in his appointed task
Shall meet the headsman, nor for mercy ask."

Many had sought alliance with the king,
But found ambitious plans disaster bring.

Basil, ere long, his friend the captain pressed ;
The child was bold, would remedies suggest !
The captain laughed, his comrade must dissuade,
Who, noway of the penalty afraid,
Merely remarked, " If any harm shall come,
The fault is mine, since I am venturesome."

He begged before the throne, a simple thing :
" Open beside the birds, a window fling !"
Hearing the cries, he said, " The pair dispute,
Which o'er the young has empire absolute.
The parents ask you, Monarch ! to decide."
" The father owns the child," the king replied.

Soon as the judgment left the monarch's tongue,
Flew to the right the father bird and young !
While the poor mother, of all joy bereft,
In sadness hastened swiftly to the left !

Relieved from pain, due to the birds abhorred,
The king took Basil, let him, as reward,
When he had grown a man, rule half the land,
As dowry, with the young princess's hand.

It grew the ruler's wont, journeying now,
To visit lands, as chances should allow ;
Thus, in a town, where he had passed the night,
He sought attendance, when the morn grew light,
It was his father who the pitcher held !
His mother brought the towel ; pride her bosom swelled.
Basil fell humbly at his parents' feet,
Rejoiced that he his loved ones yet could meet ;
He helped them forward on life's anxious road,
Kept them beside his wonderful abode.

XII

THE TREASURE :

AGAINST grim poverty an aged pair,
A peasant and his wife, were struggling where,
When winter's snow had blanched the country side,
It came about, the woman ailed and died.

Telling his loss to all, both foe and friend,
The old man thought his neighbours help would lend ;
But none was softened, aid the slightest gave,
None for the wretched man would dig a grave.

The peasant, thus obliged to seek the pope,
Whose nature hard promised but little hope,
Said, " Father, aid me ; place her in the ground !"

" Oh, peasant ! will the usual fee be found ?
I deem 'twere well to bring it in advance."

The old man sighed and, with an honest glance,
Replied, " I tell the truth, no copper piece
Is mine, and yet I later will increase
With usury the debt, most surely pay ;
Oh, little father, do not answer ' Nay ' !"

Harshly the pope remarked, " Beseech no more,
Without the money come not to my door !"

Now at a loss what further prayer to make,
The man resolved himself the ground to break.
Soon to his task his energies he lent,
Over the sombre work insistent bent ;
Wielded an axe above on frozen soil,
Then, with a spade below, renewed his toil.
Striking a casket soon, he gave a shout
As freely golden ducats fell about.
With tears of joy, he said, " I thank thee, Lord !
I now will honour one I have adored."

Working no more, and taking home the gold,
The peasant next the funeral could hold.
Good people came a coffin to prepare ;
They dug a grave, would every labour share.
Nor lost he time, but someone sent to buy
Both food and wine, and appetisers sly.

Resolved that nought should mar the funeral rites,
At the pope's door, he with a ducat smites

And hears forthwith, " You idiot, must I bawl,
' Do not, without the money hither crawl ?'"

" But, little father ! show yourself less cold,
Be gracious, and accept a piece of gold ;
Bury my wife ; I'll ne'er the deed forget !"

The pope received the coin, and strove to set
The peasant's mind at ease ; all should be done
As if the day with payment had begun.

Freed from his visitor, the priest then cried
Unto his wife who hurried to his side,
" The hoary villain ! and they say he's poor,
Ha ! he has brought more money to my door
Than some I've known who bear a noble name ;
They with their riches never did the same."

The pope now held with suitable display
The service due ; to where the woman lay
He was invited for the solemn feast ;
And friends arrived, while also came, not least,
Good food and wine. At table soon sat all,
Received the fare for which they deigned to call ;
The cleric guest, eating enough for three,
Watched yet the neighbours' plate right greedily ;
And when the feast had lingered to its close,
The guests dispersed, and then the pope arose.

Issuing forth, he to the peasant said,
After the neighbours on their way had sped :
" Reveal to me and pray, beware of sin
(I have a right, like God, the truth to win) ;
Why you are not by poverty distressed ?
How comes it you to riches have progressed ?
Peasant, acknowledge ! subterfuge avoid !
Whom have you killed ? Whose soul have you destroyed ?"

" Oh, little father, cruelly you speak ;
You need from me no fearful secret seek,
For I have neither borrowed, robbed, nor killed ;
Without assistance, wealth to reach me willed.
Listen, I'll tell you how the gold was got."

The pope, on hearing all, with envy hot,
Homeward returned and ever, day and night,
Consumed with anger, to himself would say :
" That such a paltry churl should own this gold !
It shall be mine ! my hands the pot must hold."

Addressing next his wife, and coaxing her,
He broached his scheme, thus hastened to confer ;
" Oh, little mother, have we not a goat ?"
" We have." " Then hear, we'll take her by the throat
When it is dark, and gain enormous good."

The pope led forth the goat from out a wood,
Slew her at night, put on himself the pelt,
The horns and beard, and like the creature felt !
" Now, little mother," to his wife he said,
" Provide yourself with needle and thick thread,
Fasten the skin around me, closely, well."

The zealous wife to work soon eager fell.
Used a large needle, and a thread so strong,
The skins and horns should to the man belong.

Then, in the darkest moment of the night,
The pope set out the peasant to affright,
Approached the hut with stealthy step and tapped,
Scratched on the window, later smartly rapped.

The old man heard and, as he forward leaned,
Asked, " Who is there ?" and whispered, "'Tis the Fiend !"
" This place is holy !" quick he cried aloud ;
Crossing himself, before the ikon bowed.

" Now, listen well, old man," the pope replied,
" Move from the sacred image, turn aside !
Give up those riches ! bring them quickly here,
I say, surrender ! Come, your course is clear.
In pity true, and thinking you to aid,
I buried gold, thereby provision made
For your distress. But you have snatched it all !
Seized the last ducat, made a mighty haul !"

The peasant, peering through the window, spied
The horns, and then the bearded goat descried ;
" Yes, 'tis the fiend, 'twere well to let him go
Together with the money ; 'tis a blow ;
Yet, as I lived before of wealth bereft,
Again I'll struggle ; life to me is left."
Grasping the pot he, calm and unconcerned,
Took it without, and then within returned.

As for the pope, he snatched the gold and ran,
Reaching his home, thus to his wife began :—
" Here, little mother, hide it ! Quickly bring
A sharp-edged knife and sever all this string,

That none may learn, by use of prying eyes,
A humble goat-skin once was my disguise."

The woman took a knife, was skilful, but
Without disaster could the thread not cut ;
The blood gushed forth, and then the pope in pain,
Cried to his wife, " I'll bear it not again."
The crimson stream without cessation passed,
To the man's flesh the goat skin now was fast !

The harassed cleric this or that would do,
Restored the riches to the owner true ;
Alas ! the pope must always wear the skin,
He had been guilty of outrageous sin.

XIII

LITTLE SNOW-CHILD¹

EARLY winter snows had fallen
When a couple, at a window,
Moved by pure and lively feelings,
Viewed the sport of little neighbours
Who had gathered in the roadway
To construct a snowy figure,
Make a buxom peasant woman.

John and Mary watched in silence,
Sad became and deeply thoughtful ;
Old and loving, they were childless.

Of a sudden John, with laughter,
Shouted, " Let us join the children,
Let us too design a woman !"

Mary quickly grew excited,
Though remarking, " It were better
If we, first of all, attempted
To produce a tiny snow-child,
In the place of her we've pined for.

" You are right, beyond a question,"
Answered John ; and then the couple
In the garden shaped a snow doll—
Feet and hands, as well as body,

¹From Volper's *The Russian Language*, No. 135.

On to which they set, as head-piece,
Snowy masses justly shapen.

“ God should bless you !” said a stranger,
Who along the street was passing.

“ Heaven’s help is ever welcome,”

Mary answered. Said the stranger :

“ Pray inform me what you’re making !”

John replied, “ ‘Tis something nameless.”

“ Little Snow-child,” Mary called it.

They had formed a chin, and fashioned
Proper eyes below the forehead,
Soon had shown the lips’ position,
Nor a nose minute forgotten.

Suddenly aroused and startled,
John withdrew his busy fingers,
For he saw the eyes were shining,
Were in colour sweetly azure ;
Oh, the crimson mouth was smiling !

As he crossed himself, he uttered,
“ What is this ? Oh, Lord forgive me,
It must be a vile deception !”

But the doll bent gently forwards,
Like a little swaddled infant
On its mother’s breast reclining,
And its feet and hands kept moving.

“ Husband dear,” said Mary softly,
Tremulous from joy surpassing,
“ We have now a gift from Heaven !”
And she clasped her breathing snowchild,
Though the snow had surely vanished
Like the shell from off an egglet.

She within her hands was dandling
Really now a living infant !

“ Ah, you dear and snowy darling,”
Cried the peasant in her rapture,
As she bathed with tears the treasure
She had prayed for and despaired of ;
Then she bore it to the cottage.

Faced by such a wondrous marvel,
John recovered first his senses,
But his wife stayed almost senseless,
Swooned and seemed by joy distracted.

Little Snow-thing grew before them
Not as days elapsed, but hourly.

John and Mary did not dress her,
For their home was always lively,
Filled with maidens from the village,
Who appearing in the morning,
Only thought of well amusing
And adorning "granny's" daughter.
They with playful nothings pleased her,
Lullabys and light diversions ;
Taught her much that seemed important.

Snowy-darling, mighty clever,
Was so eager and receptive
That, when winter had departed,
She was like a child twice seven ;
Could converse and speak of all things
In a manner so delightful
That you wished she would continue
To reveal her thoughts and notions.
She was gentle and obedient
And considered other's feelings.

Eyes forget-me-not, entrancing,
And hair golden, downwards reaching
To her girdle, gave her beauty.
But her face was somewhat pallid
And her body needed redness ;
'Twas as if the blood was seldom
Brightly coursing in her tissues.

Ah, but she was very pretty,
Goodly, yes, to look upon.
Roguish, captivating always,
Ever pleasant to remember.
Such as loved not Snowy-darling
Were bereft of soul and feeling !

" God has granted us," said Mary,
" Now we're old, full compensation ;
My despair, at last, has vanished."
" Gratitude to God !" John answered,
" Here is neither joy eternal,
Nor an overwhelming sorrow "

II

Winter passed ! and sunny Springtime
Comforted the thirsting meadows ;
Little blades of grass peeped shyly
Where the thinner snow had melted.
On the green a lark was singing ;
And while danced with gay precision
The sweet maidens, they forth carolled,
“ Wherefore comes the pleasant springtime ?
It is to assist the ploughman ! ”

Little Snow-thing now grew thoughtful.
“ What is wrong with you, my dearest ? ”
Mary, with caresses, asked her.
“ You are ailing, losing spirit !
Has by chance a wicked person
Cast on you his evil glances ? ”
But the snow-child always answered,
“ Granny, I am well and happy, ”

Suddenly, at fuller springtime,
All the snow seemed gone for ever ;
Blossoms gleamed in fields and orchards,
And the nightingale surpassing
Far outrivalled other songsters.
All was full of life and motion
In a world by Heaven favoured.

Yet, alas ! our little snow-child,
Oft becoming sad and weary,
Shunned her friends and hid in shadows,
Like a lily fearing sunshine,
Seeking refuge under bushes.

Chiefly she appeared contented
When she splashed beside a fountain,
By a green and mournful willow.
But she loved unsheltered coolness
When a heavy shower was falling ;
And, if then 'twas also twilight,
She grew cheerful, even merry.

When it happened that the hailstones
Dashed with force from driving rainclouds,
She was gay and more delighted
Than if, midst a pearly harvest,
She had won abounding riches.

When again the sun grew scorching,
And the hail-stones ceased their pounding,
Snowy-darling wept profusely
Like a sister for a brother
Lost to her intense affection.

With the near approach of summer,
Came the day of good Saint Andrew
When forthwith, the village maidens
Getting ready for an outing,
Called to take their Snowy-darling
For a frolic in the forest.

They on granny Mary fastened,
Asked for Snowy-darling's presence,
But the mother was unwilling,
And, persisted in refusals,
Could not be therefrom dissuaded ;
Even yet, at last, consented
And adorned her dearest gaily,
Kissed the child she loved past measure ;
Bidding her be gay and playful,
Told the village maids to guard her.

"Do not fear!" they laughing shouted,
As they placed their young companion,
In their midst and sought the forest.
There they nosegays made and garlands,
Sadly sang or joyous carolled,
Keeping with them Snow-child always.

When the sun was disappearing,
They collected grass and brushwood,
Lit a fire, and wreathed in garlands,
Stood in rows behind each other,
Leaving last of all the snow-child.
"Look," they cried, "we now run forward!
You must follow in our footsteps!
Hang not backward for a moment!"
Singing songs of good St. John's day,
Now they leapt across the embers,
Even though the flames shot upwards.

Suddenly, a noise behind them
Seemed to speak of something dreadful ;
Turning quickly, they saw nothing ;
Long they peered and vainly ; nowhere

Could they find the little snow-child.

“ Ah, no doubt, the rogue has hidden !”

They remarked as long they sought her

But, despite their cries and shouting,

They ne'er won the faintest answer.

“ Where has she herself betaken ?”

Said distressed the kindly maidens ;

Who, though running to the village,

Gained no news of Snowy-darling.

Day by day, they scoured the forest,

Every tree, and all the bushes ;

But no trace could they discover

Of their little pale companion.

John and Mary wept and, grieving,

Sought the groves and pierced the thickets,

Crying plaintively like cuckoos,

“ Hither, hither ! little Snow-child !

Hither, hither ! little pigeon !”

Then appeared to sound in answer :

“ Little Snow-child comes not hither,

Whither went the Snowy-darling ?

Has a cruel beast destroyed her

In the dark and gloomy forest ?

Or a bird rapacious borne her

To the blue and distant Ocean ?

Never cruel beast destroyed her

In the dark and gloomy forest !

Never bird rapacious bore her

To the blue and distant Ocean !

But when Snowy-darling followed

Comrades over glowing embers,

She became the finest vapour,

And, appearing as a cloudlet,

Rose to high and azure Heaven !”

XIV

NEED¹

Two brothers lived in different villages. One was rich and the other poor. Once when the rich brother had a holiday, the poor man came to him on a visit and said, "Dear brother, as this is a holiday, you ought to regale me with home-brewed ale."

"Home brewed ale! Here is a tubful; help yourself!"

The tub contained only water, but the poor brother drank. Departing homewards, he sang songs and heard someone singing with him; so he asked, "Who are you that I hear singing?"

"It is I."

"But who are you?"

The answer came, "I am Need."

"And where are you going?"

"I am going with you; I never leave you."

Said the poor man, "When I get home, I shall depart from this life."

"Well, I shall go with you."

Having returned to his cottage, the poor brother began to make a coffin.

When he had made it, he said, "Need! Need! get into the coffin"; and added, "Need! have you climbed in?"

"Yes, I am in," was the reply. The poor man carried the coffin to the graveyard and buried it and began, from that time, to grow prosperous. The rich brother learnt of this prosperity, and his envy was aroused. "What is the meaning of it?" he said. "Why has my brother become rich?" He went and asked this question, "How is it, brother, that you are now wealthy?" "Do you remember," was the answer, "that I came to see you on a holiday and that you treated me to water? I took my fill and got drunk on it. I walked homewards and began to sing songs. Then I listened, and found that someone was singing with me."

"Well, I asked, 'who are you that are singing with me?' Someone answered, 'I.' 'But who are you?' 'I am Need.'"

Here the rich brother asked, "And what did you do with this Need?" "I put it in a coffin and buried it."

Envy seized the rich man. He went to the graveyard, dug up Need, and said, "Need! are you there?" "Yes, I am just alive," answered a feeble voice. "Come and see my

¹Volper, *The Russian Language*, No. 129.

brother, who is now rich!" Need retorted, "No, I had better stay with you, as your brother has starved me completely." Need went with the elder brother, and he became poor; but the younger brother, who buried Need, by God's grace is to-day alive and flourishing.

XV

THE ONE-EYED EVIL¹

ONCE there lived a blacksmith who said to himself, "I have never known grief. People report there is evil in the world; I will go in search of it." Having taken a good drink, he set off to seek evil. Before long he met a tailor, who said, "Greetings to you!" "Greetings!" the blacksmith returned. "Whither are you going?" asked the tailor. "Why, you see, brother, everybody says there is evil in the world; I have no acquaintance with such a thing and am setting out to look for it." "Let us go together," said the tailor. "I live well and have never seen evil; I will accompany you in quest of it." They went on, and after a time stepped into a thick and dark forest; here they followed a narrow path. Proceeding continually along this path, they came on a large cottage. It was night and travelling was difficult. "Let us call at the cottage," said one of them. Entering, they found nobody; the place was squalid. They sat down. Next there appeared a tall and gaunt woman, misshapen and one-eyed. "Ah," said she, "I have guests. Greetings!" "Greetings, grandmother! We have come to pass the night with you." "Good, I shall have something for supper." They became afraid. She went away and returned carrying a great bundle of firewood, with which she heated the stove. Approaching, she took one of the pair, the tailor, cut him up and put him in the stove. Meanwhile the blacksmith sat still and thought, "What can I do? How will it end?" She began her supper. The smith looked at the stove and said, "Grandmother, I am a blacksmith." "What can you make; what can you forge?" she asked. "I can make anything." "Forge me an eye." "Very well," he answered; "but have you any string? It will be necessary to bind you, otherwise you will not submit. I must forge the eye in."

¹Afanasief, No, 170.

She went out and soon came back with two kinds of string, thin and thick, and he bound her with a thin piece. "Now, grandmother, turn round!" She turned and broke the string. "No, this will not do, grandmother," said he. Then he took the thick string and bound her fast. "Turn now, grandmother." She turned and this time did not break the string. He took an awl, heated it and set it on her eye, the healthy one, then seized an axe and with the blunt end struck the awl with his whole force. Turning instantly, she snapped the cord and sat down on the threshold. "Ah, you villain," she exclaimed, "now you shall not escape me!" He saw that once more things were not going well with him, so as he sat he tried to decide what would be his best course of action. Some sheep came in from the fields, and the woman drove them into the cottage, where they and the smith passed the night. In the morning she let the sheep out. As for the smith, he took a skin and, keeping the woolly side outwards, put it on, and placed his arms in the sleeves. As the sheep crawled up to her the woman seized each by the back and threw it out. In the same way the smith crawled up to her, was seized by the back and thrown out. He then stood up and said, "Farewell, Evil! I have suffered at your hands; but you shall not hurt me any more." She answered, "Stop; you shall suffer something more; you have not escaped."

The blacksmith, having entered the forest by the narrow path, saw fixed in a tree a small axe with a golden handle. When he clutched the axe his hand became fast. What was to be done? He could not tear his hand away. He looked back. The Evil came towards him and cried, "Ah, you wretch, you have not got off." The blacksmith drew out a knife, which he had in his pocket, and began to cut off his hand; he severed it completely and escaped. On arriving in his village he showed his arm as proof that he had now seen Evil. As to what Evil was like, "Look," said he, "I am without my hand, but my comrade was devoured!"

XVI

THE ENCHANTED LIME TREE¹

Sitting one evening with his grandfather, Ivàn asked why bears' paws resemble men's hands and feet. His grandfather answered, "Listen, Ivan! I will tell you what I heard from old people when I was young. Once, when bears were like ourselves and other Christians, a certain man called Bobyl lived in a village. He had a wretched house and no horse; had lost all recollection of a cow, and needed firewood. When winter came it was cold in the unwarmed hut, so Bobyl took an axe and went into the forest. There he saw an enchanted lime tree. He struck with his axe in order to hew it down. But the lime tree began to talk like a human being: 'Whatever you wish, I will give you. Though you have neither wealth nor wife, you shall have both.' The peasant replied, 'What a splendid thing it would be, Little Mother, if you would make me richer than all the other peasants; as it is, I have not even a small horse or a cow, and my hut is miserable!' The lime tree said, "Go home; all will be there!" The peasant found himself possessor of a new house and a timber fence; his barns were full of grain, and when he looked at the horses he wished to fly. But his wife was ugly. What was to be done? He would visit little-mother lime tree! So he took his axe and entered the forest.

"On arriving, he struck the tree. 'What do you want?' the tree said. 'Little Mother, Lime-Tree! wives vary; but mine is a good-for-nothing. Do me this service, give me a comely wife!' The lime tree replied, 'Step home!' Bobyl went, and was met by a beautiful wife, like blood and milk; moreover, his storerooms were full of everything worth having! He lived happily in the married state, yet the thought came, 'Though it is nice to be rich, I am always under authority! Could not I myself be an overseer?' He talked with his wife, and went again to the enchanted lime tree and struck it.

"The lime tree enquired: 'What is your wish, little peasant?' 'Little Mother Lime Tree, I will tell you. Though I am well off, I have no authority. Could not I become village-elder?' 'Very well, go home; it shall be as you desire!' Bobyl had scarcely reached his threshold before he received a document saying: 'Bobyl is to be village-elder.' When the novelty of

¹Khudyakov, p. 132.

life as village elder had worn off, the man thought, 'It is satisfactory to be village elder; nevertheless, I am under the domination of the lord. Could not I be lord?' He conferred with his wife and again visited the lime tree.

"On reaching it, he once more used his axe. The tree enquired, 'What do you want?' 'Thank you, Little Mother, for all you have given me; but how would it be, if, instead of taking off my cap to the lord, I were myself lord?' 'Do not trouble yourself, go home, all shall be as you wish!' He had scarcely reached home, when the governor drove up and handed him a paper from the king: 'Bobyl is made a lord.' It was comfortable to be a noble, but Bobyl's official position was not great. Could he not have a high rank? He discussed the position with his wife and going to the lime tree struck again. 'What is your desire, little peasant?' 'I thank you for everything, Little Mother; yet I ask to become a high official.' 'Make your way homewards!' Bobyl had hardly entered his home when a royal paper came; he was granted distinctions and rank. Soon the new dignitary reflected that he was subject to the governor. Could he not, himself, be governor? After conversation at home, he went to the enchanted lime tree.

"He struck the tree, and heard, 'What do you need, little peasant?' 'Little Mother, I am grateful; but could not I be appointed governor with possession of an hereditary estate?' 'It will be difficult, but have no anxiety. Return home!' Almost immediately a document arrived conferring upon him a governorship and an hereditary estate. Bobyl soon grew accustomed to the life of a governor, and almost forgot he had been born a peasant. Yet he chafed and said, 'It is very well to be governor, but I am always under the power of the king.' Pondering thus he rode to the enchanted lime tree.

"He struck with his axe. The tree asked what he required. 'All is well; and I acknowledge your kindness; but could I not be king?' The lime tree spoke seriously: 'Foolish man, you are demanding too much! Think what you were and what you are now! From being Bobyl you have become famous, and possess everything; but the tsar is chosen by God.' The lime tree sought to dissuade him from asking for so much, but Bobyl would not yield; he persisted in his endeavour to become tsar. The lime tree said: 'It cannot and will not be done; you may lose all!' But Bobyl held his ground. The lime tree said, 'Become a bear; your wife must become a

female bear !' He and his wife became bears and went into the forest."

The grandson asked, "Grandfather, is this a true story?"
"Of course it is a fable; do not desire the impossible! Be content with little! Covet much and lose all!"

XVII

JACK FROST¹

A PEASANT once, become a prey to fear,
O'er much to what his wife desired gave ear.
She had two daughters; one beloved, her own;
And one for whom her heart had turned to stone.
Her daughter's acts were always good and right,
Won her approval, gave her vast delight;
But every effort of the stepchild failed,
In naught to earn the woman's love availed.

Gracious and good and eager to forgive,
The stepchild merited in peace to live.
Alas! she passed her days in cruel tears,
Then realised the horridlest of fears.
The mother dared to drive her from the home,
Said to her husband: "Take her far to roam,
Whither you will, but out of thought and sight;
Let her not stay in earshot, day or night!
Haste from the cottage, see that she is lost
In open country and in crackling frost."

The peasant put his daughter in a sleigh,
Took her uncloaked, unwrapt upon her way;
Forcing the outcast to an open spot,
Left her upon a snow-drift, nor forgot
To cross himself. Then scarcely drawing breath,
He quick returned; that would not see her death!

The trembling maiden knelt in silent prayer,
Until Jack Frost, springing from here or there,
Said, "Little girl, behold Jack Ruby-nose!"
"How are you, Jack? God sent you, I suppose,
To fetch my soul." Frost wished to freeze the child,
But liked her words and said, in accents mild,

¹Afanasief, No. 52. var. b.

"Now, tell me, are you warm, my little maid?"

"Yes, I am warm," she answered, not afraid.

Frost crackled loudly, and his fingers snapped,
Skipping and jumping, out this question rapped:

"Warm, are you warm? Oh, pretty maiden, tell!"
She drew a breath and whispered, "Warm and well."

Frost crackled more, "Warm are you, darling, yet?"

"Quite warm, dear Jack." Her words were hard to get.

Then he took pity on her, quickly found
Blankets and furs, with which to wrap her round.
But, even though he goodly things had brought,
The little maid, in deepest sorrow, thought,
"He'll come, I know, to take my sinful soul";
Instead, he with a dowry to her stole!

Oh, she looked pretty, on her coffer high,
Merrily laughed, and showed a roguish eye;
And Jack another present brought, behold!
A wondrous dress adorned with silver work and gold.
In it she dressed and, grown a beauty rare,
Sang, with the sweetest voice, a simple air.

The woman now supposed the child was dead,
Prepared some cakes, had solemn prayers, and said:
"Husband, depart, the burial arrange!"

The old man went; but soon, with actions strange,
The little dog beneath the table ran,
Barked and, at last, this message clear began:
"The old man's daughter comes, is clad in gold,
Ha, ha! her sister lacks a suitor bold."

"Be silent, fool," the woman quickly cried.
"Here's cake to eat! Repeat with proper pride:
'A maiden's here, whom suitors grand will take,
The old man's daughter never more will wake.'"

The dog consumed the cake, awaiting more,
Barked from beneath the table, as before:
"The old man's daughter comes in robes of gold;
Ha, ha! her sister lacks a suitor bold."
And though the jade threw him a mighty piece,
Nor cake nor blows could make his message cease!

The gates loud creaked and, slowly opening wide,
Let in a splendid coffer for a bride.
What followed next? The stepchild's gracious look
Brightened the home she long ago forsook.

When came these riches to the mother's sight,
 By envy moved, she cried with all her might,
 " Oh, peasant harness up ; at swiftest pace
 Speed with my daughter to that wondrous place !"
 Her husband hastened, and much skill revealed,
 Turning his sleigh into the precious field.
 Thither, at once, arrives Frost Ruby-nose,
 Surveys the girl, but nought on her bestows ;
 Jumping and skipping, he to speak disdains,
 And takes her life, for anger in him reigns.

" Now, husband, start and don't upset the sleigh ;
 Bring me my girl, her coffer fetch away !"

But once again the little dog was stirred
 To bark beneath the table, thus was heard :
 " Who shall be wed ? She whom no mother owns ;
 The mother's child comes as a bag of bones."

The woman shouted, " Wicked dog, you lie ;
 Alter your tone ! Say, for this piece of pie,
 " Hither they bring your child, oh, woman old ;
 She wears a robe of silver-lace and gold !"

Through open gates the mother swiftly passed,
 Thinking to greet her daughter dear at last ;
 Dead was the girl whom she had gone to seek !
 She wept aloud, in anguish could not speak,
 For to her envious malice, as she knew,
 Her fearful loss and daughter's death were due.

XVIII

A STORY OF A HORSE'S HEAD¹

ONCE there lived a man and woman
 Who had each a daughter dear ;
 Till the wife thus bid her husband :
 " Go ! remove your child from here !"
 So the father took his daughter
 Whither trees were thick and tall.
 " Sit within this hut," he ordered ;
 " Wait until you hear me call."

¹From Golotusov's *Russian Treasury*, p. 35.

Going off to gather faggots,
He so well a bough arranged
That it hung, and wind which struck it
Often peace to tumult changed.

Patiently the girl awaited
One she thought to be at toil,
But he, swiftly driving from her,
Let a crime his conscience soil.

Day gave place ere long to evening,
And the sun fast settled down,
As the father's face turned homeward
With a deep and gloomy frown.

Anxiously the maiden listened,
Seemed to hear, with lively dread,
Something clatter, someone running,
Thunder from a horse's head.

Such a head, indeed arriving
At the cottage, clearly cries :
" Maiden, maiden, open quickly,
Though I cause you a surprise."

When the girl the door had opened,
She a new petition heard :
" Maiden ! help me past the threshold,
Lend your aid, by pity stirred !"

When the girl the favour granted,
Scarcely lingering, the head
Cried, " Oh, maiden, give me supper !"
And the maid the hungry fed.

" Maiden ! I 'ere long would slumber."
Soon the girl a couch prepared.

" Maiden, tell me fairy stories " ;
And the maid her knowledge shared.

" Climb in, maiden ; enter, passing
From my left ear to the right !"

Strangely thus the maiden journeyed
To present a wondrous sight.
For of beauty past description,
She, within a golden car,
Was conveyed by silver horses
Through her native country, far.
Thus she visited her father
And to all relations, save

The old woman's wicked daughter,
Many splendid presents gave.

In a year the woman mentioned
To her husband: "'Tis my will
That you now should drive my daughter
To the spot you know of still."

So the father took the maiden
To the forest dark and drear,
Led her to the little cottage;
Said, "Now sit! await me here!"

He would let her falsely fancy
That to hew he was inclined;
Though a board the noise was making
'Neath the influence of wind.

Soon the daughter questioned rudely,
"Where has gone old-turkey-cock?"

And she next became aware of,
At the door, a gentle knock.
Close at hand within the forest
Stood a horse's head before
E'en the spot where she was sitting,
Said, "Oh, maiden, ope the door!"

Then the daughter spoke in anger:
"You are not a noble dame.

If you wish to enter, do so,
But a right to help disclaim!"
Still the head, instead of moving,
With persistence dared to say:
"Aid me now across the threshold;
Do not, maiden, answer 'nay.'"

"Oh, my good and mighty lady,
You must on yourself depend!"
So the head advanced and slowly
Trod the chamber to the end.

"Maiden, give me now some supper!"

"Who are you, that food request?"

But the head not only feasted,
It desired a place for rest.

"What is this you ask thus boldly?"

You are not a lady fine!"

So the head, without a murmur,
Must upon the stones recline.

“Maiden! maiden! enter, passing
From my left ear to the right!”
Swiftly did the girl as ordered;
First was lost, then came to sight,
But had grown a gipsy woman,
Toothless and on crutches twain;
Who, departing to a thicket,
Dropped and died in grievous pain.

XIX

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER¹

THE tsar of a certain kingdom, being tired of bachelor life, thought of marriage; but though he looked long and carefully, he could not find a bride to his satisfaction. However, one day while hunting he saw a peasant's daughter tending a herd; her beauty was greater than is mentioned in any fairy tale, or described by any pen, or to be found in the whole world. Going up to her, the tsar said kindly, “Greetings, beautiful maiden.” “Greetings, lord!” “Who is your father?” “My father is a shepherd who lives not far from here.” Having questioned her as to her father's home, and that of their village, the tsar said farewell and departed.

A day or two later the tsar visited the shepherd in his home. “Greetings, good fellow!” he said; “I wish to marry your daughter.” “As you wish, lord!” “And you, beautiful maid, will you marry me?” “I am willing.” “I take you on one condition, that you will not thwart me in the smallest thing; if you thwart me by word or deed, I will strike your head from your shoulders with my sword.” She agreed. The tsar ordered her to get ready for the wedding, and despatched envoys to the neighbouring countries in order that the kings and queens might visit him for feasting and merriment.

When the guests had collected the tsar led out his bride in her simple country dress. “Dear guests,” he asked, “does my bride please you?” The guests answered, “If she pleases you, tsar, she pleases us all the more.” Then the tsar, having ordered his bride to array herself in the imperial robes, proceeded with her to the wedding. It was unnecessary specially

¹Afanasief, No. 193.

to brew beer or to distil vodka, for the tsar had already large stocks of both. The pair were married and gave a general feast, at which everybody ate and drank and joked and amused himself. After the feasting was over the tsar began to live with his young wife in love and harmony, but, a year later, when the tsaritsa had borne him a son, the tsar spoke to her cruelly. "It is necessary," he said, "to kill your son. Neighbouring kings would be amused by the notion that, after my death, the empire should be ruled by a peasant's son." "As you will; I cannot thwart you," answered the poor tsaritsa. The tsar seized the infant and, carrying it away from its mother, gave directions that it should be transported secretly to his sister, who would bring it up.

When a year had elapsed the tsaritsa bore her husband a daughter, and he again spoke to her cruelly. "It is necessary," he said, "to destroy your daughter; if this be not done the surrounding kings will laugh and say, 'She is not a princess, but a peasant's daughter.'" "Do as you will, tsar! you know I cannot oppose you." The tsar took the child from the poor mother and sent it to his sister.

Many years passed and much water flowed in the rivers. The prince and princess had grown up, and, while he was handsome, it would be impossible to find anyone of beauty equal to hers. One day the tsar collected his councillors and having summoned his wife, said to her, "I do not desire to live with you any longer. You are a peasant and I am tsar. Take off your imperial robe, put on your peasant's dress and return to your father!" The tsaritsa removed her rich garments, dressed herself in her old peasant costume, returned to her father and the fields, and began, as before, to drive her herd. Before long the tsar thought of marrying someone else. He gave orders that all should be made ready for a wedding, and summoning his former wife, he said to her, "Arrange things properly in the rooms; to-day I shall bring home my bride." The poor tsaritsa prepared the rooms and stood waiting till the tsar, having led forth his bride, was followed by numerous guests, who sat at table and began to eat, drink and make merry. "Well, is not my bride nice looking?" said the tsar to his former wife. He received this answer, "If she is pleasing to you, she is all the more pleasing to me." "Well," the tsar said to her, "put on your imperial finery and sit by me; you were and shall be my wife. This bride is your daughter, and this youth is

your son!" Henceforth the tsar lived with the tsaritsa in all concord, ceased to subject her to trials and continued to believe whatever she said.

XX

RIGHT AND WRONG¹

Two humble peasants were talking together, one of whom was capable of theft and able to gain his living by skilful deceit; while the other was thoroughly honourable and anxious to live by honest work. A dispute arose, and one maintained that it is wiser to live by crooked methods; but the other retorted, "You will not succeed by trickery; it is better to act uprightly, even if you remain in want."

After a long discussion the pair decided to go to the high road and take the opinion of any persons whom they should meet. They walked along the road some distance, and saw a serf ploughing. "God grant you his favour, friend!" said they. "Please decide something about which we are disputing. Which is better, to go through the world depending on right or on wrong?" "Dear brothers! you will not make headway with right; it is easier to manage with wrong. Right walks in bast shoes, but wrong in top boots! Look how it is with us. Our lords take our days from us continually; we have no time to work for ourselves. If we are forbidden to take firewood, we have to feign illness and to fetch the wood from the forest at night time." "There, you hear," said the rogue to the honest man; "my opinion is correct."

They went further and met a merchant approaching in a covered cart. "Stop a second," they said. "Take no offence; we wish to ask you, gracious sir, to decide our dispute. Which is better, to live in the world by wrongful or by rightful methods?" "Ah, my lads! it is difficult to live if we act altogether rightly; we must do a little wrong. People deceive us, and we do the same to them."

"You hear?" said the crooked one to the straight dealer; "the result is as I predicted."

It occurred to this pair to take the opinion of even a third person. They went along and met a lord. "Stop a minute," they said, "and settle our dispute. Is it better to live in the

¹Afanasief's *Children's Tales*, No. 56.

world by wrong or by right?" "A fine question! The answer is clearly, by wrong! What is right, nowadays? You must go for it to Siberia." "There! you hear," said the rogue, "all agree, it is better to live by wrong." "No," answered the just man; "one ought to lead a God-fearing life. Whatever may happen, I will not do wrong."

After this the two peasants set out to look for work. For a long time they kept together, the rogue appearing able to adapt himself to every condition. People gave him food and drink everywhere and he amassed a store of white rolls. But the honest man sometimes got a little water, or worked for a piece of bread, and was satisfied with it; the rogue never ceased to laugh at him. As the journey proceeded the good man began to starve, and begged of his companion thus: "Give me a morsel of bread." "And what will you give for it?" asked the rogue. "Take what you like!" "Let me pluck out your eye." "Very well, pluck it out!" The rogue tore out his companion's eye and gave him a small piece of bread. They went further and yet further, and the honest man grew hungry. He asked for some bread, and the knave answered him, "Will you let me tear out the other eye?" "Ah, brother, have pity! I shall be blind!" "Well, what of that? You are upright, but I live by wrong." What was to be done? Nobody can endure hunger for long, and at last the honest man said, "Take out my other eye, if you do not fear sin." The knave plucked out the second eye, gave the blind man a small piece of bread and forsook him in the middle of the road. "That is the way to lead you!" he cried.

The blind man ate the bread and struggled onwards. "Perhaps," he thought, "I shall reach a village." But he lost his way and did not know how to regain it. He prayed to God thus: "Lord! do not leave me, a sinner!" and he continued to pray until he heard the voice of an invisible person saying: "Go to the right; you will reach a forest, and a mineral spring; wash in it and God will restore your sight; you will see a great oak, climb up in it and stay there for the night." The blind man turned to the right, and groped his way to the forest. Having struck a little path which led him to a spring of mineral water, he wetted his eyeballs. His sight was immediately restored. Glancing round, he saw an immense oak, under which the grass was trampled and the ground trodden. He climbed to the top and awaited night. When darkness had

fallen, unclean spirits flew down from all sides, and began to boast concerning where they had been, and of the evil they had done. One demon said, "I have visited a beautiful princess, who has been tormented by me for ten years. I am chased out of her palace in every way, but not overcome. The only person who will expel me is he that can obtain an image of the Holy Mother from a certain rich merchant."

In the morning, when all the devils had flown away, the honest man climbed down from the oak tree, and went to seek the rich merchant. He found this man and became his workman, saying, "I will work for you a whole year and will ask nothing for my labour beyond that you shall give me the ikon which you possess of the Divine Mother." The merchant agreed, and the honest peasant worked for him assiduously, resting neither day nor night. When the year ended he requested payment. "Well, little brother," said the merchant, "I am satisfied with your work, but I grudge to give you the image; you had better take money." "No! I do not want money; pay me according to our agreement." "By no means! Work for me during another year, and I will give you the image." There was nothing to be done; the peasant remained with the merchant and worked for him during another year. At the period for settlement the merchant still objected to hand over the ikon. "I had better," he said, "reward you with money; and if you wish to receive the image without fail you must stay as one of my workmen yet another year."

It is difficult to dispute with a rich and strong man. Against his will, the peasant agreed. He stayed with the merchant another year and worked harder than ever. At the end of that time the merchant took down the image from the wall and, handing it to the peasant, said, "Here, my good fellow, take this for your labour, and may God protect you!"

The peasant took the image of the Divine Mother, bid farewell to the merchant and set out to the land where the unclean spirit was tormenting the beautiful princess. He travelled and arrived at the capital. Said he, "I can cure your princess!" Immediately people took him by the hand and led him to the palace of the tsar, who showed him the sufferer. The honest man demanded a full bowl of water and, having dipped the image of the Divine Mother in it three times, passed the water to the princess and told her to wash in it. As soon as the princess began to wash the unclean force flew out of her in the

form of a cloud, the illness disappeared and the beautiful maid became healthy, merry and sound. The tsar and tsaritsa rejoiced and did not know how to reward the physician sufficiently; they bestowed on him rank and an estate and a large sum of money. But the peasant said, "I want nothing." Thereupon the princess cried, "I will marry him!" "Very well!" replied the tsar, and he at once commanded that the marriage should take place, and invited everybody to a famous banquet. From that day the upright peasant began to dwell in imperial quarters, to wear imperial garments and to eat and drink at the imperial table.

After some time the son-in-law asked the tsar and tsaritsa to let him pay a visit to his own country, that he might visit his old mother. The princess said she would go with her husband, and they went together, horses, carriages and harness being all imperial. They travelled and travelled, and chanced to meet the same unjust man as had once maintained that it was necessary to live crookedly. The tsar's son-in-law saw him and said: "Greetings brother! Do you not recognise me? Surely you remember how you maintained that it is better to live by wrong than by right, and that you plucked out my eyes?" The unjust man trembled and did not know what to do. "Do not be afraid! I am not angry with you," said the honest man, and forthwith related how he recovered his sight, and worked at the rich merchant's, and married the beautiful princess. Having listened, the unjust man determined to go into the forest and to find the mineral spring. "Perhaps," he thought, "I shall hear something advantageous." He went into the forest, discovered the mineral spring and, mounting the high oak, awaited night. Exactly at midnight the unclean spirits flew down and assembled beneath the oak; they saw the unjust man, dragged him down and tore him to pieces.

XXI

THE TREASURE (No. 2).¹

A COUNTRYMAN that houses twain possessed,
Left wife and kin safe in his summer nest,
And, going far, snugly himself installed
In winter quarters which "the hut" were called.

Here, in the moonlight, vainly courting sleep,
He from the walls his glances could not keep.
Ere long, a man issuing from below,
Awkwardly came, staggered with footstep slow,
As if to bring some heavy burden near.

Crossing himself, the peasant in his fear,
Cried, "Touch me not!" and showed a mien devout,
The silent phantom slowly passed without,
But soon returning, trod the floor again.
Once more peasant did not pray in vain;
Cocks crowed! The spectre in the cellar sank!

Leaving the hut, the man in manner frank
Spoke of the ghostly apparition strange;
Whereon his friends, to bring about a change,
Debating long, agreed with him, 'twere well,
Unto "a man of knowledge" all to tell;
And soon themselves of wizardry availed.

Thus spoke the sorcerer: "You sadly failed!"
"In what?" "Oh, surely, there was much to win."
"How say you?" "Wealth!" "To get without a sin?"
"Past doubt!" "But how?" "In such a way as this;
When the thing comes, employ an artifice;
Let it, approaching you, two paces take!
Over its head you must three passes make,
And cry, each time, 'Amen! Amen! disperse!'"

This spell, when used the phantom to coerce,
Turned it to copper kopeck-pieces old,
That brought a thousand roubles clear when sold.

¹Chudinsky, No. 29.

EPIC TALES

XXII

PRINCE JOHN, THE FIERY BIRD
AND THE GREY WOLF¹

IN a certain kingdom the tsar was named Vyslav Andronovich; he had three sons, the Princes Dmitry, Vasily and John. The tsar had a garden so rich that there was none like it in any empire, for in this garden, among various valuable trees, with or without fruit, stood his favorite tree; on it grew golden apples. But a Fiery Bird whose wings were of gold, and whose eyes shone like eastern crystals, flew into the garden every night and, settling on Tsar Vyslav's favorite tree, plucked the golden apples and flew away. As the tsar grieved deeply concerning these losses, he called his sons together and said to them, "My dear sons, cannot one of you catch the Fiery Bird in my garden? To whichever of you succeeds in catching it alive I will give half my kingdom during my life and I will order that he shall receive the remainder after my death." Then his sons, the princes, shouted with one voice: "Merciful emperor and father, great tsar, we will joyfully endeavour to catch alive the Fiery Bird."

Prince Dmitry kept watch on the first night in the garden. Having seated himself under the tree whose apples were plucked by the Fiery Bird, he went to sleep and did not hear when the Fiery Bird flew up and plucked a large number of apples. In the morning the tsar summoned him and said, "Dear son, did you see the Fiery Bird?" Prince Dmitry answered: "Merciful emperor and father, last night the Fiery Bird did not come." On the following night Prince Vasily was on guard in the garden. He sat down under the same apple tree, and remained awake for an hour or two, but then fell fast asleep and did not hear when the Fiery Bird flew up and plucked the apples. In the morning Tsar Vyslav summoned him and said, "Dear son, did you see the Fiery Bird?" "Merciful emperor-father, last night the Fiery Bird did not come."

On the third night Prince John kept watch in the garden and took his place under the same apple-tree. He had been on the look-out for three hours, when suddenly the whole garden was

¹Afanasief, No. 102.

illumined as if by many fires. The Fiery Bird had flown hither and, sitting on the apple tree, was plucking the apples. Prince John stole up very skilfully and seized it by the tail. However, he could not hold the Fiery Bird, and retained in his hand but one small feather. In the morning, as soon as Tsar Vyslav woke, Prince John went to him and gave him this feather. The tsar rejoiced greatly that his youngest son had been, even in the slightest degree, successful. The feather was so wonderfully bright that when carried into a dark room it shone like a beautiful Sun. Tsar Vyslav placed it in his cabinet ; a thing so beautiful must be preserved for ever. From that time the Fiery Bird flew no more into the garden.

The tsar again summoned the princes, and said to them, " Dear sons, I give you my blessing ; go and seek out the Fiery Bird and bring it to me alive ; and to him who shall bring it me I will keep my former promise." Now, Prince Dmitry and his brother Vasily bore malice against Prince John, because of his success in tearing away a feather from the Fiery Bird's tail. They took their father's blessing, and together set forth to seek the Fiery Bird. Prince John also begged for the blessing, but the tsar said to him : " My beloved son, my dear child ! you are still young and unfit for such a far and toilsome journey. Why separate from me ? Your brothers already have set out. It will be hard for me if you go and you all three remain long absent. I am already old and near death ; if God should take my life during your absence, who would there be to take my place in the direction of the kingdom's affairs ? An insurrection might occur or dissensions break out among our people and nobody might be able to restore order ; if an enemy were to approach our dominions there would be nobody to direct our forces." But however Tsar Vyslav might try to restrain Prince John, the latter could not be dissuaded from his fixed intention. The young man received his father's blessing, chose a horse and began his journey, without knowing whither he was going.

Proceeding on his way, uphill and downhill (the story is quickly told, but the deed was not quickly done) Prince John came, at last, to open country and to a green meadow. Here stood a stone pillar on which were written these words : " Whoever goes straight on past this pillar will become hungry and cold ; whoever goes to the right will keep strong and well, but his horse will die and whoever goes to the left will be killed ;

but his horse will remain strong and well." Prince John read this notice and went to the right, saying to himself, "Even if my horse be killed, I shall remain alive." He travelled all of one day, of a second day and of a third day, when suddenly an enormous grey wolf advanced to meet him and said, "Hail, young fellow! Prince John! Did you read the notice on the pillar, that your horse will meet his death? Why have you come this way?" The wolf uttered these words, tore the horse in two portions and departed.

Prince John lamented bitterly the loss of his horse, but continued his way on foot. He went on for a whole day, and, having become unspeakably tired; had just determined to sit down and rest, when suddenly the grey wolf overtook him and said, "I am sorry, Prince John, that you are exhausted. Mount on me, on the grey wolf, and tell me whither you wish me to take you, and why." The Prince told the grey wolf the object of his journey, and the wolf bore him off more swiftly than any horse could have carried him and arrived, just at nightfall, at a stone wall of moderate height. Here the wolf stopped and said, "Now, Prince John, dismount from me; get down from the grey wolf and climb across this stone wall; beyond it lies a garden, in which the Fiery Bird sits in a golden cage. Take the Fiery Bird, but do not touch the golden cage, otherwise you will immediately be captured." Prince John climbed across the stone wall into the garden, saw the Fiery Bird, and was charmed with its appearance. He took the bird out of the cage and went back, but, changing his mind, said to himself, "Why did I take the Fiery Bird out of the cage? Where shall I put it?" He turned, and had only just taken down the golden cage, when suddenly a shock accompanied by a noise like thunder occurred in the garden, for strings communicated with the golden cage. Guards immediately woke and, having run into the garden, caught Prince John with the Fiery Bird, and conducted him to the tsar, who was called Dolmàt. The tsar was much incensed against the prince and cried to him, in a loud and angry voice, "Youth! are you not ashamed to be a thief? But who are you? From what land do you come? Who is your father, and what is your name?" Prince John replied, "I am Prince John, the son of Vyslav Adronovich, and have come from his kingdom. Your Fiery Bird has been flying every night to our garden and has plucked golden apples from my father's favourite apple-tree; it has almost destroyed the tree. That is why my

father sent me to seek out the Fiery Bird and carry it to him." "Oh, you are the youth, Prince John!" said Tsar Dolmàt. "Is it becoming to behave as you have behaved? You should have come to me, and I would have presented the bird to you: but how will it look when I send messengers into every part of the world to announce that you entered my empire with a dishonest purpose? However, listen, Prince John! If you will render me this service, if you will travel beyond the thrice ninth land, into the thrice tenth empire, and get for me from Tsar Aphron a horse with a golden mane, then I will pardon your fault and will give you the Fiery Bird. In such a way you will acquire it in an honourable manner. But if you will not perform this service, I will let it be known throughout the kingdom that you are dishonest and a thief." In great grief Prince John promised to procure the horse with the golden mane and left Tsar Dolmàt. He went to the grey wolf and related everything which Tsar Dolmàt had said. "Hail to you, Prince John!" said the grey wolf. "Why did you take down the golden cage and not obey my instructions?" "I acknowledge my fault," said the Prince. "Good; so be it!" said the grey wolf. "Mount upon me, climb up on the grey wolf; he will take you whither you wish to go."

Prince John took his seat on the back of the grey wolf, who went as swiftly as an arrow and eventually ran at night into Tsar Aphron's empire. Having come to the imperial stables, which were built of white stone, the grey wolf said, "Enter Prince John, these stables (the grooms have fallen asleep) and take the horse with the golden mane. But do not touch the golden bridle which hangs on the wall, otherwise evil will befall you." Prince John entered the white stone stables, and took the horse, and was just going back when he saw the golden bridle on the wall. He was so fascinated by the bridle that he took it from its nail. Instantly a noise like thunder was heard in the stables; communicating cords had been fastened to the saddle. The grooms on watch woke instantly, and, running up, caught Prince John and led him to Tsar Aphron. The tsar said, "Hail, young fellow! Tell me, from what empire you come, whose son you are, and your name." Prince John mentioned his name and announced that he was the son of Vyslav Andronovich. "Oh, you are the youth, Prince John! And is this the work of an honest knight? You should have come to me, and I would have given you the horse with the golden mane; so you

would have acquired him in an honourable manner. Will it be well for you when I send messengers into all the empires to proclaim that you have behaved dishonestly? However, listen, Prince John! If you will do me this service, if you will travel beyond the thrice ninth land, into the thrice tenth empire, and there obtain for me the king's daughter, Helen the beautiful, with whom I long ago fell head over ears in love, but whom I cannot secure, then I will pardon your fault and give you the horse with the golden mane and golden bridle. But if you will not so serve me, then I will let it be known, in all the empires, that you are dishonest and a thief." Prince John promised Tsar Aphron to obtain the princess Helen the beautiful, and then went out of the palace and wept bitterly.

He set off to the grey wolf and related everything that had happened. "Oh, hail, youth! Prince John! Why did you take the golden bridle and not follow my directions?" "I acknowledge my fault," said the Prince. "Good; be it so," said the grey wolf. "Mount on me, on the grey wolf; I will carry you whither you have to go." Prince John mounted on the back of the grey wolf, who ran as quickly as an arrow flies. At last he reached the empire where the king's daughter, Helen the beautiful, was living. When they came to a golden railing which surrounded a wonderful garden the wolf said, "Now, Prince John, dismount! leave me, the grey wolf and, returning by the same way, await me in open country, under a green oak tree." Prince John obeyed these directions. The grey wolf sat down near the golden railing, waiting till the king's daughter, Helen the beautiful, should take a walk in the garden. Toward evening, when the sun began to sink in the west and the air was warm, she walked in the garden with her female attendants and ladies-in-waiting. When she approached the place where the grey wolf was sitting behind the fence he jumped into the garden and seized her. Then he jumped back and, as swiftly as possible, carried her off.

Having run into open country, where Prince John was awaiting him under the green oak tree, the wolf said, "Prince, mount on my back quickly; take your seat on the grey wolf." Prince John mounted, and the grey wolf carried him and the king's daughter into the dominions of Tsar Aphron. The female attendants and ladies-in-waiting ran immediately to the palace, and caused a pursuit to be made, but, in spite of their utmost endeavours, the pursuers failed to overtake the wolf, and were forced to return.

Prince John, sitting with the beautiful Helen on the grey wolf, fell in love with her, and she began to love him and when the grey wolf reached Tsar Aphron's dominions the prince lamented and wept. "Why do you weep?" asked the grey wolf, and Prince John answered, "Friend, grey wolf, how should a young fellow such as I not weep and grieve? I have fallen in love with beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, and now I must render her up to Tsar Aphron in exchange for the golden-maned horse, and if I do not render her up then the tsar will have my name dishonoured everywhere." "I have served you a great deal, Prince John," said the grey wolf, "and I will do you this further service. Listen, Prince John; I will become beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, and you shall lead me to Tsar Aphron and receive the horse with the golden mane. He will take me for the real daughter of a king. While you mount the horse with the golden mane and ride off to a distance I will seek permission from Tsar Aphron to walk in open country, and when he lets me go with my female attendants and ladies-in-waiting I shall come to the fields; give but a thought to me, and I shall again be with you!"

As the grey wolf uttered these words he struck the ground and became beautiful Helen, the king's daughter; nobody could know it was not she. After he had told the real beautiful Helen to await him outside the town Prince John took the grey wolf to Tsar Aphron's palace. When the prince arrived at the palace with the false Helen the tsar immediately rejoiced with all his heart that he had received the treasure which he so long desired. He immediately delivered the horse with the golden mane to Prince John, who mounted and rode outside the town, where he first took up beautiful Helen, and then directed his course to Tsar Dolmat's empire.

The grey wolf lived with Tsar Aphron one day, a second day and a third day, as lovely Helen, the king's daughter; but on the fourth day he went to Tsar Aphron and asked permission to walk in the open country in order to overcome his cruel sorrow. Tsar Aphron spoke to him thus: "Ah, my most beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, I will do everything for you." Immediately he ordered female attendants and ladies-in-waiting to accompany the lovely daughter of the king on a walk in the open country.

Prince John continued his journey with Helen the beautiful, and, conversing with her, had almost forgotten about the grey

wolf. However, suddenly remembering, he exclaimed, "Oh, where can my grey wolf be?" Immediately the wolf stood before him, and said, "Prince John, mount upon me, on the grey wolf, and let the lovely Helen, the king's daughter, ride the horse with the golden mane." Prince John mounted the grey wolf, and they rode to Tsar Dolmàt's dominions. After going a considerable distance, they entered those dominions and stopped two miles from the town. Prince John began to beseech the grey wolf thus: "Listen, amiable friend and grey wolf! you have already served me long and faithfully, now do me a final service. Cannot you turn into a horse with a golden mane in place of this one, because I do not wish to separate from this horse with the golden mane?" Suddenly the grey wolf struck the ground and became a horse with a golden mane. Prince John left beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, in a green meadow, mounted the grey wolf and rode to the palace of Tsar Dolmàt. As soon as the tsar saw the Prince approach on a horse with a golden mane he issued from his palace, met the Prince in the large courtyard, embraced him, took him by the right hand and led him into the white stone palace. So rejoiced was Tsar Dolmàt, that he ordered a banquet, which was served on oak tables with figured tablecloths; the guests ate, drank and amused themselves and made merry for exactly two days; then, on the third day, Tsar Dolmàt handed the Fiery Bird to the Prince. Prince John took the cage and the Fiery Bird, mounted on the horse with the golden mane and, together with beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, rode to his own country.

Tsar Dolmàt determined on the next day to break in his horse with the golden mane in open country, but his actions irritated the horse, which threw him and ran off and overtook Prince John. "Prince John," said he, "mount upon me, on the grey wolf, and let beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, ride the horse with the golden mane." Prince John mounted the grey wolf and they continued on their way. As soon as the grey wolf had borne Prince John to the spot where the horse had been torn in two pieces, he stopped and said, "Now, Prince! I have served you well and faithfully. Here is the place where I tore your horse in two portions. I have brought you back to the very spot. Dismount from me, get down from the grey wolf; you have now the horse with the golden mane and I am no longer your servant." The grey wolf spoke these words and

ran, and Prince John, bitterly bewailing the loss, continued his journey with the beautiful maiden.

The prince travelled a considerable distance with the king's daughter on the horse with the golden mane till, having come within fifteen miles of his own country, he stopped and dismounted. He lay down to rest beneath an oak tree with the beautiful maiden; tethered the horse with the golden mane to the same tree and set down the cage and the Fiery Bird. Lying on the soft grass, and carrying on a pleasant conversation, they fell fast asleep. Just then Prince John's brothers, the Princes Dmitry and Vasily, having travelled through various countries without finding the Fiery Bird, were returning home with empty hands; they now came unexpectedly upon their sleeping brother, Prince John and Helen, the beautiful daughter of the king. When, too, they saw on the grass the horse with the golden mane, and the Fiery Bird in its golden cage, they became envious and determined to kill Prince John. Prince Dmitry drew his sword and stabbed his brother to death; afterwards he woke beautiful Helen and questioned her thus: "Beautiful maiden! to what country do you belong, who is your father, and what is your name?" When beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, saw Prince John lying dead, she was terribly frightened and burst into the bitterest tears and said, "I am beautiful Helen, a king's daughter, and I was secured by Prince John whom you have put to a wicked death. It would have been more heroic of you to have gone with him into open country and to have overcome him awake; but you have killed him in his sleep! What praise will you receive for that? A sleeping man is, as it were, dead." Then Prince Dmitry pressed the point of his sword against the heart of beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, and said to her, "Listen, beautiful Helen, you are now in our hands and we will carry you to our father, Tsar Vyslav the son of Andron. You must tell him that it was we who obtained you, and the Fiery Bird, and the horse with the golden mane. If you do not promise to say this I will immediately put you to death." Helen the king's daughter, being afraid of death, gave the promise and swore by everything sacred that she would say as she was commanded. Then Prince Dmitry and Prince Vasily began to settle by lots who should get beautiful Helen, and who should get the horse with the golden mane. And the lots so fell that Prince Vasily obtained the king's daughter and Prince Dmitry the horse with

the golden mane. Then Prince Vasily took beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, and put her on his good horse, and Prince Dmitry mounted the horse with the golden mane, and took the Fiery Bird in order to hand it to his father, the Tsar Vasily.

Prince John lay dead exactly thirty days, at the end of which time the grey wolf came on him and recognised him by the scent. The grey wolf wished to revive the Prince, but did not know how to do this. At the same time the grey wolf caught sight of a certain raven and its two young, who, flying over the body, wished to drop down and satisfy their hunger by eating Prince John's flesh. The grey wolf hid behind a bush, and as soon as the young ravens came down to earth and began to eat Prince John's body he jumped from behind the bush, seized one of them and was on the point of tearing it in pieces. Then the raven descended and took up a position at some distance from the grey wolf, and said to him "Hail, grey wolf! do not touch my child; really he has done you no harm." "Listen, Raven Ravenson!" said the grey wolf, "I will not touch your child, if you will render me a service; that is, if you will fly beyond the thrice ninth land, into the thrice tenth empire, and will bring me the Waters of Life and Death." On hearing these words, Raven Ravenson said to the grey wolf, "I will perform this service for you; only do not touch my son." Having uttered these words, the raven flew away. On the third day, the raven returned and brought with him two phials; in one of which was the Water of Life and in the other the Water of Death, and he gave them to the grey wolf. The grey wolf took the phials, tore a young raven in two portions and sprinkled them with the Water of Death; the parts grew together again! He sprinkled it with the Water of Life and the young raven fluttered its wings and began to fly! Then the grey wolf sprinkled Prince John with the Water of Death; and the murdered man's body grew together; he sprinkled it with the Water of Life, and the Prince rose and said, "Oh, how long I have been sleeping?" On which the grey wolf said to him, "Yes, Prince John, and you would be sleeping for ever, if it were not for me. Your brothers have robbed you and taken away beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, and the horse with the golden mane and the Fiery Bird. Now hasten back with all possible speed into your own country. To-day your brother, Prince Vasily, is marrying your bride, beautiful Helen, the king's daughter. To travel more quickly, mount upon me, the grey wolf; I will carry you to

your destination." Prince John mounted on the grey wolf, who ran with him to the empire of Tsar Vyslav, the son of Andron, and eventually reached the town.

Prince John dismounted, went into the town and found, on arriving at the palace, that his brother Prince Vasily had returned with the king's daughter from the wedding and was sitting at table. When beautiful Helen saw Prince John she immediately jumped up from table, began to kiss him on his sweet lips and cried, "Here is my dear Prince John; he, and not the rascal who sits at the table, is my bridegroom." Then Tsar Vyslav, the son of Andron, rose from his place and asked beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, what she could possibly mean, of whom was she speaking. She related to him the truth, in every particular, and how everything had occurred: how Prince John had obtained her and the horse with the golden mane and the Fiery Bird; how the elder brothers had killed Prince John in his sleep and how they had tried to make her say that they had performed wonderful deeds. Tsar Vyslav was indignant with the Princes Dmitry and Vasily and put them in prison; but Prince John married beautiful Helen, the king's daughter, and lived with her so happily that neither could bear to be without the other for a single moment.

XXIII

THE WATERS OF LIFE AND DEATH¹

Long ago, a tsar was ruler
Of a vast and ancient empire.
He had children three in number:
Dmitry first and John the second,
Last of all came Prince Vassily.

Summoned to their father's presence,
Once the youths were thus entreated:
"Sons, you know my sight is failing,
Blindness threatens to torment me;
Two of you go forth and visit
Sónka-Bogatvòrka, quickly!
Bring me as a cure the waters
Both of Life and Death; 'tis urgent."

¹Afanasief, No. 104, var. g.

Then the elder pair departed,
 To procure the wondrous Waters,
 While the youngest son, Vassily,
 Stayed at home to aid his father.

Long the tsar impatient waited,
 Till at last he uttered sadly :

“ I am old and growing sightless,
 Never was relief so tardy !”

Prince Vassily answered bravely,
 “ Honoured father, with your sanction,
 I will go and seek my brothers.”

“ Son, remain ! you’re young and helpful,
 I should like you here beside me.”

“ Father, though you do not wish it,
 I must hazard the adventure !”

Then the youth received a blessing
 And departed on his mission.

Prince Vassily, having journeyed,
 Reached a smithy, where were working
 Seven blacksmiths skilled and brawny.

“ Greetings, lads !” His voice was kindly,
 And, in cheery tones, they answered,

“ You are welcome ! Prince Vassily !”

“ Make me now a club, good fellows,
 Which shall weigh in pounds six hundred !”

With the help of blowing bellows,
 Flying sparks and clanging hammers,
 Soon the men produced a weapon
 Of the kind and pattern ordered.

Next, behind the busy smithy,
 Prince Vassily threw the missile
 Skyward, and his little finger
 Met the mace and broke it falling.

“ Friends,” he said, “ I’m forced to tell you
 What you’ve made for me is useless ;
 Set to work with pounds eight hundred,
 Such a weight may prove sufficient.”

After twice three hours had witnessed
 Efforts never yet demanded
 On the part of busy workmen,
 Prince Vassily bore the weapon
 Past the forge and surely tested

That which through the air was falling ;
On his knee the club was broken.

“ Try again together, brothers !
Let the club weigh full twelve hundred.”

After twice four hours the product
Of the further toil was ready,
By Vassily well was tested,
On whose brow the falling weapon
Bent itself but stayed unbroken.

“ It will do ; accept some money !”
Said the prince, in grateful accents.

As he journeyed, always onwards,
Up or down, for ever aiming
At a spot, or near, or distant,
He approached a little footbridge,
And beheld a splendid courser.
Then the prince the waters salted
That beneath the bridge were flowing.
He perceived the horse, though thirsty,
Swallowed less than half the river.

“ Such a steed will never suit me,”
Said the prince, who further wandered
Hither, thither, upwards, downwards,
Till he reached a second footbridge.

As, ere long, he chanced to notice
That a handsome horse was running
In a meadow, near some water,
Prince Vassily salted freely
Once again the flowing river.
But the horse left half unswallowed,
No way satisfied Vassily,
Who departed and kept moving,
Up and down or hither, thither,
Stepped upon another footbridge.

Prancing in a grassy meadow,
Stood a steed of special beauty,
Glorious beyond description
Found in any book or story.
When, again, the prince had salted
'Neath the bridge the flowing water,
Soon the horse turned all to dryness.

Running quickly to the courser,

Prince Vassily in a second,
 Having mounted, quickly hastened
 Over moss and over marshes,
 And, if e'er the steed was restive,
 Then the prince his weapon wielded,
 Showed no mercy, laughed at pity.

When subdued, the horse demanded
 Why his rider him belaboured,
 What could be his master's wishes ?

" Do this service ; bear me swiftly
 Unto Sónka-Bogatvórka ;
 I would get from him the Waters
 That as " Life " and " Death " are famous.

Quick the wondrous courser answered :
 " Pluck up courage now, Vassily !
 It is needful for your purpose
 That I roll about in meadows,
 On three eves and morns successive.

So the rider let his courser
 Show his mettle in the daytime,
 But enjoy a perfect freedom
 On the eves and morns requested.

Ere the journey long was over,
 Once the steed arrived and shouted,
 " Wake up, Prince, you're late this morning ;
 It is time to travel forward."
 Prince Vassily rose and, mounting,
 Uphill rode two hundred paces.

" Do not catch a hoof by hazard,
 In a cord communicating,"
 Said the rider to the courser,
 Who took well the walls and fences,
 Did not touch a cord of warning.

Jumping off his horse, Vassily
 Stole within the house and chamber
 Where lay Sónka-Bogatvórka
 Overcome by heavy slumber.
 Then the Prince, from 'neath the pillows,
 Snatched the keys and found the Waters
 That as " Life and " Death " are famous.

In his pocket he put phials
 Two in number of Death-Waters,

And, beneath his arm, next fastened
Likewise two Life-Water phials.
To the yard he issued quickly,
Mounted and, at once, said, " Higher !
As you pass each cord, be careful !
Only strike against the last one."
And the last, when struck as ordered
Twanged, whereon the church bells tinkled.
Sònka-Bogatvòrka waking,
Cried, " What churl has crawled up hither ?"
But Vassily reached the sea-side,
Saw his brothers building vessels.
" Brothers ! What is here your purpose ?"
" We are now constructing sea craft
Which will carry us in quest of
Famous waters, ' Life ' and ' Death ' called."
" Since I carry back those Waters,
You had better journey homewards."
So Vassily said and settled
Down to rest and peaceful moments.
Soon the brothers from his pockets
Took the phials and then dropped him
In a ditch. But after slumber
He awoke and asked, " Where am I ?"
He perceived his club, and leaning
Hard upon it, was enabled
To escape by springing upwards.
Now departing, home he reaches,
But to find his brothers sprinkling
On his father the Death-Water ;
Yet, however much they lavish,
Their results are always worthless.
In his turn the younger brother
Used with skill his Living-Water
And in time, the tsar, grown stronger,
Was enabled to see clearly.
He bequeathed his mighty kingdom,
Ere his death, to Prince Vassily.

XXIV

KOSCHEI, THE DEATHLESS SKELETON-MAN¹

LONG ago there lived a tsar who had one son. When the prince was little his nurses sang this lullaby to him: "Bàyoo-bàyoo, Prince John, you will grow great and find a bride for yourself beyond the thrice-ninth land, in the thrice-tenth kingdom, where the blue-blooded Vasilissa Kirbityevna dwells in a tower." When the prince was fifteen years of age he asked his father's permission to go and seek his bride. "And whither would you go? You are still young!" "Dear father, when I was small my nurses used in a lullaby to tell me where my bride would be living, and now it is my wish to find her." The father blessed the youth and let it be known far and wide that the young prince was coming for his bride. The prince arrived in a certain town, gave his horse to a groom, and took a walk in the streets. He soon came to a square, where a man was being flogged. "Why," he asked "are you flogging this man?" "Because," was the answer, "he owes a rich merchant ten thousand, and has not paid at the proper date. The wife of anyone who provides the ransom will be carried off by the Deathless Skeleton-Man." The prince pondered and departed. He walked about the town, and coming again to the square, found that the man was still being beaten. Prince John in pity decided to pay the money. "As I am not married," he reflected, "no wife, can be taken away from me." He paid the ten thousand and departed homewards.

Suddenly the man who had been liberated ran after him and exclaimed, "Thank you, Prince John! If you had not ransomed me you would never have obtained your bride; but now I will help you; buy me quickly a horse and a saddle!" The prince purchased a horse and a saddle, and said to the man, "What is your name?" "I am called Bulàt-the-brave." The pair mounted and set forth on the road. When they arrived at the thrice-tenth kingdom Bulàt-the-brave said, "Now, Prince John, if you will give an order for plenty of roast fowls, roast duck and roast goose, I will go and get your bride. Remember that every time I approach you must cut the right wing from one of the birds and give it to me on a plate." Bulat-the brave went straight to the high tower in which Vasilissa Kirbityevna was living. With the aid of a stone he broke slightly the gilded

¹Afanasief, No. 93, var. c.

top of the tower, and then ran to Prince John and said to him. "Look sharp; hand me some chicken." The prince cut off a right wing and handed it on a plate. Bulàt-the-brave seized the plate, ran to the tower and cried, "Greetings, Vasilissa Kirbityevna! Prince John has commanded me to salute you and offer you some chicken." The frightened girl sat still and said nothing; but Bulàt himself answered for her, "Greeting, Bulàt-the-brave! Is Prince John well?" "Thank God, he is well." "And why are you standing, Bulàt-the-brave? Take the small key and open the cupboard, then pour out for yourself a wineglass of spirits; and God be with you!" Bulàt-the-brave hastened to Prince John and said, "Serve some duck." The prince cut off a right wing and put it on a plate. Bulàt took the plate and carried it to the tower; "Greetings, Vasilissa Kirbityevna! Prince John has ordered me to salute you, and send you some duck." Vasilissa sat still and was silent, and Bulàt answered for her: "Greetings Bulàt-the-brave! Is the Prince well?" "Glory to God, he is well!" "But why are you standing, Bulàt-the-brave? Take this small key and open the cupboard, and drink a glassful, and may God be with you!" Bulàt-the-brave hurried home and again spoke thus to Prince John: "Be quick, give me some goose!" The prince cut off a right wing and placed it on a plate, which he handed to Bulàt-the-brave, who carried it to the tower, and said, "Greetings, Vasilissa Kirbityevna! Prince John has ordered me to salute you and bring you some goose." Vasilissa Kirbityevna immediately took a key, opened a cupboard and offered her visitor a glass of vodka. But Bulàt-the-brave did not take the glass; instead he seized the girl by the right hand and dragged her out of the tower. He set her on the horse, and galloped off with this good and beautiful maiden at the utmost speed to Prince John.

When Tsar Kirbit woke and rose in the morning he saw, not only that the top of the tower was broken, but that his daughter had been carried away. His anger was great, and he ordered a pursuit over all paths and roads. When our hero and heroine had gone some distance Bulàt-the-brave took off his signet ring and concealed it. He then said, "Prince John, I am going back to look for my ring." Vasilissa Kirbityevna immediately entreated him thus: "Do not forsake us, Bulàt-the-brave! If you like, I will give you my own signet ring." He answered, "I really must go, Vasilissa Kirbityevna! My ring is not

valuable, but it belonged to my dear mother, and when she gave it me she said, "Take it and neither lose it nor forget your mother!"

Bulàt-the-brave galloped back, and, meeting the pursuers on the road, immediately killed all of them in succession, except one man who should carry the news to the tsar; then he himself hastened to overtake Prince John. When the party had ridden some distance Bulàt-the-brave hid his handkerchief, and said, "Ah, Prince John! I have lost my handkerchief; continue your journey; I will quickly overtake you." He turned back, and, after going several miles, met a couple of pursuers whom he slew; then he returned to Prince John, in reply to whose enquiry he said that he had recovered his handkerchief. When the darkness of night came on they pitched a tent, but before Bulàt-the-brave lay down to sleep he set Prince John on guard, and said to him, "If anything occurs, wake me!" Having stood a long time, the Prince became tired; drowsiness overpowered him, so that he sank down by the tent and slumbered. Then, appearing mysteriously, the Deathless Skeleton-Man carried off Vasilissa Kirbityevna.

When at dawn Prince John woke and found his bride gone he wept bitterly. Bulàt-the-brave also woke, and asked the prince why he wept. "How can I do anything else when someone has carried off Vasilissa Kirbityevna!" "But I told you to stand on guard! This is the work of the Deathless Skeleton-Man. Let us depart and make a search." They travelled far, and, looking, saw two shepherds feeding their flock. "Whose flock is this?" they enquired. The shepherds answered, "It belongs to the Deathless Skeleton-Man." Bulàt-the-brave and Prince John, on questioning the men, learnt at what distance lay the Skeleton-Man's home, how to get there, at what hour the shepherds usually returned home with the flock, and where they penned it. Then Bulàt-the-brave and Prince John dismounted and twisted the shepherds' necks, put on their clothes and drove the flock homewards. They went up to the gates and stood there.

Vasilissa Kirbityevna, in her present captivity, had a goat in whose milk she washed morning and evening. A girl ran up with a bowl, filled it with the goat's milk and was carrying it away to Vasilissa, when Bulàt-the-brave took the prince's ring and threw it in the bowl (this was Vasilissa's signet ring which she had given to the prince). "Ha! good people!" said the

girl, you are beginning to play tricks !” She went to Vasilissa Kirbityevna and complained : “ The shepherds nowadays make fun of us ; they have thrown a ring into the milk.” Vasilissa replied. “ Leave the milk ; I will strain it,” and began to strain the milk ; she saw the signet ring, and ordered that the shepherds should be sent to her. They came. “ Greetings, Vasilissa Kirbityevna !” said Bulàt-the-brave. “ Greetings, Bulàt-the-brave ! Greetings, Prince ! Why has God brought you here ?” “ We have come for you, Vasilissa Kirbityevna ; you will not be hidden from us, though you should go to the bottom of the sea ; even there we should find you.” She placed them at table, and plied them with all kinds of dainties and with wine. Bulàt-the-brave said to her. “ When the Skeleton-Man returns from hunting discover from him where his death is. And now it would not be ill for us to conceal ourselves.”

The guests had only just hidden, when the Deathless Skeleton-Man flew up to them. “ Phoo-Phoo,” said he, “ till now, I could neither hear nor see a Russian spirit ; but now one reveals itself to my eyes and enters my mouth.” Vasilissa answered, “ You have flown about Russia so long, and have become so well acquainted with the Russian spirit, that it appears to you to be here.” The Skeleton-Man dined and lay down to rest, and then Vasilissa threw herself on his neck and caressed him. She said, “ My dearest ! I scarcely expected you ; I no longer imagined that I should see you alive ; I thought wild beasts had devoured you !” The Skeleton-Man began to laugh. “ Foolish woman, you have plenty of hair, but your mind is small. How could wild beasts devour me ?” “ Then where,” she asked, “ is your death ?” “ My death is in a besom lying under the threshold.”

As soon as the Skeleton-Man had flown away Vasilissa Kirbityevna ran to Prince John, whereupon Bulàt-the-brave asked, “ Well, where is the Skeleton-Man’s death ?” “ It lies in a besom under the threshold.” “ No ! it does not ; he has lied intentionally ! You must enquire again, and show more cunning.” Vasilissa Kirbityevna hit on a plan. She took a besom and gilded it, and decked it with various ribbons, and set it on the table. When the Deathless Skeleton-Man flew up he saw the gilded besom on the table, and said, “ Why has this been done ?” Vasilissa answered, “ How could your death lie under the threshold ? The table is a better place for it.” “ Hā, ha, ha ! foolish woman ! you have much hair, but little mind. Is

this my death?" "Where is it then?" "My death is hidden in a goat."

After the Skeleton-Man had gone off hunting Vasilissa took a goat and adorned it with ribbons and bells and gilded its horns. On his return the Skeleton-Man saw it, and once more laughed. "Foolish woman! your hair is long, but your understanding is small. My death is further away. In the ocean is an island, on that island stands an oak, under the oak is buried a coffer, in the coffer is a hare, in the hare is a duck, in the duck is an egg, and in the egg is my death." He spoke and flew away. Vasilissa Kirbityevna related every word of the answer to Prince John and Bulàt-the-brave. Taking with them a store of provisions, they set out to seek the Skeleton-Man's death. After a time, when they had eaten all their store, and began to feel hungry, they came on a dog with puppies. "I will kill her," said Bulàt-the-brave; "we have nothing to eat." "Do not kill me," begged the dog. "If you do not make orphans of my litter I will be of use to you." "Well, God be with you!" They went further and found an eagle and eaglets sitting on an oak, and Bulàt-the-brave said he would kill the eagle; but the bird answered, "Do not kill me, do not make my eaglets into orphans; I will be of service to you." "So be it! live and prosper!" They approached the wide ocean, and found a lobster crawling on the shore. Said Bulàt, "I will strike it dead." The lobster answered, "Do not strike me, good and brave fellow! You will gain little profit from my death. Even if you eat me you will not be satisfied; I will help you later." "Well, crawl on, and God help you!" said Bulàt-the-brave, who, looking at the sea, saw a fisherman in a boat. He called out, "Come ashore!" The fisherman offered his boat, and Prince John and Bulàt-the-brave took their seats and went to an island; having reached which, they approached an oak. Bulàt seized the oak with his powerful hands, and tore it up by the roots. He got a coffer from under the oak, and opened it. Instantly a hare jumped out of the coffer and ran with all its might. "Ah," said Prince John, "if we had but a dog he would catch that hare." Scarcely had he spoken before a dog captured the runaway! Bulàt seized the hare and tore it open and then from its interior a duck flew out and rose high in the air. "Ah," said Prince John, "if only an eagle were here for a moment, he would catch that duck!" Before he had finished speaking the duck had been caught by an eagle!

Bulàt tore the duck open, and then from its interior an egg rolled out and fell in the sea. "Ah," said the prince, "if only a lobster would drag the egg out!" Before the words left his mouth a lobster crawled up and dragged the egg forth. They seized the egg, went to the Deathless Skeleton-Man, struck him on the forehead with the egg, and he immediately fell down and died. Prince John took Vasilissa Kirbityevna and set forth.

They rode continuously, till at nightfall they pitched their tent and Vasilissa Kirbityevna lay down to sleep. Bulàt-the-brave said, "Sleep Prince! and I will watch." At the dead of night twelve pigeons flew up, struck each other's wings and became twelve beautiful maidens. "Now then, Bulàt-the-brave and Prince John!" said they, "you killed our brother, the Deathless Skeleton-Man, and bore away our little bride, Vasilissa Kirbityevna, but such behaviour will bring you no profit. As soon as Prince John reaches home he will wish to see his favourite dog; but it will escape from the huntsman's hands and tear the prince into pieces. Whoever hears this and mentions it will become stone up to the knees."

In the morning Bulàt-the-brave woke the prince and Vasilissa Kirbityevna and, in due time, they resumed their journey. When the second night came on they pitched their tent in open country. Again Bulàt-the-brave said, "Lie down to sleep, Prince John! and I will watch." During the night twelve pigeons flew up, struck their wings together and became twelve beautiful maidens, who said, "Very well, Bulàt-the-brave and Prince John! you killed our brother, the Deathless Skeleton-Man, and you carried off our little bride, Vasilissa Kirbityevna, but your actions shall not bring you any profit. When Prince John reaches home he will desire to see his favourite horse, on which he has been accustomed to ride from childhood. The horse will escape from the groom and kill the prince. Whoever hears this and mentions it will become stone up to the waist."

In the morning they set off again. When it became dark they pitched their tent and spent this, their third night, as before, in open country. Bulàt-the-brave said, "Lie down to sleep, Prince John, and I will remain on guard." Once more, in the darkest portion of the night, twelve pigeons flew up and, having struck their wings together, became twelve beautiful maidens. "Well, Bulàt-the-brave and Prince John!" they said, "you have killed our brother, the Deathless Skeleton-Man, and borne off our little bride, Vasilissa Kirbityevna; but

will not gain by your misdeeds. When Prince John reaches home he will wish to see his favourite cow, whose milk he has drunk from childhood. She will escape from the herdsman and toss the prince. But whoever sees and hears us and mentions what we have said will be turned completely to stone." When they had spoken they became once more pigeons and flew away.

When Prince John and Vasilissa Kirbityevna woke in the morning they set off again. Having reached home, the prince married Vasilissa Kirbityevna, and in a day or two said to her : " Would you like me to show you my favourite dog ? When I was small he was my constant companion." Bulàt-the-brave took his sabre, sharpened it well, and came to the threshold. The dog was led up, but escaped from the huntsman and ran straight to the entrance ; whereupon Bulàt-the-brave swung his sword and severed the dog into two portions. Prince John was wrathful, but said nothing on account of Bulàt-the-brave's past services. On the following day he gave an order that his favourite horse should be led out, but the horse broke the halter, escaped from the groom and, rearing, was about to fall on the prince. Bulàt-the-brave cut off the horse's head. At this proceeding Prince John was more incensed than before, and commanded that the offender should be seized and hanged. But Vasilissa Kirbityevna entreated, saying, " If it had not been for his assistance you would never have gained me." On the third day Prince John gave directions that his favourite cow should be brought before him. She escaped from the herdsman and ran violently toward the prince. Bulàt-the-brave cut off her head. Prince John was so furious that he would listen to no one. He commanded that the hangman should be summoned for Bulàt-the-brave's immediate execution. " Ah, Prince John ! if it be your will to hang me, then I had better die, but allow me to make three observations." Speaking of the first night, Bulàt-the-brave told how twelve pigeons flew up to him, and he reported what they said. Immediately he turned to stone up to the knees. Then he spoke concerning the second night, and became stone as high as the waist. But now, Prince John entreated him not to reveal the conclusion of the affair. Bulàt-the-brave answered, " The matter to me is now one of indifference ; I am already half stone, and life is not worth living." Relating what happened on the third night, he forthwith turned completely to stone. Prince John placed him in a special room, and visited him there

every day with Vasilissa Kirbityevna, and they both wept bitterly.

Many years passed, and then one day, while Prince John was weeping over the petrified Bulàt-the-brave, he heard a voice that proceeded from the stone. "Why do you weep?" it said, "My lot is terrible enough already." "How can I help weeping? Have I not destroyed you?" "If you wish, you can save me. You have two children, a son and a daughter; take them, cut their bodies; gather their blood and smear the stone with it." Prince John related this to Vasilissa Kirbityevna and, grieving much, they determined to cut their children's bodies. They took them and cut them and caught the blood. No sooner had they smeared the stone with the blood than the life of Bulàt-the-brave was renewed. He asked the prince and his wife, "Are you not sorry for your children?" "We are sorry, Bulàt-the-brave!" "Well, let us go into their room." Entering, they saw that the children were alive. Both father and mother were overjoyed, and in their happiness gave a banquet to everyone. I was at the banquet and drank honey and wine; honey and wine flowed down my moustache instead of into my mouth; I feasted to my heart's content.

XXV

PRINCE IVAN AND PRINCESS MARIA¹

THERE lived in a certain kingdom a tsar and a tsaritsa, who had three daughters and a son, Prince Ivàn. But the father and the mother died, and the children remained alone. One morning the eldest sister went out, and a hungry beggar married her. She took him by the hand and led him home. Her brother said, "Why have you brought home this old beggar?" The sister answered, "It seemed to be my fate." "Very well!" They took the beggar and washed him till he was clean. But the next day the middle sister went out and met an ugly beggar without hands and married him. The brother asked her why she had brought home the hungry beggar, and received the reply, "It seemed to be my fate." Next the third sister went out early and married a hungry man with only one hand and one leg. She led him home. Her brother said, "Why

¹Erlenvein, No. 31.

have you brought with you a handless, legless, hungry man?" She replied, "Brother, it was apparently my fate." "Very well!" said the brother. They took the hungry man with one leg and one hand and washed him. After staying with Prince Ivan some time, these beggars said, "Brother, we will go whither we were living to our own homes." They departed, leaving the prince in solitude.

One day when he went on a walk there arose a storm. The wind tore Ivan's dog away, so that the prince remained alone. He set forth at haphazard, and, having travelled far, came to a steep mountain, and here stood a house built of copper, at whose gates were bears and much else was disagreeable. Ivan said to himself, "I do not fear." He went on, and the gates opened. He entered several rooms, one after another, and in the last one found his sister and said to her, "Greetings, sister! To which she answered, "Greetings, brother! Whither is God carrying you?" "To court Princess Maria." But his sister remarked, "Brother, do not go there; many go there, but few return! Take your place under the bed; my husband will fly here as a twenty-headed snake." Ivan got under the bed. Now the wind arose and tore the roof from the house, and there flew up a twenty-headed snake, saying, "Phoo, Phoo, I perceive a Russian odour; truly our brother is here." The snake struck the ground and became a man even handsomer than Ivan. Next they took the prince, fed him and gave him drink and put him to bed. He got up early, but his brother-in-law was sewing on him three peacock's feathers. Prince Ivan said, "Brother, why are you sewing on me these peacock's feathers?" "They," said the snake, "will be useful in time." But his sister gave him a small egg and said, "Go past the gates and let this egg roll along; wherever it goes follow!" She further gave him a table napkin and added, "When you wish to eat and drink this will unfold itself."

He went through the gates, and wherever the little egg rolled he followed. It mounted a steep hill and he did likewise. A golden house stood there, but on the gates was every unpleasantness, and the prince feared to enter, saying to himself, "When I go in they will eat me!" However, the gates opened and he entered. He stepped into the first room, the second, several more rooms, and then came to the last room of all. There sat his sister. "Greetings, sister!" "Greetings, Prince Ivan." He related how the wind had torn away his dog. But

his sister remarked, "Sit under the chair; a snake with thirty heads will fly up." He sat under the chair. And now the wind rose and tore the roof from the house, and a snake with thirty heads flew up. "Phoo, Phoo," it said. "I smell a Russian, and truly he is our brother." This snake tapped against the ground and became more magnificent than Ivan. They took the prince, fed him, gave him plenty to drink and put him to sleep. He rose early, but his brother-in-law was sewing on him three peacock's feathers. Ivan said, "Brother! why are you making me a present of these peacock's feathers?" The brother-in-law replied, "They will be useful in time." When Ivan's sister gave him a tablecloth and a small golden egg, he said, "Why do you give me these things?" She replied, "When you wish to eat and drink the tablecloth will unfold. Take the egg beyond the gates and let it go; follow it wherever it rolls."

He went out past the gates and let the egg roll freely; wherever it went Prince Ivan followed. Climbing a steep hill, he grew tired; there he found a crystal house with everything objectionable on its gates. He approached and the gates opened; he entered the first room, and the second room, then passed through several rooms, and in the last one of them, found his sister. "Greetings, sister!" "Greetings, brother!" He related how the wind had torn away his dog, and his sister said, "Get under the couch; a snake with forty heads will fly hither." He took his place beneath the couch. Suddenly the wind rose and tore the roof off the house. A forty-headed snake flew up and said, "Phoo, Phoo, there is a Russian odour; truly our brother is here." This snake tapped against the ground and became in appearance finer than Ivan; then the prince received drink and was fed and put to sleep. Ivan got up early and found his brother-in-law sewing three peacock's feathers on him. Ivan said, "Why are you giving me these three feathers?" His sister also gave him a self-flying carpet and a small egg and said, "When you wish to eat and drink this carpet will unfold; go beyond the gates and set the egg free; follow wherever it rolls."

He went through the gates, and freeing the egg, took care to follow it. Some horses were running in a meadow, and Ivan caught one of them. But Princess Maria saw, and cried, "My dear servants, drag him to prison!" Ivan was led to a prison where peasants were sitting, who said, "They will bring us some

straw." Ivan whispered to himself, "I am not losing courage." When the party wished to eat, he said, "Napkin unfold! unroll; I am hungry and thirsty." The napkin unfolded, and the peasants drank and ate heartily and became noisy. Maria said to the servant, "The prisoners are trying to escape. Go and see what they are doing." The servants went and said, "Who is there?" Ivan replied, "Prince Ivan." The servant told Maria the prisoner's name. "Go," she directed, "and ask what he is doing." The man arrived and said, "Is anyone here doing anything?" One of the peasants remarked, "There is such a wonderful napkin here!" The servant said, "Ivan, sell it to Maria!" And Ivan said, "I will sell it, but it must be gazed at three hours." Maria thought awhile and said to the servant, "Send him here." The prince came. Maria took out a watch and wore it. Ivan looked at Maria, and Maria looked at the watch. When three hours had passed Maria said, "Good servants, drag him to prison," the order was obeyed. The peasants said, "Ivan, we are lost!" Ivan replied, "Do not fear; we are not lost." They wished to eat, and Ivan said, "Table cloth, unfold, unroll; I am hungry and thirsty." The tablecloth unrolled, and corks flew up to the ceiling. They all ate their fill and drank and became noisy. Thereupon Maria said, "My prisoners are trying to escape; go, my servant, and see how they are engaged." The man went and said, "Who is here?" Ivan replied, "Prince Ivan." The servant enquired, "What are you doing?" "We have such a wonderful tablecloth!" The servant reported thus to Maria, "Prince Ivan is there and he has a tablecloth." Maria sent the servant to say, "Would Prince Ivan not sell his tablecloth?" Ivan replied, "I will sell the tablecloth, if I may visit Maria for three hours." Maria thought awhile and said, "Go and bring Ivan hither." Ivan came. Maria took out a watch and wore it. Ivan looked at Maria, and Maria looked at the watch. When three hours had passed, Maria said, "Good servants, take him to prison." The servants led Ivan to the prison. But some peasants were sitting there and said, "Now we are lost, Ivan!" He replied, "Have no fear; we are not lost. Let us enjoy ourselves! Self-flying carpet, unfold, unroll! I am thirsty and hungry." The carpet unfolded, and corks struck the ceiling. These peasants rode away on horses and Ivan's dog appeared. Maria said, "Good servants, my prisoners wish to break out." The servants went

and said. "Who is here?" And Ivan replied, "Prince Ivan is here." "How are you occupied?" "There is a flying carpet here." The servant returned and said to Maria. "He has a flying carpet." She said. "Go and buy it." The servant went and said, "Ivan, Maria wishes to purchase your flying carpet, how much do you ask for it?" Ivan replied, "Let her marry me!" The servant reported to Maria what Ivan said. Maria pondered and said, "Bring him hither." Ivan came, and they were married.

Maria gave Ivan the keys and said "Go into all the store cupboards except one of them; into that you must not enter"! Ivan opened all the cupboards except one. He approached this cupboard, and wondered what it contained and said at last, "I will open it." He opened it. There sat a Deathless Skeleton-Man on horseback. The horse was chained to a cauldron. The Deathless Skeleton said, "Ah, Ivan, I have long awaited your coming; unchain my horse, and I will deliver you from three deaths." Ivan unchained the horse, which the Skeleton-Man mounted and rode off, taking Maria with him. Ivan arrived, and saying, "Where is Princess Maria?" heard from the servants that the Deathless Skeleton-Man had carried off her. Ivan went after Maria. She sat in the Skeleton Man's house very ill. Scarcely recognising her, Ivan said, "Come with me!" "No, the Skeleton-Man will overtake us!" "Let us go!" he said. They went. But the Deathless Skeleton-Man arrived and asked his horse this question. "Where is Princess Maria?" and the horse replied, "Ivan has taken her away." The Skeleton Man asked his horse if it would not be possible to overtake the fugitives. "It will be possible if you can give me a round loaf of bread and two buckets of beer." The Skeleton-Man supplied his horse with these refreshments and then mounted and rode off. He took Maria from Ivan and departed. The prince again returned for Maria and said, "Come with me." But she objected that they would be overtaken. "Do not fear, he will not overtake us!" They set out; but the Skeleton-Man arrived and said, "Dear horse! where is Princess Maria?" The horse replied, "Prince Ivan took Princess Maria away." "Is it not possible to overtake them?" "It is possible; give me two round loaves of bread and four buckets of beer, and I will overtake them." The Skeleton-Man provided these refreshments and, when they had been consumed he mounted

and rode away. Again he took Maria from Ivan and departed. But Ivan pursued and said, "Maria, will you come with me?" She replied, "We shall be overtaken." "Have no fear," said the prince, "he will not overtake us." They started. The Skeleton-Man arrived and asked his horse, "Where is Princess Maria?" "Prince Ivan took her away." "Is it possible to overtake them?" "It is, if you give me six round loaves and three buckets of beer." The Skeleton-Man gave the provisions and, when the horse had finished drinking, the pursuit was begun again. Once more Maria was seized by the Skeleton-Man, and once more recovered by Ivan. The horse now demanded four round loaves and eight buckets of beer for his services. The Skeleton-Man came up with the fugitives, cut Ivan down, took Maria with him and departed.

Ivan's brothers-in-law came and said, looking at his body, "This is our brother!" Some cranes now flew near, and the brothers caught one of them and were about to eat it. But the other cranes said, "Do not eat our crane, and we will requite your kindness." The cranes flew away, but returned with some Water-of-Life and Water-of-Death. The brothers sprinkled Ivan with the Water of Death, and he became whole. Next they sprinkled him with the Water-of-Life, and he got up and said, "Ah, brothers, how long I have slept?" Their reply was, "If it had not been for us, you would have slept longer." They sent him to Baba-Yaga to watch her mares and said, "Take, not a mare, but a scabby foal!"

Ivan went to Baba-Yaga, who wished to know why he had come. "To take care of the mares," he replied. Baba-Yaga fed him, and he went to guard the mares; but they ran like the wind and dispersed; he could not collect them. Then some cranes flew near, and Ivan caught one of them and made ready to eat it. Thereupon they said, "If you do not eat this crane, we will pursue the mares." They pecked the mares all over and collected them into a crowd and said, "Now, Ivan, take a stick and drive them!" Ivan drove the mares and Baba-Yaga fed him. When evening came on the mares separated. But some bees approached, and Ivan caught one and was about to eat it. The bees said, "Do not eat our little bee, and we will drive the mares to you." The bees bit the horses all over, and said to Ivan, "Now take a stick and drive them." Ivan drove the mares, and then Baba-Yaga gave him plenty of food and drink and put him to sleep. In the morning he got up early

and again went off to guard the mares, which separated and ran like the wind. A frog came up with its young, and Ivan having caught the young, wished to kill it. But the parent-frog said, "Be merciful, and I will drive the mares." Having taken them into a marsh and then out of it, the frog said, "Now drive them with a stick." Ivan took a stick and drove the mares. Baba-Yaga fed him and put him to sleep. He woke early. Baba-Yaga washed the mares and said, "Now take whichever you wish." He replied, "No, I will not take one of the mares; give me a scabby foal!" Baba gave him a foal. Ivan rode and took Maria and carried her off on the foal. The Skeleton-Man on his horse could not overtake them, and was thrown to the ground. Then Prince Ivan and Princess Maria began to live and to amass riches.

BEAST AND BIRD STORIES

XXVI

THE SHEEP, THE FOX AND THE WOLF¹

ONCE a fox an interest shewed
 In a sheep upon the road ;
 Asked her plans, which way she went,
 Whither she by God was sent.

Gently thus the sheep replied
 In her simple honest pride :
 " I, when in a peasant's flock,
 Found the ram a stumbling block ;
 Though I ne'er was wild as he,
 Odium ever fixed on me.
 Hence I settled to escape
 And a better future shape."

Said the fox, " My plight's the same,
 I am always held to blame.
 If the farmer sees a chick
 In my mouth, he lifts a stick ;
 Let us now together roam
 And discover a new home !"

Next a wolf the couple met,
 Did not greetings kind forget,
 Asked the fox, if far he strolled,
 Heard a careless answer bold
 Of unfairness to the weak,
 And ill treatment of the meek.

Growled the wolf, " My plight's the same,
 I am always found to blame.
 When my wife a lamb divides,
 Everyone her husband chides ;
 Let us three together roam
 And discover a new home !"

While they went, the wolf dared say,
 To the sheep upon the way,
 " It is vile to see you gloat,
 You that wear my woolly coat !"

But the clever fox o'erheard,
 And to questioning was stirred :

¹Afanasief's *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 9.

" Is it yours beyond a doubt ?"

" Yes, as I'm a saint devout !"

" Will you kiss and take an oath ?"

" I to swear am nothing loth."

" Will you such a trial face ?"

" Yes." " Then come, I'll find the place."

Now, the fox had long ago

Seen a trap, a tree below,

And he led the wolf thereto,

Saying, " Kiss, to show you're true !"

Though the wolf but touched the trap,

It, quick closing with a snap

Well before he'd time to shout,

Seized him firmly by the snout.

Thus was caught the savage thief !

While the friends, unmoved by grief,

Wishing notice to avoid,

Walked on further, overjoyed.

XXVII

THE HERON AND THE CRANE¹

BESIDE a marsh two birds as distant neighbours dwelt,

A heron and a crane regrets and boredom felt ;

Though each possessed a home

Each was disposed to roam,

Would think of married bliss and grieve and soften, melt.

The crane reflected thus : " This heron pleases me ;

I love her dainty shape,

It shall not me escape."

And so the swain set out

And trudged along

Three lengthy miles about,

For he was strong.

Arriving, he inquired, while standing on a stone,

" Resides a heron here ?"

" Oh, yes," he heard from someone near ;

¹Afanasief, No. 36.

He made his purpose known :

“ I live alone,

A cottage own ;

But discontent and passion harry me

Say, will you marry me ?”

“ No, I will not agree,

Can never be

Your loving wife ;

Marriage oft causes strife.

Your legs are thin and feathers short,

Besides you lack the means a partner to support.”

Downhearted,

Without ado, the crane departed.

Grieving that he had gone,

The heron for her treatment of her suitor smarted,

Another course decided on.

Like a swift arrow sent,

She to her lover went,

And said, “ I’ve changed my mind,

I would a husband find.”

Quickly the crane announced, with manner scarcely kind,

“ I do not need you, heron, now ;

To live alone I’ve made a vow.”

Oh, bitterly his neighbour wept from shame,

Then took the road by which she lately came.

Strangely, ere long the crane relented,

Of what he’d done repented,

Was far from glad,

Grew gloomy, sad,

Loudly his lot lamented.

Going across the reedy marsh,

He said, in accents harsh,

“ Ah, heron, I have thought it over ;

Condemn me not to be a rover !

To live without a mate

Would be a deadly fate.”

She listened, gently smiled,

Was next to speech beguiled :

“ You long-legs ! I have plainly said

That with a crane I'll never wed."

Back the true lover stalked again,
 Leaving the haughty maid to know exceeding pain.
 Why had she thus declined an offer from the youth?
 Her life was dull; she'd haste to tell the truth,
 And court him,
 Transport him
 With joyful news!

But once again he mentioned altered views!
 Alas! although the pair have honest union meant,
 Each, from a purpose sound, by folly has been bent.

XXVIII

THE PEASANT, THE BEAR AND THE FOX¹

While working in a field
 A peasant saw a bear,
 Who growled, "Submit, yourself now yield,
 For cruel death prepare!"

"If only," said the man, "you will in pity spare,
 I'll later with you share
 Each turnip that in future here may be revealed;
 The top shall go to you, and I will have the root."

"Agreed," at once replied the fierce and shaggy brute,
 Who to the dense and gloomy forest passed,
 Was seen no more until, aghast,
 When digging up his crop, the peasant clear descried
 A form that left the wood and rudely called, "Divide!"

The peasant sighed,
 "Of course! Dear partner, look,
 These turnip-tops will please the longings of your heart!"
 The bear his portion took,
 Growled, and the spot forsook.

Ere long the peasant placed his turnips on a cart,
 At an adjacent town would sell them in the mart,

¹Afanasief, No. 7. var. a.

Upon the road, from Bruin heard, "What cheer ?

How now ! Why here ?"

"Oh, friend," replied the man, "I wish to sell my crop."

Then said the bear, "Come let me taste !"

And quickly munched and growled in haste,

"The root is better than the top ;

When next you think to sow

The roots shall be for me ; the tops to you may go."

The peasant cried, "Oh, yes," but managed wheat should
grow

Where turnips late had thriven.

And the grain ripened well ; much care to it he'd given,

That thrashed and ground it. About to eat the bread,

He sudden saw the bear,

Who came and roughly said ;

"You left me only stalks ; beware !

Never to gather wood in my dominions dare !

A man so false as you I might in pieces tear !"

Advancing from the town, as he the forest neared

The peasant stopped ; to travel onward feared.

Into the wood at last he cautious stopt,

And heard these words, as a fine fox upleapt,

"Peasant ! why move you slowly ; then awhile are still ?"

The man scarce forward crept

And said, "I dread a bear, that threatened me to kill !"

"Oh, peasant, should I something gain,

If I ensured your safety in the bear's domain ?"

The man replied, "Only your word fulfil,

And on ten splendid chickens you shall work your will."

"'Tis well," replied the fox ; "your fears dismiss !

Look round ! At pleasure hew

The mighty trees in view ;

But practise, please, a little artifice.

Suppose the bear should come and ask, 'What noise is this ?'

Answer, 'Skilled hunters here are chasing wolves and bears.'"

The man ere long at work is taken unawares,

Perceives that, near at hand, great Bruin at him stares,

While saying harsh and low,

" I'd like to know
 The nature of that disagreeable sound !"
 Forthwith the peasant speaks, his knowledge airs ;
 " Hunters are chasing wolves and bears this spot around."
 The bear exclaims, " Oh, oh !
 Let me beneath your waggon lie upon the ground."

The fox began to shout,
 " Are there not wolves and bears about ?"
 " Not here."

But next the fox calls out,
 " Beneath your cart there's something queer."
 " 'Tis but a log I carry home."
 " But logs are not allowed at freedom thus to roam !"
 Says Bruin now, in accents scarcely soft,
 " Oh, take me in the cart aloft,
 And pass a cord around my body oft !"

The peasant did as he was asked,
 Himself still further tasked :
 Swung skilfully his axe and smote his captive's head,
 Who moved not, soon was dead.
 The fox ran hither, said,
 " Show me the bear !" " Behold him, he has bled !"
 " Peasant ! you'll keep your word ?"
 " Fox ! I will pay the debt which lately I incurred ;
 If you but visit me, you'll find the table spread."

The fox is eager, runs ahead,
 Stays ever in advance.
 Meanwhile the man directs an eager glance,
 Until, near home, his dogs he sees
 Between the trees.
 Whistling, he gives an order to the pack :
 " Up ! Out ! And sharp to the attack !"

The ready fox, though taken much aback,
 Can to the forest turn,
 Where from a hole, she sadly cries,
 " Oh, little eyes !
 What have you done my gratitude to earn ?"
 " We saw you did not stumble, neither fall."

“ And you, Oh, little ears ?”

“ We listened for the huntsman’s call,
Were well prepared to warn you, stimulate your fears.”

“ And you, my little feet ?”

“ Our efforts saved you from pursuers fleet.”

“ And you, fine bushy tail ?”

“ Beneath your legs I shook and seemed to quail,
I so entangled them, ’twould be of no avail,
However you might flee, if dogs should you assail.”

“ Ah, rascal !” screamed the fox enraged,

“ I curse but you !”

Thrusting her tail beyond the hole, she shouted, “ See !

Take first that part of me

Which but a weak resistance waged.”

Her foes quick seized the brush, and next their prey forth drew,
So once perhaps it happened even in your view,
That, injured by a tail, a head disaster knew.

XXIX

THE VIXEN-NURSE †

In a small and icy cottage
Lived a vixen ; and as neighbour
Had a wolf that, grey and friendly,
Dwelt in quarters in the forest.

But the summer thawed the ice-house,
And the vixen soon demanded
Of the wolf a kind reception.

“ You may mount and reach the threshold,”
Said the wolf, displaying caution.

And the vixen springing upwards,
Bravely hoped to gain admission,
Slip within the cosy lodging.

“ Let me,” said she, “ pass the entrance ” :

But the wolf refused her firmly.

“ Prithee, do now !” said the vixen.

“ You may step across the threshold,”

† Afanasief’s *Children’s Tales*, No. 15.

Said the wolf, who, yielding slightly,
Was to hear from the intruder,
" Let me view the cottage !" " Never !"

But the vixen, long persisting,
Overcame the last objection.
Next she wished to try the bed-place,
Went as far and even farther ;
Nay, attained the warmest corner
By the stove, despite resistance.

Near, but not within the cottage,
Stood an open tub of honey ;
And the sly, designing vixen
Lay beside her friend and gently
With her tail produced a tapping.

" Vixen, dear ! there's someone knocking,"
Said the wolf and heard in answer :

" I am summoned to a sister."

" Quickly," cried the wolf, " attend her !"
So the vixen left the cottage,
Licked the honey at her leisure.

" What has God the parents granted ?"

Asked the wolf in tones the mildest.
Said the vixen, " 'Tis a firstborn,"
And again lay down beside him,
But renewed ere long her tapping.

" Vixen, dear ! there's someone knocking,"

Said the wolf, and heard as answer :

" To a sister's couch I'm summoned."

" Go, without delay attend her !"

Said the wolf in pleasant accents.

So the vixen sought the honey,
Never thought of home returning,
Till the pot was nearly empty.

Then she heard once more the question :

" What has God the couple granted ?"

" They have gained their second offspring,"
Were the words the vixen uttered.

Now again the cunning schemer
Left the home and licked the honey,
Duped a comrade unsuspecting.

" What has Heaven the parents granted ?"
Asked the wolf, to hear the statement,

" God has given them a third-born."

Resting now awhile, the vixen
Sickness feigned, and next demanded
Honey, in a manner plaintive.
So the wolf set forth and, looking,
Nothing found, and howled, "'Tis eaten ";
Angrily the news imparted.

" Eaten ! How ? And who has touched it
But yourself ?" the vixen shouted.

Loudly called the wolf on Heaven,
Crossed himself and cried, " I'm guiltless."

" Very well," replied the other,
" Here's a plan will tell for certain
Which of us has been the culprit.
Let us lie about in sunshine ;
Then from whom is first exuded
Honey he or she is guilty !"

When the sun was brightly shining,
Thither went and lay together
As a couple, wolf and vixen.
While he snored in noisy slumber,
She remained attentive, wakeful,
Soon aware that liquid honey
Had as droplets on her settled.
She applied them surely to him,
Shouted, "'Tis no time for sleeping ;
Here ! this proves who, vile and greedy,
Cannot keep from sad deception !"

Then the wolf, ashamed and downcast,
Muttered softly, " I am guilty."

XXX

THE FOX MOURNER

ONCE it chanced a peasant old
Lost through death his ailing wife ;
Much he grieved for one now cold,
Thought of all she'd been in life.

As he would a mourner find,

He, ere long, approached a bear.

“ Is there trouble on your mind ?”

Queried Bruin, with a stare.

“ Will you come to mourn the dead ?

My dear wife has passed away.

Could you feign,” the peasant said,

“ Sorrow and sincere dismay ?”

Bruin howled and, not at ease,
Dreadful bellowings produced.

“ Sir, your efforts scarcely please ;
To the part you are not used !”

The bereaved then further went,
Met a wolf upon the road ;
Straightway asked him to lament ;
But the wolf no genius showed.

Onward hastening, the man,
Close at hand, a fox perceived.

“ Why that look ?” the fox began,

“ Do you feel in aught aggrieved ?”

Said the peasant, “ Now, for pay,
Think you, fox, that you could mourn ?”

“ Yes, beside the bier I'll stay
And the obsequies adorn.”

Sobbing oft, with halting speech,
Thus the fox began to prove
That another's woe could reach
To her heart and deeply move :

“ Once—a—pea—sant—had—a—spouse
Di—li—gent—from—dawn—till—eve.
Ear—ly—she—her—self—would—rouse,
Now—to—sew—now—spin—now—weave.
Ever—she—was—in—the—mood
Or—to—roast—or—fry—or—boil ;
Oh—her—cab—bage—soup—was—good ;
When—she—baked—she—spared—no—toil.”

“ Just the thing !” the peasant cried ;

“ Aply done ! My friend, 'tis well.”

Then he asked the fox inside,
In her mission to excel.

Soon the man awhile retreats,
Must a coffin quick prepare ;
Next returns, in wrath repeats,

“ Neither wife nor fox is there !”
 Swift and far the fox had stept,
 Leaving of the dead but bone,
 Bitterly the peasant wept,
 And in future lived alone.

XXI

LITTLE SISTER VIXEN AND THE WOLF¹

ONCE it happened that a peasant
 To his wife addressed this order :
 “ Woman, bake me now a pasty,
 I’ve a mind to go a-fishing.”

Starting in a sleigh, he journeyed
 And returned with fish in plenty ;
 But, upon the homeward journey,
 Witnessed how a little vixen,
 Having stolen rolls of white bread,
 Quickly ate them on the pathway.

Then the man, his sleigh forsaking,
 Close approached the cunning vixen,
 Who appeared no longer breathing.
 “ For my wife she’ll form a present,”
 Said the man, and placed the creature
 On the sleigh, and walked before it.

So the vixen was enabled
 To remove, without commotion,
 Silently, unseen, the booty
 To the path, and stay beside it.

“ Well, old woman,” said the peasant,
 “ I’ve a fur will make a collar !
 If you now the sleigh examine,
 You will find both fish and present !”
 But the woman, duly searching
 In the sleigh, discovered nothing ;
 So began to scold her husband,
 And to utter words abusive,
 Call him worthless and deceitful.

Then the peasant guessed the meaning

¹Afanasief, *Children's Tales*, No. 1.

Of the riddle ; and was mournful,
Till he felt that grief was useless.

Well, the vixen soon collecting
All the scattered fish, up-heaped it,
Joyously appeased her hunger,
Till a prowling wolf approached her
And remarked : " Good morning, Sister !"
" Sir, good morning !" " Spare me something
From your riches !" " No, Sir, never ;
Catch your fish yourself for breakfast !"
Said the wolf, " Alas, I cannot."

" You should hasten to the river ;
Be more active !" chid the vixen ;
" Dip your tail within an ice hole,
Patient sit and keep repeating,
' Let me catch you, let me catch you,
Fishes small and fishes mighty.'
On your tail the fish will fasten,
But, by nature, they are timid,
So be gentle, long expectant."

Soon the robber sought the river,
Where he found a little ice hole ;
There let down his tail and chanted,
" Let me catch you, let me catch you,
Fishes small and fishes mighty !"

But the vixen slyly followed,
Whispering this incantation :
" Skies ! grow clearer, skies ! grow clearer !
Freeze around the wolf's tail, Water !"

" Sister-Vixen, how you mutter !"
Said the wolf. Whereon she answered :
" What I say is sure to help you."

But the vixen kept repeating :
" Freeze around the wolf's tail, Water !"
Long the robber practised patience ;
Through the darkness sat in silence
While his tail was surely freezing.
When he tried to rise he could not,
And he thought, " Oh, many fishes
On my tail have tightly fastened."

He observed the women coming
With their pails and loudly shouting,

“ Beat the wolf, Oh, kill the monster !”

Up they hurried, fiercely striking
With their yokes, or pails, aught handy.

Then he jumped and, winning freedom,
Set himself to running madly,
Saying, with a mien determined,
“ You shall pay for this, Oh, Sister !”

While the wolf was sorely panting,
Little vixen wished to settle
If she could not make a capture ;
So she visited a cottage
Where the girls were cooking pancakes.
She fell headlong in the custard,
With her head besmeared, departed.

Suddenly, the wolf approaching,
Loudly cried in angry accents :
“ So, then, that’s the way you help me !
Fearfully have I been beaten.”

“ Brother-wolf !” said sister-vixen,
“ You, alas, are bleeding freely ;
But behold, my brain is oozing.
They have struck me worse and harder
Than yourself ; I scarce can stagger.”

“ That is true,” the wolf acknowledged,
“ Whither, Sister, are you speeding ?
Tell me, and I’ll take you thither.”

On his back the vixen mounted
And was borne away in comfort,
Singing in a manner cheery,
“ Now the thrashed one, now the thrashed one
Kindly bears the dame unbeaten !”

“ Sister ! what are you remarking ?”
“ Brother, I am singing gently
That the thrashed supports the beaten.”

And the wolf was heard to mutter,
“ That is as it should be, Vixen !”

XXXII

THE RAVEN AND THE CRAYFISH¹

A RAVEN, returning
From over the water,
And seeing a crayfish
Advancing below him,
Flew down for a capture,
Would speed to the forest,
In order that sitting,
Perhaps on a tree top,
At ease he might breakfast.

The crayfish, in terror,
Foreseeing misfortune,
With subtle endeavour,
Thus dealt with the danger :

“ Oh, raven ! Oh, raven !
I dined with your father
And supped with your mother ;
A couple surpassing !
I found them delightful.”

“ Oogò !” said the raven,
Whose beak, still unopened,
Held tightly the captive.

The crayfish continued,
“ Moreover, I often
Have noticed your brothers
And sisters enchanting.”

“ Oogò !” was the answer.

“ They all were majestic,”
The crayfish said further,
“ But none was your equal,
For you are more clever
Than all the folk living
Or known since creation.”

The raven, enraptured,
And cawing, just opened
His beak and relinquished
His prey to the Ocean.

¹Afanasief, No. 37.

TALES OF RUSSIAN LIFE

XXXIII

THE BEAR AT THE INN¹

IN the thick and gloomy forests of far Siberia settlements long ago were very far apart. In one place where the stage was fifty miles drivers found it difficult to cover the distance, and here a certain old man and his wife determined to construct a half-way house.

The old man selected a convenient spot beside a stream and began to build. He had scarcely succeeded in erecting a small cottage when drivers came and said, "Grandfather, give us some food." "Why, you see, brothers, I have got no provisions yet; I am only beginning to build."

But business came steadily, and year after year the innkeeper grew richer. His family consisted only of himself and his wife, and they were already sixty years of age. His enterprise brought him wealth.

A gang of robbers heard of this success and determined to rob the old man. "How can we trap him? He has guests constantly!" said one of them. "This will be the way," replied another, "let us buy the uniform of a district inspector, or of one of the governor-general's guards; next let us get similar uniforms for a dozen men; we shall then be able to talk plainly to the old man. The time must be skilfully chosen toward night."

Suddenly a district inspector appeared at the inn when it was full of drivers. He came up in a troika and called out, "Greetings, people!" "Welcome, your honour!" "Who is the landlord of the inn?" "I am, little father!" "Can you read and write?" "Not at all!" "Well, I have brought you an order; get the drivers to read it through!" "Pray, oblige by reading it yourself, your honour! You are of noble birth and would not deceive me." "Yes, yes, Grandad! I fix a time, three days, for you to clean the rooms; see to it that no guests are present! The governor is passing through the district and the house must be put at his disposal." "Little father, we cannot get ready in the time." "Oh, nothing is necessary beyond a samovar!"

¹A. K. Zelenin, *Great Russian Folk-tales of the Perm. Govt.* 1914; p. 258.

The inspector went away and the old man obeyed his instructions. On the third day, in the morning, the inspector drove up again. "The governor will arrive at nine o'clock this evening." The old man and the old woman accompanied the inspector to the gates. The woman swept the cottage, and the man the courtyard; they prepared everything well. But some drivers came to the window. "Little fathers," said the old man, "it is impossible to receive you. Only look! the governor is coming. But a stream happens to exist a mile away; go there! I will give you bread and hot food; pass the night there!"

Scarcely had the drivers gone, when there arrived a bear-leader and his bear. The man saw that the gates were open, and he entered the yard. "Allow me to stay for the night," he said; but the landlord replied, "Impossible, brother! I cannot allow anybody to stay." "Why not?" "Because the governor is coming. The place has been got ready for him." "But I and the bear do not require a room; we can spend the night in the stable; anywhere except out of doors." The old man thought a minute and remarked, "Old woman! he says he can pass the night in the stable. All right, you can come!"

The bear-leader led the bear forward, but could not get the creature to enter the gates. When he pulled the chain hard the bear gave a loud roar and would not pass. "Look here, landlord! Something will happen to-day." "What, little father?" "The bear knows something. Give him some bread and salt, and pay your respects to him!" The landlord brought a piece of bread and some salt and bowed low. The bear went with a roar into the courtyard, and was led to the stable and watered and fed. Lastly he rolled about and then lay still, asleep. The bear-leader lay down in the crib and soon slept from fatigue.

Suddenly he heard a noise in the courtyard. The governor had driven up. The old man came with a lantern and met his guests in the yard, but his wife stood with a tallow candle on the threshold. Next the whole suite arrived and the room was stuffed full. "Bring the samovar, little wife!" The old woman brought the samovar. A great bottle of spirits appeared. "Drink, brothers! Be merry and bold!" said the governor.

Each drank a glass, and the talk became rough. "Where do you keep your money, old man?" "What money, little

father? All goes in expenses." One of the guard, moustached, took out a great knife. "Look at this, old man! Where is your money?" The old man in his fright detached the key from his belt and opened a coffer. "Here, little fathers, this is all the money I have!" The robbers got a hundred five-kopeck copper pieces. "Where is it, old man?" "There is none, little fathers!" "You lie, old demon!"

At this moment the old woman thought of the bear-leader; and said to herself, "I will run to him quickly!" She cried aloud, "Little fathers, I have something else in a bag." "Where?" "I will bring it immediately." "Quickly then, drag it forth!" The old woman rushed out. "Little father, bear-leader! trouble has come upon us! They have almost killed the old man." "Stop, old woman, do not move! Wait a second and we will go together. Now then, Michael, stand up! Come with us! I will feed you with bread and give you wine; help your master and the old woman!"

The bear rose with a growl, but the bear-leader seized the chain. "Precede us, landlady, and I will follow you." The bear-leader led the bear, whose chain rattled as might have done copper money in a bag. When the old woman opened the door the robbers turned to her rudely. "Well, old woman, are you bringing it?" The bear rushed into the cottage and, incited by his owner, began to catch the robbers; he seized one after another with his paws, and threw them to the floor; he killed six thus with violence outright and in addition bundled together six under himself, and when they sought to climb out from under him he killed them with his paws.

The old man hastily put to a pair of horses and set off to the drivers by the river. "What! you have been robbed!" The men jumped into the vehicle and drove to the house. An investigation was necessary. The district inspector drove up and held an examination. And the old man and old woman drank freely and lost their minds.

XXXIV

THE PEASANT AND THE WICKED WOMAN

It was a wretched year, and a certain peasant and his wife had been lazy. The man said, "Woman, we must get to work! the corn is not sown. What will happen to us when winter comes?" The woman said, "Peasant, you will die, and I shall marry again." She spoke in jest.

The pair got through the summer. But when winter came they had neither firewood nor bread. The man would have gone to work, but had no clothes. The woman said to him, "Go and steal." "Where shall I steal, woman?" "In the shop where they sell flour." "Foolish woman! people know that we eat rye; if we eat fine meal they will notice!" "Oh, peasant, I will bake it so that it shall look darker than rye."

The peasant, doing as he was told, entered the meal shop when it was full of people. One man took forty pounds in weight, another eighty, another twenty. But the peasant stood in the shop with an empty bag, and when a certain peasant put on a bench eighty pounds of fine meal, and went to pay for it, our peasant took the bag of meal on his shoulders and went out into the crowd.

He reached home. "Woman, glory to God! I have stolen the flour, but it is fine meal!" The woman ran quickly and got the kneeding trough ready. The peasant said, "Woman, the fine meal is coming out with the burnt part and does not look like rye."

The woman put the loaves in the oven, and after a time her husband said, "Woman, count them." She replied, "Peasant, seven!" "Well, now, woman, be quick, eat." The woman opened the oven and said to the man, "Peasant!" "What is it, woman?" "I put in seven and have drawn out six." "Why six?" "I don't know; but one loaf is missing!"

The peasant himself looked in the oven. "You spoke the truth, woman, that you would bake it worse than rye! Fool, do you not know how this has happened?" "And how, peasant?" "It became hot behind the loaves and they could not jump across; so they pressed on one of their number and it grew smaller and smaller."

The peasant became angry. He dragged his wife by her hair, telling her not to spoil good things. From his childhood

Zelenin, 1914, p. 241.



upward he had grown wrathful when children teasingly called him by a certain offensive name. He struck her again and again, and in return she called him by that name, "lousy one." He beat her so that she could not speak and then pushed her under the bench ; and let her lie there. Yet she repeated the name.

The peasant said to himself, "What am I to do with her? I will drown her!" Over a stream which ran at the back of their kitchen garden a crossing had been made with three poles. The peasant went, while the woman was ill, and slightly cut away the poles from below. Then he returned to the cottage and said, "Woman, do not lie there ; it is time to get to work!" "What am I to work at?" "Let us go and cut firewood." She did not oppose him.

The peasant said to her, "Woman, don't walk in front!" "For that," she replied, "I will wander about." The woman was quarrelsome as she went to the crossing. The man said to her, "Woman, go properly!" "As you speak in that way, I will throw myself about!" She reached the place where the poles had been cut. "Woman, go steadily." "On the contrary, I will go carelessly." The crossing broke and the woman fell into the stream and was drowned.

XXXV

THE MAYORESS¹

A WOMAN active, masterful and bold,
Pursued with questions a good husband old,
Who from the village council just had come.
She was displeased to find him almost dumb ;
Thought he should tell what in the council passed.

"We choose a mayor," he said, "have votes to cast."
"Who is elected?" asked she. "No one yet."
"And I," she cried, "am on the mayorship set."

The husband sped the council-room to reach ;
He would his wife a needed lesson teach.
He bids his friends, and they the woman choose,
Thinking her conduct will themselves amuse.

¹Afanasief, No. 239.

She rules and settles in the usual way,
Takes bribes and drinks, and lets the peasants pay ;
Though when 'tis time the poll-tax to collect
The mayoress fails to give the law effect.

A Cossack soon approaches, riding hard.
Thereon she shows her husband some regard,
And cries, " Oh, dearest, whither can I hide ?
Give me a sack, that I may get inside,
And stay secure among the early corn !"

While in retreat the mayoress stood forlorn,
The Cossack raged and stormed and loudly chid,
Asked, " Where's the council-chief ? She's somewhere hid."
Slashing his whip, he made the woman roar :
" Oh, fathers ! I would mayoress be no more !"
At last he ceased and galloped off, and then
The woman left the council-work to men.

XXXVI

THE MERCHANT.

EAGER to live respected by the Church,
A merchant of assistance went in search,
Had formed a plan through holy week to fast,
Into the office of a prelate passed
And thus, on Lent's first Monday, boldly spoke :

" Listen, my Lord ! In me has lately woke
A wish to fast with you. A need begins
For me to purge a few domestic sins."
The answer came, "'Tis well ; yes, I with you
Will keep the fast in manner sound and true."

Together they ere long to service went,
To which the merchant much attention lent,
Then homeward both with sturdy steps returned ;
The layman deeming he had dinner earned.

Into the room a servant glasses brings,
And as the samovâr with ardour sings
A pleasant tune the thirsty understand,
The merchant smoothes his vest with itching hand,
And thinks, when tea upon the board is set,

¹Chudinsky, No. 6.

" Now, for my pains, I shall some solace get."

The prelate fills for each a tiny glass.

" We should not let this tea untasted pass,"

Says he ; and gaily adds, " On days so great

A need exists to help our inner state " ;

Yet turns his glass unemptied upside down !

As does his guest, with a sore troubled frown ;

But thanks the prelate and decides apart,

" Upon this road I was a fool to start !"

The bell rang forth, and both to Vespers went ;

Stood and, once more, their footsteps homeward bent.

The merchant sighs. But now the servant brings

A dish enormous, to the table swings

A mighty sturgeon. Quick, again, a hand

Rests on a paunch that cannot food withstand.

Oh ! oh ! The fainting merchant sees at last

A chance to break forthwith this fearful fast !

The prelate took his chair and slowly sliced

Portions that had not for a mouse sufficed.

" Yes, we have eaten," said he, " and, in chief,

The comfort is, our sitting has been brief."

Rising from table, he to God gave praise,

And, as the guest copied the prelate's ways,

He too, next stood, let words to Heaven steal,

Thanked the archbishop for a frugal meal.

At hour of night no new refection came ;

Next day the rule in all things was the same ;

Another day, a similar, arrived ;

Slow passed a week, the merchant still survived.

Having adopted now these customs strange,

He was advised his mood not yet to change ;

The gracious prelate, pleased to find him meek,

Wished him to fast even a second week.

Alas ! The Church no triumph new could graft

Upon the week's success. Nor smiled nor laughed

The merchant as he said, " I should be glad,

But my affairs are in confusion sad ;

With all I've done I am, my Lord, content."

And Heaven had asked this man to honour Lent !

XXXVII

THE FIEND¹

IN a kingdom of an empire
Dwelt an aged pair
Who adored an only daughter,
Sweet Marusia fair.

'Twas the custom in the village
To depart from home
On the feast of good Saint Andrew,
Far away to roam.
Sped the damsels to a cottage,
Taking with them food,
There to spend for days each minute
In a jovial mood.
When the festival was coming
Every merry maid
Boiled and baked the good things needful,
And for pleasure prayed.

In the evening came young fellows
With a taste for song,
Bringing wine, and dancing, leaping,
Sauntering along.
They were all o'ercome and maddened
By a gay unrest ;
And the damsels danced divinely,
But Marusia best.

Now, it happened, to the cottage
Came a lively youth,
Red and white, in costly garments ;
He was strange, in truth.
" Greetings to you, pretty maidens !"
" Greetings in return !"
" How d'you pass your happy moments ?"

" Stay with us and learn !"
Taking ducats from a wallet,
Soon he sent for wine,
Nuts and cakes ; gave lads and lasses
Each a portion fine.

Oh ! his dancing was unequalled,
But he, more than all,

¹Afanasief, No. 206.

To Marùsia was attracted
 At the rustic ball.
 Came the hour for separation,
 When he thus could talk :
 " Sweet Marùsia, don't deny me
 Let me with you walk !"

She accompanied the stranger,
 Who remarked, ere long :
 " Take me, heart, to be your husband,
 For my love is strong."

" If you want me, I will take you
 With exceeding joy,
 But I'd like to know your calling ;
 How you time employ."

" Oh, I work in such a township,
 As a merchant's clerk."
 Then Marùsia said, " Good evening " ;
 It was getting dark.

On returning, she thus answered,
 When her mother spoke,
 " Dearest ! yes, it was delightful,
 Full of fun and joke ;
 Oh ! I met a splendid stranger,
 Rich and such a beau !
 As a helpmate he desires me,
 If you'll let me go."

" Hear me, my Marùsia ; listen !
 I a plot would weave ;
 Take with you a ball of cotton,
 For to-morrow eve.
 As you walk along beside him
 A small slipknot place
 On his button ; then the cotton
 Will his footsteps trace."

On the morrow to the party
 Goes she with the ball,
 And the lovers words of greeting
 To each other call.
 Games begin and lively dances,
 Varied forms of sport ;
 And the stranger, more than ever,
 Pays Marùsia court.

“Come awhile,” he said, ere parting
From her in the street ;
Last she fixed the little slipknot
At a moment sweet.

As he started on his journey,
She the ball unrolled,
And the cotton showed her whither
Went her lover bold.
First it took her to the roadway,
And across a fence,
Through a ditch ; while next a church door
Roused her thought intense.

She, because the door is fastened,
Climbs upon a stone,
Through a window recognises
That he stands alone.
Horribly he spends his leisure
In the twilight gloom,
Eats the flesh of one departed,
At an open tomb.
Though to 'scape without commotion
Vainly she would strive,
Unpursued her home she reaches,
Faint and scarce alive.

Soon her mother, in the morning,
Asks if all is well.

“Yes, I saw him,” says Marusia,
But no more can tell.
She is doubtful if to hasten
To the games at eve,
But her mother says, “Be happy,
Youth should never grieve.”

So, once more, she joins the revels,
Finds the fiend is there ;
And the others, knowing nothing,
Each enjoyment share.

At the usual hour for parting
This request he made,
“Would she walk once more beside him ?”
But she seemed afraid.
Then her friends repeated, laughing,
“Why are you so shy ?”

Go with him, the handsome fellow !”

What could she reply ?

It was useless to avoid him,
Fate the meeting willed ;
And he questioned the poor maiden,
Her with terror filled.

“ You were at the church last evening ?”

“ Not so, you mistake !”

“ You perceived what I was doing ?”

“ You an error make !”

Faintly whispering denials,
She her looks downcast.

“ Learn your father dies to-morrow !”

Said he, from her passed.

Sadly walked Marùsia homewards,
And, as morning broke,
She well knew her sire had perished,
From his sleep ne'er woke.
While the women-folk lamented,
The good mother went
To the pope before the evening,
On a burial bent.

But to stay alone is dreadful
For a youthful mind,
And the girl, with young companions,
Some relief would find.

“ Why so gloomy now, Marùsia ?”

They reproachful said.

“ Who could dream of mirth and pleasure,
When a father's dead ?”

“ Oh, how terrible, poor darling !”

So they all condole,
While the Fiend is scarcely backward,
Would the maid console ;
Even dares suggest her presence
On his homeward way !

“ Why not ?” cry the other damsels,

“ Do not answer, ‘ Nay !’ ”

“ Were you at the church, Marùsia ?”

Asked he, by and bye.

“ No, for certain.” “ Well, your mother
Will to-morrow die !”

Thus he spoke and vanished swiftly.
Home she hurried fast ;
In the morning knew her mother
Had to Heaven passed.

All the day she mourned, and later,
When the darkness grew,
She, to cure her tearful sorrow,
Joined the merry crew.

“ Welcome ! what is now the matter ?
Why these signs of woe ? ”

“ First my father, then my mother
Had from earth to go. ”

“ Darling, this is really dreadful, ”
Thus they sympathise.

“ Come once more ; Oh, come, ” he whispers,
Till she last complies.

“ Tell me, did you my behaviour
At the church perceive ? ”

“ No, I did not. ” “ Learn, next evening
You this earth shall leave ! ”

She withdrew, with sad forebodings
Slept beside a friend,
And resolved her life the morrow
Somehow to defend.

She would seek her aged granddam,
Weak and almost blind,
And from her request assistance,
Trust a nature kind.

“ Granny ! may I hope you suffer
Less from racking pain ? ”

“ Thank you, grandchild ! Of your parents
I would news obtain. ”

“ I have brought you fearful tidings,
Both of them are dead ! ”

Having heard the piteous story,
The old woman said,
“ Luckless grandchild, go, defer not,
Hasten to the priest.
Beg him humbly thus to treat you
When from life released :
Having dug beneath the entrance
Of your house a hole,

Let them draw your body through it
Under skilled control.
Next arrange that they shall take you
To a safe retreat,
Not within the common graveyard,
But where crossways meet."

And the girl, with such a message,
To the priest swift hied,
Homeward went and bought a coffin,
Lay in it and died.

Being told of what had happened,
Soon the priest much tasked,
First by parents, next by daughter,
Did as he was asked.

Now, it happened a young noble
Passed beside her grave,
There observed a beauteous blossom,
Which he thought to save.
Said the noble to his servant,
" Dig up root and flower ;
We will to our home transplant them,
Care upon them shower."

Afterwards the blossom flourished
In a brazen pot,
And presented charms that purer,
Finer could be not.

Once the servant, sleeping badly,
At the window glanced,
There observed new marvels wondrous
Which his joy enhanced ;

Suddenly, the blossom trembling
Fell upon the ground,
Whence arose a lustrous maiden,
Sweet as ever found.
She advanced from room to chamber,
Getting food and drink ;
Struck the floor, became a blossom
On the window's brink !
Soon the servant told his master,
Who, with curious mien,
Said, " We'll watch to-night together,
Close regard the scene."

Looking well, the lord and servant,
At the midnight hour,
Sure remarked, slight ever-growing
Movements of the flower ;
Till at last it fell and altered
To a dainty maid
Able to select some dishes
On a table laid.

But the lord advanced to take her
By a lily hand ;
Swayed by passion, led her gently
To his chamber grand.
There his burning, eager glances
Fastened on her form ;
There are some delicious moments,
When the heart is warm.

In the morning to his parents,
Valiantly he said,
“ I have found a bride bewitching,
Let us soon be wed !”
They consented, but Marùsia
Pleaded for delay ;
“ Years must pass, some four, for instance,
Ere the solemn day !”

Yet, betrothed, they lived and prospered
And begot a son ;
Then it came about and happened
Something more was done.
Visitors advised the husband,
Let him not besmirch
His good name, but take the lady
Soon to mass, in church.

Sunday comes ; and then the husband
Utters his desire :
“ You must please attend the service
In your best attire !”
In the church she soon aware is,
On the window sits
The unclean one, who advances
Soon to rack her wits.

“ Answer me again ; now kindly
Moments past recall !

Were you in the church, that evening
Of the village ball ?”

“ No, for certain !” said Marùsia.

“ Saw you what was done ?”

“ No !” “ Then, hear, you lose to-morrow,
Husband, ay, and son.”

From the church Marùsia swiftly
To her granny flew,
Who made gifts of different waters,
Told her what to do.
On the morrow, child and husband
From the living passed ;
And the fiend contrived a visit
Which became his last.

“ Were you in the church that evening ?”

“ Yes, I was,” she said,

“ And you saw what I was doing ?”

“ Yes, you ate the dead !”

As she spoke, the holy water
Fell upon his shape ;
And he made, as dust and ashes,
From her his escape.

Now she sprinkled living water
On her lord and son,
Whose revival told Marùsia
That the day was won.
Grief was vanquished, and the mother
Was from evil screened ;
Peaceful years then blessed a household
Rescued from the fiend.

XXXVIII

THE WIZARD :

A PEASANT who in open country toiled,
Faced by a whirlwind, from its force recoiled ;
Then seized to save himself, and launched in haste,
At the tall form, the hatchet at his waist.

The whirlwind passed, drew after it the blade,

¹Afanasief, *Poetical Views of the Slavs concerning Nature*, III, p. 448.

As though the edge in a tree's bark were laid.

Ere long, the man, fearing a lonely night,
Entered a cottage where still gleamed a light,
Perceived a sick man lying on a bed,
Concerning whom the children sadly said,
"He by an axe was hurt and cannot rise."

The guest looks round ; beneath the table lies
The axe he threw to save himself at noon !
He knows it when the dawn brings daylight's boon ;
Then sees the wizard's face and, ill at ease,
O'ercome by dread, without delaying, flees.

XXXIX

THE MAN-WOLF¹

Two simple country folk aspired to wed their son,
Drove to a neighbouring village, and the deed was done ;
But the bride's mother viewed her son-in-law with hate,
And, when the newly wed to see her came elate,
She changed him to a wolf, into the forest turned
One whom the bride sought vainly, and for whom she yearned.

The daughter hurried homeward to narrate her woe.

"Where is our son ? Quick speak !" "Alas, I do not know !"
With sobs and groans and sighs and aching eyes down cast,
To hopelessness, despair, parents and daughter passed.

Ere long the wolf arrived, sprang on a shed, would stay
Until the neighbours coming drove him far away.

Then, with a dismal howl, he to the forest fled,
And met some other wolves, but a life lonely led.
The pack would kill a sheep and place it in his power
A fragment of the carcase duly to devour ;
But he, although he sniffed, always refused to taste,
Was seemingly not hungry ; on alone would haste.

Yet our great personage could take his part in war,
What time the wolves loud snarled, "Be quick ! come on for
more !"

With savage howls they once attacked a peasant's yard ;
But here a dog was chained and stood on careful guard,

¹From the Russian of D. N. Sadovnikov, *Folk-tales and Traditions of the District of Samara*, No. 23.

Hurling defiance with an indignant voice ;
 " Ha ! Ha ! you growling wolves, you can, of course, rejoice !
 I, in my youth, had known the way to make you fear,
 Now, I am acting as a farmer's overseer.
 You choose to go about in freedom as you will,
 And think to prowl at ease where duties I fulfil,
 But I shall use my strength and drive you all away !"

The wolves collected and the man-wolf joined the fray ;
 They snarled and forward rushed, or back as quickly hied,
 And, when the dog perceived, bursting with rage, he cried,
 " Cowardly wolves ! grey wolves ! how fortunate you seem !
 My master, when awake, will strike and make you scream !"

The farmer woke astonished, wonderment expressed,
 Asked, did the din reveal a near approaching guest ?
 Meanwhile, the watch-dog threatened thus the wolves around,
 " If only I am freed, I'll reach you at a bound."

Loosed by his master now, he passed the open gate,
 Rushed at the sneaking wolves, who scarcely dared to wait,
 Yet, hindered by the snow, they failed to gather speed,
 And so he threw some down and made them freely bleed.
 He drove the rest away, and scarce the man-wolf clutched,
 Who found himself unhurt, or shaken, lightly touched.

Months passed, and spring arrived, and peasants went to
 plough ;

While yet the man-wolf roamed, sighing in weakness now ;
 " Would but a man destroy me !" Crawling on the road,
 He saw a deacon working far from his abode.

" Grey wolf !" the deacon cried, " my cudgel dare to face,
 And I will send you surely to a certain place."

The wolf but wished the deacon there would strike him dead,
 Howled dismally and crept forward with hanging head.

The deacon smote him once. " Ha, ha ! audacious beast,
 Dying of hunger ! Well, 'tis time your journey ceased."

'Twas thus the deacon changed the vagrant to a man,
 Whose fur soon turned to hair, claws to grow nails began.

The wretched creature to his father quickly sped,
 Who, " What is this, my son ? Whence come you ?" startled
 said.

The stricken youth, in tears, told of his awful fate,
 Caused by an evil spell, a jealous mother's hate.
 Alarmed, the father took the victim to the church,
 And hastened for the priest in wise, insistent search.

Nor was forgotten now the deacon's wondrous part,
Whose words a captive freed, and healed a broken heart.
Husbands and fathers met ; in righteous anger sought
Her that this awful crime against a man had wrought.
They ran in fury, shot her, placed her in the ground ;
And soon the married couple bliss in living found.

XL

BELIEFS CONCERNING LIFE IN THE GRAVE AND
DEATH, HELD BY PEASANTS IN THE MEDINSKY
DISTRICT OF THE KALUGA GOVERNMENT¹

DEATH, according to the popular belief, goes out of one house into another, and carries in its hands a cup of gall. Dressed in a long white robe, Death can be seen entering the dwelling of its victim. Everyone, before his end, sees Death and receives the cup of gall and is frightened. When a person dies his soul cleanses itself in a glass or cup of water placed near at hand and then flies away.

The dead walk, sometimes even for long. Thus, it is related of a certain priest that, directly after he had completed his first liturgy, his dead predecessor, loaded with iron chains, appeared to him and pointed under the altar. The new priest died in terror. So it continued to happen to each new priest till the time of the eighth priest, who was very brave. When a priest in iron chains appeared and pointed under the altar the eighth priest searched and found there a record. It seems the dead priest used to take money for prayers for the dead and then forget to say them. For such deceit he bore a heavy punishment during his life in the grave, when he frequently appeared before his successors and entreated them to say the prayers as written down in the records. The last of his successors atoned for the omissions of the defaulter, who thereupon appeared no more. The villagers said that a certain widow, who left behind her several orphans, used to arrive every night to bathe them and wash their linen, comb their hair, etc.

Sometimes the departed come to revenge themselves on hated persons, but often the visit is purposeless. The dead walk in the house where they lived earlier, enter the rooms and

¹*Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ.*, 1896, p. 203.

cause the doors and the boards to creak ; they can be seen in an unlighted room, but as soon as a candle is lit conceal themselves. Many such stories told of neglected houses on the local farms are transmitted by intelligent persons. To stop the wanderings an aspen stake is driven into the grave. If a person dies suddenly, then, in the popular belief, an angel administers the sacrament, by which means the deceased inherits the heavenly kingdom.

XLI

CHARMS AND EXORCISMS IN USE NEAR KOSTROMA †

POPULAR superstition was all powerful in the Volga districts, according to the account of a traveller writing in 1877. He says: " It expresses itself in prayers, charms and exorcisms, which have one of two purposes, human advantage or disadvantage."

DELIVERY FROM TOOTHACHE

Persons with toothache employ this prayer : " Lord Jesus Christ ! Rejoice, stone wall, and receive the disease from my jaws and from the teeth of God's slave ! (the name of the speaker is to be mentioned). Wall, never trouble me through the ages, but give help and health to me (name of the speaker), God's slave, suffering from headache and toothache ! With the prayers of the Divine Mother and of the Prelate Christopher Antip, help me in my affliction ; I, your slave, reverence you and all the saints, now and for ever. Amen."

METHOD OF OBTAINING FREEDOM FROM INSECTS

" At midnight one of the women living in the house infested with insects rides the poker round the house three times saying, " Who is in the house ?"

A mysterious voice answers from the window, " Insect eats insect." The question and answer are repeated.

The third time the first speaker asks,

" Who is in the house ?"

The answer is, " The last insect eats an insect."

† Works of the *Ethnogr. Section of the Emperor's Society of the Lovers of Physics, Anthropology and Ethnography in Moscow Univ.*, Bk. IV., 1877, p. 45.

The insects invariably disappear. None of the inhabitants of the house, except those working the charm, is to know the secret; otherwise the exorcism would not work. It is remarkable that the above quoted method is in great use in Kostroma itself, among tradesmen and small citizens. Belief in these and similar charms is unshakable among both the town and village population.

FOR RELIEF FROM THE STING OF A SNAKE

" Reptile, thou reptile, paper body, sugary lips, perfume, charms! Reptile, thou reptile, take away your seed and jealousy! I blew and spoke, and quickly my breath and words fell from me to the ground; so quickly, snake's sting, come from God's slave (name of the speaker)! Amen." To be said thrice.

XLII

BELIEFS OF PEASANTS NEAR VOLOGDA¹

THE beginning and the end of Heaven are beyond the sea; the end of Heaven touches the sea, but people live in Heaven as on land.

The Sun is a great fiery globe which floats in a small boat round the Earth.

The spots on the Moon are the brothers Cain and Abel. The Moon shines by night and the Sun by day, when the Sun overtakes the Moon.

Comets appear before war.

The Stars fall for this reason: There are bright Stars, the souls of the just; and there are dark Stars, the souls of the unjust; the former push the latter from Heaven.

The Wind is a living being, sitting at the edge of Heaven, on a chain; it sometimes breaks loose from the chain and then visits Earth and blows. Wizards practise exorcisms in order to stay the Wind. A storm is a chief among the Winds. During a snowstorm, fiends are at play.

Thunder and lightning occur because, during a thunderstorm, the holy prophet Ilyà rides on a fiery waggon over great stones in Heaven. A conflagration, if caused by lightning, should be

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ., 1902, IV, p. 118.*

extinguished with milk and kvass. If a man is killed by lightning, he has been a just man ; if a woman is killed by lightning, she must be considered to have been sinful. In order that lightning should not strike a house and not kill a man, a candle should be lighted before Christ's ikon and the stove should be heated, as fire does not attack fire ; or the chimney and windows should be closed. During a thunderstorm fiends are hiding behind people ; lightning pursues these fiends.

II THE UNCLEAN FORCE, MAGICIANS AND WIZARDS

There are in existence wood-spirits, witches, water-nymphs, yard-spirits and water-sprites.

Wood-spirits have the form of tall old men, and live in marshes. The wood-spirits are ruled by an old wood-king residing in a great forest into which people enter rarely. Wood-spirits appear in the form of acquaintances and lead travellers astray ; in order to find the way, one must follow them, but cross one's self, then they disappear. They have wives and children. They snatch away children before baptism, or send them at a later period to conflagrations to kindle a fire ; in order that a fire shall not flame up it is necessary to walk round it with the holy image. Wood-spirits are called up by conjurations. Hunters and shepherds enter into a compact with them and by force of such compact wood-spirits pursue game and safeguard the herd ; their powers extend beyond the boundaries of the forest.

In the forests, besides wood-spirits, there are witches possessing the shape of women with long black hair and a large tail ; they obliterate marks made in the forest for the wayfarer ; to be freed from these witches and wood-spirits it is necessary to read the prayer, " May the Lord arise."

Water-sprites in the form of fiends with horns and a woolly surface of the body live in deep pools. They take wives and children from among persons who are drowned. A king on a throne in the sea rules over the water-sprites. Making a compact with them, the miller treats them to vodka, which he lowers in bottles into the water ; then the water-sprites do not play tricks at the mill. Fishermen, for a successful catch, treat the water-sprites to vodka and tobacco, for which the water-sprites have a liking. It is dangerous to bathe in the evening, as then the water-sprites may come near the bank and drown people.

Besides water-sprites there live in the water water-nymphs, in all to the number of twelve ; they are daughters of a former magician and have the shape of beautiful, hairy, naked women to be seen at night on the bank of a lake.

The yard-spirit has the shape of a man completely overgrown with hair, but possesses a tail ; he is kindly and belongs to the courtyard of every house, and lives chiefly in the stable. The yard-spirit has a wife and children who influence him ; thus, if an animal is disliked by the yard-spirit, but liked by the latter's wife and children, he does not strike the animal, and in general does not give vent to a disagreeable frame of mind. In every house the yard-spirit looks after the herd and loves it, but not every member of it. A favoured member of the herd always has a smooth coat, as if it had been stroked. The purchaser of a new horse learns the yard-spirit's attitude toward the new comer thus : The horse is let into the yard alone and the peasant goes into the cottage and sits awhile on the bench ; then he goes into the passage and looks through a hole through which hay is thrown into the yard ; the yard-spirit is examining the horse and forming an opinion. If it is unfavourable, the horse should be sold, for it will go badly with the creature afterwards ; though sometimes a magician improves the outlook if his help be sought.

Bath-spirits inhabit the vapour bath-room ; if a third relay of visitors come into the bath-room, the bath-spirit appears in the form of one of their acquaintances.

Fiends have come into existence thus : Satan, with other angels, rebelled against God and constructed a throne ; then the Archangel Michael hurled a spear from Heaven at Satan and his supporters. When people go into the street without giving praise fiends appear in the guise of human beings ; chiefly in an underground abyss.

Magicians are born as ordinary persons, but receive magical knowledge from dead magician relatives. Magicians act with the aid of demon-force ; they injure human beings ; for instance, send them diseases. During a wedding the following measures are taken for warding off the tricks of magicians ; the bridegroom, the bride and members of the procession put into their boots or shoes flax-seed, lime from the church or from a wall, or tar from a wooden axle, and the horses in harness are wound about with bright thread. Demons appear at the death of a magician and torment him severely. There is a belief

that magicians after death wander about the earth ; in order to prevent such behaviour, it is necessary to cut the tendons of the feet and tie the place with cord ; if, even then, a magician walks, it is necessary to kill him with a gun.

Sorcerers and wise men and wise women differ from magicians in this ; they act, not with assistance of demon-force, but by the aid of spells ; they whisper over bread and honey and, in general, cure diseases.

XLIII

CHARMS IN USE IN THE VOLOGDA DISTRICT¹

A CHARM FOR SOFTENING THE DISPOSITION OF JUDGES, OR OF AN EVIL PERSON

" I WILL arise and, having pronounced a blessing and crossed myself, will wash in clear well-water and wipe myself with a clean white towel ; I will entreat the Lord himself and the holy Mother of God ; I will go from the cottage into the entrance, from the entrance into the gate, out of the gate into the wide street ; into the pure field under a pure sky, under the beautiful sun, and the bright moon, and the numerous stars. Difficulties will arise before me ; rulers may judge and condemn me to punishment, may make ready to execute me, and perhaps I shall give presents in vain ; may those who have been wolves in my absence become sheep before me ; henceforth for age after age and ever and ever ! Amen.

Think, Lord, of King David and of all his mildness !" (to be repeated three times).

A HUNTER'S CHARM AGAINST AN EVIL PERSON

" I will arise and pronounce a blessing, I will go out of the cottage through the doors, while crossing myself ; out of the doors and past the gates, into the pure fields and beyond the dark ravines, into the dense forests and the still marshes, on to the high mountains. I shall visit the forests in order to kill a goodly beast, a squirrel, a marten, a hare, a fox, a wolf, or a bear. I shall be on the blue seas, the lakes and the rivers and there kill geese and swans and grey ducks. May the man

¹*Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ., Material for the Study of Peasant Life in Russia*, 1890, No. 2, p. 139.

who is harmful to me chew sand from the shore of the blue sea and drink its water ; let him enumerate the trees in the forest, the firs and the aspens ; and be afflicted with barley chaff in his eyes, and gnaw gravelly stone with his teeth ! Let no one slander me or interfere in my business ! As the storm and whirlwind break the dark forests and injure both dry and moist roots, so may be broken the bold and evil man's heart, and his bones and joints ! By God's grace, when there is thunder, the arrow flies after the devil (that is, there is lightning) so may the arrow fall on that man ! May my words be effective ! Amen, Amen, Amen."

CHARM AGAINST THE EFFECTS OF A SNAKE-BITE

"Snake, you have saliva in your mouth, and I have saliva in my mouth ; I have saliva in my mouth, but your saliva is now in the sea ! For ever and ever ; henceforth, for ever and ever. Amen." These words are repeated thrice ; the stung part being smeared each time with saliva.

XLIV

TRADITIONS, MOSTLY FROM DISTRICTS IN THE ARCHANGEL GOVERNMENT :

(a) The dog was originally created naked, but the Devil, wishing to seduce him, gave him fur, that is, a woolly coat.

(b) A mouse nibbled through Noah's Ark, and stopped up the hole with its head.

(c) At a time unremembered, rye was not as it is now—straw below and an ear of corn above—it was ear from the root to the top. Peasant women, finding rye troublesome to reap, cursed God's corn. One of them said, "May you perish, cursed rye !" Another said, "May you neither sprout nor be ground !" A third said, "May you be pulled down from the bottom to the top !" The Lord, angry with their senseless murmurs, took the various portions of the ear and began to destroy them, one after another. The women stood looking on. When God was about to pull out the lean and top part of the ear the dogs prayed that he would leave them a portion. The Lord had pity on them, and graciously left the ear as we now see it.

¹Afanasief, *Russian Legends*, p. vii.

(d) At one time grain was of extraordinary size. A certain tsar, who used to walk in the fields with his princes and lords, found a barley grain as large as a sparrow's egg. The tsar was astounded and, collecting his princes and lords, asked them if the corn had long been sown. Nobody knew. It was suggested that an old inhabitant should be questioned. After a search an old man was found who could scarcely walk on crutches. He was led to the tsar and questioned. "By whom was this corn reaped?" "I do not remember," answered the old man, "I did not sow such corn and do not know; perhaps my father remembers." They led the father on a crutch to the tsar. Being asked about the grain, he said, "I neither sowed nor reaped it, but I have a father in whose granary I have seen such grain." They sent for the third old man who, though apparently about seventy years of age, came to the tsar without crutches and without a guide. The tsar questioned him. "Who sowed this corn?" "I sowed it and reaped it," said the old man in reply: "it is still in the granary. I keep it as a remembrance. When I was young the corn was large-grained and sturdy, but afterwards it began to grow smaller and smaller." The tsar said to him, "Tell me, old man, how is it that you walk more easily than your son and grandson?" "Because," came the answer, "I have lived piously and been satisfied with my own possessions and not coveted others."

(e) When the archangel Gabriel announced to the Holy Virgin that she would bear the Redeemer, she said that she would believe him if a fish one side of which was already eaten should revive. Instantly the fish revived and was put into the water; it was the one-sided plaice.

(f) Among the Slovenes a certain beetle is much beloved because it flew from the home of John the Baptist's parents and lighted up the cradle of the holy infant.

XLV

SAVING A SOUL¹

A WOMAN whose husband had gone to Moscow was living on a hill. But a fiend came to her, instead of her husband, and she bore a son. The fiend wrote on paper these words: "Yours.

¹Khudyakov, II. p. 95.

is living, but mine is dead," and the note remained in a drawer of a small table. After eight years, one day the boy while playing, looked into this drawer and read, "Yours is living, but mine is dead." "Mother," he said, "what does it mean?" She told him of his parentage. The boy took the note and wished to search for his soul. He went to a busy workman, and, showing him the note, said, "Tell me how I can rescue my soul." "Go," was the answer, "to such a merchant and hire yourself to him." The boy went to the merchant and said, "Please hire me; I want to serve you." The merchant answered, "I do not require you." "Ah, but I will do such and such things for you." "Well, you can stay if you like."

Now, this merchant was acquainted with a devil, and paid him a visit. He went to see his friend the chief devil, and took with him the boy, who, before long, said to the merchant, "If you show the words 'Yours is living, but mine is dead,' to the chief devil, what will he say to you?" They arrived at the house; it was large. The boy gave the note to the merchant and said, "Here it is; show it!" Now, an iron bed had been prepared for the visitor, and under it there was a fire unnoticed by the merchant, but seen by the boy. The merchant asked his host about the note, and the host immediately called together devils from the south. They flew hither and then away; came and went, but the chief devil always asked them, "Is this your note?" Each denied that the note was his. Next he summoned devils from the west, from the east and lastly from the north. They flew hither and away; came and went, and on being questioned, always answered, "No!" One, however, who was lame remained, he could scarcely crawl. Said the chief devil, "Does this note belong to you, lame one?" "No!" "You lie! Acknowledge! Otherwise you go on to the iron bed!" The devil submitted and gave back the receipt for the sale of a soul. The boy thus rescued his soul.

"Now," said the boy, "Merchant! Under your bed is a heap of fire!" The merchant asked, "Oh, how can I rescue my soul?" The boy replied, "I will go to my acquaintance, the busy workman, and obtain his advice. He went to the busy workman and learnt how to rescue the merchant's soul. "Tell the merchant to spend all the money he has on firewood. Let him take the firewood to a field, and when he has thus spent his fortune to the last kopeck, let him set fire to the wood; until all of it is burnt to a cinder he must prostrate himself and ask God for forgiveness." Now this merchant possessed several million

roubles. He piled up fields of firewood for twenty miles. Then he set fire to the wood, and for three years while it burnt, he lay down in the heat and prayed to God for forgiveness. God forgave him.

XLVI

THE VAMPIRE¹

At nightfall once a peasant, driving past
A gloomy graveyard, felt compelled to cast
At a red-shirted shape, which he o'ertook,
A nervous glance, a horror stricken look.

The stranger thunders, " Stop, I'll have a place !"
So, side by side, the pair a village face.
Reaching a house whose gates were open wide,
The stranger said, " We cannot go inside ;
For crosses on the gates are newly set."

Then up the street they roamed, until they met
A house well-fastened ; no way at a loss,
The stranger entered ; here was seen no cross.
Within, where slept an old man and a young,
The stranger soon beside the youth had flung
A pail, and stabbed him in the side
Till gore had flowed in a sufficient tide.
Raising the pail, the vampire quenched his thirst,
And slaughtered next the old man as the first.

" And now," he said, into the peasant's ear,
" I am for home ; we must depart from here !"
Back to the graves they went at fearful speed.
Then rescue came ; at last the man was freed,
For crowing cocks fear in the vampire bred ;
He vanished ! In the hut were found the dead !

XLVIII

THE WIDOW AND THE FIEND²

BLEST with a helpmate, young good and fair,
A peasant lived in peace and concord rare.

¹Afanasief, *Poet. Views of the Slavs*, p. 558.

²Afanasief, *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 212.

But he was old and, after illness, died ;
Whereon, his widow buried him and sighed,
Found it a solace in her woe to weep,
Oft tossed and turned, instead of gaining sleep.

At last arrived, as struck the midnight hour,
One that displayed a husband's wonted power.
Alarmed at first, she in his presence joys
And hears him say, that comes with little noise,
" I was courageous, boldly asked for leave,
Thinking that you too deeply mourn and grieve."
Sweet moments passed until, when the morning broke,
The stranger rose to vanish as might smoke.

He comes each night, ne'er fails as weeks go by,
Too, as a second moon delights the sky.
The widow never mentions what is done,
Speaks of her frequent visitor to none.

Yet, as a candle lessens neath the flame,
She withers, wastes before the stranger's claim,
Until her mother, sorely anxious, cries :
" Your plight grows worse before my very eyes."
" 'Tis joy that kills me ! " " What an answer, dear ! "
" At night, my husband comes to see me here ! "
" Oh, simple soul ! you must from sin be weaned !
One has deceived you ! and he is the Fiend ! "

To prove she's right, the mother forms a plan,
Showing past doubt the guest is not a man.
" Listen ! When next he comes, at table sits,
Let fall a spoon and, using all your wits,
When looking down to lift it from below,
If aught in him is strange, you'll quickly know."

The widow heard, and when the Fiend arrived
She threw beneath the board, 'twas well contrived,
A spoon, then stooped, and thus could scarcely fail
To see between his feet was coiled a tail.

Early next day with anger impotent,
Stricken with dread, she to her mother went.

" Horror ! Oh, little mother, it is true ! "
" Child, to the pope ; he'll tell us what to do."

They went and, speaking freely to the priest,
Heard that of methods sure this was the least,—
" For certain cure, three weeks of solemn prayers ;
'Twill force the Fiend to mind his own affairs,"

HUMOROUS TALES

XLVIII

THE LITTLE EGG¹

THE little speckled hen,
 Under the cottage floor
 Had laid a tiny egg. Grandfather would explore,
 Touched, but did nothing more.
 Grandmother did the same and, then,
 A mouse,
 Espying the intruder in her house,
 Crushed with her tail the strange addition to her store.

The aged folk shed tears, deeming their grievance hard,
 And the hen cackled long.
 The gates loud creaked, commotion ruled the yard,
 And the house rocked, as in a tempest strong.

Going for water clear,
 The priest's two daughters, next, could sounds of wailing hear ;
 Aside they stepped
 And asked the old folk why they wept ?
 " Who would not weep," was answered, " that fowls kept ?
 Under the cottage floor,
 The little speckled hen
 Had laid a tiny egg. Grandfather would explore,
 Touched and did nothing more :
 Grandmother did the same and, then,
 A mouse,
 Surveying the intruder in her house,
 Crushed with her tail the strange addition to her store."

The priest's two daughters knew
 Such sorrow, that they threw
 Their buckets to the ground ;
 Thus broke
 The yoke,
 And slowly homeward went in misery profound.
 " Oh ! little mother," said they to the priest's good wife,

¹Afanasiel, *Russian Children's Tales*, p. 124.

" You little guess how rife
 Disasters are in life ;
 We cry
 Because nearby
 Under a cottage floor,
 A little speckled hen
 Had laid a tiny egg. Grandfather would explore,
 Touched, but did nothing more ;
 Grandmother did the same and, then,
 A mouse,
 Beholding the intruder in her house,
 Crushed with her tail the strange addition to her store.
 The aged folk shed tears, deeming their grievance hard,
 And the hen cackled long,
 The gates loud creaked, commotion ruled the yard,
 And the house rocked, as in a tempest strong.
 We knew
 Such sorrow, that we threw
 Our buckets to the ground,
 Thus broke
 The yoke
 And, now, have homeward come in misery profound."

The priest's good wife was kneading dough,
 But cast it far away
 In her surpassing woe,
 Hearing her daughters say
 Why the old man and woman whimpered in dismay.

Holding his book, now came
 The priest himself ; and heard his wife exclaim,
 " Oh, little father, you would never guess how rife
 Disasters are in life,
 We cry
 Because, near by,
 Under a cottage floor,
 A little speckled hen
 Had laid a tiny egg. Grandfather would explore,
 Touched, but did nothing more ;
 Grandmother did the same and, then,
 A mouse,
 Perceiving the intruder in her house,

Crushed with her tail the strange addition to her store.
 The aged folk shed tears, they thought their grievance hard,
 And the hen cackled long,
 The gates loud creaked, commotion ruled the yard,
 And the house rocked, as in a tempest strong.
 Our daughters fetching water from the well,
 As they tell,
 Dashed hard their buckets to the ground ;
 Thus broke
 The yoke ;
 And now have homeward come in misery profound.
 I, then, was kneading dough
 And cast it from me so !
 In my surpassing woe."

The pious priest, o'ercome by grief,
 Through action gained relief :
 Must something find to do,
 He tore his book in two

XLIX

GOOD AND BAD¹

ALONG a country road
 A lonely peasant strode,
 And chanced to meet a landlord on his way,
 Who cried, " Good fellow, pray,
 Have you far travelled from your late abode ?"
 " I have." " You come from where ?"
 " From Khàrkoff and the Lord Tolstòy, who's living there."
 " Is the town great in size ?"
 " I have not measured it, and therefore cannot say."
 " Is it so strong that it can foes despise ?"
 " Not having tried its force, I cannot answer ' yea. ' "
 " Inform me now,
 What there is sold, and how ?"
 " You there can buy
 A sack of oats or rye,
 Shopfuls of gingerbread and rolls to fill a sleigh."

¹Afanasief, *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 230. var. a.

"What takes you from your home?"

"To buy some peas I roam."

"That's good!" "Not very good!" "Why not? Just tell me why!"

"That I was wrong, I'll not deny;
I worked when drunk and spilt my seeds; 'tis true!"

"That's bad!" "Yet not so bad!" "Why not? Just tell me why!"

The peasant said with humour dry:

"I dropped but one and picked up two."

"That's good!" "Not very good!" "Why not? Just tell me why!"

Explain, reply!"

"I thought, I only radishes had sown."

"That's bad!" "Yet not so bad!" "Why not? Just tell me why!"

Came merrily:

"Ere long, my crop fine pods had shown!"

"That's good!" "Not very good." "Why not? Just tell me why!"

The peasant's face grew wry.

"Some pigs," said he, "the priest's, acquired the custom sad,
Of treading upon peas; on mine no mercy had."

"That's ill!" "Yet not so ill!" "Why not? Just tell me why!"

The peasant laughed triumphantly,

"Because," said he, "these very pigs I killed

And, with fresh meat in salt, two casks I filled."

"That's good!" "Not very good!" "Why not? Just tell me why!"

"While I was standing nigh.

Some dogs (the priest's) who late have shown a taste
For such fresh meat, must drag out mine in haste."

"That's ill!" "Yet not so ill!" "Why not? Just tell me why?"

The peasant said with an expression sly:

"I slew these wretched dogs and, from the fur,
Made for my wife a coat which caused a stir."

"That's good!" "Not very good!" "Why not? Just tell me why!"

The peasant answered solemnly:

"It chanced my wife must pass

The priest's back door ;
 He saw on her these furs, alas !
 And each one from her tore."

" That's bad !" " Yet, not so bad !" " Why not ? Just tell me why !"

The peasant winked his eye
 And said, " I scarcely ceased
 This way or that, much to annoy the priest,
 And got from him a dappled cow and gelding grey,
 Gifts that his heart and my sagacity display."

L

FOOLISH JOHN^r

AN old man and his wife had three sons, of whom two were sensible, but the third was foolish John. While the elder sons tended sheep in the fields, the fool did nothing except sit on the stove and catch flies. Once, when the old woman had boiled some rye dumplings, she said to the fool, " Take these dumplings to your brothers, and let them have a meal." She filled a pot with dumplings and put it into his hands. He wandered toward his brothers. It was a sunny day, and John had scarcely reached the outskirts of the village, when he saw a shadow by his side and thought, " What sort of fellow is this ? He keeps by my side, and does not fall back a single step ; no doubt he would like some dumplings." He began to throw the dumplings at the shadow, and did not stop till he had thrown away all, even the last. He looked ; the shadow was still by his side. " It is impossible to satisfy such a fellow," said the fool, angrily, as he hurled the pot at the shadow, so that the fragments flew about in different directions.

When he came empty-handed to his brothers they asked him, " Fool, what is the meaning of this behaviour ?" " I have brought you your dinner." " Where is it, then ? Hand it to us quickly." " Well, you see, brothers, a strange fellow fastened on to me as I came along, and I gave it him to eat." " What kind of fellow ?" " Well, he kept up with me all the time." The brothers abused the fool, and then thrashed him thoroughly ; they told him to take care of the sheep while they

themselves went to the village for dinner. The fool began his task. When he saw that the sheep wandered about the field he set to work to catch them and pluck out their eyes. He caught them all, and removed the eyes from everyone of them; then, collecting the flock, he sat down, as delighted as if he had performed a great feat. The brothers dined and returned to the field. "What have you done, fool? Why is the flock blind?" He answered, "Do they require eyes? When you went away, brothers, the sheep roamed about separately, and I hit on a plan; I caught them and took out their eyes; the task tired me." "Stop, you shall get tired in a different way," said the brothers, as they belaboured him soundly with their fists.

In the course of time the elders sent John, the fool, to buy some household goods. He bought a table and spoons, and cups, and meat, and salt and heaped them all up into a load. Then he started home; but the horse was almost useless and pulled to little purpose. John thought to himself, "A horse has four legs, and a table has four legs; the table will therefore run of its own accord. He took the table out of the cart and put it on the road. Then he travelled a distance, while the crows hovered over him and cawed continually. "It is evident the sisters would like something to eat; what a noise they are making!" reflected the fool. He threw the meat on the ground and let the birds regale themselves. "Little doves! little sisters!" said he, "eat! And may the food do you good!" But he himself moved on.

The road led between some trees, and he found himself among a number of burnt tree-stumps: "Ah," he thought, the children have no caps; they must be cold, the dear things!" and immediately he placed the pots and bowls upon the tree stumps. Next John, having come to a river, sought to give his horse some water, but the horse would not drink. "Clearly," said the boy, "he will not drink unsalted water." The fool scattered the whole bag of salt in the water; nevertheless, the horse would not drink. "Why in the world will you not drink; you wolf's flesh! Have I used up a bag of salt to no purpose?" He seized a log, struck the horse on the head, and killed him! John possessed now only the wallet of spoons, which he carried on his person.

As he went along the spoons rattled and clattered. He thought they were saying, "John, the fool!" He threw them down and, trampling on them, said in a taunting voice, "I'm

John, the fool, am I? I'm John, the fool, am I? And the wretched things dared to tease me!" Reaching home, he made this announcement: "I have bought everything, dear brothers," "Thank you, fool, where are your purchases?" "The table is running on behind and the little sisters are eating out of the dishes. I placed the pots and bowls on the heads of children in the forest, and salted the brook with the salt, and, as the spoons teased me I threw them away on the road." "Lose no time, fool! Go and collect everything that you scattered while on your journey." John went into the forest, and removing the pots from the burnt tree-stumps, knocked out their bottoms, placed on a stick about a dozen of each kind, great and small, and carried them home. The brothers belaboured him; and then left him to mind the house while they went to make purchases in the town. The fool now listened to the beer fermenting in the vat and said, "Beer, do not ferment! Do not tease me!" As the beer did not obey, the boy let it flow out of the vat; afterwards he sat in the trough and sang songs, or ran about in the cottage.

The brothers were terribly angry. They took John, sewed him up in a sack and dragged him to the river. Placing the sack on the shore, they went to look for an icehole. Now, a certain lord was driving past in a troika with chestnut horses, and John cried out, "They set me in command, as a competent judge in everything; but I can neither judge nor rule." "Stop, fool!" said the lord; "I am well able to judge and to rule. Come out of the sack!" John came forth, sewed the lord firmly in the sack, took his seat in the conveyance and drove away rapidly. The brothers arrived, lowered the sack under the ice, and listened. How it gurgled in the water! But John came to meet them, from somewhere or other, in the troika. "Look," said he, "at the horses which I have captured; and there still remained behind a grey, such a fine one!" The envious brothers said to the fool, "Sew us up in a sack and lower us quickly into the icehole; the grey horse shall be ours." John, the fool, sank his brothers beneath the icehole, and raced home to drink beer and think of them.

LI

THE SUN, THE MOON AND CROW-CROWSON¹

I

Listen to a story told
 Of a man and woman old,
 Who would quickly married see
 Their good, handsome daughters three.
 Now, this peasant, to his cost,
 Once his burden nearly lost,
 When, before the breakfast hour,
 He removed a sack of flour ;
 For the sack, though fastened tight
 Yet had leaked—the track was white.

II

“ Where’s the flour ? ” his helpmate asked,
 And her husband grievous tasked
 Forth to go and pick up all,
 Though the loss was far from small.

Then he boldly dared repeat :
 “ If the Sun affords us heat
 And the Moon forsakes the shade,
 And Crow Crowson grants his aid
 In collecting what I’ve spilled,
 I have solemnly thus willed :
 To the Sun I’ll freely give
 My first child with him to live ;
 Next, a maid shall go away,
 With the Moon as consort stay ;
 And Crow Crowson, he shall get,
 Too, a wife, to pay my debt.”

III

Ere the father’s words were done,
 Glory issued from the Sun ;
 And the Moon the heavens decked ;
 Crowson came, would flour collect.

Then the peasant, unconcerned,

¹Afanasief, *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 49.

To his eldest daughter turned,
Said " Now, listen, I require
You to wear your best attire ;
Take upon the steps a place
With a smile upon your face !"
Lo ! the Sun, forsaking Heaven,
Seized the bride to him thus given.

Next the peasant like words used
To the middle maid confused,
Who, equipped with many a smile,
Stood upon the step awhile,
Till the Moon, without delay,
Came and took the girl away.

Spoke the father once again,
Gave the youngest orders plain ;
So the maiden, in her turn,
Took a place, her fate would learn.

She, obedient and the last,
Scarce beyond the door had past
When Crow Crowson, swooping down,
Offered her the marriage crown,
Having heard a whispered " ay,"
Bore her to his kingdom high.

IV

After this occurred a lull,
Till the peasant, feeling dull,
Said he would some visits make
Hands of sons-in-law to shake.

To the Sun he first repaired,
Far away to travel dared.
" Greetings to my kinsman old,"
Said the Sun ; and briskly told
His good wife at once to cook
Fritters, while his place he took
On the floor. She hither ran,
Brought with her the frying pan ;
Placed the dish above the Sun,
Held it till the cakes were done.
When the peasant had been fed
He departed ; swiftly sped.

Reaching home, " Now, wife," he cried,
 " I should like a fritter fried ;
 Do not heat the stove, but hold
 O'er my head a platter cold !"

" You have lost," said she, " your mind."
 But he answered, " No, you'll find
 That each fritter will be done."
 None was cooked, not even one !

V

Long the peasant did not wait,
 But began a journey great
 To another son afar,
 Nearer than or Sun or star.

" What refreshment will you take ?"
 Asked the Moon, scarce yet awake.

" Trouble not ; no dish supply,
 But allow me here to lie."

Then the Moon prepared a bath
 Close beside a silvery path ;
 Though the peasant grumbled loud,
 " 'Twill be dark as 'neath a shroud !"

" Not at all, dispel your fear ;
 It will be as daylight, clear,"
 Said the Moon, and found a chink
 (Where the door began to shrink),
 Through it pushed a finger bright,
 Quickly filled the room with light.

After pleasant hours had passed,
 Home the peasant journeyed fast,
 And, when evening's hour arrived,
 Thus to please himself contrived.

Pointing to a little path,
 He proposed a pleasant bath ;
 Bid his wife her body steam.
 She forthwith began to scream :
 " As the light is finished ; No !
 To the bath I cannot go."
 " 'Twill be day for you ; but look !"
 Thus he cried, a hatchet took,
 Made a crevice in the wall,

Filled it with his finger small.
 Yet his wife, in sorry plight,
 Groaned, " 'Tis here as dark as night !"

VI

Once again away he went,
 Now on lesser travels bent,
 Having not so far to roam,
 Found Crow Crowson close at home.
 " What's your pleasure ?" called the third
 Son-in-law to greetings stirred.
 " There is nothing I require,"
 Cried the peasant, gazing higher.
 " Come and sleep !" the son besought ;
 So the guest a ladder brought,
 Mounting up, his eyelids closed,
 And beside Crow Crowson dozed ;
 Silence kept, scarce drew his breath,
 Then he fell and met his death.

LII

AN ARRANT FOOL.¹

A PEASANT and his wife
 Were vexed their only son,
 As he advanced in life,
 Had nothing wisely done.
 The mother cried, " Awake
 And mingle with the crowd !"
 The boy replied, " I'll make
 An effort if allowed."

Meeting, ere going far,
 Two workmen grinding peas,
 He manages to mar
 Each effort that he sees.

" Depart !" the men implore ;
 " We care not why you came !"
 The boy annoys them more,

¹Afanasief, *Russian Children's Tales*, No. 84.

Despite incessant blame.

They angry get and now
Punish him with a stick ;
Away, he knows not how,
He staggers dazed and sick.

“ What is the matter, child ? ”

The mother heard his woe
And hinted, as she smiled,
That he could better go.

“ You should have said, ‘ I ask
Indulgence, neighbours kind ;
Would help you in your task,
And occupation find ! ’

They would have cordial grown
And offered you some peas ;
Then all of us had known
Enjoyment, at our ease ! ”

When the next day arrives,
Swift to confer a boon

The boy a stroke contrives,
Before the hour of noon ;
He shouts (not having missed
A solemn funeral),

“ I’m ready to assist
If death on you should call.”

Again the fool received
Ill treatment harsh and rude,
So that his mother grieved,
And her advice renewed :

“ You should have offered aid
Through vigils of the night ;
Said you were not afraid
To stand and hold a light.
Had you but bowed your head
And seemed to drop a tear,
You had been later fed,
And known the best of cheer.”

The eager boy, ere long,
Chanced, in the village street,
Upon a wedding throng
And hastened to repeat :

“ I will, at any hour,

Lament and mourn for you.”

He quickly learnt to cower
'Neath chastisement anew.

His mother now explains :
“ You should have skipped and danced,
Joined in the merry strains,
About you happy glanced !”

The boy again set out,
Soon on his pipe to play,
Seeing, mid stir and rout,
A conflagration's sway.

He lightly tripped and well
Just opposite the fire ;
His notes appeared to tell
Pleasure could go no higher.

Smarting beneath a blow,
He sought his mother dear,
Who cried, “ Some water throw
When things are burning near.”

From shock and sad dismay
Recovering at last,
The boy, the second day,
Beyond the village passed.
He would successes boast,
And on a peasant came,
Who was about to roast
A pig above a flame.

Not losing time, the fool
A pail of water seized,
Was prompt the fire to cool,
But by his act displeased.

They beat him once again,
And then he hurried home,
Asked sympathy in vain,
As one unfit to roam.

Viewing his wretched plight,
His mother made a vow :
The fool beyond her sight
She would no more allow !

LIII

THE PEASANT AND THE HARE¹

A man, remarking in a field a hare,
 Thus to indulge in happy dreams could dare :
 " Behold, I've grown a wealthy man at last !
 Up to this hare in silence I go fast,
 Then strike and kill and sell her ; with the price
 I buy a tiny sow. In but a trice
 She farrows, rears a litter, suckling twelve,
 And each of them, while I but dig and delve,
 Soon growing up, begets a dozen more.
 I feed them well, of meat acquire a store,
 Take it to town, and wealth sufficient get
 To buy myself a house. On marriage set,
 I'm blest with sons. It happens thus, ere long,
 Johnny and Basil, hearty lads and strong,
 Managing ably, plough the field, but I,
 Sitting before the cottage window, cry :
 " You drive the beasts too hard, Basil and John !
 Tis clear, success o'er well on you has shone."
 Thus shouting loud, the man disturbed the hare,
 Saw wealth, wife, home and sons, disperse in air !

LIV

THE FLY'S APARTMENT²

ALONG the road a potter
 Journeyed with all his stock,
 Until a little pitcher
 Fell, but survived the shock.
 A fly approached the pitcher,
 And thought in it to stay,
 Settling herself in comfort,
 Departed night nor day.
 A gnat drew nigh and, stopping,
 Said, " Who is in the nook ?"

¹Afanasief, *Russian Popular Tales*, 2nd. Ed., p. 534.

²Afanasief's *Russian Children's Tales*, No. 41.

Adding, as information,

“ You on a gnat may look.”

“ Come in ! let’s live together !”

And side by side both dwelt ;

Being of social habit,

Well with each other dealt.

A louse, condemned to crawling,

Said, “ Who is in the nest ?”

The fly and gnat could hear then :

“ A louse has you addressed.”

“ Welcome ! let’s live together !

You doubtless will agree,

If two can shew affection,

Why should not also three ?”

A flea hopped hither briskly,

Demanding “ Who’s above ?”

Fly, louse and gnat were told then,

“ A flea requests your love.”

“ Welcome, let’s live together,

There’s room inside for more ;

If three can be companions,

Why should not also four ?”

A mouse, in manner furtive,

Whispered, “ Who’s lodging there ?”

The fly, gnat, flea, louse heard then,

“ A mouse the home would share !”

“ Welcome, let’s live in friendship ;

Come in ! we all should thrive ;

If four can dwell in concord,

Why should not also five ?”

A frog, fatigued and lonely,

Croaked, “ Is there room for me ?”

Fly, louse, flea, mouse, gnat heard then,

“ A frog the host would see.”

“ Welcome ! let’s live together,

With one another mix ;

If five can dwell as brothers,

Why should not also six ?”

A bear came hither, shambling,

And growled, “ Who’s here, awhile ?”

The trembling inmates listened

To raucous grunting vile.

“ I am the Forest-Terror,”
 He said, “ and argue that
 All other folk are worthless ” ;
 And on the pitcher sat.

LV

GRIEF AND MERRIMENT †

THE tiniest bladder,
 A smouldering ember,
 And half of a straw-stalk
 Set out for adventures.

Oh, pleasantly journeyed
 The valiant companions,
 Until they arrived at
 A hindrance to progress :
 Before them lay hoof-prints
 O'erflowing with water.

The comrades consulted
 And spoke of the measures
 Which, properly taken,
 Might further their passage
 Across such an ocean.

The ember a favour
 Thus begged of the bladder :
 “ Allow me to traverse
 This sea on your shoulders ! ”

“ Oh, No ! it were better
 The straw should assist us
 By bridging the waters. ”

The ember had started,
 And even completed
 A part of the distance ;
 But turned to look backwards !
 Alas ! at this moment
 The straw-stalk ignited,
 The ember fell headlong
 And, as for the bladder,
 It perished, exploded,
 A prey to its laughter !

†L. Grigorief and B. Olenin, *The Russian Word*, II., p. 35.

LVI

THE WICKED WIFE. 1

IN days of old a certain wife
 Brought on her husband endless strife ;
 If he remarked, " Rise early, pray !"
 Three days and nights in bed she lay ;
 While, if he said, " Please, go to sleep !"
 She would a restless vigil keep.

Telling her to prepare a cake,
 He heard, " Oh, thief, I will not bake!"
 At once he groaned, " Unworthy then
 I unto hunger say, ' Amen.' "
 Ha ! now she cooked a mighty dish
 And let him know it was her wish
 That he should swallow all and quick,
 Truly and well the platter lick.

Wearied and pining much for rest,
 He to a wood his footsteps pressed,
 Till, reaching where some berries grew,
 He saw a hole arrive in view.

He stared and next a notion got,
 Asking himself, in anger hot,
 " Shall I put up, throughout my life,
 With such a rude, tormenting wife ?
 I might a useful lesson give,
 Letting her in this hollow live."

At home, he thus began to speak :
 " Dear wife, to-day don't berries seek !"
 " Oh, yes, I will !" " I found by luck
 A bush, but don't the currants pluck !"
 " Oh, yes ! 'twill be a choice pursuit,
 To keep from you the luscious fruit."

Into the forest went the man
 And after him the woman ran,
 Reaching the currants, loudly cried,
 " Robber, don't venture by my side,
 Or I might kill you." Then she fell ;
 Indeed how far, 'twere hard to tell.

The peasant homeward strolled alone,
 Had ne'er before such quiet known,

¹Afanasief's *Russian Children's Tales*, No. 14.

Three days and nights he breathed in peace,
Next thought he would his wife release.
And so he visited the pit,
And, having dropped a cord in it,
He pulled awhile, and brought aghast
A little demon up at last.

The unclean spirit doleful prayed
For mercy, even human aid ;
“ A woman vile has come below,
And nipped and bitten inmates so
That hatred and disgust are felt.”

The little demon humbly knelt,
And to repay his captor vowed,
If but to stay on earth allowed.

The man was touched this pain to see,
And kindly set the creature free,
Who said, “ I pray you visit next
With me a town and see it vexed ;
While showing there malicious spite,
I will your kindness requite ;
You shall a war 'gainst illness wage,
As a physician and a sage !”

The demon mingles with the wives
And merchants' daughters, and contrives
That, always as they sickly grow,
The peasant helps them in their woe.
Behold, a doctor he became,
Obtaining wealth and widespread fame.
Where'er he went, an illness ceased,
Sadness departed, joy increased.

At length the demon, harsh and gruff,
Said, “ I have done for you enough ;
'Tis time to show my evil bent,
And to destroy an innocent ;
A rich man's daughter I'll secure.
Mind, do not treat her— now be sure !
If you approach my special flower,
Without remorse, I'll you devour.”

The rich man's daughter's speech was wild ;
She raved, to none was reconciled ;
So servants rushed to fetch the sage
Who fever's access could assuage.

“ Come quickly, lest we find her dead !
Save her, or you will lose your head.”

The doctor felt the hour had come
To scape from evils burdensome ;
He must destroy a hideous sway,
Drive the fell demon far away !
He tried, forthwith, a cunning trick :
Sent grooms and coachman, servants quick
To crack their whips, both far and near,
And cry, “ The wicked wife is here !”

He went to see the fevered maid,
Though somewhat of events afraid.
And, sure enough, the demon asked,
“ Peasant, what mischief here is masked ?”
“ Be off !” the doctor cried, concerned ;
“ Your foe, the wicked wife’s returned.”

The demon to the window went,
And stared and listened, all intent ;
Heard loudly called through talking’s hum,
“ The wicked woman here has come.”
“ Peasant, advise me what to do !”
“ Into the pit ! She’ll not pursue !”

The demon ran with all his might,
Fell in the hole, was lost to sight.

The little maid, to health restored,
Skipped, jumped and merry songs forth poured ;
And soon her father gave the man
Who foiled the demon’s dreadful plan
Half of his riches ; but the wife
Slow in the pit dragged out her life.

LVII

THE BOLD APPRENTICE¹

A NOVICE working at a mill,
When told the scoop with corn to fill,
Threw on the stone the golden grain,
So that the stone revolved in vain.

¹Afanasief, *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 233.

The miller waited not to chide,
But, seeing wheat fall far and wide
And angered much at the affair,
Discharged the culprit then and there.

The lad retired and passed the time
Pondering o'er his recent crime.
Yes! at the mill his stay was brief,
His erring zeal had brought him grief!

Going despondently astray,
He wandered far and lost his way,
But near some bushes by a stream
Aroused himself, and ceased to dream.

Gazing, he saw a mill at hand,
Empty and old and no way grand;
And here he thought to pass the night,
Upon the lone deserted site.

The gloomy hour of midnight came,
But sleep remained his fruitless aim;
Nothing relieved his anxious heart,
And noise the slightest made him start.

Then suddenly he seemed to hear
Footsteps of men the building near.
Into the friendly scoop he slid,
Remained awhile securely hid.

Of those who came (they numbered three)
The looks scarce vouched for honesty.
They lit within the mill a fire,
And then disclosed their chief desire.
After dividing stolen spoil,
One put his share beneath the soil,
Another set his near the wheel,
The last within the scoop would steal.

The lad was brave and quickly thought,
"Nobody twice by death is caught;
Not wishing ere old age to die,
To scare the rogues I'll boldly try."

He shouted out with all his might,
"Denis! stand firm upon the right,
Phòka! protect the left, take care!
Small! I am here, be ready there!
Pity them not, we'll capture all!
I've got one down, a villain tall;

Strike hard, my lads, they're in a scrape,
We'll hold them tight, they shan't escape."

The robbers, frightened, dropped their goods,
Rushed headlong off to neighbouring woods,
While home the cheerful novice strolled,
With treasures rare and wealth untold.

LVIII

THE TSAR AND THE SHIRT[†]

ONCE a tsar, a prey to illness.
Uttered loudly, "Half my kingdom
Shall belong to him that cures me!"

Then the councillors assembling
Held discussions never ending,
Always failed in their endeavours ;
But a sage at last suggested
How for sure to be successful :
"Let us, finding someone happy,
Take the shirt from off his shoulders,
Place it on the tsar ; 'twill cure him !"

And the wise, without delaying,
Went to seek a soul contented.
'Twas in vain ; they chanced on no one
Always bright and uncomplaining.
Wealthy persons often sickened,
And the healthy needed money ;
If a man had strength and riches,
He had weak or luckless children ;
Perfect bliss was ever absent !

Yet ere long, at dusk, the tsar's son
Heard the inmate of a cottage
Say, "To God Almighty, glory !
I to-day had work in plenty,
Ate my fill ; and now for slumber !
I for nothing else am eager."

Overjoyed, the prince directed
Messengers to do his bidding,
Snatch forthwith the humble garment
And to recompense the owner

†V. Lafeen, Utchenie-Svyet, p. 43.

On a scale profuse and lavish.

Officers the cottage entered
And divulged their urgent wishes,
Handed jewels to the peasant.

"Sell my shirt!" he gasped, "How can I,
When upon my back there is none?"

LIX

THE INN¹.

SOME teamsters, seeking quarters at an inn,
In vain the host's attention strove to win;
He to the mill had gone to grind his wheat,
Then coming home, performed a wondrous feat.

Alone, he set to work, moved load on load,
Nigh filled his barn; Oh, splendid vigour showed,
Storing his sacks of flour. As came to view
These signs of might, a teamster stared anew,
And then, amazed, tales to his comrades told;
Spoke of the hero's skill and bearing bold,
Who, feeling no fatigue, withdrew at length
To feed his horses, test no more his strength.

And now the landlord for refreshment called,
Himself at table in a seat installed.
His wife brought tea, a bucketful at least!
He broke huge cakes in kvass and ate them, ceased
But to take gruel from a mighty bowl,
Or, last, himself with copious draughts console.

The teamsters, in a neighbouring garret placed,
Descending soon, the doughty landlord faced.
"Master," asked one of them, "it were not wrong
To hold that you, time past, were rather strong?"

"My friend, 'tis true; yes, I was once a man!
Alas, some early foolish risks I ran.
I could have tossed the six of you from here
In pieces small. To try it now I'd fear."

The landlord then of a strange battle spoke:
"I think, beside the bridge you came, good folk?
With fell intent, under that bridge I stayed

¹Sadovnikov, No. 108.

To rob a deacon, but an error made ;
 Wherefore I live on gruel (as you've seen)
 Or cake well soaked in kvass. In mood serene,
 I hoped to steal the deacon's purse, and struck.
 ' Good day,' he cried ; ' I trust you're well ! What luck ?'
 In vain I smote once more. Now at his ease,
 Quitting his sleigh, he forced me to my knees.
 ' Open your mouth, my lad ! I'd have a view !'
 I opened wide. With pincers he forth drew
 All of my teeth, and to his pocket passed
 His takings. Kindly looks on me he cast,
 Next said, ' Farewell ! in that way act no more !'
 And driving homeward, safely reached his door."

LX

THE SORCERESS¹

A SORCERESS, the daughter of a tsar, died. ' Nobody came to bury her, and all the peasants took gifts to the tsar. A boy took as his present nothing but a roll of bread. The tsar, who was angry that anyone should bring him so little, forced the boy to keep watch over his daughter. But the boy objected, saying, " Will my grandfather allow it ?" However, the grandfather said, " Go and keep watch, if you have received such an order," and at the same time gave the boy three small bags, one of a mysterious nature, one of files and one of coals.

The daughter was placed in the church, but issued from her coffin at midnight and said to the boy, " I will eat you." The boy threw the mysterious substance at her, and she swallowed it ; he threw the files at her, and she ate them ; he threw the coals, and she devoured them greedily. But cocks crowed and the sorceress lay down in her coffin.

The lord sent to people and said, " Come and look ; she has eaten him !" They arrived, but the boy was praying to God. Then they led the boy to the tsar, who said, " Boy, will you undertake to watch a second night ?" The answer came, " I will ask grandfather." The grandfather counselled acquiescence and filled three small bags, one with a mysterious substance, one with files and the last with coal. Again when midnight came the tsar's daughter said, " I will eat you." The

¹Khudyakov, p. 45.

boy began to throw, and, as before, the dead sorceress ate the mysterious substance, the files and the coal. Cocks crowed and she lay down in her coffin. The lord sent again, "Come and look; she has eaten the boy!" People arrived, but found the boy praying to God. The tsar wished to engage the lad for even a third night. "I will ask grandfather," said the boy. The grandfather replied as before. Again the lad took three small bags, one of the mysterious substance, one of files, and one of coal. At midnight the daughter issued forth, and said, "I will eat you." The boy threw at her the mysterious substance, the files and the coal; she ate them all and, approaching, wished to devour him. He seized her by the hair and struck her with a stick; then there came from her rats and mice and various reptiles. As they came forth she began to pray to God with him. The lord sent, saying once more, "Come and look; she has eaten him!" People arrived and looked and reported to the tsar that his daughter was praying to God.

The tsar said, "Bring them to me." They were brought. "Boy," said the tsar, "will you marry her?" "I will ask grandfather," was the reply. The tsar asked his daughter, and she consented. The boy went to his grandfather, and the old man ordered the marriage. The pair were led to the wedding and were being put to sleep, when the grandfather said, "I will give her a beating and wash her." When he had washed and beaten her the maiden jumped up a greater beauty than she had been before. The grandfather said, "Now, grandson, cut her in two!" Thereupon the bridegroom exclaimed, overcome with grief, "What next, indeed?" "Very well, grandson, live with her!"

LXI

THE PEASANT AND THE SNAKE¹

PROCEEDING, on the first day of spring, to plough, a peasant set fire to the stubble. Suddenly a ferocious snake crawled to him and said, "Peasant, save me, and I will do you a service." The peasant took the snake, slipped it into a bag and put the bag on the cart. Time passed and the stubble had burnt. "Now, peasant, let me out of the bag." The peasant let the

¹Erlenwein, No. 22.

snake out, and it puffed itself up with incredible strength, so great was its passion! "Little peasant! I will eat you!" "How, snake, can you speak so cruelly? A short while ago you said, 'I will do you a service.' You now wish to devour me! You shall eat me; but let us go and meet three persons!" The snake went with the peasant till they met a hare. "Little father, little hare, decide our dispute! I was getting ready to plough, when this snake said, 'Save me!' and now he wishes to eat me!" "Well, little peasant, good is always bought by evil."

The peasant and the snake went off to meet someone else. A wolf arrived. "Decide our dispute; I went out to plough and this snake said, 'Save me,' and now he wishes to eat me." "Well, good is always purchased with evil." The peasant remarked, "Let us go and meet a third person; if he agrees; then you shall eat me." A fox arrived and the man said: "Little mother, little fox! decide for us our dispute; I went to plough and this snake said, 'Save me,' and now he wishes to eat me." "Well, good is always bought with ill; however, you great fool, tell me how you saved him." "Little mother fox, the snake was in this bag." "Will he go into this bag, you great fool?" The snake said, "Do you wish, fox, that I shall get into this bag?" The cruel snake went at once into the bag. "Now," said the fox, "tie up the bag!" The peasant did as he was bid. "Strike it against the wheel." The peasant swung the bag with all his might against the wheel. "Well, little mother fox, come to me on a visit, and I will give you three presents. Come to the barn and I will give you three cockerels." The fox went to the barn and the peasant at once put three young dogs in the bag; he intended to give the fox a shaking. "Here," he cried, "grey! white! catch the fox!" The fox rushed away and entering a hole, said, "My little eyes, what have you done?" "We kept a look out, so that you were not caught." "Little ears, what have you done?" "We listened so that you were not caught." "Little legs what have you done?" "We always ran so that you were not overtaken." "And you, my grey tail?" "I always stretched back, always stretched back and so you were caught!" "Well, greys and whites! there you are; tear it." The dogs seized the tail, drew out the fox and tore her to pieces.

LXII

THE BEAR AND THE COCK¹

"UNLESS you find a wife for me,
I'll break the stove in two!"
Thus spoke a youth that claimed to be
Aflame a bride to woo.

"How can I mate you, foolish lad?
We have no money now."

"Oh, sell the ox; his work is bad;
He's useless at the plough!"

The ox, o'erhearing, sought a wood,
And the lad shouted long,
"Settle the question now, for good,
Or force me to do wrong."

"How shall I please you, lusty youth,
Before I wealthy get?"

"Oh sell a sheep; I am in truth
Against life single set."

The sheep o'erheard, and moved away,
And then the son, once more,
Began to raise his voice, inveigh
And threaten as before.

"How can I wed you, reckless boy,
When riches we have not?"

"Oh, kill the cock; he'll bring us joy;
A pie is good, if hot."

The cock o'erheard, and swiftly flew
Into the wood, where next
Ox, sheep and cock could all review
A situation vexed.

Near by a cruel bear had heard
The strangers hither come;
And to their hut, by anger stirred,
He brought his visage glum.

The cock springs tree-ward, to a height,
Loud flaps his wings, and cries,
"Men, step this way, please; here alight;
Let us the bear surprise;
I'll fall upon him, quickly break
His bones with this good axe,

¹Afanasief, No. 31.

Then, with a slash, the knife shall make
Us free from his attacks !”

A mighty terror seized the bear,
Who howled and turned aside,
Implored his foes his life to spare,
And ran until he died.

Along the forest passed the fool
To where the bear was cold ;
Stripped off the fur beside a pool,
And turned it into gold.

The fool, without delaying, wed,
Rich in cock, sheep and ox ;
Yet knew not when he homeward sped
The honour was the cock's.

LEGENDS

LXIII

THE ANGEL¹

AFTER a certain woman had borne two children God sent an angel to take away her soul. The angel flew to the woman, but, pitying her infants, returned to God without her soul. "Have you taken her soul?" the Lord asked him. "No, Lord!" "Why is that?" The angel answered, "This woman has two infants. How would they obtain nourishment without her?" God took a staff, struck it against a stone and broke it. "Look in there!" said God, to the angel. The angel looked into the chink. "What do you see?" asked the Lord. "I see two little worms." "He who nourishes those little worms would provide for the two infants!" God removed the angel's wings and banished him to earth for three years.

The angel hired himself as a day-labourer to a priest and lived with him for a year or two. It happened that the priest sent him on a short journey. As the labourer passed the church he stopped and picked up stones and threw them at the cross over the church. A crowd collected and abused and were on the point of thrashing him. He went further till he saw a tavern, and there he prayed to God. "What a blockhead!" said the passers-by. "He hurls stones at the church and prays before the tavern! We ought to beat such a man." But the labourer prayed and, continuing on his way, saw a beggar and reviled him for being importunate. People who were passing heard the labourer's words and hastened to the priest with a complaint, "Look here!" they said, "your workman walks in the streets and only plays the fool; he mocks at holy things and abuses the poor and needy." The priest inquired of the man thus: "Why did you throw stones at the church and pray to God at the tavern?" The workman answered, "I neither threw stones at the church nor prayed to God at the tavern. As I went by the church I saw an unclean force that, being imbued with greed for men's sins, hovered over the Divine temple and even attached itself to the cross; so I tried to strike it with stones. Next, as I went by the tavern, I observed several persons drinking and carousing and giving no thought to the hour of death; and I prayed at once that God would not

¹Afanasief, *Russian Legends*, No. 26.

allow any true believer to yield to drunkenness and so incur mortal peril." "But why did you abuse the needy?" "A pretty sort of needy person! That beggar has plenty of money and travels incessantly to collect alms, he thus deprives of bread those who are really poor. Therefore I called him importunate."

When the labourer had served altogether three years, the priest offered him some money, but received this reply, "I do not need money; you had better accompany me!" The priest went with him, and the pair travelled far together. God gave wings once more to the angel, so that he rose from earth and flew to heaven. Only then did the priest know who had been living with him for three years. (*Written down in the Voronej region*).

LXIV

CASSIAN AND NICHOLAS¹

OUR paths are horrid in the early spring;
Then melting snows severe misfortunes bring!

A peasant once, by sunken wheels delayed,
Looked up and down a country road for aid.
He saw St. Cassian pass and, having failed
To recognise the saint, for succour hailed.

"Think you," the saint exclaimed, to anger wrought,
"I to assist you have been hither brought?"

But, next, Saint Nicholas the spot came by
And heard this prayer, "To help me, sir, oh, try!"
Thereon he stopped and true assistance lent.

Both saints, ere long, duly to Heaven went.
"Where have you been, Saint Cassian?" asked the Lord.
"On Earth," said Cassian, and his tale forth-poured:
"I met a man whose cart was in the mire;
He asked for help, but I my fine attire
Would keep unsoiled." "And where have you late chanced?"
The Lord at Nicholas' splashed garments glanced.

"On Earth; I also met the man in need;
His sunken cart I fortunately freed."

The Lord remarked, "Since, Cassian, you refused
To give your aid, three years shall not be used

¹Afanasief, *Russian Legends*, No. 11.

Your prayer in church ; but, Nicholas, for you
Folk twice a year a service shall renew !”

And men and women now this custom keep,
When once in four times years are said to leap,
Then only, they to Cassian’s praise are stirred ;
The name of Nicholas is oftener heard.

LXV

THE PROPHET ILYA AND THE ARCHER¹

ONCE an archer paid a visit
To an inland lake,
Then Ilyà the prophet’s thunder
Made the echoes wake.

Scenting danger, soon the archer
Hid in bushes green ;
While, uprising from the water,
A strange head was seen,
Which, though oft above the surface,
Was not always there,
It, when vivid lightning happened,
Sank beneath the air.
So, though loudly pealed the thunder,
Yet the head was safe ;
Was the curious creature living ?
Human was this waif ?

Now the man would solve the problem,
“ I will kill it,” said ;
Shot an arrow, and the being
Floated up, was dead !

Fearing he had someone murdered,
Far the archer ran,
Met the dread Ilyà, in aspect
Prophet, also man.

“ You were there beside the water ?”
“ Yes !” “ And someone slew ?”
“ No !” “ Beyond a doubt you killed him !”
“ No, it is not true.”
“ Have no fear,” Ilyà continued,

¹Sadovnikov, No. 93.

“ You a fiend have slain ;
To destroy him with my thunder
I, indeed, was fain.
Take this gun and, fair exchanging,
Bow and arrows leave ;
With the firearm you will better
Purposes achieve.”

Then the archer used the firearm,
Aimed till objects fell,
And a noble, stirred with envy,
Cried, “ The weapon sell !”

“ No,” the answer came, “ I will not,
Even for much gold.”

Then the lord (a skilful wizard)
Said, “ A contest hold !
If to kill me you are able,
You shall keep the gun ;
If you fail, are unsuccessful,
It by me is won.”

Sits the lord upon a belfry,
Bells around him hang,
“ Fire !” he signalled, and the gunshot
In the welkin rang.

Though the archer reached the noble
And his shoulder broke,
Yet the wizard claimed the weapon,
“ ’Twas no fatal stroke !”

“ But I smote you,” said the archer,
“ And have won the game.”

“ Not so ; at the cross you levelled ;
At the cross take aim !”

There, above the sacred emblem,
Doves, a pair, had built,
And the archer shot and slew them,
Added to his guilt.
So the noble won a weapon
Craftily designed ;
And, for sacrilege, the prophet
Made the archer blind.

LXVI

FRIDAY¹

A FOOLISH woman on a Friday dared
 To spin and show she naught for Friday cared ;
 But she who thus at labour vilely kept,
 At midday slumbered, strangely, deeply slept.

The door flew open. Lo ! in robes of white,
 Dame Friday came to show her wrathful might.
 Collecting refuse flax from off the ground,
 She filled the eyes of one she would confound,
 But said no word.

Now, when the woman woke,
 She wept in sore distress, of anguish spoke,
 Could scarcely guess what lately had been done.

Ere long, her friends around her had begun
 To say, " Oh, neighbour, you deserved your fate !
 The dame was right to show her anger's weight."

The woman listened and, oppressed by sin,
 Cried, " Dame ! have mercy, I would pardon win !
 For you I'll set a candle ! Grace extend !
 Nor foe, nor friend of mine shall you offend."

Then, in the night, Dame Friday came once more,
 Was pleased the woman's eyesight to restore.
 Spinning on Friday vexes the proud dame,
 She makes the culprit suffer, and feel shame.

LXVII

THE MAID AND THE WATER-SPRITE²

LONG ago a maiden drowned,
 Under flowing waters found
 Marriage brings a true delight,
 Even with a water-sprite.

Once in weather calm and clear
 She o'ercame a mighty fear ;
 Swimming fast, approached the land,
 All about her closely scanned.

¹Afanasief's *Russian Legends*, No. 13.

²Afanasief's *Poetical Views of the Slavs*, II. 229.

There was still the dear abode,
 High the sun above her glowed,
 Groves and meadows yet were green
 In the bright, familiar scene !
 Insects hummed and busy flew,
 Songsters gay adorned the view,
 And a distant church's bell
 On her cast its wonted spell !

In her mind a wish had birth
 To resume her life on earth,
 And as 'neath temptation great,
 It is hard to strive with fate,
 She forsook her watery home,
 Went in village streets to roam.

But no relative or friend
 Would to her requests attend,
 And at eve she left the shore,
 Sadly joined the sprite once more.

Scarce a pair of days had passed,
 When upon the shore was cast
 A disfigured woman's form.
 Then the river rose in storm,
 And, in agitation strong,
 Foamed and swirled, swift rushed along ;
 The revengeful water-sprite
 Deep bewailed his lonely plight.

LXVIII

THE KAMA AND THE VOLGA †

Rebellious Kama through his channel would not go.
 Scorning to let his current to Dame Volga flow,
 And, aided by a kite, he planned this cunning scheme ;
 He would, beneath her waters, pass the Volga's stream :
 Under the mighty Mother he would burrow till
 He heard the kite exclaim : " Now rise and do your will !"

Alas ! an eagle saw and, speeding in pursuit,
 Drew from the kite, above midstream, a cry acute.
 And Kama heard ! Before he reached the further side
 He rose and nourished Volga with his copious tide !

†Sadovnikov, No. 123.

NOTES

I THE BEWITCHED PRINCESS

This story contains many interesting incidents ; thus, trees, by suddenly withering, tell the hero's wife that dire misfortune has befallen him at a distance ; in a moment of irritation her curse is so powerful that a whirlwind carries him away ; he craftily obtains from devils a flying-carpet, boots of swiftness and a cap-of-invisibility ; he flies to the edge of the world and the south wind carries him home. But comparable incidents have occurred in other tales and been previously mentioned in Notes. Afanasief remarks, "The bewitched or enchanted princess is the heroine of many tales among all Indo-European peoples. They present a considerable number of variants of one and the same theme. Thus, the beautiful princess of whose kingdom an evil force gains possession loses her snow-white colour and becomes black, and the white horses which draw her chariot are turned into ravens. As the term of her delivery draws near her blackness lessens and her steeds become lighter coloured ; the princess becomes whiter, first to the waist and then to the knees, and at last she is altogether freed from the influence of the evil force.

In the German story, "The King's Son who Feared Nothing," a prince comes to an enchanted castle, where a beautiful black¹ maiden tells him that to free her he must remain three nights in the great hall of the castle, but not allow fear to enter his heart. In spite of torments inflicted on him by little devils and hobgoblins, he endures to the end. Each morning the princess heals his wounds with the water of life. At last she becomes snow-white and as fair as day, and marries him.

II VASILISSA THE FAIR

The doll in this story behaves as a kind of talisman, able and ready to assist its owner whenever she makes a request for help ; it plays a humbler part than the talismans occurring in the two Kalmuck tales, "The Khan of Childish Intellect" and "The Adventure of the Brahmin's Son," which respectively guard a life or instantaneously create palaces and wealth. This doll is, in its little way, as efficient as a magic cudgel or magic table-cloth, but of more varied powers. The solemn manner in

¹Grimm, No. 121.

which it was bequeathed to Vasilissa, and its childlike form, and Vasilissa's delightful intercourse give it, however, a special interest and charm. An authority tells us of a doll in Japan that acquires a soul through being played with by countless children, and how in a Swedish tale a doll answers for a heroine; and he speaks of a demi-goddess in the Kathà Sarit Sàgara that has dolls capable of strange deeds.¹ Ralston relates briefly two stories from Afanasief, in which puppets or dolls effectually assist a girl in escaping from an incestuous union.² Vasilissa's exemplary attentions to her faithful doll, whenever she sought its advice and help, may be compared with the negro's gifts to a fetich, which sometimes represents a human figure.³

III THE SEA-KING AND VASILISSA THE WISE

This tale, so full of folk-tale incident, begins in two of its variants with an account of a quarrel between a mouse and a sparrow, and how therefrom arose a great war between birds and beasts. The eagle, tsar of the feathery people, gains the victory, but, being wounded, sits on a tree. A hunter sees the eagle, takes aim at him, and so forth.

Many folk-tales are founded on a promise to surrender the first thing which shall be found by someone returning home, or to give up the first person who may appear. Thus, in "The King of the Golden Mountain," a merchant who has met great misfortunes is aided by a black dwarf upon the condition that the dwarf is to receive the first object that shall rub against the father's legs, and this is the merchant's little son. The black dwarf comes for fulfilment of the contract when the boy is in his twelfth year.⁴ In a Gagauzy tale the constructor of a bridge, in consequence of a vow to throw the first person who shall appear into the foundations of a bridge, sacrifices his own wife.

The girl-doves of our story are met with in other tales, and are replaced in one version by twelve swans.⁵ In the Lapp tale, "The Girl from the Sea," there are three maidens whose clothes, usually worn by them in the water, are placed on a bank when the maidens wish to bathe. The garments might well be feathers. In a Chukchi story, the heroine has been a gull.

¹The Rev. J. A. MacCulloch, *The Childhood of Fiction*, p. 197.

²*Russian Folk-tales*, p. 159.

³Lubbock, *Origin of Civilisation*, pp. 320 and 321.

⁴Grimm, No. 92.

⁵Afanasief, 122, c.

Some remarks on such maidens occur in the Note to the fourth Samoyede tale. "The myth of the swan-maiden is one of the most widely distributed, and at the same time one of the most beautiful stories ever evolved from the mind of man," says Mr. Hartland,¹ who treats the subject exhaustively.

Difficult or impossible tasks are imposed in folk-tales often with an evil intention, as when in an Altaian tale a father wishes to take from his son the bride whom the father covets. The Finnish tales contain several instances of seemingly impossible tasks which are set; thus, a youth is required to feed a town for three years and to make a bridge of glass; another must build a bridge of gold, and still a third has to obtain four hairs from the Devil's beard. A Votyak story tells of a wax bridge which must be constructed. The Little-Russian tale, "The Flying Ship," has in it a tsar who treacherously refuses to give his daughter to a humble peasant, although the latter has fulfilled the specified conditions of constructing a flying ship. The Russian Baba-Yaga sets a child to fill a bath with water by using a sieve.

It is not unusual for a suitor to be assisted by his lady-love in performing the tasks imposed upon him. Thus, Vasilissa's sagacity in aiding the prince to select her three times from among twelve maidens, who are exactly like herself, is paralleled in an Indian tale. Rûpāsikā reveals to her lover, Sringabhaya, her identity among one hundred sister-princesses by putting her necklace on her head instead of on her neck. He chooses successfully and she helps him in other tests.²

The following story, given here in outline, comes from the Basques. A poor youth is told by a giant that three young ladies in pigeon-robés will come to bathe in the garden. He takes away the pigeon's skin from the middle one when she is bathing, and so makes her promise to be his wife. She sends him to her father, who sets him immense tasks, of which one is to pull up oaks by their roots. The young lady appears to him and throws up her comb in the air and by this action causes the oaks to be upturn. With her comb she performs for the youth another enormous task of turning up ground, harrowing it, sowing it with wheat and making a cake by noon. He has to choose his desired bride while his eyes are shut, but succeeds because he knows that she has lost a finger during a previous

¹*Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 254 et seq.

²*Kathā Sarit Sāgara*. Tawney's Transl., I., p. 360

effort to assist him in a task. When the married pair fled from the father, the young lady spits before the door of her room. The spittle speaks and delays the father for an hour. The fugitives come to a certain country, and the wife warns her husband not to kiss anybody, or he will forget her altogether. He kisses his aunt and forgets his wife. Having done penance, he suddenly remembers his wife, is forgiven and lives happily with her.¹ It will be seen that this tale presents several features of the "Sea-king and Vasilissa" story.

IV BABA YAGA

Baba-Yaga is one of the most famous characters in Russian folk-tales. Her bony appearance and frequent toothlessness, her great dimensions and her cannibalistic propensities make her a disagreeable and formidable object. A revolving cottage, which moves when addressed in a certain form of words, is her invariable home. Sometimes she is sharpening her teeth and sometimes she rides in a mortar and propels herself with a pestle. Although generally hostile, she is not invariably so; thus, in the Russian, "Sea-king and Vasilissa," she tells the prince of twelve doves which will turn to maidens and that, when they begin to bathe, he must steal up quietly and steal the eldest one's clothes. So, in "The Spellbound Princess," she assists the old soldier in finding his beautiful wife, and in "The Frog Princess," she renders Ivan the inestimable service of telling him the strange secret of the Skeleton-Man's death. In "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria" she possesses mares. The Mordvin Baba-Yaga is either merely a "cannibal," or is enormous and cannibalistic and yet capable of a benevolent action, or is the giver of deadly gifts which cause a girl's death, as in "The Girl and the Robbers." The old witch sometimes has two sisters, to whom she sends in turn the hero, in which action she resembles an old witch in the Ostyak, "Aspen-leaf," and an old woman of supernatural powers in the Lapp story, "Stallo." In a note Afanasief remarks, "We find the tradition of Baba-Yaga among all the Slavs. The Slovaks say she lives in a dark cave in a wood and represent her as ugly, with cheek-bones like two hills and a nose as large as a pot."

The kindness of the mouse to the children in the present story is far from solitary, for a considerable and beneficent part is played by the mouse in various tales in this collection. Starting

¹W. Webster, p. 20.

with the Kalmuck tale, "The Adventure of the Brahmin's Son," we have a mouse giving valuable assistance in the recovery of a jewel. When the party of animals escape the ape puts the mouse in his ear. Far away, near the border of North-Eastern Thibet, the Ugurs have a story of a mouse which became the foundation of a boy's fortunes. Among the Gagaizy, a Tatar tribe in Bessarabia, a mouse, in a "grateful animal" story, cleverly recovers a magic mirror for its owner; and in another tale, "The Sun's Courtship," a mouse plays on a fiddle and, so deluding a vampire, allows a girl to flee. In the Russian tale, "Helen the Wise," the fiend, by transforming himself into a mouse, aids the young lover to win the queen's hand. In the Little-Russian, "The Witch and the Sun's Sister," a mouse runs over the strings of the dulcimer and misleads the witch so that she thinks her brother has not run away. The White-Russian tale, "The Bear's Head," recounts how a mouse befriends a foolish girl and brings about her return to safety. Thus the mouse, long famous for exhibiting its gratitude to a lion, in a fable which would now appear to have had its source in ancient Egypt, has had many and worthy successors.

V PRINCE JOHN AND HIS DESIRE

The part of the snake in this tale (which is recorded by Erlenvein, from near Tula), is taken by a robber in the next story, "Prince John and Princess Mary" (which is recorded by Khudyakov, from near Moscow). The episode of the beneficent hare and wolf does not occur in the latter story. The pair of dogs and the bears, which together are called the Prince's "Desire" (or "Wish"), and are at hand to assist and finally to rescue him from the snake, constitute a kind of protective bodyguard in animal shape. Their place, as the "Desire," is taken, in "Prince John and Princess Mary," by the bear's cub, the wolf's cub and the lion's cub, which the prince brings home with him from his dangerous expedition to obtain bear's milk, wolf's milk and lioness' milk. The corresponding rôles of the snake and the robber are made clear once more, when the snake in "Prince John and his Desire," says he will eat the prince; and the prince, in order to gain time, replies that he will heat the bath that the snake may eat him hot; in the robber story the robber himself heats the bath to roast the prince. The second part of the tale corresponds tolerably well in the two versions. In "Prince John and his Desire" the poisonous

tooth, which has been laid on the prince's pillow, is licked out of his cheek when he is dead by a fox forced to do the task by the "Desire"; in "Prince John and Princess Mary" the poisonous tooth is unearthed by the "Desire," prompted by a fox's remark. Thus the two stories have a close resemblance the one to the other.

Allusion may be made to some remarks by Leskien.¹ He speaks of a cycle of narratives of a treacherous sister (mother, or wife) who sets dangerous tasks to a brother (son, or husband) in order to kill him when he interferes in her love affairs with a dragon (robber or devil). These stories form a special group with similar tasks set to the hero and similar methods of his rescue. The first episode is of two children of a king, who are followed by a monster, such as a wolf with an iron skin, and who endeavour to escape beasts or birds whom they meet. An ox offers to save them, and they escape by throwing away things found by the brother in the ox's ear; they thus cause a bridge to arise over a river and later to vanish when they wave a towel. On reaching a place of safety, the ox requests to be slain by the brother. From the ashes of the slain animal various articles or animals spring up to be used later. The second episode begins with the sister's falling in love with a dragon, whereupon together they plot how to destroy the brother. She pretends illness and sends him to obtain milk from wild animals; then for some healing water to neighbouring mountains, and lastly for flour to a devil's mill with twelve iron doors. The brother fetches the flour, but cannot prevent his faithful dogs, wolf, bear from straying there. They break out from confinement and tear the dragon to pieces. The brother sets his sister a penance, but she tries to murder him a second time by placing a poisonous tooth in his bed and her evil design is successful. His faithful animals bring him to life, and the sister is killed.

In the present Collection, three further stories recall the above theme. In the Armenian, "The Treacherous Mother," a wicked woman mates with a snake, feigns illness and sends her son into danger to obtain a lioness' milk. The mother kills her son, but the lioness' cubs are at hand, and by their action lead to the young man's revivification.

In the Ostyak, "A Tale of a Hunter," a woman has as her lover a seven-headed satyr, who endeavours to kill her brother.

¹*Lithuanian Folk-tales*, p. 548.

The brother is aided in his resistance by a hare, a vixen and an otter, till his two faithful dogs rescue him. Next the sister kills the brother by putting the seven-headed devil's tooth in his bed.

Lastly, in the Yukaghir, "Tale of the Fabulous Old Man," two children are pursued by the fabulous old man, with whom may be compared the monster mentioned by Leskien. A cow helps them, with whom we may compare the ox spoken of by Leskien. A scraper in the cow's back is as efficacious in causing a magic obstruction to arise in the way of the pursuer as are the things found in the ear of the ox. The cow (like the ox) asks to be sacrificed. A helpful pair of wolves and of bears assist the children. Now begins the second episode. The sister, by the aid of a tooth of the Fabulous Old Man (answering to the dragon's tooth), would kill her brother. But the youth's bear and wolf save him and tear his sister to pieces. It appears that the Cycle of the Treacherous Sister exists in Armenia and in Western and Eastern Siberia.

VI PRINCE JOHN AND PRINCESS MARY

This story is a variant of "Prince John and his Desire." Remarkable substitutions of the chief characters occur in the variants of many folk-tales. A traveller told the present writer that he had met a Russian soldier in Siberia who made such substitutions skilfully in well-known tales.

VII HELEN THE WISE

In his Remarks on "Helen the Wise," Afanasief says, "There are like stories in other countries," and quotes a Wallachian tale, called "The Princess and the Swineherd." A certain princess would only marry the man who could effectively hide himself from her, and so prove his cleverness. She possessed a magic mirror, in which she saw all things however hidden and far removed. A swineherd determined to try his luck at the risk of his own life; he knew all about animals' secret ways, and soon did a service to an eagle, who promised to transport him far from all gaze. The eagle spread his wings, the shepherd sat upon him, and the pair rose and vanished in a dark cloud. But with the help of her magic mirror the princess discovered the bold youth. Then he saved a fish, who gratefully carried him down into the sea, but she found him. Later he is turned

into a rose by a wood-sprite. The princess buys the rose and places it in her hair and now the magic mirror no longer aids her. She has to marry her wooer. Except perhaps for the detail of his long preliminary captivity, the picture given of the fiend is powerful. "Helen the Wise" is a beautiful story, containing several features of Russian fairy tales such as the wondrous thrice-ninth land, the magic carpet, and transformation of maidens into birds.

A story with successive transmutations of a youth and of a maid will be found in the Account of the Kumuks. The Note to the Kalmuck, "Frame Story," treats of the subject.

VIII THE FROG PRINCESS

Afanasief remarks, "This story is general among the Indo-European peoples. Judging from its wide distribution among different races in like forms, and taking into consideration the legend which is its foundation, we cannot doubt its great antiquity." In a Lettish tale in the present collection, "The Tsar's Son who Became a Frog," and in Grimm's, "The Frog-king, or Iron Henry," the frog is male. Afanasief mentions stories in which the frog's place is taken by a hedgehog (Grimm's tale, "Hans the Hedgehog"); by an ass (Grimm's tale, "The Donkey"); and by a snake (a Serbian version). In the Italian (*Pentamerone*), a snake plays the same part. In another Serbian tale a princess tortoise is spoken of, and in some stories we hear of a princess monkey. There is even a tale of an enchanted prince cray-fish.

Grimm's story, "The Three Feathers," concerns two clever sons and a third and foolish son of a king who said, "He who brings me the most beautiful carpet shall be my heir." He throws three feathers in the air and the sons proceed in the directions in which the feathers fly. A young toad brings to Simpleton a box containing a beautiful and fine carpet. The two elder brothers merely provide coarse handkerchiefs obtained from shepherd's wives. Later the toad provides the youngest son with a beautiful ring, while his elder brothers content themselves with an old carriage ring. The king blows the feathers once more into the air and once more Simpleton applies to the fat toad. She gives him one of her little toads and puts her into a yellow coach. The little toad turns into a beautiful maiden and the six mice become horses. The maiden jumps skilfully through a ring, but the two peasant women chosen by

the elder brothers fail in such a task, and so the king bestows his crown upon Simpleton.

In a Chinese tale, called "Kwang-Jin and the River God," we are told that a ball covered with variegated figures was thrown from a window of an opposite house and struck the hero on his shoulder. It was accepted by every romantic maiden that the man who was so struck was chosen by Heaven as her husband.¹

The beginning of "The Frog Princess" has a parallel in the Gagaüzy, "Concerning the Sun"; but the task set in the latter story has a fell intent, namely, a desire on the part of the father to seize the bride for himself, as in the Altaian "Khan Bejitty and his Hundred Wives."

IX GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

In its chief incident this story resembles an episode in "The story of Hasan of El-Basrah" in the Thousand and One Nights, a work which appears to have assumed its present general form about 1250 A.D., though the earliest period at which any portion has incontestably been proved to exist is 1548 A.D.² A Magian who has kidnapped Hasan, a worthless boy, takes him to a high mountain in the desert and says to him, "'Enter this skin and I will sew it up over thee and will lay thee upon the ground; thereupon the Rukhs will come and carry thee off and fly with thee to the summit of the mountain. And take thou this knife, and when the birds have finished their flight, and thou knowest that they have put thee upon the mountain, cut open with it the skin and go forth . . .'" So he threw down to him the six bundles; and when the Magian saw that these bundles had come down to him he said to Hasan, 'O young wretch, the thing that I desired of thee hath been accomplished and, if thou wilt, remain upon this mountain, or cast thyself down upon the ground that thou may'st perish.'³

The Bashkir story, "Golden Mountain," may be usefully compared with the Russian.

X A TALE OF A GOAT

This tale is related to the famous fairy tale, "Beauty and the Beast," in which a merchant, losing his fortune, sent his three daughters to live in a cottage, there to endeavour to obtain a

¹McGowan, p. 21.

²E. W. Lane's Transl. IV, p. 315.

³Idem., IV, p. 13.

living by their labour. The father lost his way in a forest and entered a palace, where he fell into the power of a beast, who allowed him to escape on the condition that one of his daughters should marry the beast. Beauty surrendered herself and stayed with the beast, in whose palace she was well treated. Every night for three months she refused to marry him, and at last he sent her home with a ring. On the tenth night at home, Beauty, when fretting for the sorrow which her absence caused the poor beast, had a dream concerning him. She placed the magic ring on the table and soon found herself in the palace. There she found the beast starving himself to death for love of her. Beauty declared that he should not die and gave utterance to her affection for him. Thereupon the beast became a handsome and graceful young prince and the pair were married.¹

In the Russian, "Tale of a Goat," the daughter goes to live in the cottage, not to save money for her father, but to follow his bidding and tell him the result of her dreams. She dreamt of a goat and was carried away by the animal. Beauty's avowal of love was sufficient, in the French story, to transform the beast into a prince, but in the rude and primitive Russian tale the maiden had to throw away the goat's skin before he became changed to a fine young man.

In a Greek tale a prince was enamoured of a goat. The story runs briefly thus: A husbandman's wife gave birth to a kid, by whose beauty a prince was dazzled. Messengers sought in vain to get the she-goat for the prince in marriage, but at last the queen, the mother of the prince, was successful. At times the goat would assume the form of a beautiful maiden, but she repulsed her suitor. Lastly she appeared as a fairy and the wedding was celebrated.²

XI BIRDS' LANGUAGE

In Grimm's tale, "The Three Languages," a youth learnt from one master what dogs say when they bark, from another master, what birds say when they sing, and from yet another master, what frogs mean when they croak. On his travels he reaches a castle where the dogs in a certain tower bark and howl without stopping. He is let down to them and learns that they are bewitched, and can have no rest till a treasure is removed from below the tower. A chest of gold is taken away

¹Mulock's *Fairy Tales*, p. 66.

²E. M. Geldart, p. 81.

and the dogs are at once pacified. The youth travels to Rome, where snow-white doves settle on his shoulders at a moment when there is difficulty in electing a successor to the pope. The birds counsel him to accept the offer to become pope. The two incidents relating respectively to the dogs and the birds together correspond to the chief incident, namely, that which relates to the ravens in the Russian story, "Birds' Language."

A Basque tale, "The Young Schoolboy," bears some likeness to the Russian story. A captain of a ship had a son who learnt nothing at school except to understand the language of birds. The father takes the boy to sea and a bird settles on the ship. The captain asks his son what the bird says. The reply is, "I am now under your orders, but you shall be under mine." The captain places the boy in a barrel, closes it up and throws it in the sea. The boy is rescued by a king and marries his daughter. The father is cast by a tempest on the sea-shore and becomes his own son's servant. The son divulges his identity and the pair live happily together.¹

Other references to the language of animals will be found in the Notes to the Tarantchi-Tatar tale, "The Man who Understood Animals' Conversation," to the Buryat tale, "The Orphan Lad," and to the Kalmuck tale, "What Happened to the Poor Man's Son."

XII THE TREASURE

This story pitilessly attacks the village priest, who does not deserve treatment so scathing. He is not always popular in his little community, but his lot is hard, since he depends for his livelihood on fees for marriages, christenings and burials. He often succeeds to his cure through marrying the daughter of his predecessor, and he cultivates a few acres.

The fiend is almost as recurrent a theme in Russian folk-tales as the witch. This story of village life is more circumstantial than the Esthonian, "The Peasant and the Priest," but is essentially similar. In the Russian the wife is the priest's confidant; in the Esthonian, his ally is the coachman.

XIII LITTLE SNOW-CHILD

The outline of the greater part of this beautiful story occurs among the Mordvins, but in a plain and rough setting. There

¹Webster, p. 136.

a woman applies to a fortune-teller and witch for help against childlessness. She is told to roll a ball of snow and place it in a cradle; when the cradle is rocked a child's cry is heard and a girl baby found within it. Snow-child and some companions enter the forest to gather berries. She has terrible adventures with a bear, but escapes through the assistance of an ox. The Mordvin story is rude in comparison with the Russian, much as the Bashkir tale, "Golden Mountain," is less elaborate than the Russian story by the same name.

Jumping across a fire is a conceivable childish diversion and peculiarly appropriate as a final act in such a phantasy as "Little Snow-child"; it is also employed as a means of driving away witches and as a purification among primitive races. It figures as a test applied to a witch in the Ostyak tale, "Aspen-leaf." The German story, "Little Snow-white," differs almost completely from the Russian and the Mordvin, for though the child is the result of a queen's glance at the snow and her utterance of a wish to have a child as white as snow, Snow-white is not formed of snow, but born in the ordinary way. Left motherless, Snow-white is persecuted by a wicked step-mother and escapes to the forest, where she is befriended by seven dwarfs. The new queen kills her, but Snow-white is resuscitated by a fortunate accident and marries a king's son.¹

XIV NEED

This strange personification of an abstract idea vividly portrays a condition common in daily life and acknowledged by us when we say, "Want fell on such and such a man." But the story "Need," goes further; for in it want or need talks rationally and associates itself, as a nemesis, with the rich brother who betrayed his trust. The Russians have several such tales, one of which, called "Woe," is briefly as follows:

There were two peasant brothers. The poor brother could not escape doing menial work for the rich one, who paid incredibly mean wages, and at a name-day feast forgot him completely. As the poor brother went home with his wife, he sang blithely, much to his wife's astonishment, and was accompanied by the voice of an unseen person—Woe. With this strange character the poor man drinks away his possessions in a tavern. At last Woe tells him to borrow a cart and oxen and go to the forest in search of firewood and shews him beneath a stone a

¹Grimm, No. 53.

pit full of gold. The poor man imprisons Woe in the pit and, after returning home, invites his rich brother on a visit. The rich brother learns the source of the newly acquired wealth and goes to the pit, where Woe fastens round his neck and proceeds to bring misery upon him. However, the merchant, using a stratagem, destroys Woe and returns to his former mode of life.¹

In a Czech story, Reason and Fortune meet on a bridge, and Reason, being inexperienced, does not understand that he is expected to give place to Fortune. The story proceeds to show that Fortune fares far better than Reason.²

The Polish tale, "Misery," may be compared with "Need."

XV THE ONE-EYED EVIL

The Russian authority on folk-tales, Afanasief, remarks: "This remarkable story deals with an event which is included in the wonderful Homeric story of how Ulysses with twelve companions fell among cruel giants, the one-eyed Cyclops. The strangers arrived at the cave of Polyphemus, who seized two of them like puppies, struck them against the ground and, cooking a frightful supper, ate them. Crafty Ulysses deceived the Cyclops with speeches and made him drunk with wine. When Polyphemus asked Ulysses his name, the latter replied "Nobody." Ulysses took a sharp stake and, aided by his friends, drove it into the eye of the sleeping giant. The victim screamed and his companions arrived and said, "Who is killing you?" "Nobody!" "If nobody, who do you raise such an uproar?"

In the present collection two additional stories depend on the above incident; they are the Finnish, "The Devil's Eye-ointment," and the Lettish, "Who did it? I did it myself!" Afanasief states that W. Grimm traced Polyphemus in poems and tales of many races, even Tatar and Arab, borrowed from ancient Persian sources. Thus, the Arabian stories give a like tradition of Sindbad the sailor, in which the giant has a red and flaming eye in the middle of his forehead and is compared in size to a palm tree. The giant eats some of the sailors, but is not made intoxicated, and the name of Nobody does not occur.

Among the Czechs, the tale is as follows: A son of a very rich man was tired of home-life and set out to seek Misery. He came to a vast desert and, descending some stairs, reached a

¹Afanasief, No. 171.

²W. W. Strickland, *Pan-Slavonic Fairy Stories*, p. 30.

cellar. There he pierced with his dagger both eyes of an enormous ogre and rushed away. The ogre threw a ring after him, and the youth picked it up and placed it on his finger. But the ring, continually calling out, indicated the youth's whereabouts, so at last, to save himself, he held out his finger to the ogre, who broke it off. The youth then escaped. ¹

In a tale of the West Highlands a lad hunting on a rocky shore came upon a giant, who desired to eat him. The lad, seeing that the giant was one-eyed, promised to restore the sight of the affected eye; but instead injured the sound one. In the morning the lad flayed a goat and put the skin upon himself, and thus deceiving the giant, escaped. The giant then threw a ring to the lad, who placed it upon his finger. When the giant called out, "Where art thou?" the ring answered, "I am here." But the lad cut off his finger and threw it on the lock. The giant sprang after the ring into the water and was drowned. ²

A ring figures also in a Basque tale. In Basque tales the Tartaro is sometimes a great ogre. In his proper form he is a huge one-eyed giant, sometimes a cannibal, but more often a good-natured fool. At times he is a giant with one eye in the middle of his head. An old witch, his mother, lived near him. One day a young man was caught in a snare set by the Tartaro and, to save his life, put the spit into the fire and plunged it red hot into the one eye of the sleeping giant. The Tartaro let out the sheep between his legs, and the young man, covering himself with a sheepskin, got through the legs by leaving the sheepskin in the giant's hands. The Tartaro's mother gave the youth a magic ring which called out and warned the Tartaro. The youth, unable to remove the ring, cut off his finger and escaped. ³

XVI THE ENCHANTED LIME TREE

Trees play an important part in folk-tales; for instance, they afford a refuge for a fugitive from a terrible witch or devil. A Tungus is actually transformed into a tree, for awhile, in order to escape danger. Or the hero can listen from below to birds talking in the branches of trees; or, from above, to demons revealing unholy secrets beneath; the sudden withering of leaves will tell his friends that he has been stricken down or taken prisoner; trees will warn him against the committal of

¹Joseph Baudis, p. 157. ²Campbell, I, p. 114. ³W. Webster, p. 5.

foolish actions, or (if he is a Chukchi) may aid him actively in such a task as collecting his reindeer. Their bark, if rubbed against the eyeball, will cure blindness. Instances of these qualities are mentioned in a Note to "Worship and Dedication Among the Yukaghirs."

The general idea running through "The Enchanted Lime Tree," could be expressed as "Grasp all, lose all," or otherwise, and it forms the basis of Grimm's tale, "The Fisherman and His Wife," in which, however, the culprit is not the man, but the outrageously ambitious wife that unceasingly incites him to beg further favours of a grateful flounder, whose life he has spared. From living in a hovel she is promoted to a cottage and then to a castle; always dissatisfied, she causes her husband to beg more astounding benefactions from the flounder. Thus she becomes king, and next emperor, sitting on a throne made of a piece of gold two miles high. She finds herself pope, but when she wishes to control the motions of the Sun and Moon and become like God, she is once more reduced to life in her hovel. Several versions of this tale, "The Fisherman and his Wife," appear to have existed in Germany from 1809 onwards. Grimm mentions classical instances of a wife who incites her husband to seek high dignities from Eve to Lady Macbeth downwards¹. The theme is one that might naturally arise *de novo*, whether the o'erweeningly ambitious character be male or female.

XVII JACK FROST

The personification of Frost is like that of the Sun and of Frost and of Wind, in a Lithuanian story, in which the three dispute with one another. "Jack Frost," is a typical step-mother narrative, describing success for the stepchild and misfortune for the child, and may be compared with the Russian, "The Story of a Horse's Head"; it comes from Kursk. We may glance for a moment at Norse mythology. While Odin and the Aesir dwell in Asgard, a lofty hill in the centre of the habitable earth, their ancient foes, the giants of Frost and Snow, who had been dispossessed by Odin and the Aesir, dwell in Utgard, the outlying world, separated from Asgard by a fortification of hills and by the sea. Between men and Trolls, who were diminished Frost Giants, there was

¹*Household Tales*, I., p. 359.

perpetual feud.¹ The Tcheremisses acknowledge a god of Frost.

A tribe of Australian blacks have the following myth concerning, "Where the Frost comes from." The seven Pleiades once lived on earth as seven sisters, whose bodies sparkled with beautiful icicles. A large family of boys followed the girls about and left offerings for them in vain. A man stole two of the girls, but did not succeed in thawing off the icicles. The two girls went to the sky and found their five sisters there. Once every year the sisters break off ice from themselves and throw it down. Then the blacks say, "The Meamei (Pleiades) have not forgotten us."² The blacks do not personify frost, but consider it sent by a mythical person.

XVIII A STORY OF A HORSE'S HEAD

This story resembles Afanasief, No. 55, "A Mare's Head." Such a tale of a dead mother's survival in the form of a horse's head is probably of ancient and primitive origin. The idea of a head's survival occurs in the Lettish story, "The Sailors and the Giants," the Gilyak, "A Tale of a Bear," and the Chukchi, "A Tale of a Dead Head."

In the Mordvin tale, "Baba-Yaga," two children are forsaken by their father in a forest and, pretending to be hewing wood, he employs the same artifice with a pole, which the wind causes to strike against a tree long after he has departed. The order to pass through the horse's head does not stand alone, for in the White-Russian tale, "The Bear's Head," three girls, being lost in a forest, successively visit a cottage and are received by a huge bear. The first and second girls have to climb in at the bear's right ear and out at his left ear. How could such a strange order have originated? We learn that the ear has been regarded as the seat of intelligence.³ Moreover, an acknowledgment of the ear's importance is made in our expression, "In at one ear and out at the other." But metaphor is contrary to the usual spirit of folk-tales. It may be that the idea of climbing through the head is here narrated as a magical process, which being impossible and supremely astonishing, has possessed vitality in a folk tale. To climb in at one ear and out at the other is impossible both for the active and for the passive participant in the process, so the notion is doubly arresting.

¹Dasent, p. 26.

²K. L. Parker, *More Austr. Leg. Folk-tales*, p. 74.

³Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vii. p. 48.

Or the idea may have arisen as a wild inspiration, as a climax of unreason at a period when the human mind, tired of trying to understand, welcomed the irrational as a relief; in other words, the idea may embody splendid nonsense.

But is there any other explanation? There has been during the ages, regrouping and alteration of folk-tale incidents, so that episodes become unrecognisable. In the White-Russian tale in which the girls are told to pass through the bear's head a mouse plays an important part as rescuer of the third girl. Now, in the ancient Kalmuck tale, "The Adventures of a Brahmin's Son," a mouse, having recovered a jewel, enters an ape's ear and the ape mounts on a bear's back and the party of animals escape. As an exercise in piecing together it may be suggested that the three factors, mouse, ape's ear and bear, of the Kalmuck tale of recovery and escape figure, though differently, as mouse, bear's ear and bear's head in the White Russian tale of escape. When we consider how vast a number of tales must have circulated of old, it is remarkable that so often the same individual folk-stories are clearly recognisable in different localities in our day. Sometimes widely different versions survive, as is shewn by examining the variants given by Afanasief and by comparing, one with the other the tales of different Russian collectors.

But the episode of passing through the horse's head (or through the bear's head) is difficult to explain and therefore the subject may be pursued further. A diminutive child climbs into a horse's ear in a Lettish story called, "Boy Little-finger." Moreover, in the White-Russian story, "Little Finger," a diminutive boy is driven by his parents as a fugitive with his little brothers into the forest, and is received into the home of a cannibal and his wife. Thus the Lettish, "Boy Little-finger," and the White-Russian, "Little Finger," between them include the two incidents of the climb into the horse's ear and the cruel separation of a child from a parent which occur together in the Russian "Story of the Horse's Head." In the one story the extremely diminutive urchin child of a ploughman hid in a horse's ear, and in the other story parents in dire distress forsook such a child in the forest. It is suggested that the two incidents have been combined together in the stepmother, "Story of the Horse's Head." As the child had entered the horse's ear, he conceivably would be told to leave it, so we arrive at what might become easily a command

in a story to pass from one ear to the other. Further, the Kalmuck tale above mentioned may have had the earliest part in the origination of the story of concealment in the horse's ear.

A serpent, whose head has to be washed, replaces the horse's head in the following Little-Russian story: "The Wicked Stepmother and Her Daughter." A father of weak character, under pressure of a stepmother's threats, takes his daughter to the home of a serpent in the forest. On the way the daughter offers willing services to a mouse, to a tree and to an oven. At the serpent's request the girl helps him across the threshold, cooks the supper, washes his head, makes the bed and tells him stories. The girl is enriched by the serpent, but the stepmother's child loses all that she obtains from the serpent and becomes a prey to illness.¹ Thus the episode of the girl and the horse's head appears also in connection with a bear's head and a serpent's head.

Ralston translates a tale from Khudyakov (No. 13), which resembles "The Story of a Horse's Head," but differs in the particular that the head is human, and that there is no passage through it from ear to ear.² The human head issues instructions which are carried out; and we thus arrive at a surprising folk-tale incident which actually occurs in our Lettish tale, "The Sailors and the Giants," namely, that of a severed head giving directions to a fighting force!

Two Polish stories may be mentioned here in outline. In the first, "The Bear in the Forest Hut," a stepchild driven into the forest finds a bear in a hut. The bear sets her the tasks of spinning and weaving and she performs them. A mouse appears and is grateful for food. The bear tells the girl to look into his right ear and into his left ear. He is a bewitched prince and sends her home loaded with gifts. The little dog barks at the good news and is reproved by the stepmother, who sends her own daughter to the bear, but the girl will not obey him, and he kills her with a stone. The bear becomes a prince and marries the stepdaughter; and soon the woman learns of her terrible loss, her daughter's death.³

In the second tale, "The Whirlwind," a princess has a successful suitor, Prince Dobrotek, but an ugly dwarf transforms himself into a prince in order to woo her. The dwarf

¹Sumtsov, *Little-Russian Folk-tales*, p. 124.

²*Russian Folk-tales*, p. 223.

³*Polish Fairy Tales*, from A. J. Gliniski, by Maude A. Biggs, p. 79.

becomes a whirlwind and carries her away. However, he accidentally drops his cap-of-invisibility, and for awhile she wears it advantageously. Prince Dobrotek must recover the princess or lose her. He is aided by an ancient human skull, who tells him how to gain the assistance of a horse with a golden mane. At the horse's command the prince creeps in at the horse's left ear and out at the right ear. By aid of this magic horse the prince is carried through the air to the dwarf, who is destroyed in spite of his power of rising far above the ground. The golden-maned horse now orders the prince to creep into his right ear and out at his left. While the prince is taking the princess home and sleeps another suitor kills him and seizes the princess. But the golden-maned horse sprinkles the dead man with water from three springs. The prince revives, kills his enemy and marries the princess.¹

XIX THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

Bocaccio's, "The Patient Griselda," is recalled by this story. The cruelty and callousness of the tsar reveal a primitive epoch, at which wives were little better than slaves. Wife-beating is alluded to in folk-tales; as in a Tarantchi-Tatar tale called, "The Man who Understood Animals' Conversation," and in the Russian, "The Peasant and the Wicked Woman," and in Straparola and Grimm. In an Ostyak and a Russian tale terrible castigation of witches with metal rods is mentioned. The pursuits spoken of in "The Shepherd's Daughter" are merely pastoral and the feast is of the simplest, so that the theory of early origin is supported.

XX RIGHT AND WRONG

In the Kalmuck tale, "Massang's Adventure," there is a definite moral contest between Massang and three malevolent companions, with whom he journeys. That moral contest assumes a more distinct and important aspect in the Kirghiz, "How Good and Evil were Companions." It acquires even greater proportions in the present Russian story. In his remarks appended to his story, "Right and Wrong," Afanasief says, "This curious story, as a foundation of which is placed a lofty moral idea, is repeated with variations among many peoples."² He mentions a Serbian version, in which the devil decides the contest. Grimm's story, "The Two Travellers,"

¹Idem., p. 37.

²*Russian Folk-tales*, No. 66.

has been mentioned in a Note to "Massang's Adventure." Grimm mentions a Danish variant and a Persian poem containing an allied story. In a Norwegian tale, "True and Untrue," are two brothers who start out to earn their bread. Untrue seizes his brother's food and plucks out both his eyes. True climbs into a lime tree and overhears a bear, a wolf, a fox and a hare below talk of a secret, the knowledge of which would benefit the King of England. So True visits the king and renders him a valuable service and in consequence prospers exceedingly. Untrue later climbs into the lime tree without benefit.¹

XXI THE TREASURE (NO. 2):

This story deals with the supernatural in a simple and somewhat prosaic manner. The crowing of cocks here, as in "The Vampire," is efficacious as a protection from evil. The appellation "man of knowledge" to a wizard reminds us that wizards and witches were originally helpful and that the terms were once without any evil significance. The power of the spell, "Amen, Amen, disperse," depended partly on the use of scriptural words, as may be seen by comparing it with "Charms Used in the Vologda District and near Kostroma," as set forth on another page.

XXII PRINCE JOHN, THE FIERY BIRD AND THE GREY WOLF

Afanasief, who obtained this story from a chap-book entitled *Grandfather's Walks*, published in Moscow in 1819, says that there are numerous variants in different Slav countries. It is important to note that the grey wolf is a spontaneously beneficent animal. In a Saxon version, an eight-legged heroic horse helps the adventurous youth.² In Grimm's "Golden Bird," a grateful fox takes the part of the grey wolf, and a further difference in the story is that the fox, without any reason, requests at the end of the tale that his head shall be removed by the youth. When this is done the fox is magically transformed into the princess's brother. These two details, first, the assistance of the eight-legged horse and second, the demand to be slain by the fox, connect the story with the Buryat, "The Old Water-sprite," in which the hero rides an eight-legged horse in his flight from a fearful old woman, and is next assisted by a

¹Dasent, *Tales from the Norse*, p. 89.

²Haltrich, No. 10.

wild boar, who at last demands to be slain. The youth eats the flesh of the wild boar and uses the skin as a protection against cold.

But the idea of animals' self-sacrifice is tolerably widely spread in the Siberian and Russian tales, for in the Yukaghir, "Tale of a Fabulous Old Man," a cow requests to be killed, and in the Russian, "Prince John and his Desire," an ox behaves in a similar way. So Erlenwein has a story of a horse who gives up his life to assist his master.¹ Thus the noble-minded grey wolf may well have had his origin, like so many Russian folk-lore characters, in eastern rather than in western sources. The fox in Grimm's story is a poor creature in comparison, and it may be hazarded that "The Golden Bird" proceeded from "Prince John, the Fiery-Bird and the Grey Wolf" rather than vice versa. The prince is told not to take the golden bridle when he shall reach the horse with the golden mane. This direction is comparable to the emphatic command, in several tales which deal with successive transmutations of two enemies, to sell the horse, but not the bridle. "Prince John, the Fiery-Bird and the Grey Wolf" is not only a remarkably well constructed and closely knit tale, but it introduces many famous folk-lore incidents, including the revivification of the hero by the use of, first, water of death and then water of life, a double method which is a Russian characteristic.

XXIII THE WATERS OF LIFE AND DEATH

Grimm's story, "The Water of Life," bears considerable resemblance to this Russian tale, "The Waters of Life and Death." In the German, the three sons of an ailing king are advised to seek the water of life, and so assist their father's cure. A dwarf bewitches the two haughty elder sons, but tells the youngest son to seek a fountain in the courtyard of an enchanted castle, there to strike an iron door with a wand and to throw a loaf to each of two gaping lions.

The prince obtains some of the water in a cup, but will not return homeward without his brothers. The three travel together, and the youngest performs wonderful deeds in neighbouring kingdoms. Before reaching home the elder brothers plot against the young prince and pour seawater into his emptied cup, so that the king is made worse by drinking its contents. The youngest son treats his wicked elder brothers

¹Quoted by Ralston, *Russian Folk-tales*, p. 83.

with great magnanimity, but the old king drives him forth.

The youth in the course of his adventures frees a beautiful maiden from a spell, and in time successfully woos her, whom his brothers have failed to win. Finally, he tells his father of their treachery and is received back into the king's favour, while his brothers take refuge in flight. The German story is a real fairy tale with the charm of love interest, but the Russian is severely heroic, an epic containing a magic steed fully worthy of his master. In the Russian tales the vivifying water is always dual; it consists of the water of life and the water of death, which take part, one after the other, in the work of reanimation.

XXIV KOSCHEI, THE DEATHLESS SKELETON-MAN

Koschei, the deathless skeleton-man, is a prominent and special character in Russian folk-tales, and the secret of his death that can be brought about only by a series of efforts, each one of which gradually leads to final success, is peculiar. In the latter portion of "The Frog-Princess," the skeleton-man's death is described as situated in a needle's point. In "Prince Ivan and Prince Maria," the skeleton-man on horseback is chained to a cauldron in a cupboard. On being liberated by the prince, the skeleton-man seizes Maria and takes her away. He is pursued by Ivan, but aided by a wonderful horse, after a momentous pursuit, he kills Ivan and escapes.

There is an interesting variation of Koschei, the deathless skeleton-man, in the Votyak tale, "The Grateful Animals," in the shape of a lame fox with mysterious powers, which are directed against the hero's horse. That youth frees with a hammer a man chained to a wall, and afterwards learns that the liberated prisoner has devoured his three horses. The captive in chains was indeed a devil, who went about in the form of a fox.

Koschei sometimes appears as a serpent, and in the Lapp version he is a giant. Is it possible to imagine how the idea of this Russian deathless skeleton-man arose? His "death" represents a life external to his body, as the present story and the latter portion of "The Frog Princess" and as other stories imply. The notion of a separable heart is made familiar to us in the Kalmuck tale, "The Wife who Stole the Heart," and in the fourth Samoyede tale, that tells of seven hearts (each of them belonging to a living man) which have been hung upon a

rope. Similarly, a separable soul is spoken of in the above-mentioned Samoyede tale, in the Kalmuck story, "The Bird-cage Husband," and in the Buryat tale, "The Orphan-lad." "The story of the external soul is told by all Aryan peoples from Hindustan to the Hebrides." There is a Hindu story of an ogre, who is asked by his daughter where he kept his soul. It was kept in a tree, which was surrounded by tigers and bears and snakes; on the top of the tree was a snake; on the snake's head was a cage; in the cage was a bird and the ogre's soul was in the bird. The bird's neck was wrung and the bird fell down dead.¹

It may be remarked that, while exaggerated details and distorted or reconstructed episodes occur in folk-tales, yet the underlying truths will be best reached by instituting a search for rational sequences and natural conclusions. Now, in the first Samoyede tale, a visit is paid to an underground place of the dead, where giant skeleton-people live. If people are to live underground, we must believe that their skeletons are endowed with motion, but it is difficult in such conditions to conceive of any but an extremely subtle animating principle, since the ordinary organs of life have disappeared. A weird subtlety and immateriality, requiring a high degree of imagination is supplied by the idea of a skeleton's life in an egg which it to be reached only by an extraordinary series of events. It may be hazarded that Koschei and his "death" had their starting point in the giant skeleton-beings leading below ground a life bound up with death, as portrayed in the Samoyede tale. Probably, as later developments, came the Lappish tale of the giant, whose life was concealed in an egg, and the Russian tale of the deathless skeleton, whose life was also strangely concealed in an egg.

It is interesting to find the following passage in the story of Seyf-el-Mulook,² "I therefore took my soul and put it in the crop of a sparrow, and I imprisoned the sparrow in a little box, and put this into another small box, and this I put within seven chests and the chests I put into a coffer of marble," etc.² But here is no mention of a skeleton.

The primitive mind recognises a puissant quality in the skeleton; thus, some savages in New Caledonia drenched a

¹J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, XI., p. 98.

²Lane's *Arabian Nights*, III., p. 316.

skeleton with water as means of producing rain.¹ The external soul is considered to exist in innumerable places and animals;² but the locality assigned to it in our Russian story, in an egg, etc., transcends them all in fantastic detail.

In a Note, Afanasief identifies the princess, who is promised to Ivan in "Koschei, the Deathless Skeleton-Man," with other heroines of tales, such as Helen the fair of the golden tress, and with Princess Vasilissa, who lives where the sun rises from the sea and, sailing on the sea in a silver boat, rows with a golden oar; and with Mary Morevna, that is the daughter of the sea. He finds in German and Hungarian tales similar princesses. The young prince obtains the enchanting beauty and marries her, but in the time of sleep Koschei plays, in Russian tradition, the same rôle of ravisher of beauty as does the snake; often they interchange parts with one another, so that in one and the same story Koschei and the snake appear as variants. The prince has great difficulties in recovering his bride. If he gets the wonderful egg in his hand and presses it, Koschei begins to feel fearful pain. The Koschei egg is only obtained by aid of animals, a wolf or bear, hawk or raven, crayfish or pike.

With regard to the self-sacrificing Bulât-the-brave, it may be remarked there is an Indian story of a man who sacrificed his son and himself to save the king. A certain Brahman, named Viravara, was a brave servant of the king. At the command of the goddess, Earth, he sacrificed his own son in order to save the king's life. Then he lost his daughter through grief, his wife threw herself in the flames and he cut off his head, saying, "Hail to thee Kali, skull-bearing goddess," etc. The king now prepared to sever his own head and so induced the goddess to restore the lives of Viravara and his family.³

Faithful John, in Grimm's story of that name, bears a considerable likeness to Bulât-the-brave. He has been left as a guardian of a young king, whom he is to prevent from seeing the picture of a marvellously beautiful maiden. The young king insists on beholding the picture and, having fallen in love, sets off with Faithful John in search of the maiden. The pair sail away and reach the proper town. Then Faithful John, after a favourable interview with a waiting-maid at a well, succeeds in seeing the princess and luring her on board his vessel. Faithful John, listening to three ravens, hears them

¹Frazer, *Golden Bough*, I. p. 284.

²Idem., XI, 97 et seq.

³Kathà Sarit Sâgara. Tawney, II. p. 255.

predict disasters to the young king, thus a chestnut horse will strive to run away with him, but if anyone knows that the horse must be shot and tells the king that man will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee. Moreover, if anyone destroys a bridal garment, which forms a danger for the king, or reveals his knowledge, that man will become stone from the knee to the heart. Thirdly, if anyone, in order to save the young queen's life when she falls down in a faint while dancing, should draw three drops of blood from her right breast, he would become stone from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Faithful John performs each of the three fateful deeds and becomes lifeless and a stone. The king and queen, moved by deep remorse, speak to the stone, and the king cuts off the heads of his two children and smears the stone with their blood. Faithful John returns to life and restores the life of the two children.

The main incident of "Koschei," the rescue of Vasilissa from the deathless skeleton-man by the prince, armed with possession of a mighty secret, after a prolonged and extraordinary conflict, resembles the theme of the English tale, "Childe Rowland," namely, the recovery of a girl by her brother, who is armed with a magic sword, from the king of Elfland after a long fight. While the Russian supernatural being announces his arrival with the words, "Phoo-Phoo, till now I could neither hear nor see a Russian spirit," his English counterpart exclaims, when entering, "Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of a Christian man."¹

The Norwegian story, "The Giant who had no Heart in his Body," is also a parallel to Koschei. The princess desired intensely to know where the giant's heart was situated and received at last this answer from him: "Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in the duck there is an egg; and in that egg lies my heart." Boots rode on the wolf over hill and dale to church; he recovered the egg which a duck dropped in the water, then he squeezed it till the giant screamed out, then squeezed it to pieces and the giant burst.²

XXV PRINCE IVAN AND PRINCESS MARIA

This story of a king's son who sent to seek his three sisters is widely disseminated. On one occasion the wooers of the sisters

¹J. Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*, p. 116.

²Dasent, *Tales from the Norse*, p. 135.

are Wind, Hail and Thunder ; on another they are a Hawk, an Eagle, and a Raven ; the suitor may be even a bear or a sea-monster. †

In the present story the three husbands are a hungry old beggar, an ugly beggar without hands, and a hungry beggar with only one hand and one leg. It appears that primitive peoples, whose outlook on life is limited and whose emotions are not easily touched, must relate stories of outrageous marriages. Consequently, tales in which a whale, a hedgehog, a tigress, a bear, a seven-headed devil, a dragon, a serpent, an eagle, a tortoise, a wolf, a frog, a fish, or a whirlwind occur as mates of human beings, are to be found in the folk-lore of many races. Probably these stories exist not because of mental depravity, nor because of an every present and acute sense of kinship between primitive man and the brute beasts, but because, in order to arrest the attention of illiterate persons, topics have to be found of a startling character. Similarly, visits to the underworld or to the sun, moon and stars ; marriage to the sun and moon ; journeys to the thrice-ninth land ; speaking and living heads ; dealings with cannibals, dramatic contests between husband and wife who transform themselves or one another magically ; an extravagance, such as a golden throne two miles in height, or beauty so great that a wooer and his servants lose consciousness on beholding it, are characteristic of primitive folk-tales. Instances of inconceivable cruelty, physical and moral, abound in such early literature and are heard by children and savages without displeasure. The story of an animal who mates with a man or woman may be to the primitive mind on a level, among some of ourselves, with a financial crisis or enormous embezzlement, or a tidal wave, or poisoning case, or other sensational items of news. Certain minds demand the sharpest stimuli. But the savages and ignorant peasants who for thousands of years have listened to gifted narrators on winter nights, have probably not been so foolish as to regard marriage with a prickly hedgehog or a whale as anything but an incident in skilful story telling. As if to accentuate that the incident in question is fiction, it is often treated fantastically, as when three hundred heads of maidens, save one, are said to be fixed and grinning on adjacent palings ; or humorously, as when a father-in-law visits his daughter's husband, a crow, and meets his death by falling from the nest,

†Leskien and Brugmann, p. 566,

Where mere repulsiveness is desired, the colours are not spared ; thus, in the present story, a beggar with one hand and one leg assumes as a husband the form of a dragon with forty heads. Again, in the second part of the tale, the forbidden store-cupboard incident in " Prince Ivan and Princess Maria," illustrates the folk-tale quality of inordinate surprise. Ivan found the Deathless Skeleton Man, on horseback, in a cupboard and forged to a cauldron ; in which connection it may be recalled that in the Ostyak, " Aspen-leaf," the hero finds a maiden in the seventh cellar and marries her. Our story is rich in a magic tablecloth and a self-flying carpet, a magic horse and wonderful cranes. In an earlier Russian tale, bristles or scales may have been given by the dragon, instead of feathers. In the following Indian tale magical scales or bristles play an important part.

" A caravan came to, a well, but the cord for lowering the bucket broke. A reward was promised to anyone who should climb into the well and obtain water. A poor traveller let himself down and found in the well a man, a lion and a snake. Each of the three promised the traveller a recompense for a rescue. The lion said he would lie in wait and surprise the caravan ; then much wealth would be heaped by the merchants on the man who should cause the lion to retreat. The snake said that she would give three scales from her back (analogous magic objects appear in the tales of all nations, besides the Indian) to her rescuer, who, if afflicted by any misfortune, should burn the scales, and then the snake would appear. When it came to the man's turn, he said that though he could offer a rescuer nothing, he was the poor traveller's brother and it would be wrong for the latter to save animals and be merciless to a man. The poor traveller saved all three, obtained water and received a gold piece for each camel and fellow-traveller. The caravan proceeded on its way and the lion kept his promise. The rescuer drove away the beast of prey and received a reward similar to that previously given him. He acquired gold and jewels. On reaching a certain town he found the man whom he had saved and, exhibiting the jewels, asked to be introduced by this official to a wealthy purchaser. The official told his master, a prince, that a thief had arrived with jewels. The traveller was condemned to death, but in prison bethought himself of the snake and burnt the scales. The snake appeared and said that she would enter the harem and coil round the oldest princess and not let go before the traveller gave the word,

All happened duly, and the man was saved and rewarded by the king."¹ This story would show that the gratitude of animals is superior to man's and is an instance of the Buddhistic attitude of friendship toward animals.

A Serbian story throws light on the peacock's feather episode. A dying king commands his three sons to give their three sisters to the first men who ask their hands in marriage. They give their sisters to someone who appears as a brightness, whose coming and going is attended with thunder and lightning. They go in search of their sisters, and each kills a terrible alligator. The youngest son comes upon nine giants preparing to eat two men. He lures the giants over a wall and cuts off their heads, one after another. A king, who had been persecuted by the giants, gives his daughter to the youngest son. The king tells his son-in-law that he may enter eight rooms of the palace, but not the ninth. Entering the ninth room, the prince finds there a man named True-Steel and frees him. True-Steel escapes with the king's daughter. The youngest soon meets one of his sisters, while he is travelling in search of True-Steel. Her husband, a Dragon-king, gives him a feather and says, "If you are in need, burn it, and I will come to your assistance." Further on the Falcon-king and the Eagle-king give feathers with similar injunctions. The youngest son burns the feathers, whereupon dragons, falcons and eagles come to his assistance. But True-Steel is too strong for him and cuts him in twain. Water from the Jordan reanimates the hero, who asks his wife to discover the secret of True-Steel's strength. That strength is in a bird, in a heart, in a fox, in a mountain. When a fire has been made and the bird is burnt, True Steel falls down dead.²

It is clear that the peacock's feather, in the Russian story, is not an adornment, but a substitute for the dragon, falcon and eagle's feathers, which are given with the purpose of affording help by burning the feathers (nails or hair). A feather may possess a wide mystic power. In a Bantu tale, a lad who wishes to find a wife for himself sees a beautiful bird and fancies it would be nice to carry one of its feathers while he goes a-court-ing. The feather flies in front of him and the bird settles on the house of a little old woman. He stays in her house, and she says that the bird is one which helps her to find food. Then

¹Benfey, *Pantchatantra*, I. p. 203.

²E. L. Mijatovitch, *Serbian Folk-tales*.

taking one of its feathers, she tells him to place the feather in his hair; he will have but to speak as the feather suggests. Thus, though the feather only indirectly belongs to the well-wisher, it exerts a mysterious influence.¹

A Turkish tale, called "The Wind Demon" offers a parallel to "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria." The three sisters of a king's son are given as wives respectively to a lion, a tiger and a bird. The king's son is discovered to be a rescuer and hero and receives a Padishah's youngest daughter, but the Wind Demon steals her. The king's son goes in search and reaches his sister, the lion's wife. The lion shows him on his way. The youth is similarly helped by the tiger and later by the bird. He reaches the palace of the Wind Demon and rescues his wife, but the Wind Demon pursues and cuts her to pieces. The youth's bones are healed with the water of life. He is counselled to get his wife to obtain the Wind Demon's talisman. She wheedles out of the Wind Demon information that the talisman is a white dove, in a golden cage, in the belly of an ox, on the surface of the seventh layer of the sea. The king's son twisted the neck of the dove and the Wind died away and the Demon was destroyed.²

XXVI THE SHEEP, THE FOX AND THE WOLF

In this tale the natural characteristics of the three animals are depicted clearly. The narrative is brief and terse, like that of a fable, but the humour is full and the repetitions are in the favourite folk-tale style. The trick played on the wolf resembles that employed in Grimm's, "The Cunning Little Tailor," when the tailor, having told the bear that his claws must be cut, screws the animal's paws in a vice and makes it a prisoner. In the Russian, "One-eyed Evil," the smith binds the cannibal woman for a supposed kindly purpose, and treacherously drives an awl into her eye; and in the Kalmuck, "Massang's Adventure," Massang, taking care that he can burst his own bonds, sees to it that the little old woman cannot escape from hers, and then tortures her. Where violence is intended the enemy must, if possible, be craftily trapped in advance.

So, in a Flemish version of Reynard the Fox, when Tybert, the Cat, was leading Reynard, the Fox, to trial, Reynard led Tybert to a hole and told him to take his fill of mice. When

¹J. Torrend. *Bantu Folk-lore*, p. 107.

²R. N. Bain (from Kunos), p. 116 et seq.

Tybert obeyed his head was caught in a trap. He only escaped after a beating and more dead than alive.¹

It is natural to seek for an ancient version of "The Sheep, the Fox and the Wolf." The likeness is limited in a quaint story from Arkir, the Rumanian version of the Story of Ahikar, which occurs in the Supplement to the Arabian Nights and is found in various forms in many languages. A passage in the Rumanian story deals with a wolf's innate desire to eat a sheep rather than to occupy himself in peaceful pursuits.²

XXVII THE HERON AND THE CRANE

To this amusing satire a mythological interpretation was given by De Gubernatis, who thought that the behaviour of these water-loving birds symbolises rainy, wintry weather in marshy districts. He held that the fickle and capricious suitors represent clouds which hesitate to come together and cause a downpour.³ The story is from Vologda.

XXVII THE PEASANT, THE BEAR AND THE FOX

In a Note Afanasief remarks that stories of the fox, the wolf and other wild animals refer to a distant epoch, when our forefathers led the wandering life of hunters and shepherds. The hunter and the shepherd and the trapper of wild beasts, by the nature of their calling, constantly associate with animals or remain near them and, looking on the dog and the ox as companions, and on the wolf as an enemy, yet regard them as in some respects like themselves; such men notice keenly all the peculiarities of animals, are amused when considering wild creatures' cunning and strength, admire their beauty of form, make war on some and educate and entrust work to others. It has been suggested that the bear represents the townsman, the chronic oppressor of the peasant.⁴ Afanasief mentions a similar Polish tale, in which a peasant and the Devil, working together, made beer and sowed turnips. At the periods of division the peasant gave his partner the dregs of the beer and the green tops of the turnips. He also speaks of a Tchuvash story of a Tcheremissian, who with a bear sewed barley and turnips and rewarded the latter with the roots of the barley and the tops of the turnips.⁵

¹Jean de Boschère, p. 61.

²Zoological Mythology, II., p. 261.

⁴E. A. Lyatsky, *Folk-tales*, Introd.

⁵*Russian Popular Tales*, 4th Ed. I. p. 31.

³Gaster, p. 355.

XXIX THE VIXEN-NURSE

Friendship between animals is ancient, thus in Æsop a lion, a fox and an ass went hunting together. In the Panchatantra we read that there was for a time a close friendship between Pinkala, the lion, and Sanjivaka, the ox, but it was destroyed by a fox.¹ While the "Vixen-Nurse" reveals a close friendship between a wolf and a fox, in "The Friendly Animals," a tale of the Yellow Ugurs, a small Buddhist race on the western borders of Mongolia, a friendship is described between a wolf, a fox and a kite. But Russia is a special home of beast and bird tales; there, for instance, a crane pays prolonged and desperate court to a heron, and a kindly fox befriends a wandering sheep, who is in danger from a wolf's evil designs. As a wolf and a fox are like-minded beasts, there is little to startle us in their associating together, and the story displays humour and appropriate fancy and action. But Grimm's tale, "The Cat and the Mouse in Partnership," revolves round the astonishing initial idea of friendship between a cat and a mouse. The cat is called away three times to a christening.

In a version to be found in Dasent's *Tales from the Norse*, a bear and a fox who had bought a firkin of butter went to sleep on a sunny bank. But at intervals the fox departed and regaled himself upon the butter. He informed the bear, on each occasion, that he had been to a christening feast, and when asked the names of the infants replied in succession, "Just-begun," "Half-eaten" and "Licked-to-the-bottom." Each animal charged the other with having eaten the butter, and to settle the dispute the pair lay down in the sun with the expectation that the guilty one's cheeks and mouth would show signs of any further depredation. The fox soon crept away and brought back some butter, which he placed on the bear's face; it melted and proved the bear to be the thief.

There is a modern Greek equivalent called, "The Wolf, the Vixen and the Pot of Honey." A wolf and a vixen together bought a field and began to cultivate it. They brought a tub of honey and some bread and, having put these provisions under a bush, began to dig. The vixen called out, "I am coming at once," and pretended to go to a christening, but feasted on honey. When she returned she told the wolf, in reply to his question, that the child had been named, "A beginning." She repeated this behaviour twice, and named the infant succes-

¹S. Winfred's Transl., p. 19.

sively, "Intermediate" and "Completion." The wolf went to the bush and angrily charged the vixen with devouring the provisions. The vixen sent her companion to look again and hid in a hole. She so worried him with contradictory directions concerning how to get her out of the hole with a crooked stick that he retired and she escaped.¹

In a Flemish tale, called "The Two Friends and the Barrel of Grease," the two animals are a dog and a wolf, and this time it is the wolf who is the deceiver. The first christened child's name is "Begun," the second's is "Half-Done," and the third is "All-Done." When the pair lay down to sleep the wolf smeared the dog with fat.²

A parallel, in which the characters are a wolf, a tiger and a fox, will be found among the Kirghiz tales.

XXX THE FOX-MOURNER

This tale illustrates the Russian peasant's custom of wailing beside the deceased. Another story speaks of a watch kept with lighted candles by the bier, and another of a repast attended by friends and the priest. A variant of "The Mourning Fox" begins with a "Jack and the Beanstalk" tale of a peasant, who carries his wife in a sack up a bean, but lets her fall to her death. In it, as in the present tale, the services of a bear, a wolf and a fox are successively sought as mourners. The fox alone proves capable, and the peasant rewards her with chickens placed in a bag. After a plentiful meal the fox, hoping to find still more food, opens the bag and lets out two dogs, who kill her.³

XXXI LITTLE SISTER VIXEN AND THE WOLF

The first part of this story recalls the Lappish, "Why the Bear's Tail is Short," in which a cunning vixen cleverly obtains several fish and then incites a bear to set about catching some by fishing with his tail in the water.

The second part of the tale may be compared with Grimm's, "Gossip Wolf and the Fox." There a wolf and fox, having made friends, soon the wolf gets into serious trouble, yet, deeming that the fox is in a still more serious plight, carries him on her back. At last the fox runs away laughing. Animals frequently carry human beings in these tales; thus, a wild

¹Hahn, II. p. 90.

²Jean de Boschère, p. 163.

³Afanasiev, *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 6.

boar carries the hero in the Buryat tale, "The Old Water-sprite," and a man hunts on a bear in the Lettish tale, "The Forester's Two Sons." A bird carries the Ostyak, Aspen-leaf, and another bird carries the Kirghiz, Khan Schentai, from the lower regions to earth.

XXXII THE RAVEN AND THE CRAY-FISH

The flattering Cray-fish gets free from the Raven's grasp by employing a method similar to that of the fox, who wins the cheese from the crow, in Æsop. In the following Burmese story the crab gets the better of the crane in a manner more violent.

A cunning crane offered to carry a crab to a pleasant pool of water. But the crab, being suspicious of the crane's intentions, took the crane by the neck. The crane made for a tree and said he intended to eat the crab. Thereupon the crab gripped his enemy's neck and had himself set down on the edge of the pool. Next he nipped off the crane's neck. ¹

XXXIII THE BEAR AT THE INN

This picture of real life in a remote district, is widely separated from tales of fancy and the supernatural. Such a story may be considered of little worth by some lovers of those time-honoured displays of boundless invention, fairy tales. But the puissant behaviour of the bear who, grasping a curious situation, slays twelve villains at his master's instigation, is a link with the wonders, of one kind or another, to which the primitive mind leans, and by which it is fascinated.

XXXIV THE PEASANT AND THE WICKED WOMAN

This realistic tale comes from Perm, a district peopled by both Great-Russians and Bashkirs. As might be expected, violent disagreements between husband and wife occur in many stories. Sometimes the husband murders the wife, as in the present tale and in the Lettish, "The Wicked Wife," which considerably resembles it; and sometimes a pair of wives take a husband's life, as in the Buryat, "Old Man Ookhany," or nearly succeed in such an evil design, as in the Ossetian, "The One-eyed Giant." A wife's foible may be treated lightly, as in "The Gossip," but her shrewish temper may prompt her hus-

¹S. W. Cocks, *Tales and Legends of Ancient Burma*, p. 11.

band to despatch her, more or less humorously, on a temporary visit to the lower regions. The tendency is to portray the woman in dark colours, as when, in a Tarantchi-Tatar tale, she insists on learning the secret of her husband's laughter, though she is aware that her acquisition of the secret will cause her husband's death.

There is a Slovenish and Croatian tale disclosing how the Devil escaped from his wife. "Old Magda could not get a husband, and once said, 'If even the Devil appeared, I would marry him!' The Devil came immediately and married the old maid, but Magda was so restless and malicious that it became intolerable for the unclean one; every day he was obliged to go to the inn for his wife and found her intoxicated. At home she beat him continually. The Devil rushed to a neighbour and said, 'How could I kill my wife?' and the man answered, 'Dig under the threshold a great hole and put sharp knives into it. In the evening, when she returns from the inn, she will fall into the hole and be impaled; you can bury her there.'"¹

XXXV THE MAYORESS

This little tale introduces us to the internal government of a village, where the good-natured and easy-going peasant's notions of justice would not always recommend themselves to a skilled jurist. The peasant is said to 'accept compromises and to have a whimsical outlook on life and to be acquainted with corruption.

XXXVI THE MERCHANT

Exhibiting a restrained and dignified humour, such a tale affords a vivid glimpse of life when the wealthy merchants of Moscow were a power in Russia. It pleasingly portrays a prelate extremely strict in self-denying ordinances, but of kindly disposition. There is an effective contrast between the worldly unspirituality of the merchant and the bishop's trained piety, which enables him easily to resist the natural craving of hunger.

XXXVII THE FIEND

This tale gives a pleasing view of village life, as an introduction to a sombre theme. Ralston, in his *Songs of the Russian*

¹Valjavec, M V., quoted by Afanasief, in a Note to *The Wicked Wife*.

People, speaks of the spring choral dances, followed later by the summer and autumn dances. Song lightens the toil of the day and there are social gatherings at night. When October comes the young men of each village choose some clean and spacious cottage, each paying a few kopecks for the night to the owner. Then come games, songs and dances.

The Fiend evidently plays a considerable part in the thoughts of the superstitious peasantry, for folk-tales tell of his intercourse with desponding widows, and show that the country folk are ready to believe in his actual appearance. One of the most remarkable of such stories is "Helen the Wise," in which the Fiend takes a young soldier away to his palace in the sky.

The essential and scarcely veiled moral of our story is that deliberate lying brings punishment, and Grimm's third tale, "Our Lady's Child," embodies the same principles. A little child, aged three years, is taken by the Virgin Mary to heaven. At the age of fourteen she is given the keys of the thirteen doors of heaven with a command not to open the thirteenth door. But she unlocks the door, enters and remains awhile. When the Virgin returns the girl denies that she opened the thirteenth door. For such a deed she is condemned as unworthy of heaven and, awaking from a deep sleep, finds herself dwelling in a forest on earth. Then a king meets and marries her. The Virgin Mary appears to her and, finding her obdurately determined not to confess that she opened the thirteenth door, takes away her new-born infant. The scene is repeated with similar results on the birth of the queen's second child and of the third child. The people, learning of the loss, all said, "The Queen is a man eater," and the unhappy mother is being burnt at the stake, when she cries aloud, "Yes, Mary, I did it." Rain falls and extinguished the fire, and the children are restored by the Virgin Mary to the mother.

With regard to the drawing of Marusia's body under the threshold, it may be remarked that there are instances of rocks or stones through which sick people creep as a cure, and of a passage through narrow openings to get rid of ghosts after a death. In Armenia people push lean and sickly children through holes in the trunks of ancient trees "in order to put a stop to the influence of evil spirits."¹ The Hindus of the Punjab pass an unluckily child under the sill of a door.²

Transformation into a plant of a maiden from heaven, who

¹Frazer, *Golden Bough*, XI. 173.

²Idem., XI., p. 190.

came to earth as a crane, occurs in the Yakut story, "The Little Old Woman with Five Cows." Other instances are mentioned in the Note to that story.

XXXVIII THE WIZARD

It is clearly implied that the Whirlwind in the story was the Wizard. The whirlwind figures in certain Ural-Altaiian tales; for instance, it plays a part in a Kalmuck, a Votyak and an Ugur story, as is mentioned in a Note to "The Bird-cage Husband." Like Frost, the Whirlwind is personified in Russian tales; thus, a story from Khudyakov is related by Ralston,¹ in which a queen goes out for a walk in the garden. A gale springs up and the Whirlwind-bird seizes and carries her away. The queen's youngest son succeeds in reaching the palace, where she lives with her captor. The youth maims the Whirlwind-bird, who finally strikes the ground and falls to pieces as yellow sand. Elsewhere we read "The Moslem fancies the whirling sand pillar of the desert to be caused by the flight of an evil jinn, and the East African simply calls it a demon."²

XXXIX THE MAN WOLF

Transformation of men or women into animals occurs frequently in these tales; thus, in the Polish, "Concerning the Mar and the Werewolf," details are given of a werewolf; in a White-Russian tale, a woman is turned temporarily into a lynx, but reverts to her proper form on hearing the cry of her infant. Other changes are into a cuckoo (Altaiian); a bear (Altaiian, Russian and Lapp); magpie (Ostyak); black beetle (Chukchi); tiger (Gilyak); goose (Bashkir, Ostyak, Samoyede); horse (Esthonian, Finn, Kalmuck, Mordvin, Votyak); frog (Lett); dog (Ostyak, Ossetian, Mordvin); gad-fly (Ostyak); duck (Ossetian); songster bird (Kumyk); bird of prey (Ossetian); sparrow (Ossetian); ass (Kalmuck, Ossetian); sea-gull, hawk, fish (Kalmuck); crane (Yakut). "That certain unusually fierce wolves or tigers are 'man eaters' is explained by the belief that souls of wicked men go out at night and enter into wild-beast bodies to prey on their fellow men; these are the man-tigers and were-wolves, that is man-wolves, which still live in the popular superstition of India and Russia."³

¹*Russian Folk-tales*, p. 226.

²Taylor, *Primitive Culture*, I, p. 265.

³Taylor, *Anthropology*, p. 355.

"The belief that men under certain conditions could also take the shape of animals is primeval, and the traditions of every race can tell of such transformations. Herodotus had heard how the Neurians, a Slavonic race, passed for wizards (amongst the Scythians and Greeks who had settled around the Black Sea), because each of them, once a year, became a wolf for a few days and then returned to his natural shape."¹

In the Swedish tale, "The Werewolf," a king is left a widower with a young daughter. His new wife turns the prince, who wishes to wed her stepdaughter, the princess, into a werewolf. The girl enters the forest in search of her lover. She is advised by an old woman to follow a lily, which leads her to a little old man, who tells her to throw the lily into a boiling kettle of tar. When she obeys a terrible howling is heard and a great grey wolf runs toward her. She pours the tar over him, as the old man orders, and the wolf becomes her lost lover. The stepmother and her daughters come and are changed into wolves, as soon as the wolf's pelt is thrown over them by the princess. When the wedding is celebrated the stepmother and her two daughters are roaming the forest as wolves.²

A story of a werewolf, taken from the Breton Lays of Marie de France, is related by Mr. Lewis Spence. Long ago a baron grieved his wife by disappearing for three days every week. She insisted on knowing his secret, and he told her that he went to live as a wolf. The lady besought a former lover to seize her husband's clothing, although she knew that such a deed would make him remain a wolf. The wolf, on being captured, shewed strange intelligence and was kept as a pet by the king, and evinced intense hatred of his former wife and her lover. Finally the woman confessed her ill conduct, and the wolf was enabled to regain his clothes and resume his human form.³

XL BELIEFS CONCERNING LIFE IN THE GRAVE

Spirits of the dead do not figure so freely in Russian as in Siberian tales, where they appear, it may be, at a Yakut festival or to assist at a scene of Chukchi shamanistic activity. A definite statement concerning wanderings of the dead in Russia is therefore of value when an attempt is made to gauge the relative degree of superstition of different races. It is evident that the Russian belief in the activity of spirits is less

¹Dasent, p. 63.

²C. Stroebe and F. H. Martens, p. 76.

³*Legends of Brittany*, p. 284 et seq.

intense than the Siberian. But in the Russian tale called "The Treasure," a ghostly phantom appears and eventually dissolves into a heap of coins, a method of dissolution occurring also in a tale in which a certain black dog was struck.

The Koryaks and Gilyaks have a belief in spirits perhaps as vivid as some of the Australian blacks, who not only believe in a persistence of the spirits of the dead, but conceive a multiplicity of personal spirits.

Among the Euahlayi tribe, in Australia, it is believed that "The stars are fires which the spirits of the dead have lit in their journey across the sky." "The Southern Cross (a constellation of five stars) was the first Mingah, or spirit tree—a huge Yaraam—which was the medium for the translation of the first man who died on earth to the sky."¹ No blacks will cross Kingle plains, lest some of the spirits arise through the openings of their graves. "Each person has at least three spirits, and some have four, as follows: his yowee or soul equivalent; his dowee, a dream spirit; his mulloo will, a shadow spirit; and his yunbeai or animal spirit."²

XL I CHARMS AND EXORCISMS IN USE NEAR KOSTROMA

The first method is somewhat involved, for the sufferer, having invoked Christ, orders an inanimate object to receive the disease; then he definitely appeals to Christ for help with the assistance of the Holy Mother and of a prelate. The second method is that of acting a swiftly performed progress and describing a desired process and result. The third method is that of pretending that the noxious agent is harmless, then commanding it to remove its root of offence and then, having given it an instance of rapidity, ordering it to depart rapidly.

XLII BELIEFS OF PEASANTS NEAR VOLOGDA

The most interesting perhaps of these Beliefs is the statement that magicians receive magical knowledge from dead magician relatives. The White-Russian tale, "The Sorceress," relates how Anna received her powers from an old woman with whom she lived, and who desired to transmit them before her death. The belief that during a thunderstorm fiends hide behind people, and that during a snowstorm fiends are at play, goes to swell the general superstition of the Russian peasant, who is convinced

¹K. Langloh Parker, pp. 95, 97,

²Idem., p. 35.

that dead persons leave the grave, that vampires persecute the living, and that water-sprites, wood-spirits, etc., are ready to exercise a malign influence. The ideas concerning the Wind are consonant with the Wind's personification in folk-tales.

XLIII CHARMS IN USE IN THE VOLOGDA DISTRICT

The first Charm consists of a description of behaviour which, beginning with self-purification, passes first to the mention of prayer offered to religious divinities, next to respectful and admiring mention of the great bodies of Nature, next to prediction of terrible obstacles, and lastly to an expression of a hope that enemies may be softened. The name of a pious and famous Biblical character is invoked.

The second Charm begins with an allusion to a religious exercise, and is followed by a description of the day's events, amid imposing natural surroundings. Next comes a series of curses on any interfering enemy, and, lastly, a solemn poetical imprecation and a triple repetition of a particularly impressive word.

The mingling of Christian and heathen deities is clear in these Charms, but it is more pronounced in the following adjuration used by the Raskolniks, which is quoted by Ralston from Afanasič: "Forgive me, O Lord; forgive me, O holy Mother of God; forgive me, O ye Angels, Archangels, Cherubim and Seraphim, and all ye heavenly host! Forgive, O sky; forgive O damp mother earth; forgive, O sun, forgive, O moon; forgive, ye stars; forgive, ye lakes, ye rivers and hills; forgive, all ye heavenly and earthly elements!"¹

XLIV TRADITIONS (MOSTLY FROM THE ARCHANGEL GOVERNMENT)

The tradition which concerns the Devil's behaviour in clothing the dog with a woolly coat may be compared with that concerning the Buryat deity, Shitchir, who rewarded the dog with a similar coat for having guarded man. These Russian legends bear witness to the devoutness and piety of the peasants.

XLV SAVING A SOUL

It will probably be felt that a strange, simple power and an unusual moral earnestness characterise this story. The crude

¹*Songs of the Russian People*, p. 365,

narrative of the merchant's visit to the chief devil recalls the Bashkir account of an old man's visit to a wood-spirit. In each tale plainness and directness mark the narrator's treatment of the supernatural. Other instances of visitation of a woman by a devil are mentioned in a Note to the Russian, "The Widow and the Fiend."

XLVI THE VAMPIRE

Traditions of animated corpses exist in many countries. "We know that many living people grow pale and bloodless and pine away; in Slavonic countries this is thought to be caused by blood-sucking nightmares, of whose dreadful visits the patient is conscious in his sleep, and these creatures are ingeniously accounted for as demon-souls dwelling in corpses, whose blood accordingly keeps fluid long after death; they call them vampires."¹

In the Russian story, "The Fiend," the stranger says to Marusia, "And you saw what I was doing?" She answers, "Yes, you ate the dead!"

In the Gagäüzy tale, "The Sun's Courtship," a girl visits the house of a vampire. Telling her to play on a fiddle, he goes out to sharpen his teeth. A mouse warns the girl of her danger and gives her a stone which, becoming a stony impassable place, permits her to escape, despite her enemy's pursuit.

The Indian, *Twenty-five Tales of a Demon*, contains many stories of vampires, and we read that King Trivikrasemana was sent by a mendicant to fetch the body of a dead man hanging on an asoka tree. The king found the corpse animated by a vetala, or vampire, and carried it away on his shoulder. On the journey the vetala told him a story which was the first of a series of stories.²

XLVII THE WIDOW AND THE FIEND

The Russian tale, "Saving a Soul," is concerned with the same subject as "The Widow and the Fiend"; it was related to Khydyakov, by a harvestman, near Ryazan. In the Ossetian story, "Tsopan," a maiden is visited by a devil. In the account of "World Ideas of the Common People in Little Russia," this statement occurs in the tenth section: "If a man dies and his wife sorrows for him greatly, then an unclean

¹E. B. Tylor, *Anthropology*, p. 356.

²Tawney, II, p. 241.

force appears before her in the form of her dead husband and enters into sensual relations with her ; in consequence the woman wastes away and dies." The unclean force travels in the form of a fiery snake to the grieving woman and, upon reaching her cottage, assumes her husband's shape and embraces her.

Afanasief says, " There is a story also of a dead man who comes from the other world to his inconsolable widow ; " it appeared in the *Kazan Vyedomosty*, 1859, No. 7, p. 62.

Here is the brief outline of a Roman story, called, " Maria Wood," in which the Devil appears : A widower king had an only daughter, Maria, whose mother left behind her a ring, saying that only the man on whose finger the ring fitted would make a good husband for Maria. An accomplished cavalier and prince became a suitor for the princess' hand, but her teacher, a possessor of fairy powers, knew him to be the Devil, and instructed her charge to propose seemingly impossible tasks to the prince as conditions. He performed them. The teacher now suggested that Maria should depart with the prince, that is the Devil, but promised a means of deliverance. The girl must secure the ring, which the prince would carry on a feather in his cap, and must place herself during the journey inside a wooden figure of an old woman and walk away. Maria twitched the ring from the cap, sent the prince to catch a firefly, and in his absence entered a wooden figure by the roadside. She wandered in the forest and became a servant in a king's palace. At carnival time Maria, dressed in a garment woven of the stars of heaven, attracted the young king's attention, and she found that the ring fitted his finger, but she avoided him and he pined for her love. Dressed as the old woman, Maria gave the ring in a cake to the king's mother for him. The king found the ring, and was told by alchemists that it came from an important source. He had the old woman brought before him, and when she had turned into a youthful and beautiful princess he married her. ¹

XLVIII THE LITTLE EGG

This story, of the class called drolls, while exhibiting the simplicity of village life, pours good natured ridicule on the danger of excessive sentiment, an infectious feeling which, springing from a trivial event, may spread cumulatively from one person to another until it causes an absurd climax. As the tale

¹Busk, p. 66.

proceeds there are frequent recitals of previous events. "The Little Egg" is, in truth, the gentlest satire.

In an English tale, "Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse," Titty mouse, putting her pudding in a pot to boil, tumbled over and was scalded to death. Her companion's grief affected a three-legged stool so that it began to hop. A broom, learning the cause of trouble from the stool, took on itself to sweep. Then a door felt called upon to jar, and next a window to creak, and so on till, at last, an old man said he would fall off a ladder, whereupon a walnut tree crashed and a house came down, and the window knocked the door and, amid general disaster, Tatty mouse was buried beneath the ruins. The story exists in at least a dozen different countries from Scotland to India.¹

The following will give a notion of a Mexican parallel. A certain Mosquito, with very long legs, broke his foot and ascribed the accident to the Cold. He said, "Cold, how strong you are; you have broken my foot!" Cold replied, "The Sun is stronger, because he heats me." The Mosquito said to the Sun, "Sun, how strong you are! Sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" The Sun answered, "But stronger is the cloud, because it covers me." The Mosquito said, "Cloud, how strong you are! Cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot." So the story proceeds, with ever added proof of the superior strength of a new object. Here is the end of the story: "God how strong you are! God who sends Death, Death who kills blacksmith, blacksmith who makes knife . . . Cloud that covers Sun, Sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot."²

XLIX GOOD AND BAD.

In this droll there is not a repeated recital of preceding events as in "The Little Egg," but we have a series of reprisals and a continued recurrence of the catch words, "that's good," "not very good"; or "that's bad," "not very bad." High morality is not expected in folk-tales, and the inference here is that, not only an initial error may, through persistent and unscrupulous effort, be turned to success, but that a rogue will get the better of an honest man whenever the latter is in a position of difficulty. The story belongs essentially to the same category as the Buryat, "Old Man Ookhany," and the

¹J. Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*.

²F. Boas, *Journal of American Folk-lore*, Vol. XXV p. 219.

Ugur, "The Youth who Exchanged a Mouse for a Horse and a Beautiful Wife," for the peasant always obtains excessive compensation from the priest.

In this droll, "Good and Bad," the see-saw of reprisals between the peasant and the priest terminates in a victory for the peasant. Such an underlying structure to a story is more subtle than that of a number of stories of a type taking us back to the Pantchatantra. In these an initial delinquency is followed by an order to punish the delinquent. Refusal to punish is treated as a delinquency, and an order is given to another person to punish the new delinquent. So a number of agents or persons become involved, until the last person or agent agrees to carry out the punishment. The story consists chiefly in successive recitals, at each stage of previous refusals.

Such a tale is "Poutin and Poutot," from Lorraine. Poutin and Poutot went out to eat strawberries. When Poutot was full, he requested Poutin to come home. He refused, and Poutot told a wolf to come and eat him. The wolf refused, and Poutot ordered a little dog to bark at the wolf. The dog refused. "Then," said Poutot, "I shall tell a stick to strike you, little dog! Stick, go and beat the little dog; the little dog would not bark at the wolf; the wolf would not eat Poutin; Poutin would not return till he was as full as I." So the story proceeds, gathering fresh dimensions at every step, like a rolling snowball.¹

L FOOLISH JOHN

Foolish John is of the same order of sons as "The Arrant Fool." The trick played by him, after he has been placed in the sack, occurs in folk-tales of many races; for instance, the Lettish and Votyak, as enumerated in the Note to the Tarantchi-Tatar story, "Schingiltak and Pingiltak," where also the episode is considered of the acquisition of animals from beneath the water.

LI THE SUN, THE MOON AND CROW CROWSON

"In this story the Sun and Moon, agreeably to ancient heathen traditions, are personified and marry maidens. Along with them appears the raven, who plays an important rôle in the mythology of Indo-European peoples."²

¹Cosquin, No. 34.

²From Afanasief's Remarks to his Tale No. 49.



In Grimm's story, "The Seven Ravens," a maiden travels to the end of the world in quest of her seven brothers, who have been turned into ravens at their father's hasty wish. She comes to the Sun and then to the Moon, and both make her unhappy, but the morning star directs her to a glass mountain; having arrived at which, she succeeds in rescuing her brothers. In "The Singing Soaring Lark," another of Grimm's tales, a man's favourite daughter marries a lion, who at night becomes a handsome man. Unfortunately, the lion is transformed to a dove and is obliged to fly about the world for seven years. In order to rescue him the maiden must follow certain indications. She climbs to the Sun and to the Moon and takes counsel of the Winds. After adventures she succeeds in releasing her husband.

A visit to the Sun or Moon or stars is to be found in several tales here. The Sun marries a maiden in a Chukchi, and in a Lapp story; and the Moon carries off a girl in a Yakut, a Tungus and a Buryat tale.

LII. THE ARRANT FOOL

This story forms No. 84 of Afanasief's *Children's Folk-tales*, and represents Nos. 226 (a) and (b) of the same writer's *Russian Popular Tales*. The fool always applies the last given advice to any new situation in which he may find himself. The hero of the Esthonian story, "Antosha," follows a similar method. The Little Russian tale, "Ugly Lesk," begins as follows:

A wife sent her stupid husband to his relatives and hoped that they would make him a present. They gave him a sheep, and he threw it to the dogs. His wife scolded him and, explaining that a sheep should be roasted, sent him back on a similar errand. He was now given a scarf, which he proceeded to burn. His wife instructed him that such an object should be used as a girdle. Continuing to understand her advice perversely, he made a puppy into a girdle, fastened his sister-in-law to the cattle stall, and politely led a horse to the dinner table¹.

Grimm's "Clever Hans" resembles the above tales. "Fool" stories which depend on a different principle are considered elsewhere.

¹Sumtsov, p. 133.

LIII THE PEASANT AND THE HARE

A story so brief and with so pointed a moral concerning the folly of indulgence in day dreams would be a fable, were it not that names are given to the characters. The Russian peasant's intense longing for land and prosperity is here evinced. The theme of the story is one likely to have occurred anew in many places; nevertheless, La Fontaine's analogous story of the milkmaid and her pail has been traced back to India.

LIV THE FLY'S APARTMENT

The Russian peasant is tolerant toward certain small insects which we abhor, and this story reveals his interest in even the humblest members of the animal world. Reading this story, some who look for symbols in folk-tales find in the bear a representative of the townsman, the traditional oppressor or, at least, supposed economic antagonist of the moujik. This droll, in its dependence on repetition and regular and gradual increase of numbers, calls to mind a once popular English jingle remarkable for a recurrent mention of gradually diminishing numbers. Various morals could be drawn from "The Fly's Apartment," one of them being that it is dangerous to build up a new social state too rapidly. Afanasief has a variant, in which a horse's head lies on the ground; to it comes a mouse, a frog, a hare, a fox, a wolf and a bear.

LV GRIEF AND MERRIMENT

There is a Russian tale called "A Bladder, a Straw and a Bast-shoe." These three went into the forest to hew wood, but, on reaching a stream, knew not what to do. How should they cross it? The bast-shoe said to the bladder, "Let us swim across upon you!" "No, bast-shoe! let the straw stretch across from bank to bank of the stream and we will cross upon it." The straw lay down across the stream; the bast-shoe began the journey, but the straw broke. The shoe fell into the water and the bladder laughed so heartily that it burst.¹ Afanasief gives this variant: Two old men travelling entered an empty cottage to warm themselves at the stove: Small-bladder and Small-beard. Small-bladder sent Small-beard to improve the fire. Small-beard went, blew upon the embers and took fire. Small-bladder laughed so much that he fell from the stove and burst.

¹Afanasief, No. 45.

In a German story, "The Death of the Little Hen," when the little hen dies six mice build a little carriage to take her to her grave. The procession cannot cross a stream, and a straw which offers to bridge it falls into the water and the mice are drowned. A coal lays itself across the stream, but touches the water, hisses, is extinguished and dies. A helpful stove gives its service, but when the little cock gets the little hen over the carriage runs back and all the animals are drowned.¹ Grimm has another tale, "The Straw, the Coal and the Bean," which in the main resembles "Grief and Merriment."

LVI THE WICKED WIFE

Afanasief gives several variants with No. 336 of his *Popular Tales*. The theme of a shrewish wife is common. The supernatural element afforded by the imp's appearance on the scene, and his malignant activity, have doubtless been recommendations to a superstitious peasantry. There are many imps in these tales. Gibes concerning the production of a malady in advance, in order that practitioners of the healing art may win advantage by effecting a cure, are hoary, but they are probably not deserved. The great scholar, Benfey, devotes many pages of his *Introduction to the Panchatantra* to this widely-spread tale.

Here is a condensed version from the Panchatantra of "How a Wife Rewarded Love." A Brahman had a wife dear to him as life, but she quarrelled with her family unceasingly. The Brahman could not endure domestic disturbances, and out of love for his wife took her to live in a distant place. In the middle of a forest the Brahman's wife said to him, "O son of the revered one, I am tortured with thirst; find some water for me!" She had scarcely spoken before her husband fetched the water, but she was dead when he returned. The Brahman heard a voice saying, "If you will give half of your life, your wife shall live." The Brahman purified himself, and in three solemn words gave half of his life. His wife was re-animated.

The pair then journeyed together and found themselves in the flower garden of a certain town; the husband left his wife while he sought food. The woman now heard a cripple singing and fell in love with him. She said, "If you will not love me you will be guilty of my death." The cripple did as she wished. Soon afterwards the Brahman returned and said, "Give this

¹Grimm, No. 80.

poor man something to eat," and his wife remarked, "Brahman, if you should go to another village, I shall be left companionless; let us take this cripple with us!" The Brahman was tired and would have passed the cripple in silence, but his wife said, "I will place him in my basket and so carry him." The Brahman was befooled and agreed.

One day when her husband was resting at the edge of a well the wife pushed him into it; she then took the cripple and entered a town. The officials examined the basket which she bore upon her head; they wished to learn if any duty were payable. Taken to the king, she said to him, "This is my husband, who is tormented by illness and persecuted by his relatives; out of love for his tortured heart I have carried him on my head and brought him here." The king said, "Be my sister!" and gave her two villages, that the pair might live happily. Now, by the will of fate, the Brahman was drawn out of the well by a benevolent passer-by and came to the town. When the wicked wife saw him she dragged him to the king and said, "O king, my husband's enemy has come here!" The Brahman, being ordered to execution, said "Your Majesty! this woman has received something belonging to me. If you love justice, tell her to restore to me what she has had from me." The king said, "Dear, if you have received anything from this man, return it." "I have received nothing," was the answer. But the Brahman cried, "Give me back the half of my life which I gave you solemnly in three words!" In fear of the king, the woman said, "Here is the life given me with three words," and was dead the same instant. The king cried in astonishment, "What is that?" and the Brahman related to him the whole past story.¹

In the Indian story, the character of the wife, the pushing into the hole, and the unexpected arrival of the husband and the woman's terrible fate are comparable to features of the Russian tale. But the general resemblance is small. It is greater in the German story, "Godfather Death," where a poor man accepts Death as his child's godfather. When the boy has grown up his godfather leads him into the forest and, giving him a herb, promises to make him a celebrated physician. By a private sign at the bedside Death is to inform the physician whether he may or may not cure the patient. The king's daughter falls severely ill and the physician, infatuated with

¹Benfey, II. p. 303.

her beauty, cures her in spite of Death's angry glances. As punishment for his recalcitrance the physician loses his life. †

LVII THE BOLD APPRENTICE

A youthful character, who enters on the scene as a simpleton and develops courage, presence of mind and no mean sagacity, is certain to be appreciated among the masses of struggling Russians. He is allied to the order of youngest sons, who show a sudden unwonted determination, and to the fool of the family that, after a long career of ineptitude, astonishes, confounds and defeats his scornful elder brothers. The Bashkirs have, in "The Merchant's Son," a character who, after a settled career of failure, displays finally unexpected boldness and ability. But in one respect "The Bold Apprentice" stands apart; for little is made of his weakness and much of his strength. In the Bashkir tale the conditions are reversed.

LVIII THE TSAR AND THE SHIRT

Tales of khans and tsars who fill positions of no great importance are frequent. The ruler is depicted variously; he may be shrewd, just and righteous, or self-indulgent and despotic, or even animated by extraordinary hardness of heart. Certain writers, regarding sympathetically the frequent misery of the Russian peasantry, and remembering serfdom, read into such tales as "The Tsar and the Shirt" and "The Little Egg," a subtle plaint against the plight of the poor. But without any such consideration these stories have intrinsic merits ensuring popularity.

LIX THE INN

Such a picture of country life, briskly told and culminating in a climax, is probably sufficient to rouse the peasants' awe and admiration. They appreciate heartily the miller's rueful recollections, which are capped by a description of the victorious deacon's coolness and urbanity. The retribution overtaking one guilty of a nefarious deed is doubtless welcome to everybody. Such a story, though widely different from the old fairy-tale and epic, is yet of a sort which must have long recommended itself.

†Grimm, No. 44.

LX THE SORCERESS

This realistic tale seems to betoken the existence of as extreme beliefs concerning the nature of witches as any that are found among Siberian races. Religious teaching and church devotions have not eradicated the Russian peasant's leaning toward the supernatural and abnormal. Descriptive horrors are reserved for witches, as opposed to wizards; on the other hand, vampires of a hideous nature are male.

LXI THE PEASANT AND THE SNAKE

This story may be compared with the Lithuanian, "A Good Deed is Always Requited with Ill." The same poetical ending is to be found in the Russian, "The Peasant, the Bear and the Fox." In each of the three stories a man who is in the power of an animal is rescued from a dangerous predicament by a fox, whose life he then proceeds to sacrifice. The Polish, "The Dragon, the Mare and the Fox," also may be compared.

The following is a Greek story in abstract: A peasant was about to light a fire in a field, when a snake came from under a thorn and said, "Take care you do not burn my house." The snake said he would devour the man and coiled round him. The affair was set before three judges. An old broken-down horse, recalling unfortunate experiences of life, said that the snake should eat the man. A mule said likewise. A vixen loosened the snake as a preliminary to giving judgment. On her advice the man killed the snake and promised to bring her a pair of chickens. The peasant's wife advised her husband to place dogs in the sack, instead of chickens, and when the vixen opened the sack the dogs mauled her, but she escaped to her hole and cried, "My grandfather was no judge, and my father was no judge. What possessed me to settle your dispute?"¹

Clouston gives a list of stories of the Ungrateful Serpent from the Fables of Bidpai, the Persian and the Indian. In Dasent's *Norse Tales*, the ungrateful animal is a dragon; in some Eastern stories he is an alligator, and in others, a tiger.²

LXII THE BEAR AND THE COCK

This droll recalls Grimm's story, "The Bremen Town Musicians," in which four animals, a cock, a donkey, a cat and a

¹Hahn, No. 87.

²*Popular Tales and Fictions*, I., p. 262.

hound, frighten away some robbers by a sudden outburst of crowing, braying, mewing and barking. The cock, in the Russian tale, has the boisterous assurance of "The Bold Apprentice," without the latter's valour.

LXIII THE ANGEL

Afanasief pronounces the Russian legends to be several centuries old. They deal mostly with offences of angels or saints against God, or of human beings against saints, but legends of other peoples in this collection have a less austere, a more secular tone. Thus two Georgian legends deal respectively with a miraculous event near a monastery and with the carnal temptation of the prophet Ilyà by the Devil. So a Kumuk legend tells of the reincarnation of an affectionate brother and sister, as a pair of beautiful little birds, who are inseparable companions in the forest.

LXIV CASSIAN AND NICHOLAS

This legend offers an example of brief, earnest and simple narration. Nicholas, who is a favourite saint in Russia, appears to have taken with the peasants the place of a previous water-god, a Neptune. Thus he is a link with paganism.

LXV THE PROPHET ILYA AND THE ARCHER

Depicting a backward civilisation among the Buryats, Kal-mucks, Ugurs and Kirghiz, several tales in this collection carry us to the era of bows and arrows, which indeed are still used, it is said, in remote parts of Siberia. But the present legend, or story, deals with the transition period, when firearms were being introduced into Russia.

Perùn, the thunder-god and chief deity in pagan Russia, became, after the introduction of Christianity, the Prophet Ilyà; Ilyà being the native equivalent of Elijah. The succession of brazen falsehoods, which are uttered by the terrified archer, may be compared to Marusia's denials in the Russian story, "The Fiend"; denials which bring on her extremely severe punishment.

LXVI FRIDAY

Superstitious dread against carrying on certain occupations on a Friday has not been confined to Russia, as witness the

British sailor's dislike to sailing from port on that day. The legend dates from a time when spinning, which is still to be seen in remote places, was usual or universal; indeed, the Russian legends, according to Afanasief, date back five or six hundred years. A writer who deals fully with the subject and gives, with the above, a legend named "Wednesday," says, "St. Friday and St. Wednesday appear to belong to that class of spiritual beings, sometimes of a demoniacal disposition, with which the imagination of the old Slavonians peopled the elements." Again, "In one of the Wallachian tales, the hero is assisted in his search after the dragon-stolen heroine by three supernatural females, the holy Mothers Friday, Wednesday and Sunday. They replace the three benignant Baba-Yagas of Russian stories. Mother Sunday rules the animal world and can collect her subjects by playing on a magic flute."¹

In a Gagauzy tale, called "The Sun's Courtship," there are three women, Mother Sunday, Mother Wednesday, and Mother Friday, who assist a girl to escape from a vampire.

LXVII THE MAID AND THE WATER-SPRITE

In the *Beliefs of Peasants near Vogoda*, will be found a description of the appearance of water-sprites. They are fiends with horns and a woolly surface of the body; they live in deep pools and take wives and children from among persons who are drowned. A king on a throne in the sea rules over the water-sprites. Making a compact with them, the miller treats them to vodka, which he lowers into the water, and then the water-sprites do not play tricks at the mill. There are, moreover, clear indications of the Russian peasants' belief in wood-spirits, house spirits and animated whirlwinds. These tales have shown that among the Siberian races similar and even stronger beliefs exist, including a belief in the spirit of Fire, for instance, among the Yakuts.

A good authority remarks, "Demi-gods and fairies to a considerable extent retain their hold on the faith of the Russian peasant, and in outlying districts maintain a vigorous existence. The Church has waged war on them for centuries. A popular legend says that when Satan was expelled from Heaven some exiled spirits fell into the lower recesses of the underworld. They remain as dwarfs, sylvan demons and water-sprites. Some

¹Ralston, *Russian Folk-tales*, pp. 204, 205.

have attached themselves as domestic spirits and some delight in riding the whirlwind." ¹

LXVIII THE KAMA AND THE VOLGA

There are several legends about rivers in Russia ; thus, the Don and the Shat set out in rivalry, but the latter grew tired and gave up the contest. The Don arranged to be guided across the sea by a raven, which, however, croaked too soon, so the Don remains as it is to-day. The legend concerning the two rivers Dnieper and Sozh is much like that relating to the Kama and the Volga. A raven was to help the Sozh in the contest, but unfortunately, a vulture, who befriended the Dnieper, fell on the raven and caused him to croak prematurely, so that the Sozh fell into the Dnieper. ²

¹Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 106.

²Ralston, from Afanasief, p. 208 et seq.

THE LETTS

THE Letts inhabit an independent territory called Latvia, which consists of Courland, one of Russia's former Baltic provinces, with the cities Mitau and Libau, and of South Livonia with the city, Riga. One third of Courland is still forest country, and it has many swamps and lakes with interspersed fertile patches. Numerous rivers drain the country, which has a damp and foggy climate. Nobles of German descent till recently owned the mass of the land, while most of the population lived as hired labourers or agriculturists dwelling in isolated farmsteads. Christian culture was slow to influence the people, who are said to have retained pagan altars as late as 1835. Primitive songs have preserved the names of such old divinities as Perkunas, or Thunder, and Liga, the goddess of pleasure; and in these ancient songs the wife was obtained by abduction, a process attended by such danger that marriage with a near relative was occasionally preferred. The Letts regarded the Germans and Russians with hatred and despair, and these simple songs express their despondency.

I

THE FORESTER'S TWO SONS¹

A FORESTER had two sons, each of whom, after rearing two bears, decided to leave home and acquire experience of the world. The elder son was the first to go. On departing he drove a knife into the old stump of a tree and said to his brother, "If I do not return by such and such a day, draw out the knife from this stump and examine it for rust; if the tip is rusty, then misfortune has befallen me at the beginning of my journey; if the middle is rusty, then misfortune has come in the middle of the journey; if the rust is near the handle, then the misfortune has just happened." Having spoken thus, he departed.

The elder brother travelled day and night. One evening he

¹From the Russian of V. F. Miller, *Lettish Folk-tales, Ethnograph, Material of the Dashky Museum, Moscow, 1887, p. 200.*

reached a town which exhibited signs of the deepest grief. There was only one lake from which water could be obtained, but if, in any year, a maiden was not sacrificed to it the lake did not provide a single drop of water ; and now it had fallen to the tsar to sacrifice his only daughter. The forester's son knew of this and desired to speak with the tsar. "Do not grieve, tsar ! I will save your daughter." The tsar was overjoyed, and promised to make the forester's son his heir and the husband of his daughter if the youth should save her.

The princess was to be led out the next day, about nine o'clock, and everyone in the town must come and see. The fiend himself arrived to receive the sacrifice and with open jaws awaited the maiden. But the young man delayed till ten o'clock. The fiend said, "Why do you delay ? Where is the princess ?" "Here !" was the answer. The fiend was about to seize his victim when the courageous youth called on his bears, who hurled themselves on the fiend and tore him to fragments. Then the youth said, "It will no longer be necessary to offer up a human being to the lake, for the fiend who has just been destroyed is the last of his kind ; henceforth there will be plenty of water." The tsar bestowed his daughter on the forester's son and gave him the whole kingdom.

Some time later the young tsar went hunting and took with him his bears, and in the course of the day came upon a large roe-deer. He pursued her a long while unsuccessfully and found himself in a large and deep marsh. As it was already dark, he settled down for the night, and collecting some dry branches, kindled a fire, tethered his bears and sat down beside the fire. Suddenly an old woman arrived mysteriously and begged permission to warm herself before the flames. The tsar granted her request and she stroked the bears and expressed her admiration of them. Then, stroking the youth gently, she frequently repeated in an inaudible voice, "Turn to stone !" The tsar and his two bears became stone.

The forester's younger son waited in vain for his brother's return, and at last on the appointed day went to the tree stump, drew out the knife and, inspecting it, found the blade rusty up to the handle. He hastened along the same road as that which had been taken by his brother and hoped to save him. Persevering on his journey, he at last reached the town where his brother had delivered the princess from death. The people received him with the greatest joy. His brother, the tsar of

the town, had departed to the chase in his native clothing, and as the brothers resembled each other closely the inhabitants mistook the newcomer for the tsar. The young princess caressed him as if he were her husband, and asked him various questions. "I have grieved over you for many weeks," she said. "Where were you concealed and how did you live?" The younger son of the forester answered nothing; he could not understand for whom he was mistaken. They invited him to sup at the tsar's table, but there he said scarcely a word. When those around him enquired with what deep thoughts he was occupied, he answered, "With private affairs." After supper the young princess invited him to sleep with her. He followed her, but when they lay down to sleep he thrust his sword into the ceiling exactly over the middle of the couch. When she enquired the cause of this action he answered "That is my affair!"

The next day after breakfast the young man went hunting. At last he came upon a great roe-deer and pursued her; at first on foot and later riding on one of his bears. But he could not overtake the deer, who, in open country, kept at a distance and in the forest always stood behind a tree. During his pursuit the forester's younger son found himself on a great and deep marsh. It was already dark, and when it was necessary to halt for the night he stopped in the same place as that which had been occupied by his brother. There he found three great stones and some smouldering logs. Kindling a large fire, he sat and warmed himself, and then the same old woman arrived and begged permission to take advantage of the warmth. He was about to accede to her wish, when a little boy on a hillock whispered, "If you grant her request your end will be near!" whereupon the younger brother understood that the old woman was an evil-being in disguise, so he directed his bears against her. But before they could seize her she entreated for pity, saying that she was the parent of the devil himself. The forester's son promised her liberty, if she would account for the stones lying there. The old woman told him the real nature of the stones and how to resuscitate the dead by use of a herb, so that soon his brother and the two bears stood up. But when the elder brother saw the old woman at the fire he launched his bears against her and they tore her to pieces.

As the brothers journeyed back to the town they related to each other what they had seen. The elder hearing that his wife

had taken the younger as her husband, in a fit of jealousy killed the youth. But when he arrived in the town he learnt from his wife how his brother had thrust a sword into the ceiling over the bed. Regretting his past hastiness, he sprinkled the body with the wonderful herb and the body returned to life. The brothers now went to the forester's home and brought back with them their parents; the younger brother married the princess's sister and the two brothers ruled in turns, one after the other, and both began to live.

II

BOY LITTLE-FINGER †

A PEASANT who had a son not larger than a little finger sent him to harrow a field. The boy took a horse and harrow, and went to the field in order to perform his task. He hid himself in the horse's ear and whistled. A lord driving past heard the whistling; he noticed a horse dragging a harrow over ploughed land, but could see no other living thing. What was the explanation of the whistling? The lord called at the farmer's house and learnt on enquiry that the farmer possessed a tiny son, Boy Little-finger. "Sell him to me," said the lord. "Very well, take him!" Entering his carriage, the lord drove off, but the boy escaped from the carriage. Heavy rain fell and the little fugitive ran for shelter under an old mushroom. A cow saw the mushroom and ate it, together with the child. As soon as the herdsman approached to milk the cow the boy exclaimed, "Herdsman, do not milk this cow; she is a horrid witch!" In consequence the cow was killed and a poor woman was ordered to take away the cow's entrails and throw them among some bushes. Before she had completed this duty Boy Little-finger called out, "Dear woman, whither are you throwing me?" A wolf ate the entrails and with them the little rogue. But no sooner had the wolf approached the herd, than Boy Little-finger thrust his head out of the wolf and cried, "Herdsman, take care, a wolf is coming!" The puzzled wolf imagined that his entrails were speaking. Hurling his body against a tree, he growled angrily, "Keep silence, if you wish for food!"

†V. F. Miller, p. 160.

III

THE SAILORS AND THE GIANTS¹

A CERTAIN ship sailed on a long voyage, but when opposite an unknown land struck a shoal or a rock beneath the surface of the water. The crew toiled hard, but ineffectually, to float their vessel ; then all agreed there was nothing more to be done. " Let us go ashore and observe the nature of the country and the people," they said, and after much discussion they got into their boats and went ashore. They walked a great distance and at last found a cottage. Nobody was within. Moving about, they remarked, " It is strange that the cottage is empty," but in two or three minutes a giant appeared at the door. Giving the sailors a terrible look, yet uttering not a single word, he lay m mense hands upon one of them and crushed him like a gnat, then ate him on the spot. The sailors were so frightened that they trembled like aspen-leaves ; they thought their end had come. But as soon as the giant had devoured the sailor he lay down in a passage leading to the threshold ; he intended that the other sailors should not escape, but serve for breakfast or supper on the following day.

The giant went to sleep, and the sailors in their misery whispered to one another, " What can we do ? How can we get away ?" They walked round the place once more, but could see neither windows nor hole ; except the door, there was no outlet, and there the giant lay as firm as a stove. To jump or step over him would rouse him and bring death to all. However, peering about in the cottage, they discovered a huge axe. One of the biggest and most powerful of the sailors said to his comrades, " Pray the Lord God that he may help me to lift this axe ; if I succeed, we are saved ; if I fail, there is no hope for us." He raised the axe with much effort and, approaching the giant, struck him on the neck.

The severed head at once recoiled, but, far from lying still, it jumped up infuriated and plunged with a roar into the forest. The body rolled over and the hands clutched in a futile way at the sailors, who sprang over the threshold and rushed toward their ship. Reaching the shore, the men got into their boats and reached the vessel, from which they saw a crowd of giants pour forth from the forest and pace the shore till the ground shook. The giants ran to the shore and were making their way

¹V. F. Miller, p. 157.

through the water to the ship, when the sailors, in their extremity fired off all their cannon. The effect of the discharge was that the vessel left the sand bank, or the submerged rock, and soon the giants retreated. The head which had plunged into the forest directed all their actions.

But one of the sailors failed to escape ; he became separated from his companions and remained in the forest, where he suddenly met the daughter of the tsar of the giants. In his fright he fell before her on his knees and implored her not to give him up to be devoured. The tsar's daughter mercifully hid and aided him. The pair became accustomed to one another, and at last the maiden fell in love with the sailor and her love was returned. He asked her to flee with him, and she yielded to his persuasions.

Arriving in his own land, the sailor said to his bride, " Relinquish your heathen religion and become a Christian ! " " Of what importance to you is my belief, if you love me ? It is all I have by which to recall my country. " But the sailor did not abandon his idea. " Accept, " he repeated, " the Christian faith. " His wife steadfastly refused. So he went to the ecclesiastical judges and reported that she abused the Christian religion. A court which was held tried and condemned her to be burnt at the stake. The princess was carried to the place of execution, and when a fire was made around her she said to the sailor, " You are ungrateful ! Did I, when in a degraded state, treat you as you are treating me ? Remember how you kissed my feet and begged that I should not surrender you to my people to be eaten ! Was I not merciful ? Did I not hide you ? Did I then say, ' Accept my belief ? ' Did I not forsake everything for you ? You have been unwilling to leave me a solitary possession, the belief of my fathers ! Be cursed eternally with your faith ! I will die with mine ! " The fire had already seized her and the tsar's daughter who had saved the sailor was soon no more.

IV

THE DOG'S SNOUT PEOPLE¹

LONG ago there lived in a forest country two peoples : people with dogs' snouts and good people. The former were hunters

¹V. F. Miller, p. 105.

and the latter tilled the soil. Once the dog's snout people, while hunting, caught a girl belonging to the good people ; she did not come from an adjacent settlement, but from a distant village. The people with dogs' snouts took the girl home and fed her on nuts and sweet milk ; then after awhile, wishing to judge of her condition, they took a long needle and drove it into her forehead. They licked up the blood, as a bear licks honey from a hive. They fed the girl, till at last she seemed to be suitable for their purpose. " She will be a delicious morsel ! " they said, telling their mother to roast the girl while they were away hunting in the forest. The oven had already been heating for two days. The men's mother now sent the girl to a neighbouring farm for a shovel, upon which the victim could be thrown into the oven, but by chance the girl went for the shovel to a farm belonging to the good people. She arrived and said to their mother, " Little mother, lend our woman with the dog's snout a shovel. " " Why does she require a shovel ? " " I do not know. " " You are a stupid girl, " said the mother of the good people. " Do you not know that the oven is being heated for you ? In carrying the shovel you will be assisting your own death, but I will instruct you, little daughter. Take the shovel with you, and when the woman with the dog's snout says, ' Lie upon the shovel ! ' then lie upon it crossways ; and when she says, ' Lie more conveniently ' beg her to show you how to take your position. As soon as she has lain down lengthways on the shovel throw her as quickly as possible into the oven, and shut the door so tight that she cannot open it. When you have done this strew around you some ashes, and taking off your bast shoes, put them on reversed, so that the front shall become the back and the back shall become the front ; then run away with all your might ; they will not find you by your traces ! Take care that you do not fall into the hands of the dog's snout people, or there will be an end of you ! "

The girl took the shovel and returned with it, and the dog's snout woman said to her, " Lie down upon the shovel ! " The girl lay crossways. Then the dog's snout woman said, " Lie down lengthways ; it will be better. " " I do not understand, " said the girl ; " show me. " They disputed a long while, until the dog's snout woman lay down upon the shovel. The girl immediately seized it, thrust the woman rapidly into the oven and shut the door tight. Then she shod herself, as the mother of the good people had instructed her, and ran away. The

dog's snout men came home and looked for their mother unsuccessfully. One said to another, "Perhaps she has gone on a visit to her neighbours; let us see if the roast meat is ready!"

V

HOW THE FOOLISH BROTHER WAS DROWNED

THERE were three brothers, of whom two were clever, but the third brother was a fool. The fool annoyed the clever brothers, so they thrust him into a leather sack and set out to a lake with the intention of drowning him. On the way the brothers stopped at an inn and entered. The fool moved uneasily in the sack and cried out: "Dear God, what are they doing to me? They want to make me tsar, though I can neither read nor write!" At that moment, a certain lord drove a herd of cattle and sheep past the inn. He heard the exclamation from the sack and, approaching the fool, said, "Come out! I will go instead of you; I can both read and write." The lord opened the sack and, having let the fool out, entered it himself. The fool fastened up the sack and went off with the cattle, while the lord lay quietly in the sack and pondered over the exceptional honour soon to be conferred upon him.

At last the clever brothers came out of the inn and went on their way; they bore the sack to the lake and lowered it into the water. Returning homewards, they saw the third brother alive and unharmed driving home a herd of cattle and sheep. "Where did you get them?" "I seized them in the lake and brought as many as I could; if you had sunk the sack deeper I should have captured more." "What does this mean?" thought the brothers; "if the fool was able to capture so many cattle, how many could we, with our cleverness, not get, if he were to throw us in?" They considered awhile and said, "Brother, put us in a sack, carry us to the lake and drown us in the deepest part." The fool took his brothers, placed each of them in a sack and carried them to the lake. Making a hole in the ice, in the centre of the lake, he cast in one of his brothers and so caused a gurgling of the water. Hearing this, the other brother remarked, "What does he say?" "Oh, he is already driving the cattle," was the answer, "Then throw me in

quickly, that he may not seize my portion of the herd." The fool threw in the second brother and went home and lived as sole owner of his father's estate.

VI

WHO DID IT? I DID IT MYSELF¹

A CERTAIN brave soldier who had lost his way walked on perseveringly, but failed to see a house. At last he found one, and begged for a night's lodging. The master of the house said, "I have no room, except in the kiln, and there at night the fiends make a disturbance." "I do not fear them," answered the soldier, as he went to pass the night in the kiln. He took his kettle with him and lit a fire; put some lead in the kettle and began to melt it at the fire. Midnight arrived and with it a fiend, who said to him, "What magic are you engaged in?" The soldier replied, "I am casting eyes." "Cast a pair for me!" At first the soldier would not accede to the request, but the fiend repeated, "Cast some eyes for me!" "Very well," said the soldier; "but mind, if you suffer much pain you must cry out, 'Who did it? I did it myself!' That will relieve you." The fiend was moving off, when the soldier suddenly threw the lead in his eyes. Maddened with agony, the fiend jumped up and rushed bellowing from the kiln. Other fiends arrived and said, "What is the matter?" The fiend only pointed to his eyes. They enquired, "Who did that to you?" and he called out in his torment, "Who did it? I did it myself." "Well, if you did it yourself," said they, "cure yourself!" and they went away.

VII

THE WICKED WIFE²

A MAN had a wicked wife, who continually abused him and called him, "You lousy one!" He first tried to reason with her and then scolded her, but to no effect, she only overwhelmed him with abuse. But once he thundered out, "If

¹V. F. Miller, p. 74.

²V. F. Miller, p. 99.

you do not behave better I will take you to the lake and drown you!" These words but made her worse; she reviled him without cessation. "Wait a little," said the man, "as you are so persistent, I shall be compelled to see that you do not laugh at my threat." He harnessed his horse and, seizing his wife, put her on the sleigh and drove to the lake. Carrying her out on the ice, he broke a hole in it, bound her and held one end of the rope; then, pushing the woman's feet into the water, said: "Will you still abuse me?" She repeated the offensive term. He allowed her to sink deeper into the hole, down to the waist, but she poured forth the same torrent of vituperation; he lowered her to the armpits, but the vile expressions continued; he lowered her to the neck, and she was the same devil; he let her sink to the chin but she cried as before, "You lousy one!" As she disappeared under the water she thrust up her hands, and with her fingers went through the action of killing crawling insects. "If it has come to that," screamed the peasant, "drown in good earnest!" He let the rope go and had no wife. The woman was drowned, but remained with him.

VIII

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE¹

A FATHER had three sons, two of whom were clever, while the third son was a fool. The fool became a shoemaker and was lazy but bold. Hearing that people know fear, a feeling which he had never experienced, he set out to look for it, and travelled till at last he reached the royal town. As he walked about and regarded the people, he was suddenly asked what he was seeking, and he replied that he was looking for fear. "Good! you shall know what fear is!" said his questioner. "Come with me to the tsar!" Rejoicing to see the fool, the tsar sent him to a certain ruined castle. The young man agreed to go there, but begged that he should be given some flour and beef as materials with which to make dumplings; and that he should be granted a soldier as an attendant to fetch water and firewood. They gave the fool all that he requested and, leading him to the old castle, indicated the place where he would certainly find fear. The young man grew elated and said, "Here I shall discover that for which I have longed."

¹V. F. Miller, p. 70.

The people in the royal town were glad that the fool had gone to the enchanted castle, because certain devils dealt out misfortunes to them whenever this old building was empty. Having arrived, the fool went into the kitchen to make the dumplings and sent the soldier for firewood. While the fool was cooking he suddenly saw a hand stretching down the chimney. He was pleased. "This," he said, "will make a shovel with which to mend the kitchen wall." Then a foot appeared, and again the fool was satisfied, saying, "This will provide a good hammer; it is hard for a peasant to live without a hammer." When a second hand appeared the young man observed, "That will serve as a shovel for an assistant." A second foot became visible, and this time the fool cried, "A mason's assistant cannot manage without a hammer." And now a head was seen, and the fool remarked, "A scoop is useful for lifting water." Lastly, a body descended and the fool cried in exultation, "This will serve as a trough in which to make lime for building a wall!"

He went out and, looking for the soldier, found him outside frozen near the wall. The fool brought him into the kitchen and said, "You are frozen, but wait, I will warm you." He put the soldier before the fire and warmed him, but, meanwhile, saw that the feet, hands, head and trunk came together and showed life. He took out his sword and severed the head from the living body; then, having cooked his dumplings, he entered the courtiers' chamber and began to eat. A devil with two heads appeared and said, "What are you doing here?" The fool drew his sword, cut off the devil's two heads, threw them into the cellar and continued to eat his dumplings. A third devil entered; he had three heads; the fool sliced them off and resumed his meal. Next a devil appeared with four heads, and the fool acted in a similar manner. A fifth devil came in and asked the fool if he could play cards. "Yes," was the answer, and the pair began to play; but though the fool never failed to win the devil did not once pay. The fool drew his sword and cut off the devil's hands. The devil could not resist, and all his heads were removed by the young man and thrown into the cellar. A sixth devil, who possessed six heads, entered and asked whether the fool could play cards. Devil and fool played, and the fool won, but his adversary paid him nothing. The fool drew his sword and cut off first the devil's two hands and then all his heads, and threw them into the cellar. A

seventh devil, that had seven heads entered and said, "Have not my six comrades been here?" "Not one of them!" answered the fool.

This devil was especially horrible, for when he spoke a flame issued from his mouth, and while some of his heads were dogs' heads, others were lions' heads, and his voice was indescribably terrible. He gave the fool a pipe and said, "Play upon this pipe!" The fool went out and played some notes which should summon the devil's companions. But not one of them came; they were lying dead in the cellar. The fool returned and said, "Nobody comes," whereupon the devil replied, "Press the springs while you play, then a bullet will fly and make such a noise that the whole world will tremble; the devils will hear it and arrive." The fool went out to see whether the prediction would prove true, and, having convinced himself, returned and said, "Nobody comes!" The devil demanded his pipe, but the fool, instead of giving it, played on the pipe, pressed the spring and shot the devil in the breast. The fool played once more and, having thrown the devil to the ground, cut off all his heads and threw them in the cellar.

But now a young woman appeared and said to the fool, "Every night, from eleven to twelve, I become human; but later I am a goose. This castle is enchanted and the six devils are my father's brothers; the seventh devil with seven heads being my father himself. I am my father's only daughter; in an hour I shall be again a goose. Out of the cellar whither you have thrown the devils will crawl various creatures, including reptiles and locusts. Strive to kill them all and leave not one alive. Then I shall come, and though my neck may prove extremely hard, you must endeavour to slice off my head at one blow, then you will save all of us and this castle."

She led the young man into another room, where, at the window, stood various bottles, from one of which she gave him a drink. As a result he felt seven times stronger than before. The woman then vanished and the fool got to work; when the reptiles and locusts appeared he killed them. Last of all came the goose; with one blow he severed her head. Immediately a ravishing beauty stood before him, threw herself on his neck and thanked him for rescuing her family and the castle. He heard a noise as if the whole earth shook, as if Perkun thundered! A castle rose out of the ground and a tsar placed a crown on the fool's head and greeted him as his son-in-law. At

the same time the enchanter's castle was overthrown and remained a ruin. The tsar reigns happily with his son-in-law even now, unless they are dead.

IX

THE TSAR'S SON WHO BECAME A FROG¹

A PRINCESS had a beautiful gold ball, which had been given her by the goddess of happiness. But once, when the princess was playing out of doors, the ball dropped into a well. Distracted by grief at the loss of her treasure, the princess stayed near by and wept. Then a frog said from the well, "Do not weep, princess; I will recover the ball, if you will fulfil my wishes." "What are they?" "They are these: I wish to sleep with you beneath one blanket, to eat out of the same plate as yourself, to drink out of the same tankard, and to live in the same room." The princess agreed, and the frog immediately fetched the ball from the well; afterwards the princess went home and tried to think no more of the frog. However, he pursued her, and cried, "Lyàk, lyàk, lyàk!" Entering her room, the princess shut the door behind her; whereupon the frog waited impatiently on the tsar and related everything. The tsar hastened to his daughter and said, "It becomes a princess to be true to her word; you must carry out your promise!" She admitted the frog into her room, and when supper was brought ordered a plate for herself and a plate for the frog; but he was dissatisfied. There was no way of escape, and the princess ate from the same plate as the frog; she felt sick and retired from the table. Night came on, and it was necessary that the pair should sleep together. The princess was loth to admit the frog into her bed, but the tsar insisted. When she wrapped herself in the blanket the frog complained of coldness. At first the princess pretended not to hear, but next, as the frog would not allow her to sleep, she struck him with all her might against the wall. This frog was none other than an enchanted prince, and immediately after the blow a handsome youth took the frog's place and pleased the princess.

Before long the parents of the prince arrived, but having suffered much on account of his disappearance, they were

¹V. F. Miller, p. 174.

scarcely alive ; their coachman had been bound with copper bands so that he should not burst from woe. Great was their joy and that of everyone when the young prince was found. He married the princess and there was a magnificent wedding.

X

CHARMS IN USE AMONG THE LETTS¹

I—IRON WORDS

“ O, MY dear body, turn into tow ; let them beat you, let them thrash you, as if you were tow, or flax !”

The name “ Iron words ” is given to a charm when its purpose is the destruction of sensibility to physical pain. The person who is subjected to bodily punishment lies, thanks to Iron Words, like a sack, whatever may happen to him.

II—FOR THE MARRIED STATE

Young girls say, when they go into the vapour bath : “ God, give me a husband as caressing as the vapour in this bath, let him be like the bath besom, and the small leaf of the lime tree ; may he be one who will not smoke a pipe, nor sniff up tobacco from a horn, nor squander money, nor drink vodka !”

III—AGAINST WOLVES

“ Forest dog, may your jaws and your mouth be closed like Peter's lock ! In the name . . . ”

IV

“ Forest wolf, forest beast, I close your jaws, I put a seal upon them, I lock them with Peter's keys. Be as peaceable as a black cat lying on the stove in an inn ! In the name . . . ”

V—AGAINST MICE AND RATS

“ There are two roads in front and two roads behind ; whoever is alive will die ; you, little mouse are alive, but must die !”

¹*Ethnography of the Letts. News (Izvestia) of the Emperor's Society of Lovers of Natural Science, Anthropology and Ethnography in Moscow Univ., 1881, Vol. XL., p. 179.*

VI

The impurities from rats and mice must be carried before sunrise, on St. Nicholas day, or on the day of St. Yurev, to the boundaries of a neighbouring property, and there thrown on to the ground, with these words :

“ Go away and remain with neighbours ; you cannot live with us ! God the Father . . . ”

All must be done unobserved, and the person pronouncing the charm must not look round as he journeys to and from the boundary.

VII—CHARM FOR DELIVERY FROM A WHIRLWIND

“ The devil’s mother swims in the sea, between nine stones. Swim, devil’s mother ! I have long awaited you ; I will bind your hands behind you with bast ; I will chain you to a grey stone ; I will fasten you with steel nails and turn the ends of the nails back ! Sleep there, rot there, stay there for ever ; you will not injure the health of the herd any more ! ”

This charm is seasonable when the herd lies in the track of a whirlwind.

VIII—FOR PROTECTION FROM A THUNDERSTORM (that is from Pérkun)

“ Fire will not burn me, flood will not reach me ! ”

During a violent storm the above words must be repeated frequently in order to escape harm.

IX—FOR PROTECTION FROM SNAKES

“ The King-Snake moves along the water ; he has a crown upon his head and a steel sword in his hand ; all of you snakes go to meet him ; blue and fair and black, white and red and grey ! your heads will be severed, you will be cut into fine fragments ; disperse like smoke ; fly away like one possessing large nostrils ! In the name ”

XI

METHODS OF WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY
AMONG THE LETTS¹

I

After binding an egg round with red woollen thread, place it in the bast shoe of the left foot ; then drag the shoe to a neighbouring farm and say, " I have adorned a white cock with a red thread, I have placed it in a shoe and dragged it to another man's farm ! Let neither rye nor barley grow, let not the horses neigh, let not the cows moo, nor the bulls bellow, for nine years !"

II

In order to spoil a stranger's crop the wizard puts an egg, bound round with red thread, into an unreaped field of rye, and says, " I have adorned an egg with red thread, in order that the ears of rye and barley may not fill out and that the horses may not neigh."

III

But if the owner of the bewitched field is an expert in witchcraft, then, having found the above mentioned instrument of sorcery, he puts it into the nave of a wheel and stops up both ends with wedges of mountain ash ; next he carries away the nave into a field, kindles a fire, throws the nave into the fire and runs away with all speed, in order not to hear the egg burst. Should he hear the egg burst he will grow deaf.

IV

In order to spoil a stranger's sowing, sorcerers fasten together several ears of corn on the strange field and say, " We will bind the cock's feet with red thread ; the branches are full of black birds ; three days ill, three days well ; enter by the door and issue forth by the window !"

V

If you desire that a neighbour's flax shall not grow, take into his flax field a cat, fix in the ground a prop, fasten the cat to it

¹From the same source as Charms in use among the Letts.

and pronounce these words : " There is flax on a farm belonging to (name the neighbour), but on his other farm there is nothing ! I will bind a white cock with red thread ; let the flax be disturbed and the cat scratch it with her claws ! "

VI

Say, " Little tricks ! three horns in the fold ; four ears in the barn ! Tram, tram, tram ! " Afterwards, whistle three times (when a sorcerer wishes to summon a devil, who is his assistant and at the same time his ruler, he whistles three times) ; then place an egg in a spot where it will be easily found. The person who first touches this egg will experience a misfortune.

XII

TRADITIONS OF THE SUN, THE MOON AND
PERKUN :

LONG ago the beautiful Sun married the shining Moon. Living awhile in affection, they lay down and got up at the same time and begot many children—the stars in the sky. But, behold, one fine morning the Sun found on waking that she had no husband. She began to search for him and, having risen earlier than usual, found that her husband, the Moon, had betrayed her, and had made love to the Sun's daughter, the betrothed of Auceklys. Aflame with jealousy and with vexation in her heart, the Sun seized a sharp sword and cut her faithless husband to pieces. That is why the Moon at the present day appears not whole in the heavens, but mutilated. From that time the amorous Moon rises quietly every evening to court his sweetheart, after his wife has lain down ; but from jealousy the Sun tries not to go far from her daughter.

According to another tradition it was not the Sun that hacked the Moon to pieces, but Perkun the god of thunder. Learning that the Sun's daughter had been carried off, Perkun pursued the runaways, overtook them at the very gates of the nuptial house, and destroyed the cause of misfortune, so that his blood spurted far. The bereaved daughter of the Sun wept bitterly as she collected the silvery fragments of her seducer.

The Sun's daughter, who was the sweetheart of Perkun's son,

became the protecting goddess of the domestic hearth, and in her honour the Lettish servants never allow the house fire to be completely extinguished. Six times in the year this guardian of the fire herself sits by the domestic hearth; and occasionally, on summer nights, she exhibits herself in the form of a little flame in a green birch grove. It happened at night time that a young girl was going from one village to another. Suddenly she saw a small flame by a birch tree; in her fear she determined to turn back, but heard her name spoken. The maiden glanced round, but saw no one, so crossed herself and went further. But her name sounded a second time and, looking at the fire, she saw in it a woman of wondrous loveliness and with a crown upon her head. The beauty in the fire begged the girl to approach, and said to her when she came, "Have no fear; I will not harm you! I am a divine maiden that loves Perkun's son and is beloved by him. His cruel father Perkun expelled my sweetheart and made us unhappy. Perkun's son swore to take vengeance on my mother,¹ who begged Perkun to drive me forth. And then I promised to live with my destined one, not in Heaven but on Earth, among people, in the fire. This fire is my love. Take away, maiden, a spark and carry it home with you. On great holidays keep the fire alight all night, and it will bring you all kinds of prosperity."

XIII

A FUGITIVE FROM PERKUN²

A CERTAIN man had a son who, although very small, possessed great courage. On this man's pastureland was a place of which many persons were terribly afraid, because an apparition had been seen there and a lamentation had been heard during a thunderstorm. Intending to spend the night on this spot, the diminutive youth drove up, hamshackled his horses, kindled a fire, sat down beside it and began to sing. A tiny child in a long white shirt, wearing a black cap, made his appearance and, sitting down on the other side of the fire, proceeded to warm himself. "Who are you that walk about here so late?" asked the youth. The child answered, "Do not be angry, dear

¹Perkun's son forged for his mother a golden chair, from which she could not rise,

²V. F. Miller, p. 102.

brother ; I will do you no harm !” “ Why do you call yourself my brother ?” “ I am your elder brother.” “ You are mad and not my brother !” “ I am not mad and am your brother.” “ Begone, unclean spirit !” “ Wait and I will relate something to you,” said the child, and then began his story.

“ Your mother is also mine. I was born when she was still a maiden, and in her shame she killed me and threw me under a bridge. Your father did not know about this and married her, so we are brothers ! I have to roam about for nine years and to conceal myself from Perkun. When nine years have elapsed your mother will be slain by Perkun and I shall have no longer to wander and shall obtain peace. The period of nine years will end to-morrow ; I dare not hide myself from Perkun any longer, and your mother must die. To-morrow I shall climb into the ear of your bay horse, and as soon as Perkun strikes all that is evil in me will be changed to a bundle of hay ; it will burn and I shall be pure.”

The child lay down to sleep by the fire, and slumbered ; in the morning he was not to be seen. The courageous youth, who had come hither to pass the night, drove home, but on the way a fearful storm arose, with many peals of thunder. Following a peal of especial violence, something like a wisp of hay fell from the ear of the bay horse and burned. When the youth reached home he saw his mother lying in the middle of the courtyard ; she had been killed by the thunderstorm.

XIV

LETTISH BELIEFS :

TREES

IN the olden time trees were alive, like people. If anyone went into the forest to cut trees each of them begged him to spare it. Asking the woodcutter to pass on to a straight tree, the bent tree said, “ Such a crooked tree as I am is of no value to you.” The erect tree entreated the man to cut down the crooked one, and said, “ You see, I may live some time and grow taller, but the crooked tree will quickly rot.” So the trees prayed, each for itself. To carry on his business the woodcutter

had to be a really hard-hearted man, for the same blood flowed from trees as flows now from living beings. In war-time trees used to bend themselves across the road.

HOW STONES BECAME HEAVY AND CEASED TO GROW

Stones, in the olden time, were as soft as lime and grew, but had no names. Once, when some men were building a large house and carrying stones, among the workers there was a man of notorious laziness. Raising a stone, he cried, "Lay yourself! you are as heavy as a stone!" From that time all stones became heavy, as they are now, and ceased to grow.

CONCERNING A HOUSE SPIRIT

IN the district of Vadensky, in the Government of Livonia, there was a house-spirit on Salatchsky's farm. The girls who worked on the farm and washed the linen had long been accustomed to scatter ashes in the corner of an outhouse, where lay the remains of some burnt hay, for the farmer did not allow them to strew ashes anywhere else. Whenever it happened that someone in the family was about to taste new food or to begin an undertaking the old man forced him, as a preliminary, to run into the outhouse with food and drink of the best, and throw it or pour it upon the heap for the house-spirit.

In the course of time the owner died and his daughter married. Her husband, the new master of the farm, came on the wedding day with his companions into the outhouse where the house spirit dwelt, highly respected. The young man approached the heap of ashes and stamped on it with his foot, saying, "So much for you, Salatchsky house-spirit! Wait a little and I will show you honour!" But the next day or somewhat later the new master's foot became painful; he cried out and groaned loudly. All the accessible wizards were visited without result; nobody could cure the sick man. People said that the new master's foot had been evilly affected by the house-spirit as retribution for the insult.

WHAT THE MISTRESS DID FOR THE HOUSE-SPIRIT⁴

A CERTAIN mistress who held her house-spirit in honour welcomed home once upon a time a new daughter-in-law. The mistress, according to custom, led the bride through the house and showed her various arrangements. At last the pair

entered the kitchen. "Let me see, my dear," said the mistress, "how you kindle a fire under the kettle." The bride immediately took some chips of wood and, breaking them up, lit a fire and placed it beneath the kettle. But the mother-in-law said, "Not so, my dear! Let me show you how to do it." She took the fire and, thrusting it under the kettle, instructed the bride. "Observe carefully," she said, "how to kindle." Suddenly she disturbed the fire and pushed some burning chips into the bride's hair. "Oh, dear God," the girl exclaimed, "my hair is on fire!" The mother-in-law tried to comfort her and said, "Do not weep, little bride; it was an accident." But the elder woman had acted purposely in order that the house-spirit might learn the scent and the odour of the young mistress.

NOTES

I THE FORESTER'S TWO SONS

A German story, "The Two Brothers," which, according to Grimm, is pieced together from different sources, suggests in its earlier part the Finnish tale, "The Merchant's Sons," and the Votyak tale, "The Magic Bird." However, on its third page, the two brothers set out to seek their fortune, and are followed by various grateful animals, including two bears and, at the moment of parting, they stick a news-revealing knife into a tree. The younger brother, a huntsman, finds a town in mourning because a dragon demands as tribute the king's daughter. With the aid of his animals, the huntsman slays the dragon, and, coming to the town, is about to be rewarded with the hand of the princess. The helpful animals enjoy themselves thoroughly, for a bear licks up comfits and carries the dish to his master, and the lion draws half a measure of wine and swallows it down at a draught (incidents which serve, with countless others, to differentiate the famous German story-teller's collection from the more severe and restrained Siberian and Russian tales). A false claim is put in by one of the king's servants, who claims that he killed the dragon, as in the Lithuanian story, "The Youth who Saved Three Princesses from Dragons," but the impostor is sentenced to be torn to pieces by four bulls. After the young pair had been married the young "king" went hunting and met a witch, who turned him and his animals to

stone, as in "The Forester's Two Sons." At this point the second brother examines the knife in the tree and, finding it rusty, comes to the bewitched man's assistance, and the story proceeds (though with more detail) as in the Lettish. Grimm's story, showing community of material with Lettish, Finnish, Lithuanian and Votyak stories, and many others, particularly depends on a life-token incident comparable to that of the first tale, and on a ransom-demanding dragon incident like that of the second tale in the Kalmuck Siddhi-kur series. The "Forester's Two Sons," in addition to including the two latter incidents, has the helpful bears of Russian and Yukaghir tales and the turning to stone of Russian and Altaian stories.

The English story, "The Red Ettin,"¹ resembles in general outline "The Forester's Two Sons," if for the terrible three-headed beast the Red Ettin, the Lettish witch be substituted. One of two brothers sets out to seek his fortune and leaves with the other a knife which will become rusty if ill befalls the owner. The Red Ettin transforms the elder youth to a pillar of stone just as the Lettish witch turns him to stone. The younger brother finds the knife brown with rust and sets out in consequence to his elder's assistance. He finds the stone pillar and, touching it with a wand, restores his brother to life.

A Hungarian story, entitled "The Three Princes," runs, in brief, as follows: In a strange and distant land three princes went wandering. They overcame successively a she-wolf, a she-bear and a lioness, and took their young, so that each prince, when they separated, possessed three servants, a lion, a bear and a wolf. The eldest proposed that they should stick their knives in a tree and start in different directions. If, when they returned, any knife was covered with blood the others must go to the assistance of its owner. The eldest prince came to a town where the king's daughter had to be given on the morrow to a seven-headed dragon as a weekly tribute. The prince slew the dragon and took a tooth out of each head. A Red Knight who had watched the fight cut the sleeping prince to pieces and took away the dragon's heads. The three animals attendant on the dead prince worked together and reanimated the prince, and he returned to the town to find the Red Knight about to wed a royal princess. The prince proved to the king that the Red Knight was an impostor by exhibiting a tooth out of each dragon's head. The Red Knight was flogged out of the palace

¹J. Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*,

and the prince married the princess. The prince when hunting was bewitched, cut in pieces and put in a cask, and his three servants were turned into stone by a stroke of a rod given him by the witch. The second prince returned and found his eldest brother's knife covered with blood. He sought the princess, who took him for her husband, but at night he placed a sword between them. The second brother was killed and salted by her and his dogs were turned to stone. The third brother behaved like the second, but touched the petrified dogs with the rod. They came to life and forced the witch to bring the two princes to life. The dogs then tore her to pieces and the eldest prince rejoined his wife.

¹Jones and Kropf, p. 110.

II BOY LITTLE-FINGER

A Russian tale having a similar name tells of an old woman who by accident cuts off her little finger and throws it behind the stove. Suddenly hearing a voice, she cries out, "Who are you?" "I am your son, born of your little finger." The child departs to help his father at the plough, and the father says, "What a marvel! I hear a human voice, but see nobody." The boy of the size of a finger climbs into a horse's ear and begins to plough the land. ¹

In the Norse, Thumbikin lies in a horse's ear and later marries a princess, but is drowned in the butter. ² In "Le petit Poucet" the small child hides in the grass, is swallowed by a cow, the entrails of which are consumed by a wolf. When the wolf threatens a flock of sheep Poucet cries a word of warning to the shepherd. The wolf is alarmed and voids Poucet. ³ In a Scotch version the child takes shelter under a leaf, is swallowed by a bull whose entrails are given to a beggar woman. The child speaks and frightens her; he escapes other dangers and reaches home safely. ⁴

Here is the Modern Greek story called "Half-Pea."

A very poor mother killed all her children except one, of the size of half a pea, who hid in a shoe. He offered for his life to carry food to the field. A cow ate him with the hay and the child called out, whereupon the father killed her and gave the entrails to an old woman to wash. A vixen swallowed him and Half-pea always gave warning of her intentions to the owners of

¹Afanasief, No. 168.

²Cosquin, No. 53.

³Dasent, p. 358.

⁴Campbell, III. No. 69.

hen roosts. The vixen explained to a wolf that these warnings kept her thin. The wolf advised her to throw herself from the top of a pear-tree, and ate the vixen when she killed herself by following his advice. In despair the wolf took his own life because Half-pea warned the shepherds of their danger. The child came out of the wolf's throat and hid under a stone; there he heard his mother bewail his death. Then he revealed himself.¹

The German tale, "Thumbling," concerns a small child who sits in a horse's ear and then is sold, but slips into a mouse-hole and is later eaten by a cow and afterwards by a wolf, from whose stomach he is rescued.² In the English tales, "Tom Thumb" and "Hop of my Thumb," there is no mention of climbing into a horse's ear.

We have grown accustomed to the story of the diminutive child who has these extraordinary adventures; but is it possible to trace the story back to an early source? In the Kalmuck tale, "The Adventures of a Brahmin's Son," a mouse, having recovered a jewel, escapes in the ear of an ape, who is carried into safety on a bear's back. The three creatures belong to the category of grateful animals. Now, there are two stories, called "The Bear's Head" (White-Russian) and "The Story of a Horse's Head" (Russian), in which a girl has to climb through from one ear to another through a bear's head and through a horse's head respectively. These stories act as a bridge between the bear's ear and the horse's ear. It is probable that certain conceivable transitions of the Kalmuck story gave rise to the Lettish and German tales. Thus, the mouse must be conceived as being, not in the ear of the ape borne by the bear, but in the ear of the bear itself. Secondly, a diminutive child, and not a mouse, is described as being in the ear of the bear, while the mouse itself merely assists the child to escape. That is the actual situation in the White-Russian story, "The Bear's Head," where the girl is told to pass from one ear to another. The transition from a child in a bear's ear to a child in a horse's ear is easy. In "The Story of the Horse's Head" the girl is told to pass from one ear to the other. Again, in the tales "Tom Thumb" and "Hop of my Thumb," the small creature has adventures similar to those in the Lettish and German, though he does not enter the horse's ear. It may be suggested that the Kalmuck tale gave rise to the Russian and Lettish and German, and that the last gave rise to the English.

¹Hahn, I, p. 55.

²Grimm, No. 37.

III THE SAILORS AND THE GIANTS

The giant cannibal with whom the sailors came into conflict was not a cannibal giant of the vague sort mentioned in the Ossetian story, "Sirdon"; for the Lettish giant actually crushed a sailor with immense hands and ate him. Then he lay on the floor, with a view of preventing his prisoners' escape, much as did the cannibal woman who lay before the door and sought to prevent the flight of two children in the second Samoyed tale. The giant's severed head lived without difficulty, as did, apparently, the head of a woman whose body had been consumed by a bear in a Chukchi story.

The story of the king and the physician Douban in the Arabian Nights may be here mentioned. The physician, being about to receive the fatal blow, says that his head will speak after it has been cut off. The head is severed at a single stroke, but it then tells the king to open a book previously brought by the physician. The king, turning over the leaves, puts his finger to his lips, and is thus poisoned and falls dead. Again, in Scandinavian mythology, Odin kept Mimir's head ever by him as guide and adviser.¹

The criticism levelled against religious persecution toward the end of the story could scarcely have figured in the tale of any race under the strict domination of the orthodox Russian Church.

IV THE DOG'S-SNOUT PEOPLE

The Dog's-snout people are doubtless aboriginal inhabitants, as opposed to the more advanced and peaceful and virtuous late-comers. The terrible element in this tale of cannibalism is comparable with details in the Mordvin, "Baba Yaga." The mention of a shovel in order to throw a victim into the fire is widespread; it occurs, for instance, in the above Mordvin tale; in the Russian, "Baba Yaga"; in the Ostyak, "Three Brothers and Their Sister"; and the Bashkir, "The Water-Nymph." The girl's trick in getting her enemy to show her how to lie upon the shovel is on a level with the simple folk-tale methods by which a peasant conveniently ensnares the fox that has aided him, or by which a wolf is successfully lured to destruction by a fox in the Russian, "The Fox, the Sheep and the Wolf."

¹Quoted by Rev. S. Baring Gould, *A Book of Folk-lore*, p. 196.

In the Magyar story, "The Three Dreams;" there is a character called the ruler of the dog-headed Tartars.¹ In another Magyar story, "Prince Mirko," the hero, sets out to fight Doghead. While he is waiting in the entrance of his enemy's castle a mace weighing forty hundredweight falls and announces Doghead's arrival. Doghead says, "I dreamt six hundred years ago that I would have to fight Prince Mirko." Doghead lifted Mirko up and dashed him to the ground with such force that Mirko sank to his belt.²

V HOW THE FOOLISH BROTHER WAS DROWNED

This story occurs among the tales of many races, as is shown in the Note to the Tarantchi-Tatar tale, "Schingiltak and Pingiltak."

VI WHO DID IT? I DID IT MYSELF!

This tale is comparable with the Finnish, "The Devil's Eye-ointment." It is also reminiscent of the Homeric story of Polyphemus given in a Note to the Russian tale, "The One-eyed Evil."

Here is a story from the Gaelic, condensed: In a lonely ravine in Scotland a dairymaid was much annoyed by the presence and questioning of an Urisk. One day, as she sat near the fire, he asked her name. She replied "Myself and Myself." Becoming provoked, she allowed some boiling whey to fall on his feet and scald him. He sprang up and ran away howling. Other Urisks asked who had burnt him, and he answered, "Myself and Myself." Thereupon they said, "Then it cannot be helped; if any other had done it we would have burnt him."³

VII THE WICKED WIFE

There is a general resemblance between this graphic story and "The Peasant and the Wicked Woman," a Russian tale from Perm, in a Note to which allusion is made to the subject of disagreement between husband and wife in this collection.

VIII THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

In a brief space this story contains much. It has something in common with the Russian, "The One-eyed Evil," which tells

¹Jones and Kropf, p. 118.

²Idem., p. 73.

³Macdougall and Calder, *Folk Tales and Fairy-love in Gaelic and English*, p. 299.

of a blacksmith who started out to seek evil, and whose companion in the quest was devoured by a cannibal witch. It begins as a Russian "youngest son and fool" story, and ends, as usual, with the fool's triumph. Further, "The Enchanted Castle" presents us with a hero, who liberates a bewitched maiden in the form of a goose, and is therefore comparable to the old soldier in the Russian, "The Spell-bound Princess," who by his courage delivers the heroine from her shape as a bear. The contest with the many-headed devils recalls one of the worst combats of the Ostyak youth in "Aspen-leaf."

The German, "Story of the Youth, who Went Forth to Learn What Fear Was," tells, in the second half, of a youth who enters an enchanted castle. Instead of the Lettish fool's outfit of dumplings and an attendant, he takes with him a fire, a turning lathe and a cutting board with a knife. Huge black cats, whose claws he cuts, and other black cats and black dogs with red-hot chains act as his enemies in place of the Lettish many-headed devils. In time he is considered by the king to have delivered the castle from enchantment and receives a princess as wife. The story varies in different countries and occurs in Netherlandish, Swedish, Danish and even Icelandic collections.¹

In a story from Lorraine a young shoemaker, having assisted a lion, an eagle and an ant, receives from each of them a means of magical transformation, and is so enabled to reach a princess held captive in a castle by a seven-headed beast and a giant. The young man cuts off the beast's seven heads in successive combats and kills the giant. He delivers the princess and soon receives her in marriage.² The German story and the main theme of the French have similarities with the Lettish.

IX THE TSAR'S SON WHO BECAME A FROG

This story resembles generally the elaborate Hessian, "Frog-king, or Iron Henry,"¹ where, however, the constructing band is of iron and not copper. There is an interesting variant of the tale in the Magyar, "The Wonderful Frog." Condensed, it is as follows: A man, who had three daughters sent one of them to draw water from a well. A huge frog there demanded a ring as price of permission to draw the water. The two elder daughters refused to give a ring; the third girl acceded to the demand. The frog required and obtained various benefits from

¹Grimm, I. p. 347

²Cosquin, No. 15

the man and called him Father-in-law. Finally, the frog insisted on sleeping with the third daughter. He was found in the morning to be a handsome Magyar lad, and was married to the girl.¹

X CHARMS IN USE AMONG THE LETTS

The method of the first charm is that of suggesting the desired state.

That of the second is a request to the All-powerful for a favour described in poetic terms.

The third method is a wish, with a religious illustration of thoroughness.

The fourth is a statement of efficacious action with a religious illustration of thoroughness, followed by a material illustration of thoroughness. Then the opening words of the ascription in the church service.

The fifth is a statement of destiny.

The sixth is an action to be performed on a sacred day, with an order of expulsion. Then the name of the first person of the Trinity.

The seventh is a pretence that a hateful object is something which can be, and is, effectually controlled.

The eighth is the frequent repetition of a desired end.

The ninth is a prediction of, and order for, destruction of noxious creatures.

The above may be compared with some charms used in England; the first in Sussex, the second in the Northern counties, and the third in the West.

(1) *Charm for Ague* :

"Ague, ague, I thee defy, Three days shiver, Three days shake, Make me well for Jesus' sake."²

(2) *Charm for Bite of a Mad Dog* :

"O King of Glory, come in peace, Pax, Max and Max, Hax Admas, opera chudar."³ To be written on an apple or piece of bread and swallowed on three mornings, fasting.

(3) *Charm for Toothache* :

"Christ passed by His brother's door, Saw His brother lying

¹Jones and Kropf, p. 224.

²G. F. Northall, *English Folk Rhymes*, p. 125.

³Idem., p. 126.

on the floor, 'What aileth thee, brother? Pain in the teeth? Thy teeth shall pain thee no more. In the name.'"¹

Here is a *Rumanian charm against snake-bite* :

Above it is thundering.	The flesh has been bitten.
Lightning.	Bitten by a snake.
Speckling, clinging to the skin,	God send the cure.
Skin to bone,	Holy Mother, overshadow
Bonc to flesh.	him. ²

The method of annulling pain by the repetition of talismanic words is surpassed by a process in a Chinese tale. A priest, on receiving terrible blows of the bamboo, transferred by sorcery the pain to the high official who had justly ordered and was watching the punishment. The priest was soon set free.³

XII METHODS OF WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY AMONG THE LETTS

These methods of witchcraft, by their active employment of some evil-carrying article or object, differ from the charms in use among the Letts, and from the charms used near Kostroma and near Volodga. The first method consists in taking a certain specially prepared object, depositing it in an enemy's farm, recounting aloud what has been done and lastly uttering a curse. The second method is similar, with a statement of purpose, without the curse. The third describes how, for contra-witchcraft, the evil object is to be destroyed if found. The fourth consists in symbolically injuring some of the enemy's corn and using a quaint incantation. The fifth depends on fastening a cat on the enemy's ground and expressing a wish that the cat will scratch the crop. The sixth consists in uttering some strange words, whistling thrice, as if for the devil, and placing an egg where, being easily found, it will have an evil effect on the finder.

The following is a Votyak spell to damage the farmyard: When you have spat on a kopeck piece you throw it into the farmyard of the enemy, saying: "For this man let there remain a place no bigger than this kopeck!" Then you spit on a piece of silver and throw it in with the same words.⁴

Here is a *Tcheremissian spell to bewitch a person* :

"As the cold lies heavy, so may Vasili's body become heavy,

¹R. Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, p. 414.

²Gaster, p. 353.

³H. A. Giles, 2nd. Ed., p. 399.

⁴J. Abercromby, *The Pre-and Proto-Historic Finns*, p. 15.

As a great stone lies heavy on the ground, may Vasili's body become heavy and lie!"

To bewitch a dog:

"When this spotted dog shall have counted his own hairs, only then let him bark and fly at me. Only when this spotted dog can thread and hang on each hair an 80 lb. weight, may he bark and fly at me."¹

A Great Russian exorcism against worms and grubs:

"Saddles rattle, bits jingle, let the grub ride into the empty sack for hops, for light foods and fly across the sea. There grubs are holding a wedding; a lamb, a barren cow are being roasted; there is a fire for grubs there, burning brimstone and boiling tar; run away, grubs, from here across the sea!"

From a seventeenth-century manuscript in the Government of Perm.²

Here is an Irish spell, "To cause hatred between lovers"; "Take a handful of clay from a new-made grave and shake it between them, saying: 'Hate ye one another! May ye be as hateful to each other as sin is to Christ, as bread eaten without blessing is to God.'"³ Here is a wicked spell: "When a girl wishes to gain the love of a man and to make him marry her use is made of the dreadful spell called Drimuas Agus Thorial. At dead of night she and an accomplice go to a churchyard, exhume a newly-buried corpse, and take a strip of the skin from the head to the heel. This is wound round the girl as a belt with a solemn invocation to the Devil for his help."⁴

XII TRADITIONS OF THE SUN, THE MOON AND PERKUN

Myths of another kind, concerning the Moon's outward form, will be found among the Yakut, Tungusian and Buryat Folk-tales. In the Lettish tradition, the Sun finds that her daughter has been wooed by the Moon, the Sun's husband. Revenge accounts for the mutilated appearance of the Moon.

According to a Philippine legend, the Sun and Moon married, but the Sun was quarrelsome and became angry and chased the Moon. He has never succeeded in catching her. The pair had, as offspring, a large man-like star. Once the Sun cut him up, and, scattering the fragments in the sky, caused the origin of the stars. 5

¹Idem., p. 11.

³Wilde, *Ancient Legends of Ireland*, p. 191.

⁴Idem., p. 100.

²Idem., p. 33.

⁵M. C. Cole, p. 145.

Among the Black-Foot Indians an account of the Festival of Natos, or the Sun, begins thus: "Nape, the perfect, came down from Heaven, at a remote epoch, and instituted a religion and sacred ceremonies. Having shown himself the benefactor and father of the Black-Foot, he returned to the sky, where he dwelt under the name of Natos . . . He has as wife the Moon, who is also called the Old Woman, just as he is called the Old Man."¹

XIII A FUGITIVE FROM PERKUN

This is one of the Little-Finger stories, in which the child climbs into a horse's ear. Among the Letts, Perkun corresponds to the god of Thunder, and to Perun, the ancient chief deity of the Russians.

Except in legends, as among the Russians and the Gagauzy, and in the Siberian Creation myths, the Deity and deities figure comparatively seldom in this collection of tales. But to this remark the Koryak mythology offers an exception. Certain other instances are mentioned in a Note to the Ugur story, "The Boy who was the Son of a God."

XIV LETTISH BELIEFS

As, owing to the action and influence of the Church, indications of ancient pagan beliefs have, except in songs, become few, in Russian primitive literature these Lettish beliefs are of especial interest. The account of animate trees may be compared with an incident in the Chukchi story, "The Young Shaman and his Bride," where each tree got up and kicked like a human being, many of the trees being one-footed, many of them one-handed, and many of them one-eyed. But all quickly drove in the reindeer. In Modern Greece there is a belief that "trees of great age and size are inhabited by a guardian genius, a reminiscence perhaps of the Dryad. The woodsmen avoid lying under them."² In a Kaffir story, a girl journeying alone to meet a chief who was a prospective husband, came to a place where there were many trees. They laughed at her and she laughed at them in return.³ Similarly there are various stories of, not stones which grew, but of moving and animated objects that became stones. In the

¹Petitot, p. 500.

³G. M. Theal, p. 50.

²Rennell Rodd, p. 171.

Gagaüzy tale, "A Workman at Father Sun's," a stone melts away.

The story, "Concerning a House-spirit," conveys a prevalent, but not universal, belief in the house-spirit.

The story, "What the Mistress did with the House-spirit," appears to connect the house-spirit with fire. Such an attitude recalls the Yakut worship of the spirit of Fire and the Gilyak worship of, and custom of tribute to, the Fire-lord.

THE LITHUANIANS

THE Lithuanians in the fifteenth century occupied the Baltic seaboard between the Vistula and the Dvinà, and their sovereignty extended from the Baltic to the Euxine. Later the expression Lithuania became limited to the provinces of Kovno, Grodno and Vilna. The early history of the country is obscure, but its woods and marshes, being almost impassable, kept it long independent, and the people clung to their pagan beliefs till the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Roman Catholic faith was accepted. "Of all European tongues, the Lithuanian comes nearer to Sanskrit, and it still retains many words less removed from the primitive Aryan than are the corresponding Slavonic, Latin or German terms."¹ The bards who sang the traditional songs were persecuted by the clergy when the Lithuanian power reached its height. Though the language is very rich in fond and endearing diminutives, the songs abound in expressions of grief and sadness. The ancient religious organisations did not disappear until the termination of the fourteenth century, its head being a "pope," who dwelt in a sacred grove with his attendant minstrel priests. Even till the eighteenth century domestic snakes were regarded as sacred and shared the children's morning milk. The face among Lithuanians resembles the German rather than the Slav type, it being oval with long and thin nose, thin lips, blue eyes and white skin.

I

THE CRAFTY WOMAN²

A MAN and his young wife, who had settled down to life in a village, agreed so well that neither of them pronounced a single unpleasant word; they only caressed and kissed each other. For fully six months the devil did his best to make the pair quarrel, but, at last, irritated by continued failure, he expressed

¹Reclus, V. p. 261.

²From Afanasief's *Russian Popular Tales*, (quoting Schleicher), No. 236. Note.

his rage by making a disagreeable noise in his throat and made ready to depart. However, an old woman who was roaming about met him and said, "Why are you annoyed?" The devil explained, and the woman, on the understanding that she would receive some new bast shoes and a pair of boots, endeavoured to make the young couple disagree. She went to the wife while the husband was at work in the fields and, having begged for alms, said, "Ah, my dear! how pretty and good you are! Your husband ought to love you from the depths of his soul. I know you live more amicably than any other couple in the world, but, my daughter! I will teach you to be yet happier. Upon your husband's head, at the very summit, are a few grey hairs; you must cut them off, taking care that he does not notice what you are about." "But how shall I do that?" "When you have given your husband his dinner, tell him to lie down and rest his head upon your lap, then as soon as he goes to sleep, whip a razor out of your pocket and remove the grey hairs." The young wife thanked her adviser and gave her a present.

The old woman went immediately to the field and warned the husband that a misfortune threatened him, since his amiable wife not only had betrayed him, but intended that afternoon to kill him and later to marry someone richer than himself. When at midday, the wife arrived and, after his meal, placed her husband's head upon her knees, he pretended to be asleep and she took a razor from her pocket in order to remove the grey hairs. Instantly the exasperated man jumped on to his feet and, seizing his wife by the hair, began to abuse and strike her. The devil saw all and could not believe his eyes; soon he took a long pole, attached loosely to one end of it the promised bast-shoes and boots and, without coming close, passed them to the old woman. "I will not on any account approach nearer to you," he said, "lest you should in some way impose upon me, for you really are more crafty and cunning than I am!" Having delivered the boots and bast shoes, the devil vanished as quickly as if he had been shot from a gun.

II

THE SUN AND MOON CREATED BY THE DEVIL¹

THE Lord God began to create the earth, and all went well ; there were already a piece of earth and some water, and other blessings. As he sat and admired what he had created, God became joyful and light-hearted ; but his opponent, Satan, was convulsed with malice, because God had created successfully. This Devil-Satan raged continually, but at last grew quiet and thoughtful ; the idea had entered his soul that he must destroy God's creation. He sat and thought during the whole of one day, also the next day, and when the third day came he continued to sit and think. He was still pondering on the fourth day, when suddenly he jumped up and somehow managed to imitate God as a creator. Now, the Lord God at that time, desiring to rest from his labours, slumbered soundly for three days and three nights, for exactly three periods of twenty-four hours. Upon waking he beheld in the sky a small red circle, which shone brightly and burnt. "The fiend is no fool," he remarked ; "he has created an important body—the Sun itself."

From that time grass began to grow, as well as trees and bushes and all reptiles and creatures, clean and unclean, in countless quantities. Satan was incensed, for he had intended by the aid of the Sun to burn up the earth ; and instead he had helped God ! "Wait !" he said, "I will continue to create ; my name shall be remembered !" and again he somehow managed to act like God. The Lord God again rested soundly and slept three days and three nights, that is, for exactly three periods of twenty-four hours ; he woke on the fourth day. "What is this," he inquired, "that is so hot ?" Behold, his rival had produced another Sun opposite the first one, in order to burn up the earth from two sides. God saw that the affair was serious. All the grass became burnt and the water began to dry up. So God poured torrents of water upon this second Sun for a long while and inundated it. Yet this Sun flared up again, and God had to extinguish it anew. Henceforth God, once every month, with water inundated this Sun, that is our Moon, so that it shall not flare up and consume the earth.

"But," added the narrator of the legend, "God is concerned for our sins ; there are still on the earth many upright persons

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1891, No. 3, p. 239.

and there are prayer-books for sinful souls. If it were not so the world would end; God, ceasing to create, would give Satan-Anti-Christ liberty to do exactly as he pleased. The Moon would flare up anew, the earth would turn into a fiery oven, and the Devil would inflict terrible torments upon sinners."

III

THE YOUTH WHO SAVED THREE
PRINCESSES FROM DRAGONS¹

A CERTAIN father who did not love his son drove him forth, so that the youth was obliged to beg. Travelling far, the lad met an old man, who said, "Whither are you going?" "I am travelling as a beggar; my father has turned me out of his house." The old man asked for a morsel of bread and the youth gave it, whereupon the old man presented his benefactor with a sword and a ring; the pair then separated. In time the youth reached a town where the people seemed afflicted with sadness, and he asked a Jew the cause of their grief. The Jew answered, "Our king's three daughters have been captured by three dragons, so there is general mourning."

As the youth journeyed further he came upon a dog, whom he made his friend. Next he wrote the king a letter, in which he offered to liberate the captured princesses, and sent the letter by means of the dog. The king received the letter, and sent another back by the same messenger; whereupon the youth visited the king and was assured that if he succeeded in freeing the princesses he might choose as his wife whichever one of them he preferred. The young man was supplied with a horse by the king and, riding into the dragon's garden, saw a nine-headed dragon, who was the husband of one of the king's daughters. With his first blow the youth struck off three heads; with the second blow he struck off three more heads, and with the third blow he removed the three remaining heads. Then he entered a cavern inhabited by the second daughter, who said, in alarm, "You have come, but my husband will destroy you." The youth replied, "I am not afraid." Before long a six-headed dragon sprang on him, but the youth with one effort struck off three heads and with a second effort sliced off the

¹From Leskien and Brugmann, *Lithuanian Folk Songs and Tales*, p. 404.

other three. On going deeper into the cavern he found the third princess, who said, "You have come, but my husband will tear you to pieces." The young man replied, "I am not afraid," and when a three-headed dragon rushed forward to capture him he struck off the dragon's three heads at a blow. Then he led the three princesses out, placed them in a carriage and ordered the coachman to drive home. He himself remained in the garden while he tore out the dragon's tongues, and scratched on the tongues the names of the princesses.

This coachman desired to marry one of the king's daughters and told the king he had saved the princesses. The wedding was immediately prepared, so that when the youth arrived in the town he found everyone in holiday costume. He asked why the people in the streets were so finely attired, and was told that the king's daughters had been rescued from the dragons by the king's coachman, who was about to marry a princess. The youth went to the king and waited at the door. The king said, "What is the cause of your grief?" and the reply came, "I grieve because your coachman is going to marry one of your daughters; it was I who freed them." The king summoned the coachman and asked him if he had really performed the deed. "Yes," was the answer. However, the young man cried, "Where is the proof that you delivered them?" The coachman grew confused and the youth said further: "Look, here are the tongues of each of the three dragons!" The king now saw how the matter lay and ordered the coachman to the gallows; next he said to the young man, "Select whichever of the princesses pleases you the most!" The youth made a choice and said, "This princess shall be my bride," then he took a place at table and the king sat beside him and exclaimed, "I give this maiden and half of my kingdom to you." The bride and bridegroom went to the marriage ceremony in the church, and the priest laid the stole upon their hands and changed the rings. Then the married pair returned home and sat together at table while behind them songs were sung and there was much jubilation. Later the bridegroom fetched his father and took him to the palace. The king said, "Who is this man?" and the son-in-law answered, "He is my father." The king gave the old man plenty of money, and added, "As long as he lives he shall stay with his son."

IV

A GOOD DEED IS ALWAYS REQUITED WITH ILL :

A PEASANT walking in a forest found a dragon caught beneath a fallen tree. The dragon begged to be liberated, but the man inquired what reward he would receive for his good action. "I will reward you well," said the dragon, and the man set him free. The dragon then intimated that he would devour the man, who cried, "Surely you will reward me!" But the dragon replied, "A good deed is always requited with ill." The man again asked for his life, and made this suggestion, "Let us walk along together and ask the first three beings whom we may meet to decide the matter."

The dragon agreed, and the pair went forward together until they met a dog. The peasant said, "Friend dog, decide our affair!" "What is the matter" asked the dog; and the man related thus: "As I was going along I came upon this dragon, who was imprisoned beneath a fallen tree; he said that he would give me a rich reward if I freed him, but now he wishes to devour me! I proposed to him that we should walk along and ask the first three beings we might meet to decide between us." The dog replied, "When I was young, if a sow from a herd became threatening, and my master called upon me for aid, I used to spring forward and drive her back. But when I grew old and lost my teeth my master forsook me. What can I do now? Good deeds are always requited with ill!" and the dog added to the dragon, "Devour him! It is my rule now to reward good with ill."

The pair proceeded further and met a horse, to whom the man said, "Dear horse, decide an affair between us!" "What is the dispute?" asked the horse. The peasant related again all that he had narrated to the dog. The horse said to the dragon, "A good deed is always requited with ill; devour the man!"

The pair went further and met a fox, to whom the man said, "Pray, decide a matter of importance between us." The fox listened, and then asked what payment the man would make for a decision. "I will give you a goose," answered the peasant. "Then take me to the spot where the dragon lay captive." They all three went to the place, and the fox said

to the man, "Lift the tree up," and to the dragon the fox said, "Lie down there as you lay before." The fox next told the man to let the tree fall, and said to the dragon, "You can stay as you were at first."

The man went home and the fox accompanied him. But before they reached the house the fox stopped, and the man announced that he would bring out the goose. The peasant met his wife and described the fine behaviour of the fox, to whom he had promised a goose as reward. "Fool," cried the woman, "take your gun and shoot the creature dead; you will get money for the skin!" The man took the goose in one hand and his weapon in the other, but kept it concealed and returned to the fox; whom, when he got near enough, he killed. Before death the fox said, "A good deed is always requited with ill."

V

SUN, FROST AND WIND :

As a peasant walked along,
Sun and frost, and wind so strong
That it much his progress slowed,
Came and met him on the road.
Sadly soon his head he bent.

"This salute for me is meant,"
Said the Sun; "the man's afraid,
Dreads the heat by me displayed."

"No, he bows to me," said Frost;
"He will slight me, to his cost!"

"Cease your chatter," shrieked the Wind,
"I alone am in his mind."

Each continued to dispute,
Bluster, argue and refute,
Till the Sun said: "I've a plan;
Let us go and ask the man!"

"Tell me, little peasant, pray,
When you met us on the way,
Unto which of us did you
Mean to render homage true?"

*From Afanasief, *Poetical Views of the Slavs Concerning Nature*, I., p. 312.

“ I was thinking of the Wind,
 Who to me is scarcely kind.”
 Cried the Sun, “ For flouting me
 Lobster-red you now shall be.”
 But the Wind said, “ You mistake,
 If you hope the man to bake ;
 I should then begin to blow,
 Cool him and my puissance show.”
 “ I will freeze him,” threatened Frost ;
 “ Keep him numb, in snowdrifts lost ;
 I’ll the good-for-nothing teach,
 If I get him in my reach.”
 “ No !” the Wind remarked, “ my friend,
 When I cease your power will end !”
 As he previously had gone,
 Still secure, the man went on.

NOTES

I THE CRAFTY WOMAN

In a Russian variant, which comes from the neighbourhood of Moscow, the part of the old woman is played by a young Jew, and that of the Devil is omitted ; otherwise the story bears a general resemblance to “ The Crafty Woman.”¹

The old woman’s scheme in “ The Crafty Woman ” is as subtle as that of the two foxes who cause dissension between the friendly lion and ox in an Indian story. Tamanaka, the fox, goes to the lion and says, “ Your friend, Sanjivaka, the ox, designs to seize your kingdom. You have made him prime minister ; he should be destroyed, or great evil will befall your majesty.” Tamanaka now approaches Sanjivaka and says that the lion is wrathful against him. The ox says, “ It is better to resist one’s enemies,” and asks by what signs he can know when the lion is going to fight him. The answer is, “ When he erects his ears and raises his tail.” Tamanaka remarks to Karataka, his fox friend, “ I must go at once to the lion and induce him to act in that way.” Sanjivaka, the ox, found the lion in the very attitude described. So he fought, and a desperate contest ensued.²

¹Khudyakov, *Russian Folk-tales*, II., p. 78.

²S. Winfred’s Translation of the Panchatantra, p. 13 et seq.

II THE SUN AND MOON CREATED BY THE DEVIL

This story of dual Creators may be compared with the Chukchi narrative, in which Tangen is the rival of the Creator, who himself is inferior to the Divine Being. In the Buryat account there are three Creators. In the Altaian, which is longer, God and a Man (who was Erlik, the Devil) existed before Earth and Sun and Moon came into existence. Erlik assisted God and afterwards opposed him. Later Erlik was forgiven and completed Heaven; he was allowed by God to build under Earth, in Hell, and to create various animals.

The ideas of dual creation in the Lithuanian legend are consonant not only with the pagan notions prevalent before the introduction of Christianity into Russia, but with the notions which still obtain. "Dost thou hear, O Sky? Dost thou see, O Sky?" cries the peasant of to-day, addressing Svarog, the Ouranos, the Varuna of old religion. 'O ye bright Stars! descend into the marriage cup, and in my cup let there be water from a mountain spring. O thou fair Moon! bow down to my klyet (a kind of store-room). O thou free Sun! dawn upon my homestead. O ye Stars! deliver me, the servant of God so and so, from drink! O Moon, turn me from drink! O Sun, draw me from drink!'"¹ Similarly the peasant appeals to the Sunrise and the Sunset: even a lover appeals to the Winds to soften a maiden's heart and bring him happiness. The narrator of the present legend showed, after its conclusion, that he was not unmoved by pagan feelings.

III THE YOUTH WHO SAVED THREE PRINCESSES FROM DRAGONS

The opening incident, the encounter of the poor youth with a beneficent old man with whom he shares his food, is paralleled in the Little-Russian tale, "The Flying Ship," which deals with a younger son, who sets out to perform a deed whose accomplishment is to bring him a tsar's daughter as wife. In each of these tales a mysterious old man gives magical or supernatural assistance to the youth. Except for the sharing of food, the episode resembles one in a tale, "The Magic Objects," of the Darvashes, a solitary Aryan tribe living in the Pamirs. In the latter the old man has the air of a deity. But the climax is reached in the Altaian story, "Aymanys," where a poor wandering youth is furnished with food and a speaking horse by

¹Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 362.

an old man, who says, "I am God the Creator." There is a temptation to assign the origin of the tale to an Asiatic source, because the Altaian old man is so distinct and authoritative a character. That his part may become vague is shown by the Russian, "The Frog Princess," where the old man, having come into sight and fulfilled his functions as a benefactor, quickly vanishes.

The incident of the removal of the dragons' tongues is comparable to that in the Arthurian romance of "Tristan and Iseult," where the seneschal falsely claims the glory of the deed,¹ much as the coachman claims it in our story. So the incident of the flying snake in the Bashkir, "The Three Brothers," resembles our story in an important particular, for the end of the snake's tail, which has been cut off by the hero and placed in his pocket, becomes a valuable proof of valour, much as the tongues become in the Lithuanian story. Again and again, folk-lore incidents repeat themselves.

In the present story, the wives say to the youth who comes to save them, "My husband (the many-headed dragon) will destroy you." Similar words are used by the wives of the many-headed snakes to the young adventurer by his sisters in the Russian, "Prince Ivan and Princess Maria." A dragon demands an annual tribute in a Kalmuck tale, and an annual maiden-tribute in the Lettish, "The Forester's Two Sons." In a Finnish story the tribute is a pig.

IV A GOOD DEED IS ALWAYS REQUITED WITH ILL

Clouston mentions that in Tale 174 of the *Continental Gesta Romanorum*, a serpent who has been released by a traveller wishes to bite him. A philosopher arrives and says, "I can judge in the matter if, serpent, you will assume your old position. Can you release yourself? No! Then die for ingratitude!" The story occurs in the Fables of Bidpai and in European folk-lore generally. The animal may be a tiger or an alligator. In *Tales from the Fjeld*, it is a dragon.² In the Russian story, the "Peasant and the Snake," a snake, a hare and a wolf fill the places of the dragon, the dog and the horse in the Lithuanian. In both of these tales, and in the Russian, "The Peasant, the Bear and the Fox," the fox helps the man, and the man shows the basest ingratitude. In the Polish tale, "The

¹Encycl. Britann. Ed. XI, Vol. XXVII, p. 193.

²*Popular Tales and Fictions*, Vol. I., pp. 262-265.

Dragon, the Mare and the Fox," a mare is to suffer from the dragon's malignant designs instead of the peasant.

V SUN, FROST AND WIND

Such personifications of Nature are in accordance with the general beliefs of the peasantry; thus, Tereschenko says, "In Lithuania, it is supposed that, on St. John's Day, the Sun, a female being, goes forth from her chamber in a car drawn by three horses—golden, silver and diamond,—to meet her spouse the Moon, and on her way she dances and emits fiery sparks."¹ Stories in which the Sun appears as a person occur among the Russians, the Lapps, the Armenians, the Gagauzy, the Ostyaks and the Chukchis. Frost behaves more or less genially in the Russian "stepmother" tale, "Jack Frost." As for the Winds, they have played a personal part in folk-lore affairs from times of classical antiquity. A Note to the Kalmuck, "The Bird-cage Husband," treats of the wide activity of the Winds.

¹Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 242.

THE POLES

A BRANCH of the great Slav race, the Poles played for centuries an important part in European affairs. Before the first partition, in 1772, Poland was at one time in possession of provinces including a large portion of South Russia, Moravia and Pomerania. The Poles, who are now again independent, had long a political constitution antagonistic to progress and reform, the peasantry being held in severe subjection. The religion is the Roman Catholic, but the population includes several millions of Jews. Many romantic and heroic characters have adorned Polish history, and the country has a rich literature.

I

MISERY †

A POOR labourer had a pretty daughter, with whom the owner of the village, a rich bachelor, fell in love; the young man was determined to marry her. But the girl disliked him, and her parents objected to the match. Out of revenge the owner tormented the family in every possible way; required them to perform every kind of statute-labour and had them beaten on the least pretext. At last the labourer lost patience and determined to leave the village and take his family with him. Then in the cottage where they were dwelling a continuous whining arose behind the stove, and though the family turned the place upside down, they could find nothing. But on the day of their departure they heard, when removing their wretched furniture, a noise louder than ever behind the stove. They listened, and suddenly the pale and attenuated form of a comely girl came from the hearth. "What devil can that be?" exclaimed the father. "Heaven protect us," cried the mother and her children. "I am not a devil," replied the miserable being, "I am your misery; I have learnt that you are moving; you must take me with you." The labourer was no fool, and

†From the French of L. Leger (after Balinski), *Recueil de Contes Populaires Slaves*, p. 125.

thinking a moment, instead of trying to strangle his misery—she was so nimble and thin that he could not easily have done such a thing—he bowed low before her. “Madam,” he said, “since it pleases you, accompany us; you see, we are moving our goods. Will you assist us a little?”

The lady agreed and was about to lift some light utensils; but the man gave them to his children and said he had forgotten a block of wood which lay outside and must be taken with him. He ran to the courtyard, cut the wood open with his axe, and begged Misery to help him to lift the heavy object. As she could not grasp it, the man shewed her the chink, whereupon she introduced in it her long and delicate fingers. The man, pretending to help her, raised his axe clumsily and her fingers were imprisoned. She might well have cried out, groaned and struggled, but did nothing.

The labourer hastily collected his belongings, and went, taking care never to return. He was now happy and became the richest peasant in the village where he settled; while, as to his daughter, she married a fine young fellow in the neighbourhood.

The owner and oppressor of the old village had a different end. Wishing to find an empty house for some new inhabitants, he visited that which had been vacated by the poor labourer. There he found a pale girl who strove in vain to free her fingers from a block of wood. Taking pity, he made a hole in the wood and freed her. Henceforth pale Misery never left her liberator, who, despite his age, fell in love with her. For her sake he squandered all his property and in turn became poor.

II

PRINCE UNEXPECTED:

(IN BRIEF)

A KING who was travelling in a parched country and feeling the pangs of extreme thirst, suddenly saw a well, on the surface of which floated a silver cup with a golden handle. He did not succeed in seizing the cup and, dipping his face in the water, found himself held mysteriously. A deathless underground Skeleton of fearful aspect, in the well, had seized the king's

¹L. Leger, p. 75.

beard and would only free him if he promised to give up an unknown and unexpected object in his home. When the king reached the castle his wife presented him with a beautiful infant son, who received the name Unexpected.

Years afterwards, while the young prince was out hunting, a hideous old man claimed him. The prince returned home and took leave of his weeping parents. He set out and saw on his third day's journey twelve garments lying on the sand and white as snow. He dismounted and, taking one of the garments, hid behind some rocks. A flock of geese were sporting on the sea close to the shore, and eleven of them took the clothes, struck the ground and became young girls. But the twelfth, the youngest, cried in a human voice; "Prince Unexpected, give me my clothes, and I will shew my gratitude." The youth withdrew and the girl, immediately after her transformation, dressed herself quickly. No eye had ever seen such beauty, no ear had ever heard such a lovely voice. She blushed as she stretched forth her hand and lowered her gaze as she explained that she was the daughter of the Deathless Skeleton. Her father would be angry, but the youth must throw himself on his knees and then boldly approach him.

She struck the ground with her little foot, a gulf yawned and the pair descended to a subterranean palace. Kostiey, the Deathless Skeleton, sat crowned on a golden throne and informed the prince that he must on the morrow perform three tasks. The next morning the young man learned that he must construct in the night a palace of marble, crystal and gold, or he would lose his head. Retiring to his apartment, he was plunged in grief at the near prospect of death, but a bee knocked at the window and gained admittance. It was Kostiey's youngest daughter who stood before him and told him to have no fear; when he woke the palace would be ready. The next morning, Kostiey, looking at the palace in astonishment, reflected and set the prince a new task, saying that if he failed he would be delivered to the headsman. He must pronounce unflinchingly which was the youngest of Kostiey's twelve daughters, when they appeared dressed exactly alike. The bee knocked at the window, and the youngest princess, standing before the despondent youth, told him that she would be known by a lady-bird which had settled above her right eyebrow. On the following morning the prince, after some difficulty, chose her from the line of princesses. Kostiey, in a state of fury, invented

a task impossible of execution. He would light a straw and the prince must make a pair of boots before it was extinguished. Once more the bee came and once more the youngest daughter imparted hope to the terrified prince. She proceeded to spit on the floor, then, taking him by the hand, she left the room and locked the door. The pair rose swiftly through the ground and found themselves on the spot whence they had descended. They mounted the prince's horse and fled.

At the proper time Kostiey sent servants to enquire why Prince Unexpected did not arrive. The spittle imitated the young man's voice and said, "Immediately!" Moreover, when Kostiey commanded that the door should be broken open, and the servants had entered, the spittle laughed aloud. The pursuit began immediately, and after awhile the prince, leaping from his saddle, put his ear to the ground and told his companion the news. She changed herself into a river, the prince into a bridge and the horse to a raven; besides, beyond the bridge, the road became triple. The horsemen were astounded and returned. Kostiey, guessing correctly what had happened, sent them to pursue afresh. The horsemen galloped in vain through a forest into which the fugitives had become transformed. Next the pursuers saw that the forest had vanished and found themselves where they had started. Kostiey called for his horse and rode furiously. The princess turned to Unexpected, and saying that Kostiey could not pass a church, asked for the gold cross which hung from her companion's neck. She changed herself to a church, the prince into a priest and the horse into a bell. Kostiey, enquiring of the priest in vain for news of the fugitives, returned home.

The pair approached a fine town, and the princess, with a foreboding of evil, said she would await her companion on its outskirts. Let the prince visit the king and queen in the town, but, on no account, kiss a comely boy who was with them. She transformed herself into a white stone and waited. Alas! the prince met the royal pair and kissed the pretty boy, who threw himself into his arms. He at once forgot Kostiey's poor daughter, who, in despair, at the end of three days changed herself into a cornflower and hoped that some passer-by would tear her up or trample on her.

An old man picked the flower and tended it carefully at home. From that moment miracles of unseen care and devotion occurred in his house. The astonished proprietor sought

counsel of a sorceress, in accordance with which he threw a handkerchief over the first object stirring at dawn. The cornflower, leaving its vase, was thus transformed into a beautiful young lady, daughter of king Kostiey. She wept to hear that her beloved was that day to be married, and then going to the palace, asked the cook to be allowed to make the wedding cake. The man could refuse no favour to such a beautiful girl. When the prince cut the cake open a grey pigeon and a white dove issued forth ; the pigeon walked forward and the dove followed saying :

Pretty pigeon, do not flee,
 Grant my wish and stay with me ;
 Shouldst thou dare to be untrue
 Like the prince whom now I see,
 I shall follow thee anew.

Memory returned to the prince and he rose. Going to the door, he found Kostiey's daughter, who led him to a horse already saddled. They galloped to Unexpected's parents, and, being received with transports of joy, before long were wedded, the scene being such as eye has never viewed nor has ear ever heard its like described.

III

THE DRAGON, THE MARE AND THE FOX :

A PEASANT was returning home when he heard cries, and found a dragon on whom had fallen a stone. When the peasant freed the dragon, the dragon said he would devour his liberator or the mare which the latter was riding. The peasant called on the mare to bear witness to his good action and to judge of the affair before she was eaten. The mare said there was no gratitude on earth, and mentioned, for instance, the wickedness of horses. The dragon was rushing toward her, when a fox called upon him to wait, and said she would settle the dispute, but as she was not present earlier, the position must be made clear ; the dragon must get under the stone. The dragon stupidly lay down, and the peasant pushed the stone on him. For his good deed the peasant allowed the fox to eat twelve

From the German of Leskien and Brugmann, p. 520.

hens, one every morning. But before the last hen was eaten the peasant's wife issued from concealment and killed the fox with a cudgel. (*From Cracow*).

IV

THE WONDERFUL PIPE

(A LEGEND)

A MAN working in hell served his master, the Devil, so well that the latter said, "When you leave my service I will give you whatever you like." The man had to boil the souls of wicked people in a great cauldron, and the souls begged him to ask for nothing but the froth from the cauldron. When the slave had served two years he said to the Devil, "I will now leave your service, and as reward beg only the froth from the cauldron." The Devil scratched himself behind his ear, for the demand was unwelcome, but he was obliged to keep his word.

The man took a sackful of foam and departed. Coming to a meadow, he rested. He would like to see what had happened to the froth, and shook it on the grass; a little sheep stood up. The Lord Jesus came and asked the man if he would sell the lamb. "Oh, yes," was the answer. "But I can give you nothing more for it than a flute. Will you take it." "Willingly," was the reply, and the exchange was made.

The pipe was of such a quality that all who listened to it were obliged to dance. The man blew on the flute and a Jew came, carrying china. The Jew was forced to dance and all his china was broken. He accused the offender before a tribunal and the man was condemned to be hanged. When the culprit arrived at the gallows he begged as a favour that he might blow once more on his pipe. Though the Jew objected, permission was granted, and he cried out "Bind me, bind me or I shall dance." The man, taking his flute, blew, and all present, the judge and spectators, seized one another and danced till they became faint. At last the judge remitted the sentence and the man went his way.

¹From the German of M. Toeppen, *Mazurian Sagas and Folk-tales*, p. 147.

V

THE COVETED HEDGEHOG¹

A CHILDLESS woman once saw a hedgehog and said, "If only God would send me a hedgehog." The wish was heard, and both the woman and her husband rejoiced, for the hedgehog made himself useful by carrying food to the father in the field. He also helped the mother by taking care of the pigs and driving them into the forest, where he remained six years. He used to sit there under a mushroom or a fern.

Once the king lost his way, and the hedgehog offered to direct him, if he would give his daughter to the hedgehog as a wife. The king thought to satisfy him with an empty promise, but the hedgehog demanded a written undertaking and the king's handkerchief with the royal name upon it. The king granted the request, but thought that neither of his three daughters would accept the suitor. After some weeks the hedgehog drove home the herd (which by this time had increased largely) and begged his father to fasten a saddle and bridle to a cock, as he was departing into the world, but exactly whither he would not say. The hedgehog rode to the royal castle, showed his certificate and the handkerchief, and, being admitted by the guards, was carried by the cock through the window.

The king summoned his daughters, but neither of them would accept the visitor as a husband. The king called an armed force to kill the hedgehog, but the latter had a pipe, and when he blew upon it a still greater army came and occupied the neighbourhood. The king was at a loss how to proceed, when the youngest princess offered herself; whereupon the marriage took place and the hedgehog rode by her side in a carriage. The next morning the princess found a handsome youth beside her and all rejoiced to see him. The hedgehog army now appeared as men, and the transformed prince, having sent for his parents, became king.

¹Leskien and Brugmann, p. 523.

VI

CONCERNING THE MAR AND THE WEREWOLF¹

VERY widespread is the belief in the mar, a noxious something which attacks the body. It oppresses people in their sleep so mercilessly that they almost pass away from anxiety and oppression. In the morning they cannot find words to express the martyrdom they have undergone. Medicines are useless, but certain conjurations of an old mother before the sleep-goer gave a good effect. Nobody can describe this creature, for nobody has seen or touched it. Therefore it must be a spirit.

The expression "mar" generally denotes bewitched persons who have the form of cats or dogs. They come in the night to torture people, lay their paws on the sleeper's body and press it so that he can scarcely breathe, while they kiss and lick him. A carpenter who was oppressed by a mar (or zmora), seized it and, having wrestled with it, killed it with a blow of a hammer and threw it on the dunghill. The following morning a human body was found there with a wound made by a hammer. The same has happened often.

The mar afflicts also cattle and horses. Many stories are told of such events. In an inn three sisters were overheard, as they returned from their nightly deeds, to discuss which of the three had the worst task. The first had to attack cattle, the second to assault people and the third to injure trees. The task of the first was lighter than that of the second, for it is easier to enter a stall than a house; but the task of the third was the hardest, since she had to clamber into a tree and to oppress it. The conversation was reported to their father, and he had the girls re-christened.

The werewolf is related to the mar, and both monsters originate in transformation of human beings. In the sixteenth century news came of a werewolf. At that time a man who was considered such a being was seized by the peasants and brought before Duke Albert of Konisberg. A wild appearance made the man more like a beast than a man. On his face he had wounds and scars, which he ascribed to the bites of dogs who had pursued him as a wolf. The Duke examined him. The man confessed to the Duke that twice a year, namely, on Christmas eve and the Feast of St. John, he changed into a real

¹M. Toeppen, p. 28.

wolf and was led by an inner force to stay among wolves in the forests, that he experienced great anguish of mind and weakness of body before his hair disappeared and he was clothed in wolf-skin. People believed in his story so much that they sought a proof. He was confined in Konisberg castle, but remained human.

NOTES

I MISERY

This story may be compared to the Russian, "Need," in which a poor man is treated to a Barmecide feast by his rich brother. On his way home the poor man is accompanied by Need, who sings and promises never to leave him. The poor man buries Need in a coffin and grows prosperous. The rich brother ascribes the new wealth to Need, digs up Need from the coffin and becomes poor.

The trick of getting Misery to place her fingers in a chink of wood, so that they become imprisoned, is comparable to the son's behaviour in the Lappish, "The Wild Woman," and to the fox's treatment of the bear in "Reynard the Fox," as told in a note to "The Wild Woman." The glimpse of serfdom may be compared with the Mordvin, "Recollections of Serfdom."

II PRINCE UNEXPECTED—(IN BRIEF).

The appearance of Kostey (the Deathless Skeleton-Man) as an underground skeleton is consonant with the suggestion made in a Note to the Lappish story, "The Giant, whose Life was Concealed in an Egg," that the living underground skeletons in the first Samoyede tale may be the origin of the Russian Koschei.

The story of "Prince Unexpected" is generally comparable with the Russian, "Sea King and Vasilissa the Wise," for the incidents of the Jephthah vow, and the twelve maidens bathing, and the sagacious daughter who aids her lover in performing impossible tasks, and the pursuit, and the magic flight, and the kiss which causes forgetfulness, and the pie and the doves in the pie, are present in both tales.

But the incident of the animated spittle is limited to the Polish. Spittle turns to gold in a Votyak tale, "The Magic

Bird," and it has magical properties in the Gilyak, "Tale of a Bear," in the Kalmuck, "The Orphan Bosh," and in the Bashkir, "The Golden Knucklebone."

The transformation of a flower into a beautiful girl recalls a similar incident in the Russian story, "The Fiend." The underground palace does not occur in the Russian story. But mention of underground life, in one form or another, is to be found in many stories of the Ural-Altaiic and Sub-Arctic races; for instance, in the first Samoyede story and in the Yukaghir "The Shaman."

III THE DRAGON, THE MARE AND THE FOX

The mare, who is to suffer the loss of her life, distinguishes this tale from other versions. Thus, the peasant has to bear the whole danger of the dragon's wickedness both in the Lithuanian, "A Good Deed is Always Requited with Ill." and in the Russian, "The Peasant the Bear and the Fox."

A Rumanian story runs briefly as follows: A fire, lit by some shepherds, reached a great tree on to which a snake had crept. A man cut a long stick and held it so that the snake could climb down. But the snake coiled cruelly round the neck of the man, who went from king to king, and finally to king Solomon for a decision. Man and snake agreed to abide by the word of the king who, having insisted on the snake's uncoiling himself, hinted to the man that it would be well to bruise the snake's head.¹ The note to the Lithuanian tale has further remarks.

IV THE WONDERFUL PIPE—(A LEGEND)

This is one of the legends which, having a somewhat secular tone, differ from the more austere Russian legends, and are comparable to Georgian, "The Prophet Ilyà and the Shoemaker," and the Gagauzy, "God Allows People to Take Vengeance on One Another." The last named people have legends in which pagan and Christian characters figure side by side. The introduction of the story is remarkable, but the succeeding portion resembles the German, "The Jew Among Thorns."²

V THE COVETED HEDGEHOG

Certain races, if a conclusion can be hazarded from this collection, tend more than others to stories of mating with animals.

¹Gaster, p. 325.

²Grimm, No. 110.

Thus, the Lapps, the Gagäüzy, the Gilyaks and the Russians have several of this class of tales; moreover, the Kalmucks, the Esthonians, the Votyaks, the Samoyedes and the Armenians are not devoid of the same tendency. The Polish tale, "The Coveted Hedgehog," resembles the German, "Hans the Hedgehog."¹

VI CONCERNING THE MAR AND THE WEREWOLF

In a note to the Russian story, "The Man-Wolf," numerous instances are given of the transformation of human beings into animals, and one tale deals with a man who became a wolf. There is a Lappish tale of a man-bear, and a Gilyak story concerns a man who became a tiger.

¹Grimm, No. 108.

THE WHITE RUSSIANS

THE White Russians inhabit the region around the farthest head streams of the Dnieper, including the district of Smolensk. During several centuries, having submitted to Lithuanian influence, they have tended to become distinct from the Great-Russians, who have absorbed Finnish elements, and from the Little-Russians, who possess a strain of Turkish blood. The marshy, swampy and wooded nature of their land did not attract immigrants as did districts upon their west and east and, since they have no Finnish names, it has been thought they are the true aborigines. The country is poor and the people are more backward than the Great and the Little-Russians. When the peasant sows his grain he says to the Frost god, "Come and eat, but spare our wheat," or cries, resignedly, "Await death, but sow thy corn." Traces of tree and water worship persist; thus, pilgrims make offerings to the spring, and honour is shown to certain pines and birches. The peasants honour their ancestors at special repasts, and food is laid upon the graves. It is said that, till recently, merely for their bread they parted with their children to the small landowners. A long period of serfdom, now abolished, and of devastating wars have left their mark on the people. ¹

I

THE COTTAGE IN THE SKY ²

AN old man and an old woman sat together and ate some green peas; but one of the peas fell under the floor and sprouted. It grew until it reached the floor, and when the man and his wife broke a deal board the pea continued its upward course. The couple made a hole in the ceiling to let the pea pass, and with like purpose they pierced the roof. The pea continued to grow and reached the sky. Pods, containing peas, made their appearance. The old woman said to her husband, "Look, old man, our little pea has already reached a great height;

¹Reclus. Vol. V. p. 283 seq.

²From the Russian of E. A. Chudinsky, *Popular Tales*, No. 9.

God knows how far it has gone, but neither you nor I know. How would it be for us to find out?" "Well," replied the man, "make the attempt, if such be your wish; you are more dexterous than I; climb up, perhaps you will learn!"

The old woman climbed up the pea so perseveringly that she reached the top of it. Looking around, she saw a small hut standing on the very summit. She entered and found nobody within, but the cottage was not built like our cottages. The walls were made of pie, the stove was pancake, the tables were of cheese, the benches of gingerbread, and there was plenty of everything, including butter and curds and honey, all of the best. The old woman ate whatever she liked and continued to eat; she consumed as much as she could, and then crawled under the stove and hid herself lest anybody should come. Rolled up like a ball, she held her breath and lay in a corner.

Three goats, who were sisters, entered the hut; one of them had two eyes and two ears, another had three eyes and three ears, while the third goat had four eyes and four ears. The goats came into the hut, sniffed the air, and got scent of a Russian. They said among themselves, "What strange being is in our hut? There is a smell like that of a Russian; let us look about everywhere!" They searched thoroughly, sniffing in all the corners and crannies without finding the old woman. Then they said, "There is nothing to be done; it is impossible that anybody should be here now; but we must not allow anybody to come later; let us guard against it!" "We will eat a little," they said, "and then let two of us go into the field, while the third remains at home on watch."

The goats partook of whatever they desired; thus, one ate honey, one ate cracknels, and the third ate gingerbread; then two of them departed to the field and left at home the goat which had two eyes. Before leaving the sisters said to her, "Look, sister, look through both eyes, so that no rascality shall befall us." "Certainly!" replied the goat having a pair of eyes; "you go and I will take care." The old woman heard this conversation and thought, "How can I manage to keep quiet this goat who is on guard?" After some consideration she sang, "Eye sleep, second eye sleep; ear shut, second ear shut!" She sang, and, first one of the goat's eyes closed and then the other eye; next one ear and then the other ear. When the goat fell asleep the old woman crawled out from under the stove, ate up a great deal and concealed herself as before.

The two goats came in from the field and saw that their sister was fast asleep. "Sister, oh, sister!" they said, "wake up! Why have you fallen asleep?" They could scarcely make any impression on her. "Ah," said the sister with two eyes, "yes, I really was fast asleep! But it does not matter; no harm has come to the cottage; all has been still and peaceable." "That may be," said the others, "but nevertheless there is a Russian odour here. It will be necessary for the one of us who has three eyes and three ears to stay here; we shall be more secure!" The goats ate what they wished, two of them entered the field, and the third sister with three eyes and three ears stayed behind. The old woman was lying under the stove and desired once more to eat dainties, so she sang, "Eye sleep, second eye sleep, third eye sleep; ear close, second ear close, third ear close!" The goat's eyes and ears closed and the old woman crawled out, ate various kinds of food and again found a refuge under the stove.

When the goats returned from the field they saw their sister asleep and smelt a Russian odour; they said, "As this has occurred, it will be safer to leave at home that one of us who has four eyes and four ears!" They aroused the three-eyed sister and said, "Did you see or hear anything?" "I saw and heard nothing," was the reply; "I was fast asleep; a great drowsiness fell upon me!" The goats ate whatever they fancied, and two of them went for a walk in the field, leaving at home the sister who had four eyes and four ears. The old woman, while lying beneath the stove, was again stirred by a wish to taste the good things, so she sang, "Eye, sleep, second eye sleep, third eye sleep; ear shut, second ear shut, third ear shut!" But she forgot the existence of the fourth eye and fourth ear, and the goat, though three of her eyes and three of her ears were closed, could see with the fourth eye and hear with the fourth ear. As soon as the old woman crawled out the goat woke and said, "Ah, it is you that have come into our little cottage and eaten our gingerbread and all sorts of things! Where do you come from?" "I do not belong up here," replied the old woman. "Out of curiosity I have roamed from Earth up to the sky." "But how did you manage to come?" "I climbed up the green pea, upon which your cottage stands." "Well," said the goat, "I will not do you any harm, but my sisters will arrive and then we shall decide your fate." The sisters returned and saw the old woman. "Ah," they said, "so it is you who

have been visiting our home and gobbling up our food when we were away! Who are you?" "I managed to get here by climbing up a green pea from Earth; I was curious as to your existence and way of living." "Well," replied the goats, "we will not do anything to you now; but of course you must depart immediately and never come back!" The old woman promised to obey the goats' command, and they supplied her with a small bag containing a variety of sweetmeats, gingerbread, nuts, cheese, cracknels, with indeed a little of everything in the cottage; then they dismissed her.

The old woman climbed down the sweet pea and reached her home. "Old man! tell me where have I been?" "Where indeed?" asked her husband. "In a cottage in the sky!" "What do you mean?" "I mean this," the old woman replied, "I climbed up the sweet pea and then down again to this cottage." "Is it possible?" "It is true!" said the old woman, "and I have seen such wonderful things and eaten such delicacies! I would repeat the visit, but the goats forbade anything of the kind." "Let us ascend together!" said the old man, "they will not hurt two of us; we ought to investigate." "I am ready," said his wife. They took with them their family. First of all the old man climbed up with a hatchet at his waist; the old woman went next, and their granddaughter followed her. They climbed and climbed a long way, when suddenly the old man coughed down in the direction of the old woman; she coughed down to her granddaughter. The green pea at that moment shook and fell, and they were all destroyed. Consequently they did not reach the cottage in the sky. It is uncertain where they fell; when they perished they left no trace. Since their time nobody has entered the cottage in the sky, and nobody has learnt any more concerning it.

II

THE SORCERESS¹

A SORCERESS living in a certain village alarmed people so much that everybody in the district feared her greatly. She used to go at midnight to cross roads and cry in a piercing and unnatural voice, "Little Michael, son of devils, go forth

¹E. A. Chudinsky, No. 25.

to work!" or she would shout, "Maxim, get to work, little fiend!" Her unholy force was incessantly active. If one of the orthodox passed along her particular field, or heard her voice as he drove along, he turned quickly aside, since otherwise he would certainly break his leg, or his axle would snap, or his harness would burst, or he would be afflicted by some other misfortune.

At church the sorceress did not pray to God, but only stood and moved her lips somewhere in a corner. On leaving the church she would say, "There were a few people at church to-day." "How do you mean, a few?" a neighbour would ask her. "Why, in this way," she would reply, "So and so, who stood on one leg, is ours; not God's; somebody turned back and kissed him! A girl yawned and something was put in her mouth!" In such a way she used to frighten people, so that their hair stood on end.

At another time, perhaps, a woman would come and ask her to reveal the whereabouts of a lost article; then the sorceress would take a hearth broom, and busy herself in the cottage and condemn someone. "Now, you, may a wolf eat you! Go out and tell who, at such and such a serf's, has committed a theft!" When the sorceress spoke one of the women present could not resist and immediately told. Then there was a pursuit in hot haste.

But at another time enquiries would be made concerning a thief. "There he is," the sorceress would say; "it is not necessary to guess; a voice spoke to me from the forest." People would set forth and find the culprit. Consequently all the thieves feared her, and who ever stole immediately carried his booty to her and begged her not to reveal his misdeed. She would instruct such a person thus: "You should not have stolen this! Take half, or a little of it, or hide the remainder somewhere!" When people came to inquire about the thefts the sorceress would say, "You will find the things in such a place; a voice from the forest told me." The owners would go and find the things.

Once a peasant intended to marry without asking her. He was driving to join his sweetheart and the sorceress, knowing of his movements, went to meet him and threw a small stick before his horse. "Now," she said, "the hens and geese and people will crawl under the stove!" The young man reached the bride's house; it was a fine one, and there were many guests.

The bride and bridegroom were being blessed with the Ikon when suddenly, without any cause, the bridegroom threw himself under the stove! There was a small stove window and the man was strong and healthy, but he shook as he crept there. They held him by his feet, and drove him back from the window with the oven rake and the hearth broom; he obtained nothing, he had crawled, that was all! There was general laughter, but the bride wept! Anna having been sent for, was entertained; she uttered some spell, so that nothing disagreeable occurred later!

The sorceress, whose fame was far spread, even after her death, was peculiar throughout her life. Gentlemen would come to her and ask, "Anna, why did your husband, when he was alive, not interfere with your sorcery?" "What could a husband do," she would reply, "or ten husbands? Now could any husband prevent me if I wished to tell fortunes? At night I used to lay a sheep's fur, instead of myself, beside my husband and he would sleep contentedly while I walked in stone palaces!" That is the kind of person Anna was! But how did all this come about? Why did she become a sorceress? When she was fourteen years old a Polish soldier and his wife were lodging with her father. The woman was a magician, and before her death she worried greatly because she had not yet been able to transfer her sorcery to anyone. It was necessary that she should surrender her powers before she left this world. So the soldier's wife said, "Dear Anna! please search in my head, something is irritating me." Anna took a comb and looked. The Polish woman said, "Well, little Anna, have you found anything?" "I have found much." "Keep it!" said the Pole; and with these words she died, having thus transferred to Anna her powers of sorcery.

The girl did not at first understand this affair, and the unclean force tormented her. It used to fly, in the form of a flock of crows and settle on the cottage; these crows gave her no rest, attached themselves to her and said, "Get to work!" At first she was ignorant how to address them, but after a time when they came she would say, "Weave ropes of sand!" and they were pacified. Later she accepted their assistance and began to practise sorcery. She was a witch until her eightieth year, after which she transferred her powers to her son-in-law, while she herself embraced the Christian faith. During the last two years before her death she used to fast and

go to confession and receive the sacrament. How she used to repent before everyone in church! She would stand on the steps in front of the altar and cry out to all, "Forgive, O true believers, a sinner!" and as she spoke she bowed in all directions. Nevertheless, she did not die a natural death; for, having sat down to dinner on a fast-day, she took a piece of meat from her throat and tried to swallow it, but it choked her.

III

LITTLE-FINGER¹

A POOR little peasant was living with his family; he had many children and not much to eat. All his children were small and the youngest child, who was only as big as a little finger, was called "Little-Finger." The name of the peasant was Maxim, and his wife's name was Pelagaya. Once, in the evening, when the children had gone to sleep, Maxim said to his wife, "Dear Pelagaya, how are we to live? We have so many children and the house does not contain even a crust of bread!" "O, my Maxim! it is a terrible thing to say, but I wish God would take one of them!" "Look here, little Pelagaya, how would it be if I were to carry half of them to the owner of the land; perhaps he would take them into his service! No," he continued, "such a plan is hopeless; the lord will not take them; I had better simply drive with the children into the forest and forsake them like kittens! Perhaps some good people will find and protect them and we shall not be troubled." "Do as you think right!" said Pelagaya. The peasant talked thus with his wife, and when the fire had been extinguished the pair went to sleep. But Little-Finger, lying on the boards, heard everything, and the next morning successfully begged a small piece of bread from the neighbours, placed it in his little pocket and said not a word to anybody.

The following day, the peasant took his four youngest children and led them to the lord, who would not receive them into his service, and said they were very small, as he gave Maxim some bread and provisions. Maxim went away with the children and had to pass the forest. He entered it, as if to gather mushrooms, and the children followed him. After

¹E. A. Chudinsky, No. 1.

they had gone some distance they asked their father whither he was leading them, but Maxim, in reply, only waved his hand. They went further, and Little-Finger, understanding the matter, threw down continually as he went along the path little pieces of bread. When at last father and children reached an impassable thicket Maxim took to his heels. The children called after their father several times, but there was no response; they saw that he had forsaken them and began to bellow, till Little-Finger said, "It is useless to cry, brothers; I will lead you out." He at once searched for the last morsel of bread which he had thrown down in the forest, then for the second, and next for the third, and in such a way led everybody home. There the children stood at the door and listened. The mother was saying, "Oh Maxim! why did you leave them in the forest? The lord gave us a little bread and other provisions; there would have been enough for all of us to eat!"

"We are here," said the children from beyond the door, and they immediately entered the cottage. The mother wept and gave them something to eat and drink.

Maxim also seemed glad, but the next day he harnessed the horse and called his children to go into the forest for firewood. They assembled and Little-Finger once more guessed what was coming; he heaped little stones into his pocket and accompanied the party. They travelled a long way, and reached in the density of the forest, a gloomy thicket. Maxim pushed his children from the wagon, turned the horse, lifted his whip and drove away.

Little-Finger again began to search for the road; this time by aid of the little stones which he had dropped as the party penetrated the forest. Night came on suddenly, and the rain poured; it thundered and lightened and then grew dark; wet through and perishing from cold, the children wandered at random. At last, seeing a light in a small hut, they approached and knocked. A woman came to the door, and they begged to be allowed to pass the night. "Ah, children!" she said, "I am a cannibal! My husband will come home directly and eat you. How can I admit you?"

"Never mind," said Little-Finger, "we will not resist our fate, nor go away; things must be as God wills; let us in now, for Christ's sake; protect us from the dark night and terrible weather!" The woman said, "Enter!" and having led them into the cottage, warmed them, gave them something to eat

and drink, and put them to sleep under her bed, so that her husband might not see them. The cannibal came. "Now, wife!" said he, "serve me a plentiful supper and let it taste well; I am soaked, and shivering from the cold, so I must partake of the best." The woman gave him beef and veal and a quart of vodka. The cannibal consumed everything and said, "Bring more, bring whatever there is!" "There is nothing more," answered the woman. "Impossible," the man cried, "you have a smell of Russian flesh here." His wife perceived that he had got scent of the boys, and she replied, "I am keeping this meat to roast for you to-morrow!" "Very well, that is right." After this the cannibal's wife took the boys from under the bed to a room with a large window, where the cannibal's four daughters were asleep; she placed nightcaps on the boys' heads and caps on her daughters and, returning to her husband, said, "I have packed away the boys in the large room and put nightcaps on them."

All the children fell asleep, except Little-Finger, whose mind was active. Quietly, during the night, he removed the caps from the cannibal's daughters and put them upon his brothers; and the caps which he had taken from his brothers he set on the heads of the cannibal's daughters. Early in the morning, while it was still dark, the cannibal entered the large room, felt the caps on his daughters' heads and twisted their necks as if he had been dealing with fowls; he killed his daughters instead of the boys. Then he went to his wife and said, "Take them away; I have twisted their necks." When the woman approached with a candle Little-Finger woke his brothers and they all rushed away. The cannibal mother entered and found her dead daughters; she quickly learned that the boys had escaped; in her despair she lost consciousness and fell. After awhile the cannibal came into the room; though overwhelmed by his terrible misfortune, he determined in his fury to pursue the boys. Putting on at once his seven-verst boots, he followed the fugitives' tracks indefatigably. At each step he covered seven versts.

When Little-Finger saw that the cannibal had nearly overtaken them he sought out a ditch in a ravine and there concealed himself and his brothers. The cannibal drew level and then passed on; he took stride after stride and fatigued himself almost to death, but did not find the fugitives. Then he returned to the same ravine, and stopped near by to rest.

Stretching himself, he began to snore vigorously. Without loss of time Little-Finger issued from the ravine, took off the cannibal's seven verst boots, put them upon himself and, telling his brothers to go on further, himself went to visit the cannibal's wife. When he arrived she had already recovered consciousness. He said, "Your husband has been captured by robbers, who demand from him an immense amount of money; give me all you have, entrust it to my care; your husband has expressly despatched me for it and has even, as you see, lent me his boots." The cannibal's wife believed Little-Finger and gave him all her money. Little-Finger received it and soon overtook his brothers; then, leading them home, he gave his father the riches. Henceforth parents and children all dwelt together; they lived and earned money and ceased to be anxious concerning their daily bread.

IV

THE BEAR'S HEAD:

THERE were three sisters, the youngest of whom was a fool. In the summer, one day when they were collecting berries in the forest, the eldest sister lost her way, and came to a peasant's hut which stood on fowl's legs. She entered the cottage and called out to her sisters, "Who is in the pine grove? Who is in the forest? Come and spend the night here." "I am in the forest, I am in the pine grove. I will come and pass the night," answered a huge bear, entering the door. "Fear me not, but climb in at my right ear and out at my left ear."

The maiden crept into the bear's right ear and crept out of the left ear, and found in her pocket the keys. "Now," said the bear, "Prepare supper!" She prepared the supper. They sat down at table and a mouse ran up to the girl and begged for some gruel. "Girl! who is talking to you?" asked the bear. "A mouse is begging for some gruel." "Strike her on the forehead!" The girl gave the blow. "Now make my bed with a layer of logs and a layer of stones, put a mortar for my head, and a mill-stone to act as a cover." The bed was prepared and the bear lay down; he ordered the girl to run about the room all night jangling the keys. She ran and rattled the

¹From a Note to Afanasief's, *Russian Popular Tales* No. 55.

keys, while the bear stayed on the bed and threw the millstone at her. "I am still alive," squeaked the mouse, and the bear threw the mortar. "I am still alive," cried the mouse, and the bear threw a billet of wood. The bear killed the beautiful girl and sucked her blood.

Later the middle sister lost her way and a similar fate befell her.

The youngest sister before long had an idea ; she foolishly came to look for her sisters and chanced upon the cottage. The bear commanded her to make the bed and prepare the supper. The couple sat down to table and soon the mouse ran out and asked for gruel. The girl gave her some. "Girl! who is talking to you?" inquired the bear. "Nobody!" When the bear lay down the mouse said to the pretty girl, "Give me the keys; I will run after you!" The bear threw the millstone at the mouse, who cried out, "I am not alive!" The bear jumped up and looked for a dead body, but finding none, ran into the forest. Then the mouse told the girl of the fate of the elder sisters, gave her the keys which furnish whatever is demanded of them, and accompanied the maiden home.

V

THE GOSSIP

A MAN, in need of work, left home and wife,
But soon with honest friends in wordy strife
Engaged upon the road. They boldly with him spoke:
"And do you trust your wife?" His ire swift woke.
"Of course! If not, in whom should I believe?"
"Ha, ha! you'll scarce the truth from her receive."
"You're wrong!" "Oh no; on truth she is not set."
So the dispute grew warm and warmer yet.

The man reached home and found his wife again,
As ever, kind. Still, as a measure sane,
As it was late, he cooked himself an egg;
For early breakfast thus he need not beg.

He slept beside his wife, and pondered well,
Then said to her, "Promise you will not tell!"
"Tell what?" "Concerning that!" "I'll nothing say."

“ See, and keep silence !” “ You shall have your way.”
“ I laid that egg.” “ How strange !” “ You well may look !”
“ Please hand it me !” And then the egg she took.

The peasant rose and, going forth, required
His wife should keep the silence he desired.
“ I will not speak,” she promised ; yet as soon
As she had said Good-bye she claimed the boon
Of foolish gossip, to a neighbour said :

“ Matrèna, look at what my husband laid !”

Throughout the village swiftly runs the news :
Rumour, with mighty power, its course pursues.

At last, towards eve, the man returns from town,
But long ere this, indignant with a frown,
Hears, as he drags homeward each weary leg,
“ Ha ! ha ! So, brother, you have laid an egg !”

The peasant thinks, “ Henceforth ’tis clear I must
Less on my faithful wife’s discretion trust.”

VI

THE CUNNING WIFE †

In a certain village there lived a peasant with an over fond wife. She kissed and caressed and stroked him ; dressed him and put on his boots for him. But one day he thought he would put her love to the test. “ I will die of set purpose,” he said, “ and see what comes of it.” He died, and the news went through the village that Uncle Stephen was no more. His wife said to her mother : “ In what shall we bury him ?” The mother replied, “ We have an old and useless fishing net ; let us wrap him up in that.” This plan was carried out, and the peasants arrived to bid the deceased a last farewell. The wife now wept, crying out, “ Whither, my light ! Stephen, the son of Vassily, are you going ?” Thereupon the dead man rose from the coffin and said, “ Do you not see that I am in a net ? I am going to catch fish !”

Henceforth Uncle Stephen distrusted his wife and nourished animosity against her. Beginning to think how she might really kill him, she went to the neighbours and inquired in what way she could bring about his death. They instructed her

†E. A. Chudinsky, No. 11.

to bake pancakes and, having served them with butter, to let her husband eat heartily of them, then he would grow blind; afterwards she must prepare some hard-boiled eggs and get him to partake freely of them; then he would grow deaf, and consequently be, to all intents and purposes, dead. But Stephen, wishing to sound his neighbours concerning his wife's fidelity, had several conversations with them.

Morning came, and the wife, having baked some pancakes, called her husband to eat. He sat down at the table, as if he knew nothing, and said, "Wife, I cannot see well, lead me to the stove; I am almost blind!" She led him to the stove. "Would you like to eat some eggs?" she asked him. "Bring them!" said Stephen, and the wife served the eggs. After eating the man said, "Wife! my sight is affected; I am altogether blind!" The woman rejoiced and went immediately to her lover. But Stephen recovered and, having loaded his gun, resumed his position on the stove. The wife led in her friend, placed him at table and went out for a moment.

Stephen killed the intruder with his first shot; then stuffed two pancakes into the dead man's mouth and lastly once more mounted the stove. When the wife returned she saw that her friend was suffocated, and without delay dragged him outside. From that time Stephen did not trust his wife and gave her no liberty. One must not, however, accept without question the Russian saying, "A wife is the devil with a sheep's tail!"

VII

A "STEPMOTHER" STORY¹

AN old man had a son and a daughter. When his wife died he married a widow, who had a daughter. The stepmother allotted burdensome tasks to the old man's daughter, but the girl was aided to perform them by an ox. The stepmother ordered that this ox should be slaughtered, but when the stepdaughter washed the ox's intestines she found in them two grains, one of gold and one of silver, and following the advice of the ox given to her before his death, she proceeded to plant the grains in the earth. Soon there appeared a lily, whose juice had the flavour of honey; two apple trees, one of them

¹In brief, from *Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1891. No. 1., p. 154.

with gold and the other with silver apples ; and two horses with coats respectively of gold and silver. Next the woman's stepson having drunk water through which some sheep had walked, became a ram.

A travelling merchant married the stepdaughter and took her to his home. After the married pair had passed a certain spot a river of honey flowed there ; moreover, the horses, Gold-coat and Silver-coat, and the wonderful apple-trees and the ram followed and accompanied the merchant's wife.

In three years the stepdaughter and her husband, and an infant born to them, and the ram, visited the stepmother, who, having undressed her stepdaughter and thrown over her a lynx's fur, drove the girl forth, and then arrayed her own daughter in the stepdaughter's dress.

The merchant did not discover the deception and went home. When the infant began to cry the ram bore him to the courtyard and cried out, "Lynxes ! this child weeps for nourishment," whereupon a lynx approached and fed the infant. Having heard of this, the merchant made up a hunting party and caught the lynx ; it was transformed into his wife and the ram became a boy. The stepmother's daughter was fastened to a horse's tail and left in a field.

NOTES

I THE COTTAGE IN THE SKY

THIS "Jack and the Beanstalk" story is fuller, and provided with a happier ending, than the tale given as a variant of the Russian, "The Fox-Mourner," in a Note to the latter. The old woman of "The Cottage in the Sky" evidently possessed the faculty of understanding animal's conversation, even if she was not so gifted as the chief character in a Tarantchi-Tatar tale, whose possession of such a talent led to his death. The spell which she sang is comparable to the fox's incantation in "Little Sister Vixen and the Wolf."

In a parallel German tale, called "One-eye, Two-eyes, and Three-eyes," of the three daughters, One-eye and Three-eyes persecute Two-eyes and starve her because of her superior vision. A wise woman gives Two-eyes a rhyme which brings her a table set with food, but her secret is discovered because

she makes a mistake in the rhyme. The goat who sets the table is killed, but Two-eyes asks for its entrails, and they grow into a golden apple tree. She alone can give its fruit to a knight who then marries her.¹

There is a story from Lorraine, which runs briefly thus: An old couple had some haricot beans, one of which grew higher than an oak and finally reached paradise. The man ascended the bean in a three days' journey on several occasions and received gifts from the good God. Thus he acquired an ass which provided him with gold pieces. The ass was stolen by a sister-in-law, and then the good God gave the man a magic cudgel, whose efficacious action ensured the recovery for him of the wealth-producing ass. Afterwards the man and his wife lived happily.² There are numerous other parallels, including Flemish, Corsican, Norwegian, French and Norman stories.

A tradition of the Thompson River Indians of British Columbia affirms that the Coyote, causing a tree to spring up, sent his son (whose wives he coveted) to seize a nest at the top of the tree. The tree continued to grow, and the youth at last reached the sky. He walked on a vast plateau and pulled up a plant, which proved to be a star. In an underground lodge he saw baskets, one of which he seized; the baskets attacked him. In another lodge he took up a mat, and was assaulted by the other mats. In similar circumstances he was pierced by awls.

Further on the youth came upon two old women, by whom he felt himself insulted, so he turned them into grouse. Meanwhile, the old Coyote assumed his absent son's clothes and visited his son's wives. The son grew tired of the upper world and was lowered to earth in a basket by a man called the Spider, with whom he was friendly. While the Coyote's son overtook his wife and hunted and travelled further, the Coyote pursued a continuous career of creation and magical transformation. Thus he turned fish skins into salmon and twigs into bushes laden with fruit. Once, when dressed like a shaman, he passed a village where he had made a girl ill. He ordered her to be put into a sweat-house, then followed her in, pulled out her sickness and cured her.³

II THE SORCERESS

This graphic sketch of sorcery in real life usefully supplements other instances of witchcraft and sorcery. It admits us behind

¹Grimm, No. 130.

²Cosquin, No. 56.

³Jas. Teit, p. 28.

the scenes, and for a brief while upon the stage where this woman exercised her influence among the surrounding peasants. Glimpses of the life and modes of thought of the country folk populating vast regions are to be found in different accounts of the Beliefs and the "Charms" prevalent among the Letts, as well as among the Russians near Vologda, Kaluga and Kostroma. Any allusion to serfdom, such as that which occurs in the present story, is rare, but some recollections of the past periods of subjection are included in the Mordvin stories. Serfdom is mentioned in the Polish tale, "Misery."

III LITTLE-FINGER

This grim and terrible story resembles "Hop-o-my-thumb" as related in *Mulock's Fairy-Book*. Little-Finger first employed pieces of bread and, on a later occasion, pebbles; Hop-o-my-thumb first used pebbles and later pieces of bread. The White-Russian tale deals with four fugitive boys and with four daughters of the cannibal, while in the English the number is in each instance seven. Little-Finger sues the cannibal's seven-verst boots to obtain speedily a large monetary gift from their owner's wife. Hop-o-my-thumb takes advantage of his possession of the ogre's seven-leagued boots to acquire a fortune as a king's messenger. It may be pointed out that the White-Russian, "Little-Finger," differs thoroughly from the Lettish, "Boy Little-Finger," and from the Mordvin, "The Boy as Big as a Thumb," in both of which latter stories the urchin climbs into a horse's ear.

There is a Basque legend called "Malbrook," the opening episode of which runs, in outline, as follows: A poor man in a forest, whose wife had a newly born son, agreed to let a strange gentleman become godfather to the child. The gentleman, whose name was Malbrook, was married to a witch and the pair had three daughters. He took the child with him. The child, at seven years of age, had grown as big as a man and was allowed to go to his father's house in the mountains, whence he returned to Malbrook with his two brothers. The witch said to her husband, "We must kill these men." Little Malbrook and his brother put cotton night caps on their heads at night; the three daughters wore crowns. They exchanged head coverings, at little Malbrook's suggestion. Malbrook killed

his daughters, and little Malbrook escaped with his god-father's seven-leagued boots.¹

IV THE STORY OF A BEAR'S HEAD

Stories of three sisters are not uncommon; thus, they occur in connection with the choice of a husband, as in the Kalmuck, "The Bird-cage Husband" and in the Bashkir, "The Deceiver," and in the Gagaūzy, "The Three Sisters," and in the Ostyak, "The Wise Maiden."

This tale, "The Story of a Bear's Head," suggests the Mordvin story, "Snow-child," in which some children lost in a forest visit Bear Great-Mouth; it also suggests "Baba-Yaga" stories, in which the famous witch is found in her hut on fowl's legs, but it has a greater likeness to the Russian stepmother tale, "The Story of a Horse's Head." The Note to the latter discusses the strange incident of the child entering one ear and issuing from the other ear of the bear's head.

V THE GOSSIP

A story called "The Secret" comes from Lorraine. A man used to remark to his wife, "I always said you would get me hanged." One day, having bought a pig, he killed and buried it in the forest. Then returning home, he explained his sadness by announcing that he had slain a comrade and buried him in a wood. On no account must his wife mention it. Within a quarter of an hour she divulged the affair to a neighbour. The friend passed it on, and news of the murder reached the authorities. A gendarme came, took the man to the forest and made him indicate the body. It was that of a pig. Having returned home, the husband cried to the woman, "Have I not said you would get me hanged?"² The two stories are parallel satires on a feminine weakness.

VI THE CUNNING WIFE

This story has a close parallel in the tale, "The Tree-god," which is included in *The Beliefs and Worship of the Mordvins*.

¹Rev. W. Webster, p. 77.

²Cosquin, p. 316.

THE LITTLE RUSSIANS

NUMBERING, perhaps, as many as thirty-five millions, the Little Russians, or Ukrainians, inhabit Volkynia, Kiev, Podolia, Poltava and other districts, including Galicia. They speak a language which differs somewhat from Russian and possess a literature of their own. Moreover, their early history is of the greatest importance in connection with the later development of Russia, for Kiev, a beautiful city on the Dneiper, is famous as the scene of the acceptance of Christianity, in 988, by Russians ; and it was from Kiev that, under the rule of Vladimir the Great, an ordered government spread north, south, east and west. A few centuries ago Lithuania and Poland played a considerable part in the fortunes of the country and the Cossacks, a brave and turbulent race, originally outlaws, who had settled in the Ukraine, did much to free the land from the intruder. They long formed a valuable defence against Turks, who ravaged the sea coast and bore off Slav women to Constantinople. The stronghold of the Cossacks, called Zaporog, on an island in the Dnieper above the Falls, was famous. The Little Russians are much darker than the Great Russians and lack their muscular strength. Their heads are of a broader type. They are a highly poetical and intelligent people, but less persevering and energetic than their northern Slav neighbours. Kurgans, or tumuli, are numerous in their land and were formerly adorned by rude stone statues called baba. From the interior of the kurgans objects of the stone epoch and the Scythian period have been recovered, and in the south some magnificent specimens of Greek art. Little Russia is a land of folk-tale and ballad, of songs to the accompaniment of the mandoline. Love is their chief subject of the songs, but a melancholy strain is not absent from them. At present the Ukraine forms a more or less independent republic.

I

THE FLYING SHIP¹

ONCE there lived an old man and his wife, who had two sensible sons and a third son who was a fool. The woman loved her elder sons and kept their clothes clean, but she dressed the third son ill and let him go about in a shirt which was black. The family heard that a proclamation had been issued by the tsar to this effect: "If anyone can construct a ship capable of making a journey through the air he shall receive as reward the hand of the tsar's daughter."

The elder brothers decided to set out and try their luck in the construction of a flying ship, and received the blessing of the old people. Afterwards the mother equipped them with a number of white rolls, different kinds of meat, and a flask of spirits, and started them on their way. Having observed closely, the fool begged that he too should be allowed to make the attempt. His mother tried to dissuade him. "How can a fool go?" she remarked. "The wolves would eat you!" But the fool repeated the words, "I will go, yes, I will go!" and when the mother saw that she could scarcely control him she gave him a bottle of water and some black bread and accompanied him out of the house.

After he had gone a considerable distance the fool met an old man. They greeted each other, and the old man said, "Whither are you going?" "Well, you see, the tsar has promised his daughter to the man who shall make a flying-ship." "But do you think you can make such a vessel?" "No, I shall not be able to make one!" "Then, why do you go?" "God knows!" "In that case," said the old man, "sit down here; let us rest together and taste food; take out what is in your basket." The fool answered, "I am ashamed to show you what I have." "Never mind; take it out; let us eat what God has given." The fool opened the basket, and could not believe his eyes; instead of black bread he saw white rolls and different condiments; he handed some of the provisions to the old man. "You see," said the latter, "how God pities fools! Although your own mother does not love you, you are not forsaken. Let us in advance drink a little spirit." The flask contained spirits, though only water had been placed there, and the pair drank and ate. Then the old man said to

¹From Afanasief's, *Russian Popular Tales*, No. 83.

the fool, "Listen! Enter the forest and, walking to the first tree, cross yourself three times and strike the tree with a hatchet; next, fall with your face to the ground and lie there until somebody wakes you. You will then see near you a vessel completely ready. Take your seat and fly whither you wish; moreover, on the way, admit everyone whom you may meet."

The fool thanked the old man, bid him farewell and walked into the forest. He went up to the nearest tree and followed exactly the old man's instructions; crossed himself three times, tapped the tree with a hatchet, lay down with his face toward the ground and went to sleep. A little later someone roused him. The fool woke and saw a ship ready; without delay he entered and was borne through the air. He flew on and on and beheld beneath him a man in a recumbent posture who kept his ear to the raw ground. "Greetings, grandad!" said the fool. "Greetings, to you in the sky!" "What are you doing?" the fool called out. "I am listening to what is taking place on earth." "Come and sit with me in the flying ship!" Accepting the invitation, the man embarked and the ship went on.

As they flew further the fool saw a man moving on one foot, the other foot being fastened to his ear. "Greetings, old man!" cried the fool, "Why are you hopping about on one foot?" "Were I to unfasten the other foot I should step across the whole world at a stride." "Come and sit with me!" The man took his place and the ship continued its flight.

Before long the fool saw a man who stood and took aim with a gun, but at what object was not evident. "Greeting, friend! At what are you aiming? Not a single bird is in sight." "I aim as at a near object and if I kill a beast or bird a thousand versts away I consider myself a good shot!" "Come and sit with us," said the fool.

The man took his place, and the party flew on further, till they saw a man carrying upon his back a bag of bread. "Greetings, friend! Whither are you going?" "I am going," was the answer, "to get bread for dinner." "But you have a bag full of bread already upon your back!" "What I am carrying is not enough to make a single meal for me." "Take a seat with us," said the fool; whereupon the man with the large appetite took his place in the ship and it proceeded further.

They flew on and on till they noticed a man walking round a lake. "Greetings, brother! For what are you searching?"

"I am thirsty and cannot find any water." "But there is a whole lake beside you; why do you not drink?" "The water in this lake would not make a mouthful for me." "Then come and sit with us!" The man climbed into the vessel and once more it flew forward.

After awhile the party perceived a man walking in the forest with a bundle of firewood upon his shoulders. "Greetings, old man! Why are you carrying wood into the forest?" "This is not ordinary wood." "Of what kind is it, then?" "It is of such a sort that if you throw it down a whole army will suddenly appear." "Come and take a seat," said the fool. The man entered and the ship flew onward.

In time the fool saw a man carrying a bag of straw, and shouted, "Greetings to you, master! Whither are you taking that straw?" "To a village." "Is there any lack of straw in the village?" "So much straw is there that if you throw it about at once the weather becomes cold, with an accompaniment of snow and ice!" "Take a seat with us!" cried the fool. "Thank you!" This was the last meeting, and the party flew quickly to the tsar's court.

The tsar just then was at dinner. He saw the flying-ship and, in astonishment, despatched a servant to make enquiries. The servant approached, and, seeing that the passengers were all peasants, did not stop to ask questions, but returned and reported to the tsar that not a single noble was on the ship; there were only working people. The tsar considered it would not be proper to give his daughter in marriage to a humble peasant, and turned over in his mind how he could get rid of such a disadvantageous son-in-law. Determining to set the young man a number of difficult tasks, he sent an order to the fool to get ready during the royal meal some healing and living water. While the tsar was giving this order to the servant the first passenger, that is the one who listened to what was taking place on the earth, heard the tsar's words and repeated them to the fool. "What am I to do?" said the simpleton. "If I look a whole year or a whole century I shall not find living water." "Do not fear!" said the man of speed to him, "I will put the matter right for you." The servant arrived and communicated the tsar's order. "Say that I will bring it," replied the simpleton. Thereupon his companion took his foot from his ear and, running off, in the twinkling of an eye collected some healing and living water. "I shall have time to return," he thought, as he sat down to rest near the mill and went to sleep.

The tsar was approaching the end of his dinner and nothing had come ; confusion reigned on the ship. The first passenger placed his ear to the ground and listened, and said, " He has gone to sleep beside the mill." The sharp-shooter seized his weapon, shot at the mill and so roused the man of speed ; who ran and in a minute brought the water. The tsar had not yet risen from table when his order was perfectly executed, and there was nothing for him to do but to set another task.

The tsar sent this order to the fool, " As you are so skilful, give another exhibition of your powers ; consume with your companions, at one meal, twelve roast bullocks and two tons of baked bread." The first passenger heard and announced the message to the fool. The fool was alarmed and said, " I do not eat a loaf at a meal !" " Have no fear " said the man with the large appetite, " It will be a small repast for me !" The servant arrived with the tsar's command. " Very well," said the simpleton ; " deliver the provisions and we will eat them." Twelve roast bullocks and two tons of baked bread were sent. The voracious man ate up all and said, " It is little ; I wish there had been more !"

The tsar sent an order to the simpleton that he and his companions must drink forty barrels of wine, each barrel measuring forty buckets. The first passenger overheard and, as before, informed the fool. The fool said in fear, " I could not drink a bucket of wine at once." " Do not be afraid," said the man with extraordinary thirst, " I alone will drink for all ; the task will be small for me." When forty barrels had been brought full of wine, the man of extraordinary thirst drank all without a rest and said, " It was little ; I could have drunk more."

Afterwards the tsar commanded the simpleton, in preparation for the marriage, to go to the vapour bath and wash. The bath was of cast iron, and the tsar ordered it to be heated to a degree so great as to suffocate the fool in a minute. While they were making the bath red-hot the fool came to bathe, but the peasant passenger followed with his straw, which he thought it would be well to strew about.

Both were shut up in the bathroom, and the peasant scattered the straw. Forthwith the cold became intense, and the water having frozen in the iron bath, the fool could scarcely wash ; he climbed on to the stove and lay there all night. When the door was opened in the morning the fool was lively and well and lying on the stove and singing songs. A report was made

to the tsar, who grieved at his failure to rid himself of the simpleton; he pondered, and then ordered the fool to produce a whole regiment of soldiers; the tsar imagined that a simple peasant could not possibly perform such a task. When the simpleton received the order he trembled with fear and said, "I am altogether lost! You have rescued me, comrades, several times from disaster; but now it is clear that you can do nothing." "Why say that?" called out the peasant with the bundle of firewood. "Have you forgotten me? Remember my power in such matters and do not be afraid!"

The servant approached and told the fool of the tsar's decree. "If you wish to wed the princess, you must supply by to-morrow a regiment of soldiers." "Very well, I will do it! Only if the tsar should make any further excuse I will attack his whole kingdom and take the princess by force." The simpleton's companion entered a field at night and carried away a bundle of firewood and scattered it about in various directions. Immediately there appeared an innumerable host of soldiers, horse, foot and artillery. In the morning the tsar looked and in his turn trembled. He sent without delay costly presents and garments to the fool and gave directions that the latter should be invited to the palace for a marriage celebration with the princess. The fool attired himself in the finery and grew more magnificent than it is possible to describe. He appeared before the tsar, received a great marriage gift and became sensible and sagacious. The tsar and tsaritsa took a liking to him, and the princess became infatuated with her husband.

II

THE WITCH AND THE SUN'S SISTER¹

THE tsar and tsaritsa of a distant country had a son, prince John, who was dumb from birth. When the prince was about twelve years old he ran one day into the stable to hear a story from a groom who used to tell him fairy tales; but it was no fairy tale which was now related. "Prince John," said the stable boy, "your mother will soon give birth to a daughter, who, although your sister, will be a terrible witch and eat her father and mother and important people; go and ask your

¹From Afanasief, No. 50.

father to let you have his best horse, as if you wished for a gallop ; then hasten away in any direction, so as to avoid misfortune."

Prince John went to his father and spoke for the first time in his life. The tsar was overjoyed to hear his son speak, and gave an order that the best horse in the herd should be saddled for the prince, who mounted and rode off, scarcely thinking whither he went. After a long ride the youth came upon two elderly seamstresses and begged they would take him to live with them. One of the old women said, " We should be glad to receive you, Prince John, but have only a short while to live ; death will overtake us when we have broken into a packet of needles and used up a box of thread.

Prince John wept and journeyed a great distance. Reaching the place where Oak-twister was living, he asked to be taken into his home. " I should be glad to receive you, Prince John, but have only a short time to live. As soon as I have torn up the roots of these oaks I shall die !" The prince wept even more bitterly than before and rode further. He came upon Mountain-leveller and, making a similar request, received the following reply : " I would gladly take you, Prince John, but have not long to live. You see, my task is to over-turn mountains ; so soon as I have levelled the last of them I shall die."

Prince John shed more tears and rode on. Eventually he came to the Sun's sister, who received and fed him and gave him drink, as if he had been her son. Life was pleasant for the prince, but he was concerned with what might be happening in his own home. He used to climb a high mountain and gaze at his father's palace ; there he saw that only the walls remained. He sighed and wept. Once after he had thus gazed and given way to sorrow he returned to the Sun's sister, and was asked why he wept. He replied that the wind had blown into his eyes. On another occasion the Sun's sister forbade the wind to blow. When a third time he returned after weeping, there was nothing for him to do but confess, and beg the Sun's sister to allow him to depart and visit his home. At first she would not let him go, despite his entreaties ; but at last, acceding to his request, she gave him a brush and a small comb and two youth-producing apples ; no matter how old a person might be, if he ate one of these apples, in an instant he became young.

When Prince John reached Mountain-leveller, the whole of one mountain was still remaining. The prince took his brush

and threw it; suddenly two enormous mountains sprang up inexplicably from the earth and touched the sky with their summits. Mountain-leveller rejoiced and set merrily to work. When Prince John reached Oak-twister only three oaks were remaining. The prince took the comb and threw it down; suddenly from somewhere or other a noise occurred and thick oak forests arose from the ground, each trunk being more massive than its neighbour. Oak-twister was overjoyed, expressed his gratitude to the Prince and set about overturning oaks of enormous size.

Sooner or later Prince John reached the old women; he gave each of them an apple. They ate, and instantly their youth was renewed and they presented him with a scarf, of such a kind that when it was waved a lake appeared behind the person waving. When the prince reached home his sister ran out and met and caressed him. "Sit down," she said, "dear brother! Play on the dulcimer while I go and prepare dinner." The prince sat down and twanged the strings of the instrument, but a little mouse crawled out of a hole and said in a human voice, "Save yourself, Prince; run quickly! Your sister has gone out to sharpen her teeth." The prince left the room, mounted his horse and galloped back; but the little mouse ran over the strings, the dulcimer sounded, and the sister did not know that her brother had departed. When she had sharpened her teeth she rushed into the room, but beheld no living thing, for the mouse had crawled into her hole. The enraged witch ground her teeth and started in pursuit.

Hearing a noise, Prince John looked round and saw his sister pursuing him, but he waved the scarf, and behind him a deep lake formed. Before the witch had swum across the lake the prince had gone far. But she hurried along swiftly and at last was near. Oak-twister, who guessed that the prince was fleeing from his sister, tore down some oaks and threw them on the road, thereby making a heap like a mountain, which the witch could not pass. To force her way the witch gnawed continually, and at last managed to break through, but by this time Prince John was far from her. She rushed after him and kept up the pursuit; at last he was but little in advance and could not get away. When Mountain-leveller saw the witch he seized the highest mountain and threw it over the road; then he piled a second mountain above the first. While the witch climbed up and down Prince John rode on and found himself far in advance of

her. But the witch got through the mountain and once more pursued her brother. Catching sight of him, she exclaimed, "Now you shall not escape me." She had got near, she had almost overtaken him! At that moment Prince John sprang upward to the apartment of the Sun's sister and cried out, "Sun! Sun, open the window."

The Sun's sister opened the window and the prince jumped in, together with his horse. The witch begged that her brother should be surrendered to her, but the Sun's sister neither listened to the request nor gave up the fugitive. "Then," said the witch, "let Prince John accompany me to the scales, that we may decide which of us is the heavier. If I weigh him down I will eat him; if he is the heavier let him kill me!" They went; first of all the prince mounted into one of the scales and then the witch climbed into the other. The mere entry of her foot into the scales elevated Prince John with such force that he flew skywards into the apartments of the Sun's sister; but the witch-snake remained on the earth.

III

WORLD IDEAS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE IN LITTLE RUSSIA¹

I. HEAVEN

THE common people believe that there are seven heavens in God's World; the first, the blue heaven, is visible to us and is, so to speak, the outer case of the heavens; beyond lies the green heaven, a kind of entrance-hall of heaven; higher is the violet heaven; still higher the yellow; further, the white; still further, the pink; and last, the real heaven, itself of fiery red colour, on which stands the divine throne. Seven heavens thus form the staircase seen in a dream by primal father Jacob. Angels are stationed in all the heavens, in order to prevent access by devils to the divine throne. The real fiery red heaven is sometimes visible at night, when heaven dissolves; as to the other heavens, the green, the violet, the yellow, the white and the pink, they can be seen when the heavens dissolve during a thunderstorm. All holy beings live in the heavens; thus, in the

¹*The Living Past*, 1906, p. 105.

seventh heaven lives the most holy mother of God, her throne standing on the right side of God's throne; there, too, lives Saint John the Baptist, and there live the prelates and apostles. Other holy prophets, persons and martyrs are distributed in various heavens. The prophet Ilyà lives with the archangel Gabriel in heaven beside the very throne of God.

II THE STARS

The stars are people's guardian angels, supervising life upon earth. If a person dies his guardian angel immediately flies to God in order to report the death, and the flight of the stars is thus explicable. God has a book in which are inscribed the names of the living and another containing the names of the dead. There are stars which do not fall; they are the guardian angels of persons already dead. The Milky Way is the road to the heavenly Jerusalem. Comets are the angel forerunners of future evils on earth. The constellation of the Great Bear is called the Wagon; it is the wagon on which the prophet Ilyà went to heaven and upon which he travels along the blue heaven during thunderstorms; the noise of the wheels of this chariot causes thunder. The constellations of the Pleiades is called Krotchka; it rears chickens which grow and become great hens, laying golden eggs for the holy festival of Easter, when there is mutual blessing of angels and saints in heaven. The planet Venus is called Zornitsa and is the guardian angel of the divine mother.

III THE SUN

The sun is a form of divine glory; as one cannot look at the bright sun, so a sinful person cannot see God's glory. The sun is a divine mirror into which God looks, and so causes day upon earth. God exhibits this round mirror by day, in order that he may observe human deeds; they are reflected throughout the day in this heavenly mirror. An eclipse of the sun occurs when God orders the cleansing of this mirror, befouled by the reflection in it of men's evil deeds. At a solar eclipse the common people exclaim, "There is a cleansing of the sun."

IV THE MOON

The dark spots on the moon are considered by the people to be a depiction of Cain murdering Abel with a pitchfork, when

the sheaves were being heaped into the wagon. Pointing to the dark spots on the moon, the peasants say, "Brother has killed brother with a pitchfork." The moon is a mirror in which God sees reflected all human deeds that are performed at night, and an eclipse of the moon is due to cleansing of the nocturnal mirror befouled by the reflection of nightly human deeds. At the new moon the peasants say, "Our Father" and "Divine Mother," and they repeat these prayers in order that God may keep them from sins which might be reflected in the moon's surface. A sufferer from toothache turns to the new moon with a special entreaty, or he pronounces an exorcism. The peasants believe that after such utterances the toothache ceases.

V THE CLOUDS

The peasants believe the clouds are jelly-like.

VI THE WIND

The common people think of the wind as a human giant with thick and enormous lips. When the giant blows there is wind; when he blows slightly there is a light wind; when he blows hard the wind is strong; when he blows in anger there is a storm.

VII THUNDER

Thunder is the noise of the wheels of Ilya's chariot, as he travels through the sky. He usually so moves in order to cause rain. Thunder also occurs when the archangel Michael throws a stone at the Devil to prevent the latter from breaking through into Heaven. But, in addition to stones, Michael hurls fiery arrows at the Devil; wherever the Devil may conceal himself Michael directs a fiery arrow at the spot and kills the animal or the person beside whom the Devil shelters.

VIII LIGHTNING

Lightning is the waving by the archangel Gabriel, in paradise, of a branch which shines with an indescribable radiance. Gabriel, by waving such a branch, blinds such devils as seek to penetrate into Heaven.

IX THE RAINBOW

According to the peasants, the rainbow draws up water from the rivers and seas. It is a divine pump by which the Lord collects water from the sea and the streams to form rain.

X METEORS

When a fiery meteor flies the common people cross themselves and pronounce as an exorcism, "Amen, amen, depart!" They believe the meteor is an unclean force in the form of a fiery snake. If a man dies and his wife sorrows for him greatly, then an unclean force appears before her in the form of her dead husband and enters into sensual relations with her; in consequence the woman becomes ill and wastes away and dies. The unclean force travels in the form of a fiery snake to the grieving woman and upon reaching her cottage, assumes her husband's shape and embraces her. When a meteor flies at dawn the peasants exclaim: "Dreaded being, Amen, Amen, depart!"

XI THE EARTH

According to the peasants, the earth represents a plate of huge dimensions, supported by two great fish lying crosswise, one upon the other; these fish lie in water which surrounds the earth. If the fish move, the earth trembles and there is an earthquake. The mountains were formed thus: When God created the earth the Devil stole a little earth and concealed it in his mouth. God ordered the archangel Michael to take away this earth from the Devil, and Michael being unable to take the earth out of the Devil's mouth, struck him on the back with his fist, and mountains were formed where the Devil vomited earth.

XII THE FIRST PEOPLE

When God carved the first man out of earth and set him to dry, the Devil carved for himself a man out of wheaten paste and set him to dry. A dog seized the Devil's man and ate him, whereupon the Devil grew angry with the dog and struck him against what happened to be at hand, namely, the stump of a tree; thereupon Lord "Stump" issued forth from under the dog's tail. The Devil struck the dog against an oak, and in like manner produced Lord "Oak." The Devil continued to strike the dog against various objects, and so caused the appearance on earth of many Lords, the "Birches," the "Stones," the "Bridges" and others with similar names.

XIII ANIMALS

Concerning the wolf, the common people say that he will not touch the herd in a locality where the she-wolf has borne

young. But if the young have been caught, then wolves revenge themselves by killing many of the herd where the young wolves were born. The peasants believe that wizards can turn people into wolves and such people devour the herd just like wolves.

IV

A WITCH OF KIEV¹

Two pious pilgrims into Kiev walked ;
 Each was a woman ; next arrived a third,
 Whose voice, though like a peasant's, as she talked
 Seemed harsh and vile. In fear the pilgrims heard
 And viewed her ; too, they noticed deeply stirred
 That their companion, to her grievous loss,
 Ne'er once had made the figure of the cross.

Their journey done, the pilgrims felt the spell
 Of high and massive convent-gates renowned ;
 To their surprise, the late-come stranger fell
 Into the mire. Deep sinking, soon she found
 She could not reach the safer, solid ground ;
 Do what she might, she even further sank
 Beneath the shade of an o'erhanging bank.

She begged a priest might hear her there confess ;
 Acknowledged, when he came, prodigious sins.
 " I have depraved the good, and caused distress ;
 Starved children small ; through me, when night begins,
 The moon, dark clouded o'er, scant notice wins."
 One crime she hid ; declining to repent,
 She would not give to it a due assent.

Wherefore, the priest shrank from the woman back,
 Remarked, " Be unabsolved ! for ever curst !"
 The place whereon she stood forthwith grew black,
 And, after rumblings low and deep at first,
 Sounded near-by a hurricane the worst ;
 Then she was gone ! A stone now marks the spot
 Where stood the Witch who suddenly was not.

¹D. N. Sadovnikov, *Folk-tales and Traditions of the District of Samara*, No. 73.

V

THE WITCH¹

AN aged widow who, although a witch,
 Was in a daughter's love securely rich,
 Before her death, thus to her daughter said :
 " My child, observe my wish, when I am dead ;
 Get boiling water (the great cauldron fill)
 And pour it on my body ; 'tis my will !"

Three days of sickness, then the woman died,
 And while for help the daughter swiftly hied,
 A little grandchild in the cottage stayed,
 And saw a strange and awful visit made.

Two demons came, each from behind the stove,
 And quickly ran, to reach the body stove.
 The greater seized it by the feet, and drew
 So that the skin from off the body flew.
 " This body take behind the stove, 'tis yours !"
 The fiend exclaims, and service prompt secures
 From the small imp ; he next, despite his size,
 Enters the skin that on the bedplace lies.

The daughter soon returns with female friends,
 And in deep sorrow to her task attends.
 The child remarks, " Mother ! you were not here,
 They stripped off granny's skin, hurt granny dear !"
 " Why idly chatter ?" " But it was a sin ;
 A black man from the stove's in granny's skin !"
 " Silence ! You're naughty ! Why such tales invent ?"
 The daughter's footsteps to the bed were bent,
 And from the stove she took the cauldron off,
 Next set her mother's body in the trough,
 Last, poured the boiling water on the fiend.

'Twas more than he could bear ; he forward leaned,
 Sprang from the trough, the cottage portal crossed,
 And, with the skin, to others' view was lost.

" A marvel !" said the throng, " an old witch dies
 And disappears before our very eyes !"

¹Afanasief, VIII, p. 165.

VI

EXCHANGING HIS OXEN¹

A PEASANT had a good wife and a pair of oxen. He exchanged the oxen for a cart, the cart for a goat, the goat for a duck, the duck for a purse, and on crossing a river, as he had no money, he gave the ferryman his purse. Some tavern frequenters met him and laughed, saying his wife would beat him for such folly. The man replied that his wife would praise him, and, in support of his opinion, wagered a pair of oxen and a cart and salt. Two of the men went with the husband and, to their surprise, heard the wife praise him for all his exchanges and thank God that her husband had returned home alive and well.

NOTES

I THE FLYING SHIP

THIS story occurs in the first edition of Afanasief (that of 1859) before successful efforts had been made to direct the course of an airship. The old man, who eats with the fool and exhibits supernatural powers, is of the mysterious type occurring in Altaian, Darvash, and other tales. The unconcern of the various extraordinary characters who are admitted into the flying ship as passengers recalls the genial assurance of the giant in the Ossetian tale, "The One-eyed Giant," when he jocosely throws the boy in the air and returns after a lapse of several minutes to mitigate the child's fall by holding out a coat. Their imperturbable complacence is like, too, that of Ivan in the Russian, "The Waters of Life and Death." The help afforded by these strange persons recalls the enormous appetite of Trencherman, the stupendous thirst of Beakerman and the vast cold-producing powers of Crackling Frost, in the Russian tale, "The Sea-king and Vasilissa," and it is on the phenomenal scale of the assistance afforded by Oak-twister and Mountain-leveller in the Little-Russian story, "The Witch and the Sun's Sister," when those two strange characters impede by great deeds the witch's pursuit of Prince John. "The Flying Ship," except in its beginning, resembles considerably Grimm's tale, "How Six Men Got On in the World." There, a dissatisfied,

¹N. F. Sumtsov, in *Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1894, p. 130.

discharged soldier, having collected six companions of remarkable powers, seeks to win the hand of a king's daughter. Helped by a marvellous one-legged runner, the hero wins a race against the princess. His success should have gained him the prize, but the king does not keep his word and tries to roast the soldier and his companions; they are, however, saved by the blower among them, who causes the occurrence of a frost that extinguishes the fire. This man who, blowing through but one nostril, performs Munchausen-like feats, even blows away two regiments of soldiers. The king then acknowledges his defeat.

II THE WITCH AND THE SUN'S SISTER

Ralston writes, "The Sun's Sister is a mythical being often mentioned in the popular poetry of the South-Slavonians," and quotes two specimens of Serbian versification in which allusion is made to her.¹ In an Albanian story, "The Serpent-Child," the heroine is assisted by two repulsive women called 'Sisters of the Sun.'² Concerning our witch, and daughter of a tsar, there is a tale in Halin of a cannibal princess whose deeds are somewhat similar, for she eats her father and his subjects and, wishing to devour her brother, is frustrated in her design by a musical mouse.³ Afanasief finds a mythological meaning in "The Witch and the Sun's Sister,"⁴ and De Gubernatis similarly considers Ivan to be the Sun, and his true sister to be the dawn, while his false sister, the witch, is the shades of night, to escape whom the Sun rises in the sky.⁵ Such an interpretation appears well founded. The tale may be contrasted with the Russian, "The Sorceress," in which a cannibal daughter of a tsar has nothing mythological about her.

III WORLD IDEAS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE IN LITTLE-RUSSIA

The idea that an unclean force enters into relation with a widow is directly expressed in the Great-Russian story, "The Widow and the Fiend," and, perhaps, in "Saving a Soul." In the latter story, if the culprit is a fiend, he is well disguised as a man.

The principle of a powerful opposition to the Creator is not limited to Little-Russia; it will be found in the Chukchi, "The Beginning of Creation." The Buryat story of the

¹*Russian Folk-tales*, p. 167.

²Hahn, No. 100.

³*Idem.*, No. 65.

⁴*Poetical views of the Slavs concerning Nature*, III., p. 271-4

⁵Quoted by Ralston, p. 175.

Creation assigns creative power to three gods. A Lithuanian version has it that the Sun and Moon were created by the Devil. In the Little-Russian narrative the Devil stole a portion of earth; similarly, in the Altaian account, Man was sent down to fetch earth and wickedly concealed it. As to the mountains, the formation of which is assigned in the Little-Russian account to earth vomited by the Devil, it may be pointed out that in the brief Bashkir version of the Creation earth was first made and then mountains were thrown down. Thus, the origin of mountains specially attracted the attention and thought of certain primitive races, much as the dog and his hairy coat received the attention of other races.

IV A WITCH OF KIEV

This saga concerns a definitely named locality, namely a famous and imposing monastery, visited daily throughout the year by multitudes of pilgrims. Similarly, sagas have sprung up around the memory of Russia's chief historic hero, Petér the Great. Little-Russia is rich in tales of witches.

V THE WITCH

Nothing is alleged against this witch, who has even inspired deep and enduring affection in her daughter. She might well be one of the honoured wise-women who (in evolutionary progress) preceded the witches of evil fame. Witches vary in the heinousness of their behaviour, and in a certain Buryat story a sorceress, who is mentioned respectfully, meets a violent death because she stands in the way of a rival's success. As a rule, hearers are told of black deeds; as, for instance, how the witch turned her son-in-law into a wolf, or how when dead she left her coffin and greedily devoured the most indigestible objects, or how for her own benefit she exploited the weaker qualities of her fellow-villagers. Sometimes she is a past mistress in the art of magic, and proves so powerful an adversary that the hero only overcomes her by measures of great severity. She may be very beautiful or extremely repulsive. If a cannibal, she is apt to be circumvented in her efforts to secure a victim, and may meet a fate almost as terrible as that to which she wished to consign someone weaker than herself. She is invariably overcome in the end, especially in her contests with her husband, whom she has transformed into animal

shape. A word of pity for a witch, such as that expressed by the grandchild in the present story is rare, but in an Ugur tale she is depicted in more human colours. The witch is the chief character around whom horror centres in these tales, and among the Lapps, the Bashkirs, the Yakuts and the Ostyaks she is incarnate wickedness, or the embodiment of abnormal appetites.

VI EXCHANGING HIS OXEN

As a result of the peasant's dealings he gained a cart and a load of salt. In one of the *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*,¹ Jean Baptiste is despatched by his wife Marguerite to sell their cow to advantage. He meets a man with a goat and barter the cow for it. Coming on a man with a goose, he obtains it in exchange for the goat. He meets a man with a cock and barter the goose for it. Next he enters a village and encounters a woman who is collecting dry dung. He enquires whether her occupation is profitable and effects an exchange. Jean Baptiste now meets a jeering neighbour, with whom he makes a wager that Marguerite will not raise any objection to his exchanges. The wife praises each of her husband's acts as they are recounted to her in turn, and the neighbour is obliged to pay Jean Baptiste two hundred francs, the amount of the wager. Similarly, in a Tyrolese, a Norwegian and a Corsican version, the wife is satisfied, and in the two former tales the husband wins a wager.

In a German tale, "Hans in Luck," an apprentice who has received as payment for seven years' labour a piece of gold "as large as his head," parts with the gold for a horse, which he exchanges for a cow, which he barter for a pig. For the pig he takes a goose, and for the goose a heavy stone, and, carrying this, he returns to his home and his mother.²

In an English tale Mr. Vinegar sets out to buy a cow and loses his capital of forty guineas by a series of disadvantageous bargains; he receives no consideration for his folly at the hands of his wife.³

¹Cosquin, No. 13.

²Grimm, No. 83.

³J. Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*.

THE OSSETES

ALMOST the whole country occupied by the Ossetes is extremely mountainous ; thus, it is not only broken by a multitude of deep valleys and clefts, but penetrated by the chief range of the Caucasus. The people are surrounded by tribes employing Turkish dialects. Their own tongue is highly inflected and spoken over an area of two hundred square miles. As the traveller proceeds from Vladikavkaz to Tiflis along the great military road which passes through their territory he observes castellated dwellings and towers, several stories high, perched on the hillsides. Here, in readiness for defence, the population supports itself by the chase or the care of sheep, or even by cultivating patches of ground, and lives in patriarchal simplicity. The funeral feast is repeated every Saturday for a year and is graced by sports and competitions. Among the Ossetes, all rise when the father enters ; he regards his wife and children almost as slaves, and a son does not begin a conversation with him. One of the living Indo-Germanic languages—the Ossetian—is remarkable for an archaic form of phonetics. The declensions and conjugations are much developed, the losses of ancient forms being compensated by new ones. Speech is derived chiefly from the Zend, the language of the Avesta, the ancient sacred writings of the Persians, in which respect the Ossetes are associated with the Afghans, the Armenians and the Kurds. It is well to remember that this people occupy both outlets of the great gorge of Dariel, which is threaded by the northward road through the Caucasus.¹ The Ossetes, who number about a hundred thousand persons, probably represent once Christian inhabitants, but at present their religion is modified by pagan elements. Thus, while they revere the Virgin and saints, such as Elias and Nicholas, they also worship tutelary spirits and have places of sacrifice provided with a stone altar. The people are aided by various patron saints, including one of whom the Ossetian begs permission before he goes hunting ;² similarly, there exist magicians and soothsayers. There is also a local mythology.

¹Peschel, p. 503.

²*History of Mankind*, by F. Ratzel, p. 540.

A mountain spirit Goud, falling in love with Nina, a beautiful child of Ossety, and worshipping her, made her father prosper. But she had plighted her troth to a handsome youth named Sasyko. When winter came, Goud could see Nina but seldom, and tortured by jealousy, he sent an avalanche to overwhelm the hut where the lovers sat in happiness. Their contentment gave way to the torments of hunger, and when in a fearful moment Sasyko fastened his teeth in Nina's flesh, Goud laughed so loudly that huge stones fell to the bottom of the valley, where they have stayed ever since.

A certain race of heathen giants, the Narts, who once inhabited the Caucasus, figure in one of the following folk-tales and the incident of this story, in which the characters sit on a bench, would serve to distinguish the Ossetes from surrounding Mahomedans, who do not sit on benches or stools.

I

THE ONE-EYED GIANT¹

God gave, in their old age, to a certain childless pair a son. Almost as soon as this boy had been born he could use a bow and arrow in play with other boys; and his aim was so accurate that with a shot from his bow he could split their bows and arrows. In such games, while the other boys forfeited their bows and arrows, his were never in danger. Then he began to roam about, and soon was able, with his great skill, to supply his father and mother with every kind of game. Next he turned his attention to the forest, and in a short time had killed various wild beasts. When he slew any beast he always brought home with it a tree complete from top to root, and would throw it so forcibly off his shoulder in front of the hut, that the tree broke up in fine chips ready for the fire. So he lived.

Once this boy said to his parents, "I should like to test my strength; I will go and seek an adversary," "As you wish, our Sun!" replied his father and mother, "but you will not come back unscathed; for there are many stronger than you." He remarked, "I shall consider myself fortunate if I can meet a good man to instruct me." After he had filled his parents' hut with the meat of wild animals he went on a journey, and in a

¹From the Russian of V. F. Miller's Ossetian Folk-tales, p. 121.



certain place met a strong man, approaching whom, he cried, "Strong man, let us contest together!" But this man pointed to a village, and replied, "Come this way; a man lives there who is stronger than I." They went to this village, but its strong man said, "I have not sufficient force to wrestle with you; on the Kumsky plain stands a tower, in which lives a man; wrestle with him!" Fastening his skirts behind him in his girdle, the boy ran, but, coming to the tower, he could find no door. After prying about on all sides, he shouted, "Hullo! I am a visitor. Is anyone there?" A crooked giant came out and looked round mildly. "Good day, man like my father!" said the child. "Good day to you, bird of the mountains, boy like my son, and welcome! Whence have you come?" asked the man. "I am seeking an adversary, and you were mentioned to me." The giant replied, "How can you be so daring? You must possess immense hardihood and courage to come here." The boy, "Not much valour was necessary; I have hit every sort of game; even among the forest beasts I have no superior in strength!" The giant asked the boy if he had a mother, and received an answer, "Yes." "Have you a father?" "Yes." "Well, we giants have talked together; nobody is stronger than he that is good to his father and mother!" The giant then continued, "Do they sow corn?" "Yes," returned the boy. "And do they hire labour?" "Yes." "Then cultivate the fields with your labour and make your father and mother your care! You will then be as strong as anybody," said the giant. "I am grateful for your advice, but, nevertheless, have a wish to wrestle with you." "You are but a child, and too young to wrestle!" "Whatever happens, I wish for a contest; if you will not agree to wrestle, tell me of somebody who will." "I will not tell you of anyone; I myself should contest with you; but do not break my old ribs, as we have called each other father and son."

Having said this, the giant entered the hut, ate some food, put on a fur and came out. The pair began to wrestle and the ground beneath their feet became black ashes. Then the old man said, "Ho, boy, do as you like with me; my ribs are paining." "I will now spare you," said the child, "but I should have won, little father; nor must a man struggle with his mother, or if he does his mother must throw him down." The giant replied, "Are you not stronger than that?" "No," answered the boy. "Hold tight!" cried the giant and, making

a powerful effort, he threw the boy upwards ; then he entered the hut, placed the kettle on the fire, and when the water boiled, he went out and looked about. " It will not do to let the little bird from the mountains slip past my hands ; if he falls on the ground he will be killed ! " said the giant. Again he entered and took the kettle from the fire ; then he went out and saw the boy flying head-over-heels between sky and earth. Having fastened his large felt cloak round his neck, the giant stretched it out with both hands, so that the boy should not slip past him on the ground. The giant caught the child in his cloak and carried him into the hut, where he laid him on the floor. He revived the boy with a good piece of deer's flesh and pig's marrow, and they ate and drank together.

" Now return home," said the giant, " to avoid your father and mother's displeasure." The boy took the giant's hand and wished him well for his lesson in sense ; then he set out homewards. But before long he regretted that he had not asked where lay the giant's chief strength. " Was it in his eye ? Had his eye been so from the day of his birth, or had he met some one stronger than himself ? " He returned and cried to the giant, " Ho ! where are you, little father ? " " I am here. What is the matter ? Have you forgotten anything ? " " I have forgotten nothing, but am determined to ask you about something which puzzles me, even if my question makes you kill me. I considered myself strong, and in the leafy woods used to carry on my shoulders a great tree together with the deer which I had killed ; but you proved yourself more powerful ; you threw me aloft like a grain of maize. Tell me, were you born one-eyed or did you meet someone mightier than yourself ? " " I trust God did not hear you. Why have you reminded me of my former misfortune ? Come into the hut. Have you walked back far ? " " From the foot of the mountains," replied the boy. " You have taken so much trouble ! "

With such words the giant placed a rude, three-legged stool for the boy, gave him food and drink and added, " Eat and listen to my story. I have suffered many misfortunes. You see my house ; here, I had two beautiful wives, who could gaze forth from the top of a tower whenever they wished ; they had plenty of food and clothes and no work. I had also two fine horses, and would often mount at night time and gallop to the edge of the sky. A favourite servant looked after them ; and once at night this groom approached me. ' You have not

guessed,' said he, 'that harm has befallen your horses; so I have decided to tell you.' 'What is the matter with them?' I asked. 'This evening I will show you.' "How will you show me?' 'When you have supped,' he replied, 'put on a Tatar tunic and come out to me.'

"Evening arrived; I supped and, having put on a Tatar tunic, went out to him. He took off his clothes and put them on me, and said, 'Your two wives will come out to the stable and give an order. Saddle two horses for them, also a horse for yourself, that you may see your misfortune with your own eyes.' When he had spoken he went away, and, as master of the house, lay down on the bed between my two wives who were asleep. At midnight one wife said to the other, 'Let us go, he is fast asleep.' They went out and, mistaking me for the groom, called out, 'Saddle horses for us.' I saddled horses for them and myself and they set out in an easterly direction, where seven giants were living. Having arrived, they dismounted, hamshackled their horses with their bridles, and entered the tower belonging to the seven giants. I followed them and hamshackled my horse near theirs; then I went far enough after my wives to hear everything; to see my wives, who had been spared all exposure to sun and rain, sport with the seven giants, while I like a lame wolf peered from behind a door! Eat and drink, my son! and listen to my story.

"When my wives had wantoned sufficiently, they set out homeward, and I followed. Arriving, they lay down on the bed beside the workman whom, in the darkness, they mistook for me. When they had fallen asleep I crept in and took from the bedchamber my sword and my dagger; then mounting, I said to my horse, 'I have never pained you with a blow, but now I will strike you so that strips of skin will fall from your most tender parts; I will give you to the dogs, if you do not take me to my destination; and if I fail in the deed, let dogs devour me!' The horse lifted me between heaven and earth, as the wind raises a cloud. I reached the seven giants while they slept; and, dismounting, said to my sword, 'May God ill treat you in the next world if you do not now well avail me; and if I do not strike hard, may God punish me in the next world!' I entered and smote off the heads of the seven giants, one after another, in seniority; in such a way I and my sword and my horse performed our tasks. Afterwards I mounted and returned home; I let my horse go and entered

the hut. Ordering the workman to leave his place between my two wives, I gave him my dress and, taking his place between my wives, I began to think. 'What will they do now, when they know that their lovers are killed?' As I was dominated by this thought sleep would not come to me. Suddenly, in her sleep, the elder wife shook so violently as almost to strike the ceiling; then she touched the younger wife near me. 'What is it?' asked the younger wife. 'What is to be done?' replied the elder: 'There, in my morning wash-basin, stands upright on its neck the head of the eldest of those with whom we went from happiness to happiness.' 'Be appeased!' said the younger wife. 'Who will dare do anything to us?' The elder wife was comforted. Suddenly the younger wife became violently agitated and touched the elder. 'What is the matter with you?' asked the elder wife. 'Your dream has come to pass.' 'How?' 'I also have seen in my morning wash-basin the head of the eldest of our lovers.' 'This is nonsense,' said the elder wife, 'now is our bad hour when we are oppressed by evil dreams!' and she pushed against me. At daybreak both the women rose and, looking in the washstand, suddenly and in reality perceived that which they had seen in their sleep. I also rose and dressed.

"Determined on revenge, my two wives now turned themselves into two birds of prey and transformed me into a black raven. But we all three retained our human reason and began to fight. I said to them, 'The good do not meet with good, and it is so with me. Why do you insult me? In my house you were protected from sun and weather; you had abundance of everything.' 'We will pay you for your kindness,' they said. I do not know how long we flew about, but at last my two wives began to get the better of me.

"Afar, in a certain place, judges were sitting in a court, and when I had lost my strength I rushed away and took shelter with them, but the two birds flew after me. The judges decided against them, and they hastened off and I remained among the people. God knows how much time I passed before the judges; they were upright men, whose prayer was strong before God, and the eldest of them said, 'Misfortune has overtaken this soul, and we will pray to God that he may help us to act rightly in the matter.' So they cried, 'God, our Creator! restore this soul to its former shape.' And I became human in form as before. When the time came for the judges to separate

they began to distribute the property. The best was the horse and saddle and bridle; and they set it aside. I began to consider who would possess it. Of course, it would go to the older judge, for it would be given to the superior as his share. But they made preparations, and divided the things; each took his portion. They, gave me, as their guest, the horse, and said, 'Set forth at once! but as misfortune has attacked you, set forth in company with whichever one of us you may prefer.' 'I have prayed to God,' said I, 'and have thought of the elder of you; therefore I would go with him.' We departed together, and I was terribly afraid my wives would search for me. I used to sit in the hut; but as a man eats and must go out, so once when I went out my wives discovered me, and one of them cried to the other, 'Hold him, he will get away!' and I, with difficulty, found refuge with my friend. From that time I dared not go out by day. But not having seen my wives for a time, I became bolder and left the hut during daylight. When I returned they discovered and attacked me afresh. I knew not whither to turn, and rushed to the door of the hut. 'He is escaping unhurt,' cried one of them, as she struck me with all her might, and knocked out one of my eyes. My friend, seeing them above him, cried to them, 'May God strike you, if you do not let him alone!' But I said, 'It would be better if they killed me; I had two eyes and now they had taken one of them.'

'My friend began to grieve. 'What a misfortune! Not to see would be a terrible thing.' He had a spoilt wife and when she saw how her husband grieved she shook with laughter. Irritated by her behaviour, he cried to her, 'Good-for-nothing! I am nearly dead from grief, and you laugh! My sorrow does not touch your heart! I must seek the woman who struck out my guest's eye. Where shall I find her as she flies between earth and sky? While I die of anger you laugh!' The wife replied, 'How will you show your gratitude to the person indicating the proper means to find her?' 'I will give him my entire property, as well as yourself,' replied the husband. 'Then I will go and catch them immediately,' said his wife. 'Place our great cauldron on the fire and await our coming; you will know of our approach by the noise of our wings. I am only exerting my strength to-day because of your good deeds. I am confident that I shall overcome them; therefore listen to my directions: I shall drive them into the hut through

the chimney ; they will try to enter by the door or window, but I will not let them. Striving with all my force, I will strike them so that they shall fly into the chimney, but I will keep on and follow them, and, perhaps, shall fall into the cauldron. Now, mind, as soon as the birds fall into the cauldron, you must try to cover it with a board.' Giving this order, she changed herself into the bird, Toymon, and flew away. Her flight was marvellous. She had already before morning, and while her husband yet slept, scoured the four quarters of the sky. At last she reached, at an immense height, both birds of prey, and they cried on seeing her, ' We shall not escape her ; she will not leave us ! ' and they rose still higher in the sky. But she quickly overtook them and screeched, and from her mere screech they grew weak. They sought salvation by flying in different directions, but Toymon flew better than they and drove them to the hut. They sought to enter by the door or the window, but she prevented their efforts and drove them into the chimney, while below the water in the cauldron boiled with a white foam. Both birds of prey thus fell into the boiling water. I was on the point of placing a board on the cauldron, when my friend drew back my hand, the board fell, and his wife coming after my wives, was also boiled in the cauldron. I was mortified by the ill fate of his wife, but he said to me, ' Why do you grieve ? You are a giant, and killed seven giants. Are you not strong ? But your wife proved stronger than yourself and destroyed one of your eyes. My wife overcame them and how can I live with her ? It was better that she should die early ! otherwise she might have disfigured me. Perhaps God will give me now another and a more suitable wife.'

" That is my story, boy. You recalled an old grief and set me my task. Now go home, my Sun ! without turning to the right or to the left, and do not forget my story ! "

II

SIRDON †

ONCE Sirdon, the Nart, said to three other Narts, named Soslan, Khamits and Uruzmak, " Let us go hunting ! " They mounted and rode forward. But dear Sirdon, drawing his reins,

†V. F. Miller, p. 113.

as if he could go no further, said to Soslan, "My horse is tired; take me up behind you." Sirdon, on being taken up, secretly felt in Soslan's pocket, and stole from it the steel used for striking a light. Next Sirdon dismounted and got up behind Khamits, and stole his steel; and he treated Uruzmak in a similar manner. In a little while the party, having approached the seashore, left their horses, had supper and went to sleep. Suddenly a stag ran by them. Soslan had not let himself sleep soundly, and he woke, fired and killed. "Rouse up," he said to his companions, "and eat." Then he added, "I will go and obtain some firewood," and he departed and climbed a tree.

Meanwhile Soslan and his companions cut up the stag, and Soslan said to Khamits, "Let us kindle a fire." Khamits put his hand in his pocket for his steel; it was not there. Then Uruzmak tried to find his steel, but failed. Soslan searched his pocket with like result, so he cried to Sirdon, "Come here and light a fire." Sirdon approached, sat on the seashore, took out his steel and began to kindle a fire. But, on purpose, dropping his steel in the sea, he said to Soslan, "My steel has fallen into the sea." Soslan replied, "The water will not carry it away; I will find it"; he jumped into the sea, but failed to recover the steel. Leaving the water, he climbed a tree, cold as he was, and looked about to discover fire anywhere.

From the top of the tree Soslan saw smoke rising, so he descended and walked in its direction. There he observed seven giants, brothers. They called, inviting him to come and eat with them on a bench, but the bench was smeared with bird lime and he adhered to it. Then Uruzmak approached and, after receiving an invitation, sat on the bench and, like Soslan, adhered to it. The same fate befell Khamits.

Left alone, Sirdon lit a fire, prepared portions of deer's meat and ate, then he followed Soslan, Uruzmak, and Khamits. The giants invited him to partake, but he replied, "I will not sit down beside the others." They enquired where he would sit, and he said, "Place some wattles on a tub that has no bottom, on the wattles place some straw and, on the straw, some ashes." When they had done as he wished, he sat upon the ashes, and did not stick fast. Sirdon became the eighth brother of the seven giants and was asked many questions by them. They said to him, "Who is the fattest of the three, Soslan, Uruzmak or Khamits?" Sirdon replied, "Soslan is the fattest." There-

upon the giants drew Soslan away in order to cut him up. Soslan prayed to Sirdon to save him, and Sirdon said to the giants: "Let him go till he is stouter." They set Soslan free and seized Uruzmak and Khamits, who too prayed to Sirdon to save them, "We are your comrades, Sirdon; do not allow us to be slaughtered!" Sirdon said, "Let them be till they have grown fatter!"

Soon Sirdon stirred up a conflict among the giants, so that they fought and slew one another and left Sirdon, Soslan, Uruzmak, and Khamits alone in the dwelling. Next Sirdon said to Soslan, "I am going home." But Soslan replied, "Please do not leave us here; we shall perish of hunger." Sirdon remarked, "You will not later be ill-disposed toward me?" They gave him a satisfactory assurance, whereupon he said to them, "I will go to the Narts, and, having driven hither some cattle, will harness them to this bench and drag it and yourself to the Narts." Soslan and the others begged Sirdon to devise a less ignominious plan; some means of which they should not be ashamed. He said, "I will bring a saw and cut off the bench behind you." But again they demurred, saying, "Have the kindness to invent another method and one which will not shame us." Then he poured water into great kettle, heated it on the fire and poured hot water under his companions, and so they were enabled to leave the bench.

Naturally, Soslan was angry with Sirdon and, running secretly to Sirdon's horse, he cut off the horse's lip. The party left the house, mounted and rode away, Sirdon riding behind and the others in front. Soslan looked round and was astonished to see Sirdon's horse laughing. Sirdon said, "My horse sees something hideous in front of him and so he laughs." Thereupon Soslan, Khamits and Uruzmak said to one another, "Let us dismount and look at our horses." Soslan stroked his horse's tail, and half of it came away in his hand! He grew angry and said, "Sirdon shows us no consideration; let us bind him to a tree." The three bound him to a tree and departed, but when they had gone a certain shepherd drove his flock past the spot.

Sirdon saw the shepherd and called out, "I will not come," which words caused the shepherd to exclaim, "How strange!" For he saw nobody at hand to cry out, "I will not come." He approached and said, "Why did you cry, 'I will not come!'" Sirdon replied, "The tsar of the Narts is dead and they are making me khan against my will." Hearing this, the shepherd

said, "Be gracious; I will give you my sheep, if you in exchange will make me khan of the Narts." "Unbind me from the tree," said Sirdon. The shepherd unbound him. Then Sirdon asked if the shepherd had a cord. "Yes," was the answer. Sirdon took the cord and bound the shepherd to the tree and, singing loudly, drove the sheep to his village. The shepherd cried, "Sirdon, unbind me; I shall die!" The reply was, "Wait till the Narts make you khan!"

When Sirdon reached the Narts' settlement, Soslan, Khamits and Uruzmak looked at him in astonishment. They approached him and said, "How did you bring this about?" He answered, "You wished to destroy me, but that tree was a spirit and he gave me the sheep."

After this Sirdon lived a considerable time, but then he grew ill and, summoning Soslan, said to him, "I am dying, comrades; bury me where I shall not hear human sounds!" These were his last words and he died. Then Soslan maliciously dug the grave near the conference-spot and there interred him. If people disputed, they cursed one another thus: "Let the man that speaks falsely become Sirdon's horse!" But when to curse thus was becoming a custom the Narts said, "Let us dig up Sirdon's body and throw it in the water." They dug it up and threw it in the water.

Once people, sitting at the conference-spot, looked and saw Sirdon come and draw after him numerous fish. He approached the place and exclaimed, "Good day!" The astonished people said, "How have you revived?" "I am accepted as a son of the Water-sprite," was the answer. "I was conscious when you buried me near the conference-place; and afterwards I knew that you were angry with me and threw me into the water. But when I struck the water I came to life again." After this Sirdon lived again among the Narts and caused them much unpleasantness.

III

TSOPAN:

A CERTAIN hunter used, every day, to go out and kill two or three wild animals. Following such a mode of life, he wandered about during fifteen years. Once, having killed a stag, and

roasted some of its flesh for his supper, he sat down to eat, but the stag immediately revived and ran off a short distance, then turning, it remarked in a human voice to the astounded man, "This is not a marvel; apply to Tsopan and question him; he will tell you of something marvellous." The hunter obeyed and, hastening to the village, sought out Tsopan and said, "I have witnessed a miracle and will relate it," and he described what had occurred.

Tsopan replied, "I too was a hunter, like yourself, and killed every day two or three wild beasts. One day I had wandered from sunrise to sunset and killed nothing. Evening came on, and as I sat beneath a tree a wild goat passed me. I shot it dead, and roasted some pieces of its flesh; nevertheless, the goat came to life and escaped. While I was given over to wonder the goat approached and said, 'This is not a miracle, but to-night under a tree you will see a miracle.' As I was sleepy, I prayed to God and said, 'I am a guest of this tree'; and lay down. But directly a human voice called from a ravine near by, 'Come here, Tsopan; we are sending off a bride to-night.' Hearing these words, I was frightened and ran away without my gun. But someone exclaimed from the summit of the tree, 'Do not run, Tsopan; you are my guest!' and a man climbed down to me from the tree top. 'Nobody will do you any harm,' he said; 'you are my guest. As you did not kill any animal to-day, the devils will make you a present. One will say to you, "Kill a wild beast to-morrow!" and another will say, "Kill three wild beasts, and so on." But, until the number mentioned reaches a hundred, do not accept any invitation from them.' Having heard this, I approached the people in the ravine. They said, 'Eat'; but I did not obey. One of them said, 'To-morrow, kill a wild beast!' Another said, 'Kill two, kill three beasts!' and so on. In this manner they reached the number, a hundred. After the meal my friend from the tree said, 'Now you should go.' I thanked my hosts, but my benefactor led me to the foot of the tree, and I fell asleep. When it grew light the same man said to me, 'Return home; to-day you will kill a hundred beasts!' I set out, and on the way killed a hundred animals, and, reaching the village, said to the men, 'Come and drag home the meat.'

"When I reached my hut my wife was setting out to fetch water, and not seeing any game upon me, she struck me with a whip made of felt and said, 'Become a duck!' I actually

became a duck and wandered about outside, backwards and forwards, as a duck might have done. But my mind remained human, and when my wife returned from the river I ran to her, since I hoped for her pity. But she now struck me angrily with her foot. I rose in the air and descended in a marsh near some frogs, to whom I said, 'Let us go to the Terek (river); this marsh will dry up'. The frogs replied, 'Do not come near us!' But after four days had elapsed the marsh dried up and they perished. My powers of human reasoning remained, and in fear of death from hunger I flew to the Terek.

"A man passing in a cart saw me settle in the river. He undressed and dived into the water. After an hour had passed I looked out, and he immediately seized me by the throat and carried me to his home, where he remarked to his wife, 'Look, I have brought you something to roast for supper.' But she replied, 'This is a wild duck; I do not want it; I have prepared supper from one of our own ducks.' The man let me go, and at break of day I roamed to my own home. When my little boy opened the door I flew in and settled down before my wife. Again she struck me, and this time with her foot. I became a dog, but the neighbours' dogs saw and chased me, so I ran to another village. All this time my mind was that of a man.

"A certain priest was returning from a neighbouring village, where he had said prayers for the dead; he hastened to feed his horse and hobbled it; then he took out some food, and, as he ate, threw me the bones. After his meal he lay down to rest, and wolves ran up and began to surround the horse. I said to myself, 'I will not allow these wolves to eat my benefactor's horse,' and while I was interfering the priest woke and saw. He shouted, and the wolves ran and then the priest took me into his home and said to his wife, 'This dog saved my horse to-day from wolves.' Thus it happened that I stayed with the priest. Once shepherds arrived with their flock, and we had a meal with them; afterwards one of the shepherds said, 'Let us go; it is getting late.' But the priest urged them to drink again. 'No,' was the answer, 'I must depart or my sheep will be slaughtered by a wolf.' 'But I will lend you my dog for to-night,' said the priest, 'so have no fear!' The shepherd replied, 'I will give you a sheep, if the flock remains without injury.' Then the priest lent me to this man, and I guarded the flock; in the morning the shepherd gave the priest a sheep. I stayed

altogether with the shepherd, and in return he presented the priest with a hundred sheep.

"Before long the shepherd went to a rich man and feasted. He noticed that the rich man was sad and gloomy, and he asked the cause. His host replied, 'Someone will come to my daughter to-night, and therefore I am disquieted.' 'You need not be disquieted on that account; I will lend you my dog and he will catch the visitor.' The rich man answered, 'If your dog catches the man I will give you my daughter as a wife.' The shepherd agreed and, leading me out, said to me, 'If you do not catch the man who is coming to-night to the girl I will kill you.' I reasoned like a man and kept watch. At midnight someone visited the maiden and I seized him; he was a devil. This devil said, 'Let me go and I will change you to your former shape.' 'You will cheat me,' I replied; and then the devil swore that he would keep his word. He gave me a whip made of felt and said, 'Whatever person you strike with this whip will be transformed exactly as you may wish; henceforth the girl has nothing to fear.'

"I took the felt whip and struck myself, and once more became Tsopan. At sunrise, when the rich man left the hut, I found I was a man. The father asked his daughter whether she had observed anything during the night. She answered 'I saw our dog seize a man, who made this promise, "If you will set me free, I will restore you to your former shape."' The dog liberated the man and in return received something; the dog struck itself with this something and at once became human. Ask the man who was a dog; there he is!' The rich man asked me about the matter and, telling him of my misery, I said, 'Now I will go home, and your daughter from henceforth need fear nothing.' The rich man gave the shepherd two hundred roubles and gave me as many more.

"I arrived home and found my wife married to a giant. I prayed that when I struck him with the felt whip he would be transformed to an ass and that, in a similar way, my wife would become a she-ass. I struck them and they were transformed exactly as I wished. Then I called out in the village. 'If anyone has firewood, let him load it on my asses!' and the people used to load them with firewood, so that, from carrying burdens, the asses became thin. Then I said, 'You have suffered enough!'"

Having finished his story, Tsopan asked the hunter who

was the greater marvel. The hunter answered "Your marvel is greater than mine; what I saw appears to me no longer a marvel."

NOTES

I THE ONE-EYED GIANT

This story of magic has several points worthy of notice besides its romance. The child's ability to tear up trees is shared by the young Ostyak, "Active and Restless as an Aspen-leaf." In an Indian story, a great merchant, Dharmagupta, had born to him a beautiful daughter, Somaprabhà. She immediately illuminated the apartment with her beauty, spoke distinctly and rose up and sat down.¹ The boy-hero is called his parents' "Sun" and by the giant, "Bird of the Mountains," poetic names of a kind not uncommon, but an unusual touch of tenderness throughout marks the intercourse between the boy and the giant. The scene in which the latter throws the child in the air is characterised by the gay exaggeration which marks the Russian Prince Vassily's exploits, in the story, "The Waters of Life and Death." It is rare to find a flaw in a folk-tale, but before the giant and his wives appeared before the judges they must have resumed human form, a detail not mentioned. One cannot doubt that this is a record of barbaric period; the peculiar address of the rider to his horse, the treatment of her husband by one of the wives, and the friend's behaviour in letting his wife boil to death after she has done his work, support such a view.

II SIRDON

Sirdon and his companions were Narts; the giants represent earlier inhabitants of the country. The learned V. F. Miller says that the story of Sirdon belongs to a cycle of stories concerning ancient heroes of the Narts, which is widely distributed among the various races of the Northern Caucasus. The adhesion of Sirdon's three companions to a bench is caused by their enemies' use of birdlime, but in other instances fixation is due to magic or something akin. Thus, in the Russian, "The One-eyed Evil," the fugitive, being unable to release his hand from a hatchet, is forced to mutilate himself in order to escape

¹Tawney, I., p. 119.

from a witch. In the Kalmuck, "The Orphan Bosh and his Whistling Arrow, Tosh," a schemer causes an undesirable companion, a shaman, to adhere to the ground. A German story has the same idea of fixation. There a rich man is allowed three wishes; the first of which is unimportant, but his second is that his idle wife may become fixed to the saddle which he is then laboriously carrying. He finds her at home, seated upon this saddle in her room and unable to rise. She forces him to wish her effectually off the saddle.¹ The episode of the giant's cannibalism is characterised by the deliberating, usual in such circumstances, as to whether the victim is sufficiently fat. A similar incident is found in the Mordvin story, "Baba Yaga," in which the witch tastes the boy's finger as a preliminary. It is not often that a saga or tale sets out to depict any characteristic like Sirdon's craftiness. Nor is barbarous cruelty to an animal such as that to the horse often recounted, but it is surpassed in the Yakut tale, "Dyoudus." The episode of Sirdon's escape from the tree to which he is bound has a parallel in the escape from a sack by a cunning trick in the stories of many countries, as in the Lettish, "How the Foolish Brother was Drowned," and in the Votyak, "Aldar the Trickster."

Here is the outline of a story from Greece: A man laid hold of his handsome younger brother in a wood and bound him to a tree. An old and deformed shepherd approached with his flock and asked the youth why he was a captive. "Because I was bent; but now my back has become straight. Why should not you also be so cured?" The shepherd loosed the rope and the youth, having proceeded to bind him, went away with the shepherd's flock. By a similar trick the young man obtained successively a herd of horses and a herd of oxen.²

III TSOPAN

Domestic difficulties in these tales are settled variously. A blow brings the wife to reason, or puts her for ever beyond the reach of argument; a husband may kill his wife's lover, or calmly leave his home and never return; two wives may batter their mate to death. But a method which must be more entertaining to listeners is that of the magical transformations, common in a crisis of courtship, or of the married state. It is apt to occur when a pair of lovers are fleeing from the maiden's

¹Grimm. "The Poor Man and the Rich Man."

²Hahn, I., p. 3.

father, when rivalry exists in love, when the wife is faithless, or when she is angry, as in the present story. The woman transforms her husband into a duck by a blow of the whip, and then into a dog by a blow of the foot. When the husband's turn arrives, he transforms his wife and her lover into asses. So, in the Mordvin, "Enchanter and Enchantress," the wife turns her husband into, first, a yellow dog and, then a sparrow. He makes her later a chestnut mare.

In "Tsopan" the principle of cumulative advantages is once more exemplified. A man, in the form of a dog, is befriended by a priest; the dog helps his benefactor and, winning a good character, is lent to a shepherd, who repays the priest with a hundred sheep; the shepherd lends the dog to a rich man, in whose house the dog, by acting treacherously, frees a devil and wins his own release from enchantment. Methods of advancement in life are thus cynically illustrated. The visitation of a maiden by a devil recalls the two Russian stories, "Saving a Soul" and "The Widow and the Fiend"; and the subject is mentioned in a Note to the latter. Allusion is made to the revival of the dead stag and other animals in remarks on the Armenian, "Wedding of a Wood-spirit."

THE ARMENIANS

THE term Armenia probably signifies highlands, and is applied to the high regions overlooked by Mount Ararat. Armenia, the land of the Haik, as they call themselves, has boundaries which have shifted according to various vicissitudes; thus, many Armenians are scattered, large numbers living in Constantinople and Tiflis. Indeed, they exist far and wide, being aided by commercial aptitude, as well as inspired by religious tenacity. They are better agriculturists than the Jews, with whom they have been often compared, and possess a strain of Hebrew blood, since Assyrian kings transported inhabitants of Palestine to Armenian highlands.

The language is of the Aryan division, and rivals the Greek in word richness and grammatical forms, but there have been frequent borrowings from Turkish and Georgian. There was a flourishing literary period in the fifth century A.D., when the present alphabet was introduced and when there were hundreds of schools. In modern times over a score of Armenian presses have published in various capitals, especially on an island near Venice, the old monuments of the language. Though dogmatic differences divide the nation into sects, the Church belongs to the United Armenian rite in union with the Roman Church. Nevertheless, old traditions are kept up and the sacred fire is still commemorated, as in the period of Zoroaster. So people turn toward the sun on important occasions, and there are definite traces of the ancient worship of Mithra. The Transcaucasian Armenians are much like the Georgians, but show a tendency to obesity. Of a gentle and almost melancholy look, they are distinguished by large, black and languid eyes. They are studious and learned and apt to hold aloof from the surrounding peoples. It is said that the wife is condemned to silence until the birth of her first child. Patriarchal habits are maintained. ¹

¹Reclus, Vol. VI, p. 140 seq.

I

CONCERNING THE SUN AND THE MOON

ONCE upon a time a woman was living with her only son and his wife. The son's mother disliked the wife, because she bore only girls; and when, after six births, a seventh child was expected, the old woman ordered her son to drive his wife from the home. Though the son loved his wife, he dared not oppose his mother's commands, so he took his wife and youngest daughter and, having led them far from the village, left them and returned home.

The expectant woman and her daughter walked till twilight, and at night lay down under a bush, in a ravine. As the night was cold and a small fire was shining a little way off, the child left her mother under the bush and went towards the fire. At a distance of several steps from the light she stopped and looked; there sat three men, of whom one supported a candle, a second wrote, and a third dictated the following: "Under a bush, such and such a woman (the name was that of the mother of the listening girl) has given birth to a boy who, at the time of his wedding, will be stung by a snake which will crawl out of a wedding boot." The child guessed that her mother and her newly born infant were spoken of; and she understood that these men were not simple people, but deciders of human fate; she approached nearer and earnestly begged them to alter her brother's fearful lot. "What has once been settled cannot be changed," was the reply, "but you can learn from us how to save your brother. Do not wed before your brother's marriage, and at the time of his wedding, when your brother puts on his wedding attire, hand the garments to him after you have previously shaken them one by one before a red-hot fire. The snake will fall into the stove and burst with so loud a noise that earth, houses and trees will tremble. Then your brother will attach himself to you and insist that you shall explain the cause of the noise, but you must not explain; if, on the contrary, you explain, you will be turned into a stone, and then it will be difficult to restore you to life. Should you reveal to your brother the cause of the explosion, take care to inform him in the first place that as soon as you have been changed to stone he must set forth to the house of the Sun and Moon; and bring back from their mother ablutionary water; if, when you have

become stone, you are sprinkled with this water you will revive."

The girl was filled with joy and longing and retraced her footsteps. Finding that her mother had been already delivered of a son, she wrapped the infant in some rags. The night was passed under the bush, and the next morning mother and daughter set out homewards, hoping that, for the sake of the newly-born infant the old woman would shelter her daughter-in-law. But the jubilation of the old mother and her son was boundless, and their reception of the outcasts was of the friendliest. As far as possible the old woman tried to bring up the infant in a state of bliss. He grew, not by days, but by hours, and in a month's time appeared outwardly a year old. At fifteen years of age he was a mature man, and preparations were then made to celebrate his wedding. His warm-hearted sister, who was still unmarried, handed to him his wedding garments, and, obedient to the counsel imparted to her on the night of that great event, the birth of her brother, she first shook them in front of a red-hot fire. A snake fell from one of the shoes into the stove, and burst with a noise so loud that earth, trees and houses trembled. Then the noise died away and all became quiet; but the curiosity of the newly-married bridegroom was not appeased. He would not leave his sister, and begged her to supply a reason for the strange occurrence. Making many excuses, she said that she could not throw light on the matter, for she was threatened with a great misfortune if she should reveal the cause of the noise; indeed, she foretold that she would be turned to stone and so on. But no explanation satisfied her brother, who said, "I will take every measure for the avoidance of danger and will not hold back, even if it be necessary to sacrifice myself; only, dear sister, reveal to me the secret."

The girl's love for him was so great, it was impossible that she should vex him, and, having pointed out the means for her resuscitation, she related in every detail the story of her brother's birth, and revealed the cause of the noise. She was immediately transformed to stone.

Though the brother did not at first attach proper significance to the possibility that his sister might become petrified, he was convinced by the terrible occurrence that she spoke the truth; he tore his hair, wept, sobbed and grieved, but in vain. His sister had become stone, and he undertook, at any risk to his

life, to obtain help for her. Not even proceeding with his marriage, he set forth to the house of the Sun and Moon. He walked so far and for so long a time that his hair turned grey. At last, in the midst of a boundless desert, he reached a single house. There he knocked and was received by a woman of advanced age, who possessed a kindly countenance. Clapping her hands, she said :

“What sort of creature are you that have dared, not only to penetrate to this wilderness, but to visit the house of the Sun and Moon? They will shortly arrive for dinner and unfailingly tear you to pieces!”

“But what am I to do? A disaster has happened in my home and I have come for water with which to save my petrified sister.”

“I am the Sun and Moon’s mother, and will transform you, for your own safety, into a broom; then, after the departure of my children, I will restore you to life and give you the water you desire.”

With a breath she changed him into a broom and set it down in the corner. Brother and sister, Moon and Sun, arrived and entered the room; they announced that they scented a man, but, having looked round and found nobody, were reassured. They dined, washed their hands and faces and left the house. With part of the water thus used the mother sprinkled the broom and so completely resuscitated the youth; the remainder of the water she put into his hands, and then, having blessed him, she despatched him on his journey. Before reaching home he grew grey. After he had sprinkled the water on his sister and restored her to life she stepped forth possessed of beauty greater than is to be described with the pen or has ever been mentioned in a fairy tale.

The brother sprinkled himself with the remaining drops of magic water and became once more young and handsome. His parents’ grief gave place to joy and exultation, and they celebrated the weddings of both the brother and the sister, one after the other, during a period of fourteen days. Afterwards all lived happily and I returned home.

II

THE TREACHEROUS MOTHER 1

A YOUNG hunter and his mother settled in a castle, which belonged to certain snakes. Entering into a contest, the youth vanquished them, and cleaned the castle from their nastiness. However, one of the snakes, although wounded, succeeded in hiding himself. The hunter's mother found this snake and ingratiated herself with him; next, being a skilful sorceress, she cured him in secret.

When the snake had completely recovered the woman became united to him, but, in order that there should be no obstacle to their love, she devised with him various means by which to destroy her son. She feigned illness and sent her son to obtain healing medicine. The hero first brought his mother a deathless water-melon, the marrow of which she considered necessary for her restoration to health. The second time he killed a lioness, the milk of which was to serve the same purpose. The third time the mother sent her son to fetch some life-giving water; he obtained it. Having exhausted such means of riddance, the mother at last, in a perfidious manner, hacked her son to pieces and placed them in a bag. Fortunately, a pair of lion's cubs, which had been brought back by the hunter when he went to fetch the lioness's milk, carried the bag to a kind old woman, at whose cottage the cubs had previously spent the night with their master.

The old woman, as it appeared, had always substituted some simple remedies for the special healing articles; that is, the water melon, the milk from a lioness and the living water which had been obtained by the young man for his mother. The old woman, moreover, had carefully kept the water melon, the milk from a lioness and the living water. She now took the portions of the hewn body out of the bag, collected the small bones and brought together the severed fragments and applied the head to the shoulders. All was ready! She took the lioness' milk and poured it on the heap; the fragments began to grow together. At last she carried the deathless melon to the young man's nose. He sneezed, and when she poured the deathless water over him he stood on his feet, alive and healthy as if born again.

¹*Dashky Mus., Moscow, Collection of Ethnogr Material. 1885, p. 149.*

III

A WEDDING OF WOOD-SPIRITS¹

A CERTAIN hunter who went into the forest in quest of game searched unsuccessfully till nightfall, and then returned homewards. Hearing, on the way, the sounds of a drum and a lute, he walked in their direction and beheld a wedding of wood-spirits. With his gun ready, the hunter chose a spot not far off, and sat down to observe. All the wood-spirits danced in turn at the wedding.

While the dance was in progress the hunter remarked that one of the wood-spirits wore a dress much resembling that of the hunter's wife. Later the wood-spirits sat at table to feast. They served a profusion of dishes and passed to the hunter some pilau, the rib of an ox and portions of other dishes; he accepted everything that was offered, but did not eat. After the conclusion of the feast the wood-spirits came to the hunter and asked him to return the rib of the ox, but he did not give it. So, when the wood-spirits were assembling together all the ribs and other bones for the revivification of the slaughtered ox they added to the heap the twig of a walnut tree, in place of the missing rib. Having witnessed the ox's revivification, the hunter fired a shot from his gun and everything vanished. He arrived home, and convinced himself by examining his wife's dress that the scene had actually occurred. He also insistently declared to the animal's owner that a walnut twig had been substituted for the missing rib, and when, because of his constant assertions, the ox was slaughtered, one of its ribs was found to be shaped like a twig.

IV

A MIDWIFE AT THE BIRTH OF A WOOD-SPIRIT²

"It was night," said the old woman midwife, "and I was in bed and dozing, when I heard someone calling me. I walked in the direction of the call, but met nothing. A little further on I heard the same sound, and, trying to approach it, I entered the forest and crossed some water; but once you have crossed

¹*Ethnogr. Review, Moscow Univ.*, 1900, No. 2, p. 174.

²*Idem*, p. 175.

water at night, you can no longer discover if the spirits have deceived you. Finally I reached a wood-spirit in labour. Spirits came to me and said, 'If a boy is born you will be rewarded generously, but if the birth is that of a girl you will be suffocated.'

"Unfortunately the mother bore a girl. However, I did not lose courage; on the contrary, by making use of some wax I skilfully increased the girl-baby's size, till she seemed like a male infant. The wood-spirits mistook the newly-born child for a boy, and filled the half of my shirt with ducats." The women in that region wear long shirts. "On my way across a field," continued the midwife, "I looked, and as the ducats appeared to be the scales of an onion, I threw them away; but I kept a few, and when I reached home those ducats proved to be gold."

V

BELIEFS OF ARMENIANS IN THE
ELIZAVETPOL DISTRICT

THE Sky is frozen water in the form of a vault, whose foundation rests on a watery surface. It is situated far from the earth, but approaches nearer in winter. There are other Heavens, in all seven, beyond the visible Heaven.

Among the Heavenly bodies, the Sun and Moon are children of the Holy Virgin Mary, the Mother of God; the Sun is her daughter, and the Moon is her son.

The Moon, as a male, is appointed to move round the earth at night, that is in the more dangerous time; and the Sun being a female, performs a similar task by day, when danger is less.

The bashful Sun is equipped with a tuft of needles (or rays), with which she transfixes those who dare to look at her. The Sun and Moon as they journey around the earth are held in the air.

After setting, the Sun and the Moon depart to the embraces of their Mother. At sunset the Sun approaches her Mother, and, feeling joyful in her proximity, blushes. Both when setting and when rising the Sun is nearer to us, and therefore seems larger. The Sun is red after rising, because she has just

left the warm embraces of her Mother. From the same causes the Moon appears large and red at his rising and his setting.

When a star falls it is known that somebody has died on earth, because everyone has a star in Heaven and it falls at his death. When a man is born on Earth his star appears in the sky.

The Rainbow indicates well-being of a given year. It can transform any boy passing beneath it into a girl ; and similarly a girl into a boy.

The Milky Way is a track of straw, and is called "The Path of the Straw-thief," The name arose thus : The camels belonging to a certain man were hungry, and nobody would give them straw. In his extremity the man stole straw from a neighbour, but was overtaken on the road by a hurricane, which bore him and the straw up into the sky, where the straw was scattered and still exists as a white path.

Sometimes God, in his chariot, surveys the sky, and then all the dwellers in Heaven weep from fear. Thunder is caused by the rattling of God's chariot, and rain is formed by the tears of the onlookers. Occasionally a fish swims in the sky ; its track forms lightning, which, by God's commands, kills sinful persons.

SPIRITS

All spirits inhabiting forests, fields, water, houses, etc., can assume a human form, and the parts of their bodies are like man's ; in addition, each of them has horns and a tail. The height of the spirits is one or two feet, and their hair has various hues, from yellow to black. Wood-spirits sometimes draw travellers away from the road ; and a wanderer will only escape from the spirits if, becoming aware of what has happened, he crosses himself thrice. At times wood-spirits who cause travellers to stray conduct them to weddings. From the accounts it is evident that at a wood-spirit's wedding the ceremonies are similar to those performed at a peasant's, namely, there are the nuptial benediction, dances, shooting, collection of money, etc. But the wood-spirits' weddings surpass peasants' in display and luxury. If the straying person is without a weapon, or without steel, the spirits force him to hew wood, to draw water, or to dance. In case of refusal, the spirits afflict him, so that he suffers from an incurable illness.

As steel has the property of exhausting wood-spirits, they lack the power of using a needle or making clothes. To

prepare for a wedding they climb into people's best coffers and choose the necessary attire, but restore it afterwards.

For a wedding the spirits steal from the stalls fine oxen, which are stabbed to death and then eaten; but the spirits afterwards heap together the bones and, having arranged them properly, stretch over them the hide and blow into it life, and then take the resuscitated animal back to its stall. On this account the finest oxen at times appear in poor condition. Horses are taken away from the stable, but merely for riding purposes.

Water-spirits are especially powerful and harmful at night, and should it be necessary for anyone to enter the water after dark (as for instance to obtain water), he or she should go not alone but in company, and make the sign of the Cross three times and pronounce the name of the Holy Ghost.

In every house there are as many house goblins as souls. They must be dealt with cautiously, so that they may not be offended. Thus, it is necessary to leave water which has been used to wash the hands or feet or utensils till morning, and not get rid of it at night-time, because water that is thrown away in the dark may fall upon a house-goblin and make him angry, and then he will exterminate the offender. From the house-goblin's malice, as well as from that of other spirits, people are afflicted with incurable diseases.

The duty of the house-spirits is, in general, to guard the treasure. When anything is lost, and the search for it is ineffectual, the people say, "A spirit has sat upon it."

The spirits are thus represented to exist among the peasants of the villages, Vartashen, in the district of Nuchinsky, in the Government of Elizavetpol.

NOTES

I CONCERNING THE SUN AND MOON

The mother-in-law here acts as cruelly as the stepmother frequently instanced in Russian folk tales, but fortunately the child develops precocious sagacity, which assists the outcasts. The conception of the three men deciders of human fate, who predict misfortunes and how they must be met, is powerful and is comparable to the foreteller maidens in the Gagaüzy tale,

"Disaster Foretold," who decide that a newborn babe will marry his own mother. The ancient Greeks had their Fates. A somewhat similar episode occurs in "The Deathless Skeleton Man," where twelve pigeons fly to Bulat, while he stands on guard, and predict misfortune, but add that whoever reveals their prediction will be transformed to stone. So in the Tarantchi-Tatar, "The Man who Understood Animals' Conversation," there is a prediction that if the knowledge is imparted to another person the deed will cost a life. The infant in the story possesses that quality of marvellously rapid growth which is common in our stories, as noticed in the Remarks to the Ostyak, "Aspen-leaf"; nevertheless, the specific instance that "at fifteen he was mature," is not so astonishing as in the other tales. The visit to the house of the Sun and Moon is accompanied by use and benefaction of magic water, whose origin is clearly communicated. In certain other tales the Waters of Life and Death are introduced in a more mysterious manner. It is noticeable that the Sun and Moon's mother transforms the youth into a broom by breathing upon him, in contradistinction to the more usual method of causing a transmutation by striking. The Siberian shamans employ the method of blowing in their procedure, as do our modern hypnotists.

In the Czech story, "Three Hairs of Grandfather Knowall," a king who had lost his way in a forest and was passing the night in a loft, looked down through a chink in a ceiling and saw three old grandmothers dressed in white, and each with a lighted candle in her hand. They stood by the new-born babe of the woodcutter's wife and predicted the boy's future fortunes. They were the Fates.¹

II THE TREACHEROUS MOTHER

In the Russian story, "Prince John and his Desire," a princess is beloved by a snake, who exiles the prince and fills the rôle of a robber lover.

Stories of serpent lovers are not uncommon; thus, Erlenvein has a tale of a Water-snake who glided out of the water and sat on a girl's clothes when she was bathing and forced her to marry him.² In the Bashkir story, "Bujrmaran," the hero marries the daughter of a snake, who provides him with magical arrows. In the Gagaüzy story, "A Younger Brother Saves Two Elder

¹W. W. Strickland, p. 1, *Pan Slavonic Fairy Stories*.

²Quoted by Ralston, p. 116.

Brothers from a Snake," a snake's mother cuts up an ox ; she also keeps two men in captivity. The wonderful Russian tale, "Storm-hero, Cowson," (the cow was impregnated by drinking some water in which a fish had been washed), deals with a twelve-headed snake, who says, "Have you come, Storm-hero, to court my sisters or my daughters?" "I have not come after your relatives. Let us go into a field and fight," was the answer.¹ Thus a snake can play a distinct part in the life of men and women in these tales : as a lover, or as a parent, or as offspring. J. A. MacCulloch has collected instances of serpent lovers in Kaffir, Guiana, New Guinea and other tales.²

The "Traacherous Mother" feigns illness and sends the son, whom she fears, to run into danger and to obtain impossible cures, especially a lioness's milk, much as is related in "Prince John and his Desire" and in "Prince John and Princess Mary." Comparably with the principle of retribution in kind, the very remedies, the search for which was intended to kill the hero, become the means of his revivification.

A Kashmir tale called "The Ogress Queen," runs briefly as follows : A wicked queen plotted against the life of another queen's son. Pretending illness, she gets the hâkim to say that only a tigress's milk could cure her, and the hated boy is despatched upon the dangerous errand. The boy obtains the milk from the tigress, and the queen professes to be cured. But she soon sends him into the jungle to obtain a special medicine from a terrible rākshasa. The boy obtains it without injury to himself. Next the wicked queen sent the boy to a rākshasi with an order for his death ; but a faquir exchanged the letter for one demanding kindness to the bearer. Thus aided, the boy escaped all dangers and was instrumental in saving the lives of seven queens.³ There is another tale from Kashmir, called "The Seven-legged Beast," in which a king, on the advice of the head of a dead jinn, is sent by his mother, who thinks he will take her life, to obtain the milk of a tigress. The tigress and her two cubs help him ; and the mother is reconciled to her son.

III A WEDDING OF THE WOOD-SPIRITS

Although this circumstantial account of the revivification of a dead ox is reported as an occurrence among wood-spirits, and

¹Afanasief, No. 76.

²*Childhood of Fiction*, p. 257 et seq.

³Rev. J. Hinton Knowles, p. 45.

not among men, it was witnessed by a man. The Ossetes, in a story called "Tsopan," show a similar belief. A hunter killed a stag and roasted some of its flesh, but when he sat down to eat the stag revived and ran off; then it turned round and spoke. A second character in the story, while hunting killed a wild goat and roasted some of the flesh; nevertheless, the goat came to life and escaped. Again, in the Kirghiz tale, "How Good and Evil were Companions," ashes from the bones of a black dog are used for revivification of a man.

But there is definite evidence that at the present day certain savages respect the bones of dead animals, from a belief that the animals may return to life. "Many of the Minnetaree Indians believe that the bones of those bisons which they have slain and divested of flesh rise clothed with renewed flesh and quickened with life, and become fat and fit for slaughter the succeeding June." Again, "The Dacotas have a belief that the bones of the animal will rise and reproduce another."¹ The Lapps, we are told, in sacrificing an animal, laid the bones of the dead animal in order and buried them with the usual rites, "expecting the resurrection of the slain animal to take place in another world."² In the Edda, Thor restores his slain goats from their bones.³ The Gagaüzy legend entitled, "Why There is a Difference in Women's Characters," relates that women were created from animals' bones.

IV A MIDWIFE AT THE BIRTH OF A WOOD-SPIRIT

Certain stories of human midwives who have attended fairy births may be mentioned. Near Beddgelert, in Wales, a midwife was ordered by a gentleman to mount behind him on his steed, and was borne to a distant mansion, where she not only lent her services successfully to the mistress of the house but stayed amidst scenes of dancing, singing and endless rejoicing, till the lady had completely recovered. When the midwife departed she received a large purse of money, on which she lived to the end of her life. Again, in Swedish Lapland, on a fine evening a clever midwife was summoned to attend a mysterious and beautiful woman in a magnificent building. The mother recovered almost immediately, but could not prevail on the visitor to accept a reward. The latter, on returning home, found a valuable gift of large silver spoons. A

¹Frazer, *Golden Bough*, Abr. Ed, p. 529

³J. A. MacCulloch, p. 101, quoting Campbell,

²Idem.

third story deals with events in Sweden, attested in 1671. The wife of a certain Peter Rahm, a clergyman, was ordered by a little dark man clad in grey to go with him to help his wife, a Troll. Next day the midwife found at home old silver pieces and clippings.¹

We learn that in the case of Fairy Births, "when the midwife is rewarded with that, which seems valuable, it turns out worthless."² In the Armenian tale the gold coins with which the midwife was rewarded appeared to be scales of an onion.

V BELIEFS OF THE ARMENIANS

From their remote position it might be expected that the Armenians would be superstitious. Their belief in spirits seems to approach in intensity that of the Gilyaks and Yukaghirs, who dread the malevolence of spirits, and consider them the invariable cause of disease and death. Even the house-goblins in Armenia inflict illnesses. The idea that rain is due to the tears of dwellers in heaven who behold God's chariot moving in the sky recalls the incident in the Chukchi, "Tale of a Dead Head," in which a woman's tear is mentioned as the cause of rain. The beliefs of Armenians concerning the heavenly bodies afford another glimpse of a transition stage between paganism and Christianity. That the Sun is a daughter and that the Moon is a son of the Virgin Mary are strange conceptions, which, on the one hand lean to the Siberian simplicity in the matter of Astronomy and, on the other, to a confused piety. They are comparable to the Gagäüzy depiction of God and St. Peter as present at a scene of private vengeance, a form of reprisal scarcely consonant with the teaching of the Church.

¹Hartland, *Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 36 et seq.

²Idem., p. 50.

THE DARVASHES

DARVASH forms the extreme south-eastern portion of the Khanate of Bokhara, and adjoins the lofty Pamir Plateau. The inhabitants speak a Persian dialect, and are estimated to number 35,000, but the country has been little explored. Darvash is intersected by high mountain-ridges and deep chasms, at the bottom of which flow scarcely navigable rivers. Except for inferior paths, suited only to experienced wayfarers, the country possesses no roads. The mountains are precipitous, and their peaks are covered by eternal snow and ice, but there are some good pastures. The climate is generally severe, with a prevalence of frosts and snowstorms, yet the summer is warm, and in some of the lowest localities there is a crop of cotton. The nature of the country is so adverse to the inhabitants that flour made of dried mulberries forms the ordinary winter food. The chief industry is the chase of the fox, marten, bear and wild goat. The people are very poor, and their creed, opinions, and mode of life are primitive. Till 1878 they were ruled by their own chiefs. ¹

I

THE MAGIC OBJECTS ²

A CERTAIN orphan had no kindred, and all he possessed was a cloth round his waist. He used to set snares to catch sparrows, which he carried to the bazaar and sold ; then, having obtained as much food as he required, he light-heartedly returned home. One morning he found a crow in his snare, and rejoiced as much as if he had received the gift of a horse. He took the crow to the bazaar.

On his way he met a man with grey hair, Khotsy Khyzyr himself, who said, in accents of pity, " My boy, whither are you carrying this crow ? " " Oh, little father, I possess nothing ; everyday I catch sparrows and to-day God has given me this. " " Very well, sell it to me. " The boy answered, " What will

¹Andreevsky, Russ. Ency. Dict. Art. Darvashes.

²*The Living Past*, 1912, p. 485.

you give me?" "I will give you this cup." "But, grandad, I shall not find enough bread to put in my mouth. If I take the cup, what shall I do with it?" The old man replied, "It will afford you food and clothing; you will pass your days in happiness." The orphan joyfully placed the cup under his arm and went on his way.

He reached the house of an acquaintance and passed the night there. The man said to him, "What is this cup for?" Whereupon the orphan answered, "It gives me food and clothing." At night he put the cup beneath his head and lay down. The man let him go to sleep and then approached and seized the cup and put a wooden one in its place. In the morning the orphan got up and, taking the cup, departed. He walked home and said, "Cup! give me food and clothing, for I am hungry and naked!" Finding, however much he implored, that the cup gave him neither food nor clothing, the boy said, "I have been altogether deceived!"

He rose in the morning and went out, and found that another crow had fallen into his snare. He said, "I lost by the crow which I sold, but I shall make a profit by this one." He was taking the crow to the bazaar, when he met in the same spot the man whom he had met before. "My boy, whither are you going?" "Grandad, I have caught a crow and am taking him to the bazaar." "Do not take it to the bazaar, sell it to me." The boy said, "I lately sold you a crow and you gave me a cup; your gift has brought me neither food nor clothes." The man replied, "You lost by that crow, but you will gain by this one." "What will you give me?" The answer came, "I have a good ass; I will give her to you." "But what shall I do with the ass; I have not even a place in which to keep her." The man said, "She will provide you with subsistence." "But how will she have such power?" The man answered, "She will be able, if you feed her, to pass ten gold pieces every day." The orphan was delighted; he mounted the ass and set forward, driving and urging her.

He rode and reached the house of his acquaintance, who came out and said, "Well, where have you been?" "I have been to the bazaar." "Whither are you leading the ass? You cannot get bread for yourself and yet are leading an ass!" The orphan replied, "She will provide me and herself with nourishment." He spent the night again in the same place. While the lad slept, the man unfastened the ass and set his own

in her place. In the morning the orphan mounted, and rode home, but however much clover and barley he gave the ass, she passed neither gold nor money.

The orphan grieved and felt confused ; in the morning he got up and went to the snare. Another crow had been caught. He took it and set forward, but on the road met the same man once more. " My boy, whither are you going ?" " I have caught a crow and am taking him to the bazaar." The man said, " Do not carry the bird to the bazaar ; sell it to me !" The boy replied, " I have lately sold you two other crows and neither of them brought me any advantage." " Where did you sleep at night ?" " At my friend's." " Come now, sell me the crow and go." " What shall I receive for it ?" " I will give you a billet of wood and a piece of rock. The boy said, " Of what use will the billet of wood and the piece of rock be to me ?" The answer came, " They will be useful in an emergency. Anywhere, if you should be in trouble, you must say, " Crack, wood ; and strike, rock !" The boy hoisted the wood and the piece of rock on to his back and set forward.

He came to his friend's house, and the man said, " Comrade, what have you hoisted on to your back ?" " Something which will be useful in any difficulty." The boy lay down at night and putting the billet of wood under his head, went to sleep ; the friend then came and drew away the wood and the rock. The orphan heard and said " Crack, wood ; and strike, rock !" The billet of wood rose and struck the man from one side and the piece of rock struck him from the other. The man cried out, " Oh, orphan, Oh, pious soul !" but the boy replied. " Curses on your father ! our friendship is ended. Until you bring me my ass and cup and put them in my hands I will not let you go." The man brought the ass and the cup and gave them over to the orphan, who said, " Friend, go your way and I will go mine." He took the cup and put it under his arm, loaded the billet of wood and piece of rock upon the ass and mounted. He went home and gave his ass clover and barley ; every day she passed ten gold coins. His cup provides him with food and clothing of whatever sort are to be obtained. The ass and the cup bring him such riches that the very people from whom he asked help as an orphan have begun to beg alms and bread at his door.

Once the king went hunting on a great steppe together with his forces. The orphan said to himself, " How do I benefit

from these my worldly advantages? How do I gain from them? Even if I leave behind me a famous name, all will be in vain; when I die someone else will merely say, 'Well done, orphan!'" He got up and went to the king and took the king's horse by the reins. A royal servant ran up and struck him with a stick, saying, "Cursed be your father! you have a demand or a complaint to make; but you do not write your request, you run and take the king's horse by the bridle!" The king set forward and the orphan ran behind him and said: "Oh, king of the world, either kill me or be gracious and eat a piece of my food." The king said, "What effrontery has this orphan, to address me and my forces!" and he moved on.

Riding along, the party took up a position on a great steppe. The king said to two of his servants, "Go and look after the orphan, and discover the source from which he gets his provisions." The men went and looked through a smoky hole in the roof. The orphan entered the house, and, having set up the cup, said, "Oh, cup, the king and his army have arrived; whatever your skill may be, show it all to-day!" The cup began to produce food, and to store it in other cups. It provided all possible delicacies. Captains carried them to the soldiers; everyone ate his fill and all the orphans were satisfied. They said, "May God increase the king's wealth! Every day we visited to the doors of the rich without receiving a single piece of bread, but to-day we have collected so much from the bounty of the king that for a month we shall have food to take home."

The orphan brought a good horse, fine clothing and many wonderful things to the king. But the ruler did not take them; he said, "Orphan, I do not desire these things; bring me your cup." The orphan replied, "Oh, king of the world, my subsistence depends on the cup." Nevertheless the king cried, "I require nothing else; willingly or unwillingly, you must surrender the cup." To this the orphan replied, "You may kill me, but I will not give it."

The king now sent two servants with this order, "Beat him, and seize by force what he possesses." The orphan, in sore difficulty, said, "Crack, wood; strike rock!" The billet of wood and the windfallen rock rose and struck the king's servants. The ruler called out, "Orphan, godly soul! act not thus; I am of a royal race." The orphan answered, "I showed you honour and conferred on you benefits; in requital you have caused me mortification. It is your turn to taste shame and

grief ; until you bring your daughter and give her to me I will not let you go."

At the king's command two servants fetched the princess and gave her to the orphan who, taking the maiden and the king's cup, mounted and rode home. Arriving, he said, " Praises be to God ! He has been bountiful to me, and every Friday till the hour of night I will honour him in song. Once I was an orphan without a piece of bread."

NOTE

THE MAGIC OBJECTS

Orphans occur not infrequently in Eastern stories ; thus, like the present hero, the Altaian Aymanys had lost both father and mother ; there is a Kalmuck story of the " Orphan Bosh " and an " Orphan lad " is the hero of a Buryat story by that name. The triumphs of an orphan boy in the East possibly balance those of the simpleton youngest son among the Russians.

It is noticeable that the early events of this story are of the orthodox triple kind ; that is, include two repetitions with variations, as in many Russian and other tales.

The boy's assistance by a grey-haired old man recalls similar incidents in the Little-Russian, " Flying Ship " ; in the Russian, " Frog Princess " ; in the Lithuanian, " The Youth who Saved Three Princesses from Dragons," and in the Altaian story, " Aymanys." In the *Contes de Lorraine* there is a story resembling the present one. A poor man on the road meets " the good God," who gives him a magic napkin which produces all kinds of dishes. The poor man shows the napkin to an innkeeper, who takes it and keeps it and gives a worthless one in exchange. The poor man met the good God and reported his sad loss. He received an ass which passed golden crowns. Again the innkeeper tricked and defrauded the traveller. The good God now gives the poor man a stick which, being addressed with the word " Tapalapantan," strikes hard. The stick forces the defrauder to restore the magic napkin and magic ass to their rightful owner. †

Gold coins are passed by the horse in the Votyak " Aldar the Trickster," while in the Finnish tale, the " Merchant's Sons," a

†Cosquin, p. 50.

youth spits gold after eating a certain bird. In the Katha Sarit Sagara,¹ Marubhati eats two grains of rice, which have such an effect that wherever he spat gold was produced. Ala the ape produces money, in the Katha Sarit Sagara.² In Grimm's, "The Wishing Table," an ass drops gold from the mouth. The pieces of rock and wood are akin to the magic cudgel of the Finnish; "The Merchant's Sons," of several Russian stories, of Grimm's, "Wishing Table," of the Kalmuck, "How the Magician Overcame the Khan," and of the Lapp, "Cap-of-Invisibility." The magical cup is like the goblet in the above-mentioned Kalmuck tale; it is as remarkable as Vasilissa's doll, and almost equals in power the falisman in the Kalmuck, "Adventure of the Brahmin's Son."

Again, in the English Fairy-tale, "The Ass, the Table and the Stick," we have three magical objects, the first of which provides money, the second supplies food, and the third strikes an enemy.³

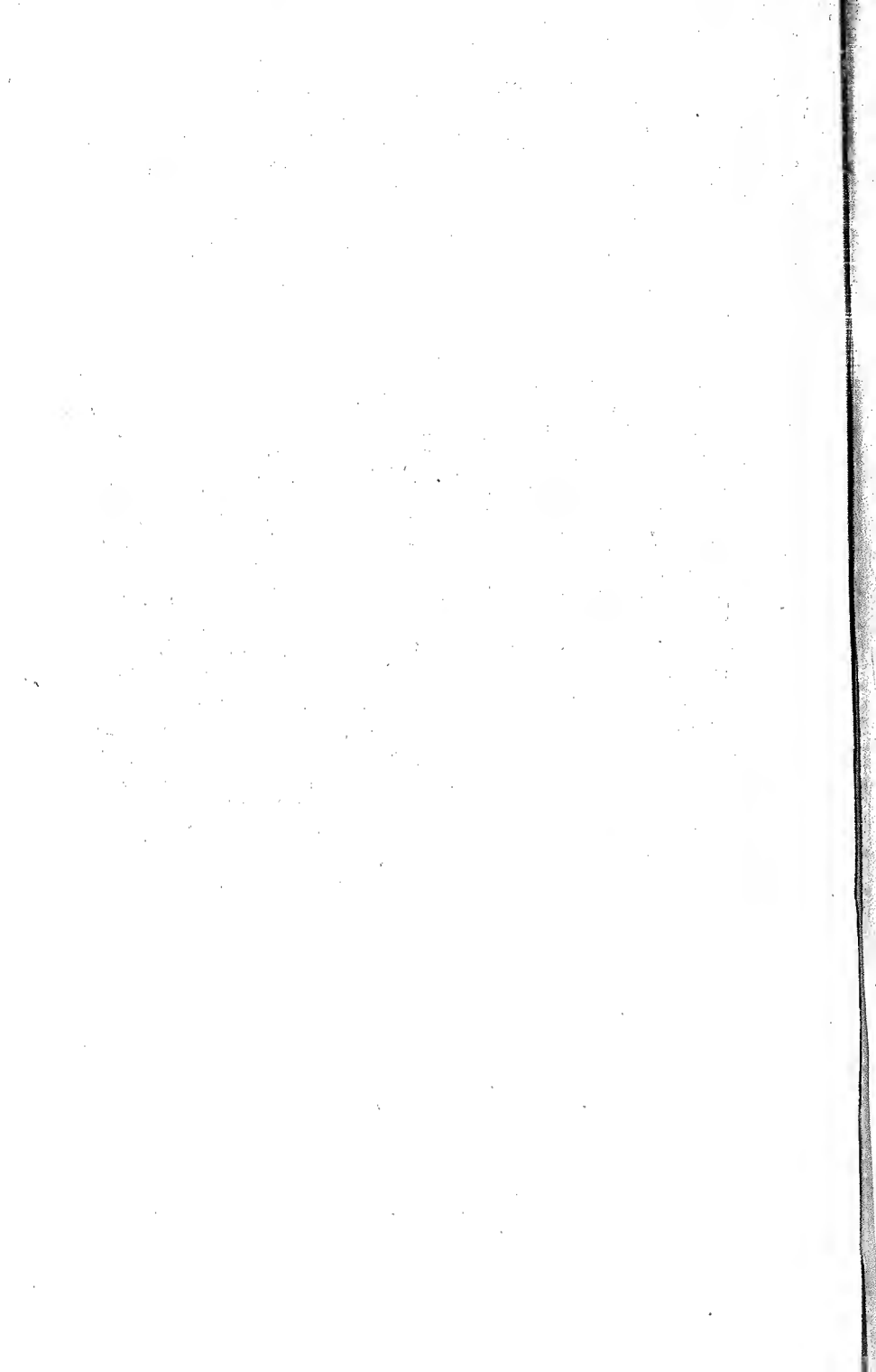
A Breton story concerns Norouas, the north-west wind, and relates how he tore away a farmer's crop of flax, so that it fell into the sea. To reconcile the man to such a disaster Norouas gave him a magic napkin. His wife stole it (as did an inn-keeper, on a similar occasion, in another tale), and substituted a false napkin. When the farmer complained to Norouas the latter gave him a gold-producing ass. Again the wife took it, and again Norouas gave the man a present, this time a cudgel, which was employed by the farmer to chastise his wife. She thereupon returned the other stolen property, and her husband grew rich and able by means of the magic cudgel to overcome all enemies.⁴

¹Tawney, II, p. 453.

²Idem., II, pp. 8 and 9.

³J. Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*, p. 206.

⁴L. Spence, *Legends of Brittany*, p. 162.



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